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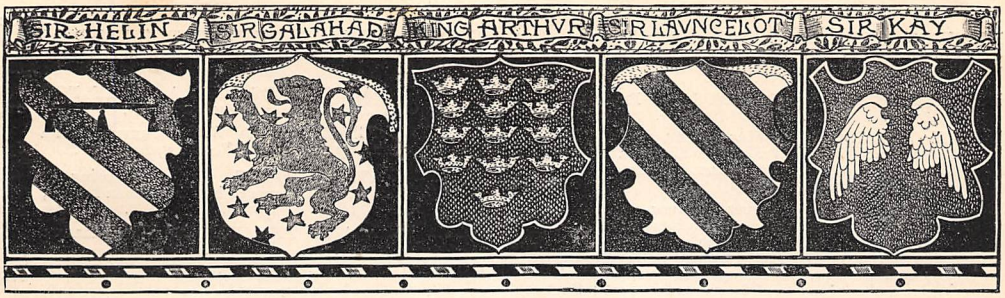
PORTRAIT OF A MAN.

Engraved by O. LACOUR, *from the Picture by* FRANS HALS *in the National Gallery.*



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THE
ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

ON THE SOUTH COAST.

To Theodore Watts.

By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

Hills and valleys where April rallies his radiant squadron of flowers and birds,
Steep strange beaches and lustrous reaches of fluctuant sea that the land engirds,
Fields and downs that the sunrise crowns with life diviner than lives in words,

Day by day of resurgent May salute the sun with sublime acclaim,
Change and brighten with hours that lighten and darken, girdled with cloud or flame;
Earth's fair face in alternate grace beams, blooms, and lowers, and is yet the same.

Twice each day the divine sea's play makes glad with glory that comes and goes
Field and street that her waves keep sweet, when past the bounds of their old repose,
Fast and fierce in renewed reverse, the foam-flecked estuary ebbs and flows.

Broad and bold through the stays of old staked fast with trunks of the wildwood tree,
Up from shoreward, impelled far forward, by marsh and meadow, by lawn and lea,
Inland still at her own wild will swells, rolls, and revels the surging sea.

Strong as time, and as faith sublime,—clothed round with shadows of hopes and fears,
Nights and morrows, and joys and sorrows, alive with passion of prayers and tears,—
Stands the shrine that has seen decline eight hundred waxing and waning years.

Tower set square to the storms of air and change of season that glooms and glows,
Wall and roof of it tempest-proof, and equal ever to suns and snows,
Bright with riches of radiant niches and pillars smooth as a straight stem grows,

Aisle and nave that the whelming wave of time has whelmed not or touched or neared,
Arch and vault without stain or fault, by hands of craftsmen we know not reared,
Time beheld them, and time was quelled; and change passed by them as one that feared.

Time that flies as a dream, and dies as dreams that die with the sleep they feed,
Here alone in a garb of stone incarnate stands as a god indeed,
Stern and fair, and of strength to bear all burdens mortal to man's frail seed.

Men and years are as leaves or tears that storm or sorrow is fain to shed:
These go by as the winds that sigh, and none takes note of them quick or dead:
Time, whose breath is their birth and death, folds here his pinions, and bows his head.

Still the sun that beheld begun the work wrought here of unwearied hands
Sees, as then, though the Red King's men held ruthless rule over lawless lands,
Stand their massive design, impassive, pure and proud as a virgin stands.

Statelier still as the years fulfil their count, subserving her sacred state,
Grows the hoary grey church whose story silence utters and age makes great:
Statelier seems it than shines in dreams the face unveiled of unvanquished fate.

Fate, more high than the star-shown sky, more deep than waters unsounded, shines
Keen and far as the final star on souls that seek not for charms or signs ;
Yet more bright is the love-shown light of men's hands lighted in songs or shrines.

Love and trust that the grave's deep dust can soil not, neither may fear put out,
Witness yet that their record set stands fast, though years be as hosts in rout,
Spent and slain ; but the signs remain that beat back darkness and cast forth doubt.

Men that wrought by the grace of thought and toil things goodlier than praise dare trace,
Fair as all that the world may call most fair, save only the sea's own face,
Shrines or songs that the world's change wrongs not, live by grace of their own gift's grace.

Dead, their names that the night reclaims—alive, their works that the day relumes—
Sink and stand, as in stone and sand engraven : none may behold their tombs :
Nights and days shall record their praise while here this flower of their grafting blooms.

Flower more fair than the sun-thrilled air bids laugh and lighten and wax and rise,
Fruit more bright than the fervent light sustains with strength from the kindled skies,
Flower and fruit that the deathless root of man's love rears though the man's name dies.

Stately stands it, the work of hands unknown of : statelier, afar and near,
Rise around it the heights that bound our landward gaze from the seaboard here ;
Downs that swerve and aspire, in curve and change of heights that the dawn holds dear.

Dawn falls fair on the grey walls there confronting dawn, on the low green lea,
Lone and sweet as for fairies' feet held sacred, silent and strange and free,
Wild and wet with its rills ; but yet more fair falls dawn on the fairer sea.

Eastward, round by the high green bound of hills that fold the remote fields in,
Strive and shine on the low sea-line fleet waves and beams when the days begin ;
Westward glow, when the days burn low, the sun that yields and the stars that win.

Rose-red eve on the seas that heave sinks fair as dawn when the first ray peers ;
Winds are glancing from sunbright Lancing to Shoreham, crowned with the grace of years ;
Shoreham, clad with the sunset, glad and grave with glory that death reveres.

Death, more proud than the kings' heads bowed before him, stronger than all things, bows
Here his head : as if death were dead, and kingship plucked from his crownless brows,
Life hath here such a face of cheer as change appals not and time avows.

Skies fulfilled with the sundown, stilled and splendid,—spread as a flower that spreads,—
Pave with rarer device and fairer than heaven's the luminous oyster-beds,
Grass-embanked, and in square plots ranked, inlaid with gems that the sundown sheds.

Squares more bright and with lovelier light than heaven that kindled it shines with shine
Warm and soft as the dome aloft, but heavenlier yet than the sun's own shrine :
Heaven is high, but the water-sky lit here seems deeper and more divine.

Flowers on flowers, that the whole world's bowers may show not, here may the sunset show,
Lightly graven in the waters paven with ghostly gold by the clouds aglow :
Bright as love is the vault above, but lovelier lightens the wave below.

Rosy grey, or as fiery spray full-plumed, or greener than emerald, gleams
Plot by plot as the skies allot for each its glory, divine as dreams
Lit with fire of appeased desire which sounds the secret of all that seems ;

Dreams that show what we fain would know, and know not save by the grace
of sleep,
Sleep whose hands have removed the bands that eyes long waking and fain to weep
Feel fast bound on them—light around them strange, and darkness above them steep.

Yet no vision that heals division of love from love, and renews awhile
Life and breath in the lips where death has quenched the spirit of speech and smile,
Shews on earth, or in heaven's mid mirth, where no fears enter or doubts defile,

Aught more fair than the radiant air and water here by the twilight wed,
Here made one by the waning sun whose last love quickens to rosebright red
Half the crown of the soft high down that rears to northward its wood-girt head.

There, when day is at height of sway, men's eyes who stand, as we oft have stood,
High where towers with its world of flowers the golden spinny that flanks the wood,
See before and around them shore and seaboard glad as their gifts are good.

Higher and higher to the north aspire the green smooth-swelling unending downs ;
East and west on the brave earth's breast glow girdle-jewels of gleaming towns ;
Southward shining, the lands declining subside in peace that the sea's light crowns.

Westward wide in its fruitful pride the plain lies lordly with plenteous grace ;
Fair as dawn's when the fields and lawns desire her, glitters the glad land's face :
Eastward yet is the sole sign set of elder days and a lordlier race.

Down beneath us afar, where seethe in wilder weather the tides aflow,
Hurled up hither and drawn down thither in quest of rest that they may not know,
Still as dew on a flower the blue broad stream now sleeps in the fields below.

Mild and bland in the fair green land it smiles, and takes to its heart the sky ;
Scarce the meads and the fens, the reeds and grasses, still as they stand or lie,
Wear the palm of a statelier calm than rests on waters that pass them by.

Yet shall these, when the winds and seas of equal days and coequal nights
Rage, rejoice, and uplift a voice whose sound is even as a sword that smites,
Felt and heard as a doomsman's word from seaward reaches to landward heights,

Lift their heart up, and take their part of triumph, swollen and strong with rage,
Rage elate with desire and great with pride that tempest and storm assuage ;
So their chime in the ear of time has rung from age to rekindled age.

Fair and dear is the land's face here, and fair man's work as a man's may be :
Dear and fair as the sunbright air is here the record that speaks him free ;
Free by birth of a sacred earth, and regent ever of all the sea.

CHILDREN IN THEATRES

By MRS. JEUNE.

THERE is nothing that strikes one with more profound pity than the thought of children working and labouring hard for daily bread. To the rich and well-to-do, childhood is a time of play and sunshine and flowers, but to hundreds and thousands of children none of these have ever entered their life. For at the time when youth and its capacity for enjoyment are strong, the children of the poor have usually to work, and work hard, at employment often uncongenial and always inadequately paid. The idea of a child beginning to work at twelve or thirteen is bad enough, but when it means beginning work earlier, at eight or nine, it fills one with sorrow and indignation. Life is so hard, so unequal, and fate so unjust. The great mysteries of sorrow and pain always remains unsolved, and it seems as if the questions, "Why is it allowed? Why does pain exist?" will never be answered.

The capacity for enjoyment in children stands out in such dark contrast to their lives of toil and poverty—lives in so many cases absolutely devoid of any idea of the pleasures of childhood, that we cannot realize how it is possible that an existence so full of shade and sorrow from its earliest days can develop the qualities of contentment, patience, and self-control which are some of the most surprising and wonderful characteristics of the poor. It is so easy to tell us they are ignorant of any other existence, and therefore patience is no virtue, but into every life has come some glimmerings of a brightness and joyousness outside it, a sense of a something happier and more peaceful than they can ever enjoy, just as the rays of the sun creep into the darkest recesses of the prison cell, and tell its inmates of a great and glorious brightness without that they have lost and can never enjoy.

So much interest has been awakened lately in the lives of the children of the poor, who are, from the poverty or recklessness of their parents, more unprotected than the children of the richer classes of the community, that it may be of interest to people who live away from the large centres of population, to know something of the way in which they exist, the means by which they help to increase the resources of the household, and the effect, injurious or the reverse, that it exercises over them.

For the moment children who are employed in theatres are the class about which most interest is awakened, and having had many opportunities of seeing and knowing them from living and working among the poor in London, I think I may be able to give my readers some information about the question which will be of use. Like all controversies in these days, the discussion having been argued with great warmth, it is very difficult to separate facts from fiction, and it is not easy, with all the philanthropic gush of a sentimental class on one side, and the injured feelings of a class who consider themselves most unjustly accused on the other, to steer clear of offending both; but I am not going to fight the battle of the managers of theatres, or School Board, or of the people who talk about a subject on which their informa-

tion is second-hand, I only want to tell my readers what I know and have seen for years, and let them decide whether the harm done to children by such work is greater than what may fairly be urged on the other side as an advantage. I have seen a great deal of theatrical parents and children, and know what they think and feel, and it does not need very much more than an ordinary common perception to find out what is to be said for and against the employment of children in theatres. Unfortunately England is not an Arcadia, and our lives are far from ideal; on the poorer classes in the densely populated towns life presses very hardly, and any means by which they can increase their earnings and find money to buy boots and clothing for their children are eagerly seized upon. To find the food of a poor family is not really the serious difficulty, except among the starving and pauper classes. But even the fairly paid working man finds boots and clothes a great difficulty, and in many families the children's earnings supply this want. It is so easy to say a man ought not to marry early and have children, or, having children, he ought to provide for them. Of course he should. But we have not to deal with what ought to be, but with stern, hard facts that exist and meet us at every turn; and those who know the hard lives of the working poor are very indignant that a crusade should be preached against an employment which, if not abused and overdone, helps to ease the struggle for existence, and does not really do the children the slightest injury. In a magazine article one must not be diffuse, but I will try and describe enough of theatrical children to give those who want it some information on the subject.

We may take two or three theatres in London as specimens of what the days of the children engaged on the stage are like. The managers of the theatre at Drury Lane during pantomime time employ more children than any other theatre, some hundred and fifty to two hundred children being engaged in it, their ages varying from six years to the grown-up girls in the ballet. The children employed at Drury Lane are supplied to Mr. Harris by Madame Katti Lanner, and they are trained for the stage and taught to dance at the training school in Tottenham Court Road. They are not taught at the theatre, and do not rehearse *en masse* till a day or two before the pantomime is brought out. The children are taught in sections, if I may use the term; that is to say, a certain number are trained together at a time, and taught the figures and movements which they are all to play together afterwards on the stage. But the whole troupe never meet until the days of rehearsal, perhaps a week before Boxing Day, when they, having been so well taught, quickly take their part, and fit in like little pieces in a puzzle, forming the lovely picture which we and our children enjoy so much at Christmas time.

The children at Madame Lanner's school can only attend after school hours, at least those who are under fourteen, or who have not passed the standard, and she gives them lessons in the afternoon, or evening as they can come. It is evidently no difficulty to them to learn, nor do they appear fatigued. A child's instinct is always to run, jump, or dance, and they enjoy their lesson thoroughly. Most of the children who belong to Madame Lanner's school attend private schools, two in particular, which seem to teach only the children of the National Training School for Dancing. When the pantomime season begins the School Board insist that the children's lessons shall not be interrupted, and a certificated mistress attends at Drury Lane every day during the run of the pantomime, and the children attend school in the theatre for the same time as if they were attending the Board School. They have time for dinner and tea allowed them, and their parents give them money to pay for their meals, and there are eating-houses close by the theatre where they go in large parties, returning to the theatre when they have done. In almost every case the parents either go to the railway station, if they are acting at the Crystal Palace, or to the nearest point from their homes where omnibuses stop, to meet the children on their return. They rarely walk back alone from the station, but generally return in little groups to the locality where their homes are. In Regent Square two little girls of twelve and thirteen come home always with a little girl of over eight, who lived almost next door, and who was so unhappy when she heard of the restrictions as to age enforced by Parliament, because she was not "tall enough to look like ten years old." She was a bright, refined, pretty child, who was passionately fond of dancing, and liked nothing better than her work, which she regarded as the greatest enjoyment.

The general appearance of children employed on the stage is one of the best answers as to its healthiness. All the children I know are better grown and set up,

their chests more expanded, and their little arms and legs much more muscular than the run of ordinary children. I have often said to the mothers how much people felt that the excitement, late hours, and fatigue were bad for their children, and that many of the objections against their employment in theatres were based on that belief, and the unfailing answer was always the question, "Well, ma'am, look at the children, don't they look better and stronger than other children?" And it was one I could truly only answer in the affirmative. There is no doubt that the parents of these children are most careful of their health, clothing, and food, and their object in sending them to a private school, where the fees are much higher than at the Board School, is that they are not required to attend before 10 A.M., which enables them to have a good sleep in the morning after their work of the night before.

I think stage children, for convenience' sake, may be divided into two classes: the children who early show some very distinctive talent for the stage and who will settle down to nothing but acting, reciting, or singing, or who are trained from very early years to dance and become in time ballet girls; and the children who go on the stage in a piece, to walk on the stage and make one of a crowd, and who very often have no training for a stage life, but come on while a piece is running, partly for fun and partly to earn a few shillings. The first class of children belong usually to the lower middle class, and are children of respectable people who are devotedly attached to them, and who look after them as carefully and jealously as any parents of the upper classes, but who, knowing the difficulty of finding professions and work themselves, are very glad to secure an opening where, if their child has any talent, it is sure to succeed.

I never saw any mother more tender and loving to her child than Mrs. H——, the mother of the child who acted with Mr. Wilson Barrett in the "Silver King"; she loved her child devotedly and most tenderly, and told me how she never let her out of her sight; always wrapped her up for fear of cold between acts; always had soup or something nice ready for her when she got home, and above all, never allowed her to be woke up in the morning. "No, Florrie always slept till she woke herself." It was impossible when one saw the child to shut one's eyes to the fact that here was a sympathetic, nervous, intelligent child, who loved her work very deeply, and who would do nothing else if she could not act. Mrs. H—— never let her act with any one whom she did not know well and felt her child was safe with; but above all she never let the child go to the theatre without her, and when Florrie went with Miss Mary Anderson to America, her mother left her husband and the other children and went with her child. And yet we are told that parents send their children on to the stage and neglect them physically and morally for the sake of the money they can make out of them!

Perhaps Florrie was an exceptionally happy child, for I know others not so favoured by fortune. The nice-looking little boy who acted "Tommy Bardell" in Mr. Burnand and Mr. Soloman's dramatic cantata of *Pickwick*, is the son of a widow. He earned ten shillings a week, and in August was acting at the Gaiety Theatre. He gave his mother the money. He had a very tiny little sister with him the first time I came across him, whom he used to take for a walk in the Park in the morning. His mother had very bad health, and she earned a little by cleaning out rooms in a house in the Strand, but "Tommy" found the lion's share of the family income. I used to visit his mother in her house in Great St. Andrew's Street, and found that out of her seven children this boy and his brother were the only two who were earning anything, the others being out of work. One little girl who had been on the stage, suffered so much from St. Vitus' dance that she had been obliged to give up her work, and was waiting to see what effect rest, and change to the country, would have on her. A girl aged twelve years that I also know dances in the ballet at the Empire Theatre. Her mother is a widow and has one other child—a boy aged fifteen, who is nearly blind and has been obliged to leave one place after another from the increasing weakness of his eyesight. The mother was a machinist and earned a very small pittance by making lining for gentlemen's hats. The work was uncertain, and even when she could get plenty her earnings were small, but there were weeks and weeks when she got none. The poor woman spoke of the girl's earnings as the only certain income they could rely on; but she said with tears in her eyes, "If I could only get regular work I would never have let her go on the stage, but I look well after her, and fetch her home every night, and I can only see that the dancing does her good, and no harm."

That child was certainly an example of the folly of saying that stage training unfits girls for domestic life, and makes them unable to learn, or apply themselves to, any household occupation. I went to see her, and her mother, quite unexpectedly, and found her mother out, but the girl was scrubbing the floor and having a good clean out of their little room, and the perspiration was running down her little face from the exertions she was making to tidy it all up.

These are only a few instances, which might be multiplied indefinitely, as to the parents and homes of the majority of children employed by Madame Lanner and others who are trained for a theatrical life. In every case without any exception the mothers of the children I know (taken at random and visited without any previous arrangement) are deeply anxious about the safety and comfort of their children ; they watch them as jealously and narrowly as is possible, and in every case I can truly say that there is no drawback, or disadvantage, in their professional life. It certainly does not injure them physically, and I have not yet been able to convince myself that it demoralises them in the smallest degree.

The second class of children are those who are engaged to appear on the stage during the run of any particular piece, and who have no training beyond attending a few rehearsals. It will be noticed that in any stage crowd the children composing it are boys, and there is no difficulty in getting any number. When it is known that a new piece is going to be put on the stage the doors of the theatre are besieged by children eager to get taken on, and they earn from seven to eight shillings a week. Occasionally a few girls may be required, but as a rule they are provided by the dressers, who bring their own children. The stage is, like most professions, an hereditary one, and many of the children in theatres are children of the employés ; and at the Crystal Palace several of the dressers brought two or three of their children, who danced in the ballet.

I have never seen the Crystal Palace pantomime, so I will not raise the much-discussed question of the hours and work of the children there ; but I have seen the ballet, and have been behind the scenes, I have seen the dressing-rooms, warm and bright, with clean lavatories, and everything to make the little people comfortable. The children there are very well clad, and have flannel on from head to foot, under their fleshings, and long gloves to keep their hands warm, and every child's head is well protected by the wig she wears. No boys were employed, and there were about thirteen children under ten, the others being over that age. There were two or three of the mothers of the children, as I mentioned before, who were employed as dressers who came with them, and it is one of the really pleasant points in connection with the stage to come across the mothers of some of these children—nice, respectable, healthy-looking women, who, having been connected with the stage as well as their husbands, let their children follow the same profession.

The children employed in the ballet at the Crystal Palace while waiting to dress are allowed a nice quiet corner of lawn, close to the theatre, where, until they are required, they run about and play ; and to many of them who spend their day in a hot, stuffy room in a narrow street, the enjoyment of the romp before beginning their evening's work is very intense. Every child likes to be employed at the Crystal Palace during the summer, and they tell you with the keenest delight how much they enjoy their romp. I should say the children at the Crystal Palace for that reason, and because their dressing-rooms are so particularly nice, fared as well as, if not better than, those at many of the other theatres, and I think, without wishing to make invidious distinctions, I may say this in justice to Mr. Barrett, as he has been specially signalled out for attack on account of the distance his children come. Another fact which may also be remembered here, is that the larger number of the children he employs at the Crystal Palace come from Camberwell and Brixton, which is close to their work, only two or three coming from the further distances that have been complained of. It is obvious that the parents of the children who are habitually engaged at the Crystal Palace theatre live as near to it as they can, on account of the saving in railway and omnibus fares.

It always seems to be presumed in the discussion on theatrical children by the opponents of the stage, that no child in London ever walks out alone after nightfall, and that every child is in bed by 8 P.M.; and one of the gravest accusations made against those who employ them, is the sin of keeping them up so late, and of letting them walk along the streets unprotected.

If those who talk and believe this, would only come with me any night into parts of London not a mile from comfortable West-End homes, I could show them streets after streets crowded with children till long after ten o'clock at night. The Archbishop of Canterbury, in his opposition to the Bill, made a great point of having walked though the streets of Lambeth between 10.30 and 11.30 p.m. and finding only thirteen children, which he quoted as a proof that they were all in bed. But let him go earlier, when the theatres are in full swing, say from 9 to 10 p.m., and he will see so many children running about in the streets and gutters that he will be surprised at the miscalculation he made. The real truth is that the playground of the London children is the streets ; in it they pass their lives, and during the summer, when the days are hot and the evenings sultry and oppressive, the children linger in the streets for the sake of cool night air, and because they do not want to go to beds in which they so often get no rest owing to dirt and vermin. Nothing brought this latter dreadful condition home to me more forcibly (though I well know how very bad in some houses vermin are) than hearing a little child crying bitterly one night after her return from a three weeks' visit to a clean, comfortable country-house, because she could not get to sleep as she was so much bitten by fleas and other insects. It is contended that the children London managers employ are not gutter children, and as a rule this is the case ; but many of the so-called gutter children are as bright and pretty as those of a better class, and often get engagements at some of the less fashionable theatres. They are not cared for, or looked after as carefully as the others, but their wits have been abnormally sharpened, and they are as well able to take care of themselves as many a grown-up woman ; and at the theatres in the East End of London, where they are engaged in large numbers, and come and return alone, they are neither more degraded nor vicious as a class than any other children of their own position in life.

Many of the children who are now on the stage are trained by Mr. Nolan and Mr. Fitzgerald in the Strand. They are about the largest "purveyors" of children in London, and many of the infant prodigies of the stage owe their introduction to them. Mr. Nolan is a kind, elderly man, a Roman Catholic, of whom his pupils are very fond, and he takes the warmest interest in their career. He has a training school at which singing, elocution, and dancing are taught, and any morning by going there one can judge for one's self as to the way in which the teaching is given. The discipline and control is very complete, for it would be impossible to carry on such a business unless almost military obedience was enforced. There are many other training schools of a like nature ; for instance, Mr. Steadman's, also in the Strand, who however principally trains boys. Mr. Nolan has a few very nice girls, of twelve and thirteen, who are learning dancing lessons at his school—one is acting at the Savoy. Her father is a coal merchant over Blackfriars' Bridge, and she goes to the theatre every night by herself, one of her brothers fetching her home ; another little girl, who when I went there the last time was out of an engagement, was helping to prepare the dresses for a company just going on tour.

What strikes one most among the girls engaged in theatrical life are their extremely gentle manners, their voices, their laugh, and their way of talking being so much more refined than girls of that age and class usually are. The discipline and restraint they undergo during their training has a very beneficial effect ; and it stands to reason that girls who for eight or nine years have had a steady training at Madame Lanner's school cannot fail to be improved by it, both as regards manners and physique. Mrs. Fawcett, in one of her papers to the *Echo* on the subject, admits that the habits of regularity, cleanliness and order which are enforced during a theatrical training may improve the children, but she qualifies it by saying that the women whom the children meet at the theatres, must demoralise them by their horrible language, and conduct. Mrs. Fawcett can never have been behind the scenes or she would know that the opportunities they have of coming in contact with such women are very rare. She writes like most people who know very little of the management of a theatre, as if "behind the scenes" was a place where every excess, and orgie, was committed, and where every one was allowed to do just as they pleased, without any sort of restraint, or control. There is no place, except perhaps in barracks, where such absolute obedience is enforced. The want of space and the limited accommodation makes it imperative that every person should have their own place, and position, and that when a large body of people, or children, are employed, they should be under the

command of a leader who is responsible for their conduct and work. The children, when they are not on the stage, are in their rooms, or if waiting at the flies to go on, have some one over them to keep order and quiet. No doubt, as Mrs. Fawcett points out, constant contact and association with refined and cultivated women, like the teachers in elementary schools, is very advantageous to young people; but when that association and influence is shared by many hundreds of other children, and only lasts at the outside for two or three hours daily, and that only during school hours, I fail to see how it is very much better than the control exercised over the little dancers by the kind women who are responsible for them during their stay in the theatre; and the personal acquaintance of teachers in the Board schools with their pupils is certainly not a bit more intimate than Madame Lanner's with hers. Whatever harm the children may suffer from going on the stage, I am sure they do not learn it at the theatre, for the reasons I have just given. But the theatre, like all other professions, has its black sheep, and if parents are indifferent to their children's moral welfare, and neglect them after their work is over for the day, there is no doubt that to a frivolous or vain girl the stage offers great temptations. What profession, however, does not offer temptations to such a girl? And if we take the number of women and children engaged in theatrical life for the last twenty years, I am confident that the stage would hold its own for having educated and employed as many honest and pure women as any of the other professions in which they are engaged.

There are two points with regard to the children that strike me as being unsatisfactory, but I think they are not irremediable, and one of them is certainly capable of being entirely removed. They are the questions of education and food. There is no doubt practically that theatrical training does interfere seriously with the continuous education of the children engaged in it, and though it may be, the education they receive is as good there as at the elementary schools, people are not satisfied that it is so. I am heterodox enough to think that education does not consist only of a knowledge of the three R's, but that habits of cleanliness, order, obedience, and regularity are quite as necessary and valuable for those who have to fight the hard battle of life, and any respectable early training such as we may fairly consider the stage affords, does children as much good and is quite as useful as any quantity of book learning. But these views are not commonly accepted, and so much importance is attached to the fact of a boy or girl having got their certificate at the Board School, that any one wishing to leave the stage and take up another profession, would find themselves doubly handicapped by their stage training and the want of a certificate of an elementary school. This difficulty is to some extent obviated at theatres like Drury Lane, where a certificated mistress is employed, but in smaller theatres it is not possible, from want of space, &c., to meet it. Raising the age at which children may go on the stage will remove the difficulty somewhat, as it gives a longer time for early education. But I think as long as we accept the present standard of what constitutes a good education we cannot deny that this difficulty exists.

The other point is the question of food. Some people have an idea that the children have food and education provided for them at the theatre, but this is not so, and I think the only serious physical drawback the children may suffer from, is that one has no guarantee that they get enough of the plain wholesome food that children engaged in such work undoubtedly require. They are provided by their parents with enough money to get something to eat; but we know that children's ideas about food are very elementary, and unhealthy, and they probably eat very unwholesome things, besides many of the eating-places they frequent are not adapted for children. Three or four children club together to get their dinner at some coffee-house near the theatre, but from what I know of these places I do not think them fit for such young children.

The Macready Institute in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, was founded to meet this want, and it has done a good work, but owing to the curious mistrust English working people have of any institution founded on a religious basis, or attempting to introduce religious teaching in its work, it hardly seems to have achieved as much as one would expect in the direction in which it was originally intended to move. I believe that with very little trouble the managers of theatres might organise some plan by which the dinner and tea for those children who live too far from the theatre to go home to their meals, could be provided in a room close to the theatre, which might be

used as a sitting-room when not required for eating purposes. I know from a large experience how very cheaply children's dinners can be provided, and I feel sure that for a good deal less money than the parents give the children daily, much more harmless and wholesome food might be provided ; and if such a plan was carried out I for one should feel that the greatest drawback had been overcome. The managers would soon find more volunteer help than they required, and if Mr. Harris were to announce that he proposed to carry out such a scheme, and would provide the room, I would undertake to promise that it would never afterwards give him a moment's trouble or anxiety, or cost him a penny. I think if any one considers for a moment that since the children always have to go out for their food, often in wet and showery weather, and many without umbrellas to shelter them, the risk to their health is very great, and as with so small an outlay the danger might be obviated, it would not be difficult to carry out my suggestion.

One of the strongest and most plausible arguments used by the opponents of a theatrical training for children, is that their earnings are often taken by an idle or drunken parent as a reason for his not exerting himself to support his family. Unhappily there are many such cases, not only among theatrical, but among other poor children. How well this recalls to my mind the picture of a poor little girl I know, the eldest of a large family in the district of St. Luke's, E.C. Her father, a strong, hard-working, capable man, an engineer, took to drink ; he became completely brutalized, and sank lower and lower till his wife and wretched family were forced to break up their home and follow him to a filthy kitchen in one of the lowest courts of that low part of London. I was first of all spoken to by the child one bitterly cold rainy night in December, at the corner of Old Street and City Road, begging me, in a voice broken with sorrow, and so husky from cold as to be scarcely audible, to buy some pencils. She told me her story, how that she had been sent out by her drunken father night after night to try and pick up a few pence, while another child of nine years old plied the same trade near Finsbury Circus. I went next day to see her and found her story terribly true, and it can be repeated *ad infinitum* of every trade. But a man who is lazy and drunken will not work one bit the more because his children are starving, and what the little things earn at the theatre helps to put warmth and food into their little bodies, and theirs is a much less painful and hard lot, with infinitely fewer temptations, than that of a child at the corner of the street. And in many many cases the children's earnings at the theatre help to keep together that most sacred and holy place—The Home. To every English man and woman home is a word which conveys a sentiment more deeply rooted and cherished in their hearts than any other. Every one who knows the English poor knows that there is one shadow hanging over their lives which in illness and want casts its dread reflection across their path, and that is the shadow of the workhouse. Very many poor are so degraded and lost to all self-respect that the "House" conveys nothing more to them than a disagreeable shelter where unpleasant rules of discipline have to be observed, but where at any rate they are fed and clothed. But to the mass of English working men and women the workhouse means despair. Everything worth having has gone out of their life, the golden flower of hope is withered, and all the happiness, all the joy, all the self-respect of life have been left outside as the gates of the workhouse open to receive them. To a husband and wife it means separattion and isolation ; and to the mother it means taking her children from her, all save the babe at the breast, and consigning them to the care of the pauper schoolmistress, to whom they represent only a number, and where they live in daily and hourly contact with what are really a degraded and wretched class—the children of the regular casual or workhouse pauper, who takes his children in or out of the workhouse school as times are bad or good, and it is winter or summer time. To many poor women who love their children deeply and tenderly, and who have taught them night by night to kneel by their side and pray that God would help them, and send better days, and who have put their children to sleep, it may be perhaps only in their dark and dirty bed, but with the mother's kiss still warm on their cheeks, how bitter the parting from them must be ! and can we wonder or blame parents like these letting their children earn a few shillings a week, when the alternative is an empty house and sad, lonely little hearts ? How many homes which now exist—examples of love, tenderness, unselfishness and devotion—would be broken up or have never existed but for the help the children were able to bring to the hard-working widow, or the wife with the delicate husband, unable to work enough to keep his family in food, let alone clothing ?

I do not believe that the stage-training of children is injurious or demoralising, and I think that where the love and tenderness I speak of exists—as it does, thank God, in the majority of English homes—that it would be little short of a crime to pass any law which would diminish the power of the children towards helping to preserve that love of which the home is the centre. The philanthropic gush of excellent people who have no practical knowledge of their subject, appeals powerfully to the public in England, who are always ready to upset even the British Constitution itself for some sentimental grievance that has been brought to their knowledge; and when their feelings are properly played on, there is no folly they are not capable of perpetrating. The question of theatrical children is one of the best instances we have had for some years past of this unreasoning, hysterical sentimentality, and had the clause forbidding the employment of children on the stage become law a very grave responsibility would have rested on those who got up the outcry. As to the compromise that has been arrived at, every one welcomes it as a mitigation of the extreme measures proposed; but it is perfectly illogical, because the training of children on the stage is either good or bad for them. If the former, why should we interfere? if the latter, it should be stopped at once. It would have been much more logical to have placed the age at which girls might appear on the stage at sixteen, as it is placed with regard to other matters—for instance, in the "Criminal Law Amendment Act," when it is supposed a girl becomes a free agent, than to say that under certain conditions a child may appear in public after she is seven years old. The real truth is, the opponents of the stage found that they had gone too far and made statements they could not substantiate; while on the other side there was overwhelming evidence to prove that the children engaged in theatrical work both liked it and benefited by it.

There is one more point so intimately connected with the whole question that I cannot pass it over, though I will try and be as brief as possible. One of the gravest accusations made against a theatrical life for girls is, that it is the beginning of a life of immorality, and that very few women engaged in it are chaste. No more monstrous, untrue statement has ever been made, and though it has been widely said and very generally believed, it is a curious fact that no one has brought forward any definite statistics to prove it. A woman need no more be immoral because she is an actress than because she is a housemaid. Every profession has its temptations, and no woman goes through life without being exposed to them, and if we could prove that the stage produced the largest number of the unhappy women who crowd our streets, we might then begin to look about for a remedy; but human nature is the same all the world over, and there are as many immoral women in every class and profession as on the stage. Take two actresses whose names rise to one's lips at once, an English and an American woman—Lady Martin (Helen Faucit) and Mary Anderson. Are there any men or women who would not be proud to call them wife, mother, or sister? And when we come to a lower rank of actress, to women less well known and distinguished, are there not hundreds of them good, true, honest English girls, who will become true and honest wives and mothers in their time? And even in a lower rank than they, to the ballet girl, or the little girl who lives at home, and helps her mother to keep a decent and happy home together, and who struggles with poverty and scantiness against the temptations that beset women in the large cities, are they not women England may be proud to call her daughters and we our sisters? There is no nobility, no dignity, like the purity of a woman who has gone through all these struggles.

The rich, gently nurtured woman in her boudoir, who cannot bear her husband's caresses or receive her children's kisses without a pang because of the gulf that she knows has come between them, does she deserve the recognition, or help, or consideration that we refuse to poor girls who, unattractive, over-worked, and weary, still dance night by night to help to keep the wolf from the door, fortified and strengthened in their virtue by the feeling, as they have often said to me, that they "are not ashamed to look any one in the face"? I have worked for many years among fallen women of all classes in London, and in a large Home, of which I am manager, I have received in over eleven years 2,300 women who have been started again in life, and of these only two were actresses; and during the last few weeks I received a letter from a lady engaged in the East End of London in similar work, and she says: "I did not mean to write to you, but your letter in the *Times* moved me. I have been thinking about the subject you write on, and I can say much what you do. In the last eleven years very many more than 2,000 fallen women have passed through my own hands, and I

can only name two who were connected with the stage." I think these two facts speak for themselves, and that no comment is necessary. But it goes far to prove what I maintain—that no woman need be vicious because she is an actress, and to those who dread the effect of the stage on little girls it will surely be a consolation. I do not deny for a moment that there are immoral women on the stage ; I grieve to say there are theatres in all large towns where many of the actresses are women leading bad lives ; but if we inquired, we should in many cases find that they had begun their career of immorality long before they went on the stage, and had not been led astray, as is generally supposed, by the temptations their early training offered them.

To women of this class the stage offers special advantages, that of advertisement, money, dress, and pleasure. They perform in parts of London which are frequented by men who are rich, unprincipled, and dissipated, but they only represent the supply for which unfortunately the demand exists, and if we were to put down by law all theatrical performances in which girls and children appeared, and which are now believed to be the training ground for such women, we should not lessen their numbers nor stop the evil they represent. But we can help our stage children and improve their lives by learning to know more about them, and helping them with our sympathy and by seeing what their homes are like, and any one who wishes to befriend them will soon find that I have depicted no fancy picture but one that accurately represents their lives. If a system of inspection could be established it would do much more good than limiting the age at which the children might appear in public, and a good, sensible, middle-aged woman as inspector would detect the weak spots in the managers' armour if there are any, and act as a protector to their little employés. We should then have no more tales of overwork, or cruelty, or of the under-fed children of drunken and idle parents, for under inspection we should have a guarantee that no such things would be possible. Every one, the British public, the managers, their opponents, the friends of the children, and their parents, would be thankful if this vexed question were set at rest. It is terrible to have a suspicion for a moment that in England any large number of little children should be exposed to the hardships and temptations we have heard so much of recently ; but on the other hand it would be a worse cure than the evil itself that anything short of actual, irrefutable proof, should lead us to pass laws which would help to break up many of the happy homes that now exist all over England.

CEYLON.

By SIR J. FREDERICK DICKSON, K.C.M.G.

CEYLON, about five-sixths the size of Ireland, hangs like a pear from the extreme south-eastern extremity of India to which it is all but joined by a succession of rocks known as Adam's Bridge, and only separated from the mainland by the narrow Paumben and Palk's Straits. It lies in the direct route from Aden to Calcutta, Singapore, China, and Japan, and is a convenient port of call for steamers bound for Java, Australia, and New Zealand.

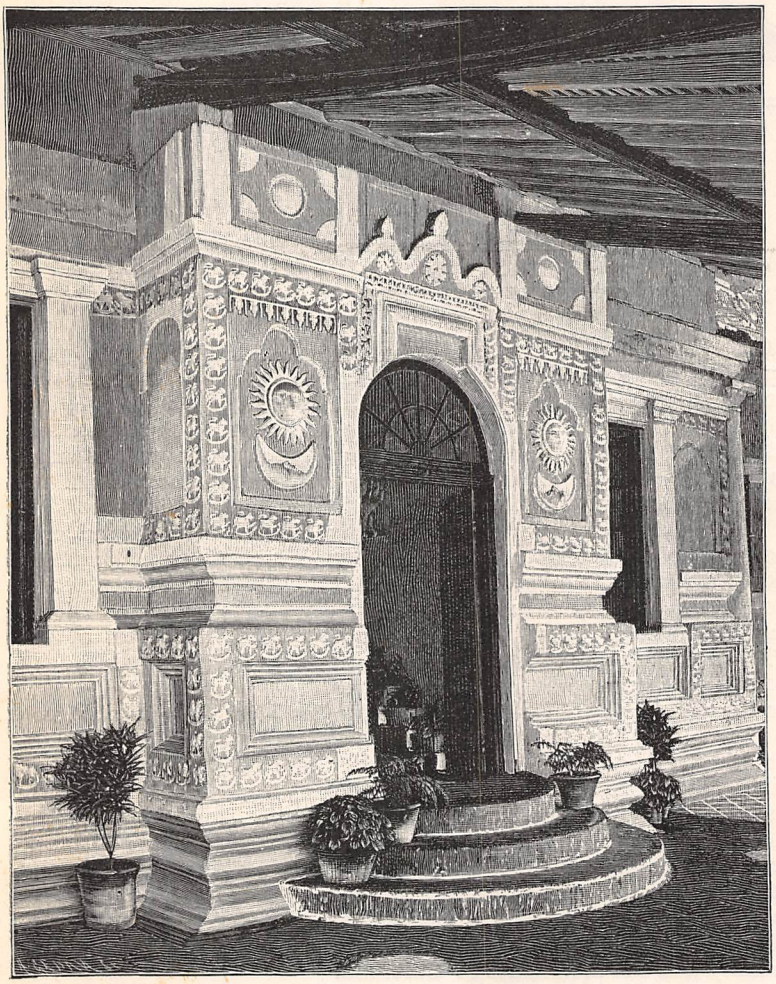
The greater part of the population is Sinhalese, an Aryan race descended from a people who came from the lower valley of the Ganges, Buddhist in religion and speaking a language descended from Pali, one of the vernaculars of ancient India and raised to the dignity of a classic language by the teachings of the ascetic reformer Gautama Buddha, whose scriptures it enshrines. The rest of the inhabitants comprise Tamils, related to the people of Southern India, mostly Hindus; Arab descendants who are Muhammadans, and Europeans.

Ceylon is a Crown dependency, originally acquired by conquest from the Dutch and ceded to Great Britain under the Treaty of Amiens. It is governed despotically in the interest of the native inhabitants by a Governor appointed by the Queen every six years and subject to the instructions of the Secretary of State for the Colonies. The Governor is assisted by a confidential Council of five, chosen from the principal public servants of the colony, and a Legislative Council composed of himself, nine official and six unofficial members. The unofficial members being selected for their character, local position, and influence, bring great weight to the Council. The representatives of the Sinhalese, the Tamils, the Eurasians or European descendants, and the English are chosen by the Governor, while the remaining two are nominated by the planting community and the merchants of Colombo.

The island is divided into provinces, each governed by an experienced civil servant, having under him a staff of European and native assistants. These officials maintain order throughout the country, and fights between castes, races, and different religions are things of the past. The people are generally happy and contented, stoutly cherishing the right of petition to the Governor and ultimately to Her Majesty.

Although Queen Victoria ascended the throne on June 20, 1837, it was not until November 7 that the event was officially proclaimed in Ceylon. At that date communication with England was carried on by sailing vessels, and these sailing vessels left at irregular intervals, so that the copy of the Queen's proclamation, although sent out in a despatch dated June 21, did not actually leave Portsmouth until August 4. Fifty years ago Ceylon was between ninety and a hundred days from England, now it is only eighteen. The changes have come slowly but surely, and are due in no small measure to the enterprise of Lieut. Waghorn, R.N., who when

a member of the Bengal pilot service in 1827 advocated communication by steam between Great Britain and the East Indies. He was supported by the Bengal Government and the Calcutta merchants; but in England the authorities of the Post Office, as well as nearly all the Directors of the East India Company, were adverse to his proposals. However, in 1829, Lord Ellenborough, President of the Board of Control, and Mr. Loch, the Chairman of the East India Company, engaged him to go through Egypt to India with despatches to Sir John Malcolm, Governor of Bombay, and he was directed to join the *Enterprise* steamer at Suez; but the machinery of this vessel breaking down she failed to meet him, so he sailed down the Red Sea in an open boat, without chart or compass, and reached Jeddah, a distance of about 630 miles, in six and a half days. Thence he went by ship to Bombay. This experience convinced him of the advantages of the line through Egypt by Suez and the Red Sea; and with the assistance of the Bombay Steam Committee he built halting places in the desert and placed small steamers on the Mahmoudieh Canal on the Nile and on the Red Sea. He worked this overland route from 1831 to 1834, when it was carried on by the East India Company until taken over by the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company. Broken down in health and in purse he died young, but his services have not been forgotten, and the plaster model of Mr. Armstead's thoughtful and artistic statue in the Royal Academy this year served to remind the public of the Pioneer of the Overland Route.[1]



THE DOORWAY, OLD PALACE, KANDY, FORMERLY THE RESIDENCE OF THE KINGS OF KANDY.

The overland route of that day was very different from the rapid and luxurious system now known by that name. In 1837 the Peninsular Company conveyed the Indian mails by steamer once a month from England to Gibraltar, thence the mails were carried by a small Government steamer to Malta, and by another Government vessel on to Alexandria. Here commenced the "overland" portion of the journey: first by the Mahmoudieh Canal in a large canal boat towed by a steam-tug at the rate of five miles an hour, for a distance of forty-eight miles to Atfeh on the Nile; thence

[1] This statue is erected at Chatham.

to Cairo, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, by steamer in sixteen hours, and from Cairo across the desert on camel's back, and later in rough two-wheeled carriages, a distance of ninety miles in eighteen hours. At Suez, steamers belonging to the East India Company conveyed the mails to Bombay, where they arrived about two months after leaving England ; from Bombay they were forwarded by land to Madras, and thence private letters were sent occasionally across the Palk's Straits to Colombo, which they reached in about two and a half months. It was in this way that the news of the death of King William IV. and the accession of Queen Victoria reached Colombo on September 7 through the columns of a Madras newspaper of August 24th. The Governor of Ceylon at once reported this striking illustration of the advantage of the new route, but without effect. Whether from the extreme conservatism of the Admiralty, charged in those days with the Sea Mail Service, or from the traditional jealousy existing between the Crown and the great East India Company, no change took place for some years. The East India Company alone used the overland route for its despatches to its governors and agents. Her Majesty's Government continued the long sea voyage *viâ* the Cape of Good Hope, and all the regular mails not specially superscribed "by the Mediterranean route," were sent in sailing vessels until the Peninsular and Oriental Company acquired the monopoly of the Eastern Mail Service and established in 1845 the mail service to Ceylon, Madras, Calcutta, and China.

In 1859 a railway was opened across the isthmus of Suez, and those who have only known this route since that date can form no conception of the journey by caravan. It was tedious and uncomfortable, but picturesque and amusing. I was fortunate in making my first journey to the East just before the railway was completed, and well remember the quaintness of the caravan, the confusion of tongues and races, and the dreadful jolting of the two-wheeled omnibuses in which we were dragged by four mules or horses along a sandy track. Six of us were closely packed in each of these two-wheeled omnibuses, and we had much to endure from heat, dust and thirst, and were only too thankful for such poor accommodation as the Suez Hotel then afforded. The railway—suggested in vain twenty-seven years previously—put an end to these miseries ; but it was left to the Suez Canal, which was opened on November 17, 1869, to complete the revolution in the Eastern trade, and now mails and passengers are conveyed in luxurious floating hotels direct from London or Marseilles to Bombay, Shanghai, or Melbourne. Thus little by little the mail service has been improved, while the telegraph—extended to Ceylon in 1857—gives us the Queen's Speech and the results of the "Derby" and the Oxford and Cambridge race within a few hours after the event.

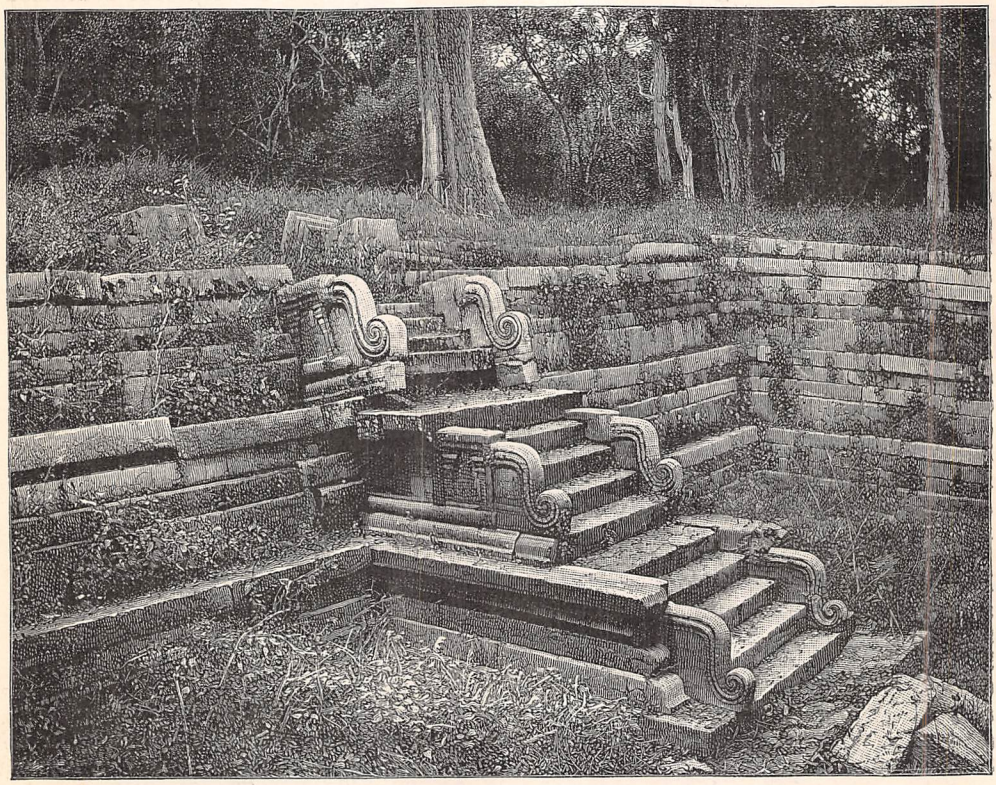
It is difficult to realize how these many changes affect the condition of a dependency like Ceylon. When it took nine months to receive a reply to a letter, and from three to four months to make the journey to or fro, the few Englishmen who went out there made Ceylon their home, rarely returning to England save after many years, to end their days in the old country. Now many visit Ceylon on business or for pleasure, staying a few weeks or months ; while even those engaged in planting or employed in the civil and military services are able to pay a visit to their friends at home once at any rate in every five or six years. The result is that Ceylon is brought much nearer England, and the connection between the island and the English resident is much looser than it was fifty years ago. The Englishman, no longer cut off for years from his friends at home, identifies himself less closely with the land of his adoption ; on the other hand, the changes brought about by the opening of the Suez Canal have rendered it possible for Englishwomen to live in comfort and luxury in the East, and the refined homes of the planters among the glorious scenery of the Ceylon hills are among the many signs of progress during the last fifty years.

Let us see for a moment what light statistics can throw on the progress of this island. In 1838 its population was 1,283,479 ; in 1887 it was estimated at 3,000,000, the actual figures by the census of 1881 being 2,763,984. Of these the military numbered in 1838 no less than 5,705, while in 1887 they were only 1,338. In 1838 the number of schools was 964, and of scholars 13,582, as against 3,635 schools and 116,853 scholars in 1887. The estimated number of acres under cultivation was in 1838 1,621,007, and in 1887 1,972,473. The revenue has trebled in fifty years, from £339,437 in 1838, to £1,064,133 in 1887, and the expenditure has made a like progress. The total tonnage of shipping entered and cleared from all ports in Ceylon

was 191,305 in 1838, as against 4,142,357 in 1887, and of this the shipping to and from the United Kingdom alone was 11,734 tons in 1838, as against 890,303 tons in 1887. Of the tonnage entered and cleared in 1887 only about one-sixth was foreign. The figures are :—

British, belonging to United Kingdom	2,986,033
,, ,, ,, Colonies	385,054
Foreign	771,270
Total	4,142,357

The value of the imports has increased from £547,501 in 1838 to £3,983,044 in 1887, and that of the exports from £292,315 to £3,168,160. Of these in 1838 imports to the value of £101,358, or less than one-fifth of the whole, came from the United



STEPS LEADING DOWN TO A POKUNA, OR BATHING PLACE, AT ANURÁDHAPURA.

Kingdom, while in 1887 upwards of one-fourth, to the value of £1,013,643, were from the United Kingdom. The proportion of exports to the United Kingdom remained about the same, increasing in both cases somewhat more than tenfold—namely, from £177,074 to £1,883,519. In 1838 the few roads which had been made by the energy of Sir Edward Barnes were constructed solely for military purposes, and Ceylon was simply a military dependency of the Empire, with a garrison of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, 5,705 strong : in 1887 it had become a great agricultural colony, with a small garrison, numbering 1,338, of infantry and artillery, designed mainly for the maintenance of internal order.

The port of Colombo has become the meeting-place for the mail steamers from India, China, and Australia, and a port of call for the eastern steam companies of all nations. Besides this, thanks to the breakwater, which is a monument of Sir John Coode's skill as an engineer of harbour works, Colombo is one of the great coaling stations of the world, and there are now daily in Colombo Harbour as many steamers

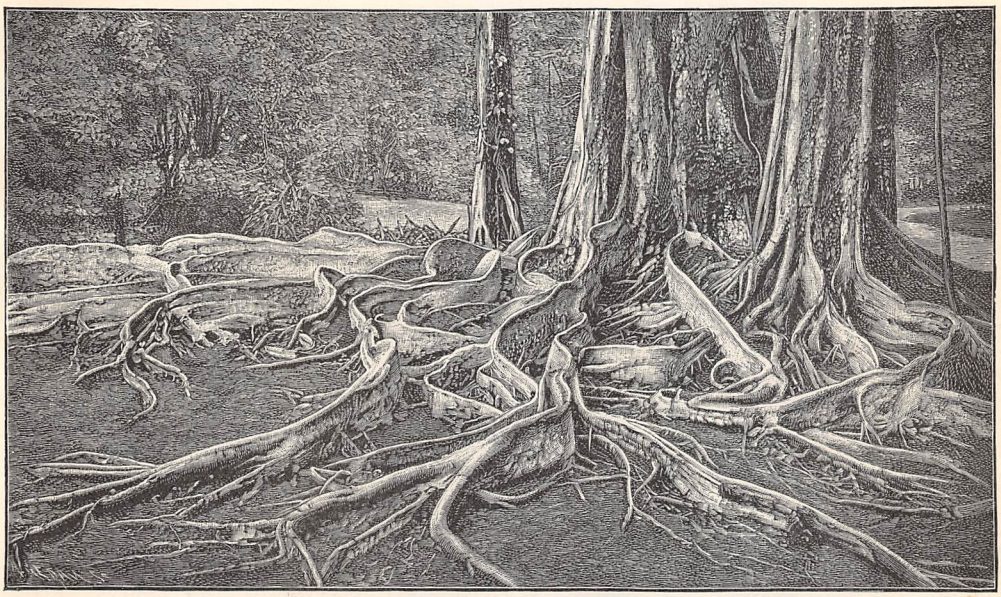
at one time as there were sailing vessels fifty years ago in all the ports of Ceylon, including the important naval station of Trincomalee.

Ceylon is a purely agricultural colony, and possesses more completely systematized botanical and experimental gardens than any other colony. These are thus described by Dr. Trimen in the *Journal of Botany*, 1886 :—

"The central establishment consists of the well-known Botanic Gardens at Peradeniya, a place about four miles to the south of Kandy, the capital of the Central Province.

"The elevation of this garden averages about 1,540 feet, so that it lies on the higher part of the wet low country of the south-west district. The climate is thus moist and very equable, the average annual temperature being about 77° F., and the average rainfall about 85 inches, which falls on some 150 days of the year.

"Such a climate suits very well all the plants of the wet tropical regions of the globe, with the exception of some of the purely equatorial species, for which our nights are found to be too cool. To provide however for this interesting class of plants we possess a small garden at the village of Heneratgoda, a place nearly at sea-level, and about twelve miles inland from Colombo. The mean annual temperature is here



ROOTS OF ASSAM INDIARUBBER TREES (*Ficus elastica*) AT THE ENTRANCE TO PERADENIYA GARDENS.

several degrees higher than at Peradeniya, the rainfall being much the same. In these gardens, of course, no truly temperate plants can be satisfactorily cultivated, but for the growth of these a third garden exists in the mountains, at an elevation of 5,800 feet, at the foot of a rocky mass known as Hakgala. This garden is surrounded with primeval forest ; in it can be successfully grown most of the plants of warm temperate climates, with the exception of those which are intolerant of much rain and cloud. These latter, the plants of *dry temperate* climates, do not succeed well anywhere in Ceylon, but for *dry tropical* species an experimental garden has been established at Anuradhapura, the ancient capital, in the dry, northern part of the island. Many of the plants of Peninsular India which do badly at Peradeniya and Heneratgoda here find a suitable climate. A fifth garden has quite recently been founded at Badulla, the capital of the province of Uva, in the east of the island, at an elevation of some 2,000 feet. Here the climate is considerably drier than on the western side."

These gardens have contributed largely to the agricultural prosperity of the island and the scientific study of its botany. Mr. Thwaites' *Enumeratio Plantarum Zeylaniæ* (1858-64) is the standard book on the Botany of Ceylon, and Dr. Trimen published

in 1885 "A Systematic Catalogue of the Flowering Plants and Ferns Indigenous to or Growing Wild in Ceylon," which forms a complete classified index to Thwaites' *Enumeratio*, and adds two hundred species to the list of 1864. It is surprising to find how many of the plants best known to Europeans and generally regarded as most characteristic of Ceylon, have really been introduced from other lands, chiefly from the New World, and therefore within the last three centuries. The mango, the jak, the areca, the castor-oil plant, the datura, the temple-trees (*Plumeria acutifolia*), the lantana and others, making 194 species in all, are exotics. Excluding these there remain 2,729 Phanerogams or flowering plants which form the true native flora of Ceylon.

GIRÁGAMA DIYAWADANA NILAME, LAY CHIEF AND CUSTODIAN OF THE TEMPLE OF THE TOOTH OF BUDDHA, IN FULL DRESS.

Compared with other countries this flora is very rich. Ireland, an island one-sixth larger, has only 972 species, and New Zealand, equal in extent to Great Britain and Ireland, has only 935 species in its Phanerogamic flora. In Ceylon no less than 800 species or nearly 29 per cent. of the Phanerogams are indigenous, while out of 1,400 native species in the British Isles, there is probably not one which is peculiar to them. After deducting the indigenous and exotic species, nearly all the rest are identical with species found in the adjacent Peninsula of India, from which Ceylon was separated in recent geological times. But there remain 108 species, neither indigenous nor peninsular, which belong to no less than 86 genera, and the affinity of the great majority of these genera is distinctly Malayan and not Indian; that is to say, they are of the type of vegetation characteristic of the Malay peninsula down to Singapore, Burmah, Assam and Borneo. This non-peninsular element of the Ceylon flora is mainly concentrated in the south-west part of the island, between the edge of the high mountain zone and the coast bounded by the Indian Ocean. The scarp of the mountains stands up as a rampart which these genera appear to have been unable to pass: and it seems more

probable that these examples of the Malayan flora reached Ceylon by way of the Andamans and Sumatra, rather than through India.

These gardens have not been exclusively devoted to botanical science; they have also contributed largely to the introduction of economic plants. In their earlier days valuable experiments were made with different kinds of coffee; and in 1860 the Hakgala gardens were opened as a Cinchona nursery, from which plants were distributed without charge to all persons who would give a written undertaking to cultivate freely, with the result that in 1887 Ceylon exported nearly 16 million lbs. of the medicinal bark from which quinine is prepared. In the same way the gardens have assisted in extending or improving the cultivation of cacao, of which Ceylon exports about 16,000 cwts. These gardens have also been of material assistance in promoting the cultivation of tea, which is now the principal of the Ceylon exports. Valuable experimental nurseries were formed of plants from China and Assam, and in 1873 and 1874 the distribution of plants from Peradeniya and Hakgala gardens began. The cultivation of coffee was then on the decline; and the exports fell from 885,000 cwts. in 1870 to 168,000 cwts. in 1887.

Tea has now generally supplanted coffee. In 1877 there were only 4,700 acres planted with tea, and the exports were 3,515 lbs.; in 1887 the acreage was 183,000, and the exports reached 22,000,000 lbs.

The statistics given above show in fifty years an increase of 350,000 in the number of acres under cultivation. This increase is partly due to the efforts of Sir Henry Ward, and his successors in the government of Ceylon, to restore the irrigation system of the island which had been planned and executed with consummate skill by the native rulers, but grievously neglected by the British Government during the first sixty years of our rule. But the advance is mainly due to the development of agricultural industry in the hill country of Ceylon by means of British capital expended under the direction of English planters, with the help of labourers who came freely from their homes in Southern India to work on the tea and coffee plantations in Ceylon. The number of these plantations is now about 1,500 as against 50 in 1838.

To quote the present Governor, Sir A. Gordon, "It is a development which has changed the physical appearance of the country and profoundly modified its social condition, and which is due to the energy and perseverance of men who have shown that they can bear adversity with fortitude as they sustained prosperity with credit."

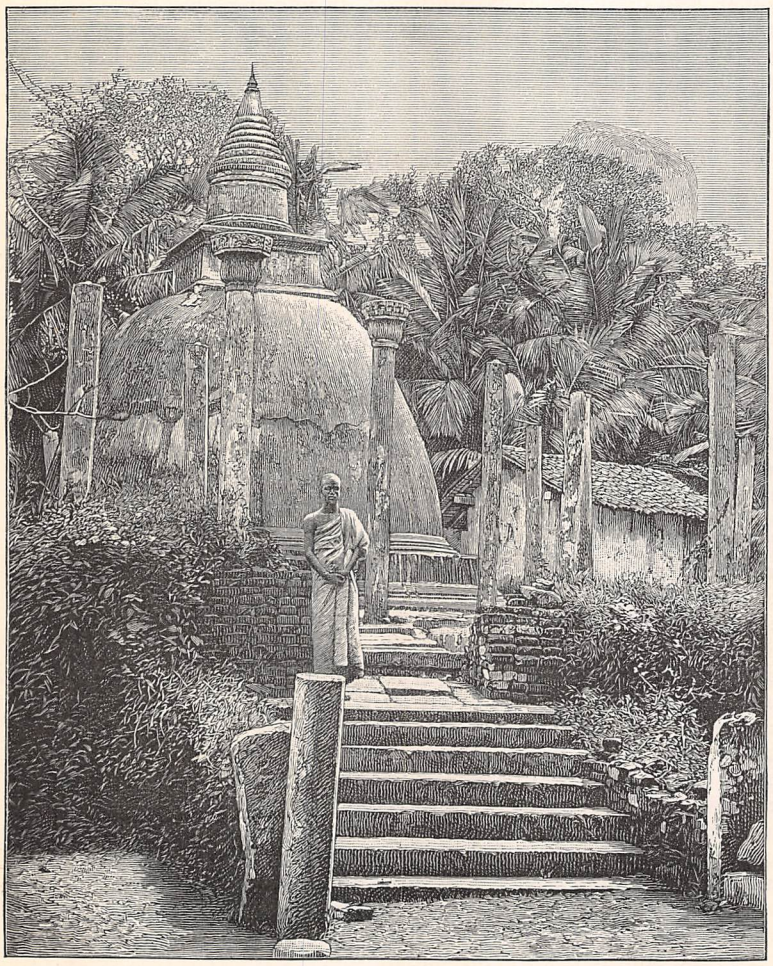
Let not the English reader picture to himself plantations such as those of larch and fir. A Ceylon plantation is ordinarily about two hundred acres of rolling uplands, closely planted with bushes of tea or coffee in regular lines growing to a height of about six feet; in a favourite district, plantations (or estates) closely adjoin each other, and the traveller looks across an unbroken sheet of dark monotonous green, only relieved by the picturesque bungalows of the planters and by the background of the distant precipices and forests.

The virgin forests which formerly covered the hill country have fallen beneath the axe or have been destroyed by fire to make way for these plantations of tea and coffee; and coffee has now generally given place to tea, leaving the island still mainly dependent on a single staple for the means of paying the interest on its debt, which amounts to two-and-a-half millions sterling. This debt has been mainly incurred for the extension of railways into the remoter planting districts in the south and west; while the rest of the island cries in vain for the railroads necessary for its development and for maintaining the food supply in time of war.

These changes have naturally affected the natives. The destruction of the forests is a great loss to them. It deprives them of their hunting grounds and many unbought luxuries such as honey, yams and fruit; and makes it difficult for them to procure firewood and fence-sticks for their fields and gardens, while it greatly enhances the price of timber for building purposes: on the other hand, the estates which have replaced the forests have directly and indirectly done much for their general improvement, and they do not fail to set the good against the bad, though on which side they place the balance it is hard to tell.

The Sinhalese, like all orientals, are an eminently conservative people, and profoundly attached to all their ancient customs: nevertheless the British Government has been strong enough to make two important changes in their customs—one in relation to the tenure of land, the other in relation to marriage—the latter following on the former. Under native rule the best of the village lands were held on a tenure of

personal service, requiring the hereditary tenant to give so many days' labour every year at the king's palace in the mountain capital. One farm would give a blacksmith for two or three months, another a cook, another a palanquin-bearer, or so many days' ordinary labour, until the whole of the service of the palace and of the public works was fully provided for. The tenure of land was hereditary and subject to the law of the country by which all the children inherited in equal shares; but the land-service remained indivisible, and had to be provided for by arrangement amongst all the heirs. To meet this difficulty the daughters on their marriage forfeited their rights in the land, and the sons took one wife in common. This custom of polyandry enabled one of the husbands to go to the capital to render the service for the land, while the other or others stayed at home to carry on the farm and take care of the wife. But soon after our rule began, personal service for lands held under the Crown was abolished and a payment of one-tenth of the produce of the lands was substituted for it. The strongest motive for maintaining the system of polyandry was thus removed, and in 1859 Sir H. Ward found his Government strong enough to make it illegal. It has now entirely died out. When the Crown relinquished its claim to personal services for land, it left the tenure of the lands held from the temples and from certain of the more powerful chiefs untouched, and it was not until 1870 that the Government was able to take up this question and complete the work of freeing the tenants from personal service by forming a complete register of all their tenures and services and permitting them to commute the latter for a money payment. Nothing however could show more conclusively the excellence of the relations between the temple authorities and the large landowners on the one hand, and their tenants on the other, than the fact that in few instances has advantage been taken of the power to commute. It would be a mistake to suppose that the exaction of personal service for lands held under the Crown was an unmixed evil. The system of personal service was no doubt open to grave abuse,



THE AMBASTALÉ DÁGOBA AT MIHINTALÉ IN WHICH ARE ENSHRINED THE ASHES OF MAHINDA, THE AUGUSTINE OF BUDDHISM, WHO CONVERTED CEYLON IN THE THIRD CENTURY B.C.

and one which foreign rulers could hardly hope to work fairly; but on its abolition, roads and irrigation works gradually fell into decay, and as in the case of the temple and private lands, there were undoubtedly many tenants who would have preferred the continuance of their service to the payment of a tax or rent on their lands. As by the abolition of the services for public works the old roads or paths became overgrown and impassable, and the irrigation works went to ruin, it became necessary to find some means of remedying the evil. For the roads every adult male between eighteen and fifty-five years of age was obliged, under a law of 1848, to give six days' labour a year or its value. This law works well and has enabled the local authorities to make and maintain a perfect system of roads throughout the island.[1] To repair the decay of the irrigation works in Ceylon was a more difficult matter. Sir H. Ward and his successors undertook the restoration of some of the more important works, either as public works charged on the revenues of the island or under a system of loan, chargeable on the lands irrigated. The decay however was so great and so widespread that these resources afforded altogether insufficient help, and left thousands of village works untouched. It was not until 1873 that the Government was fairly roused by finding that the population in the outlying agricultural districts was dying out from want of food and from sickness generated by the swamps which had replaced the irrigation reservoirs.

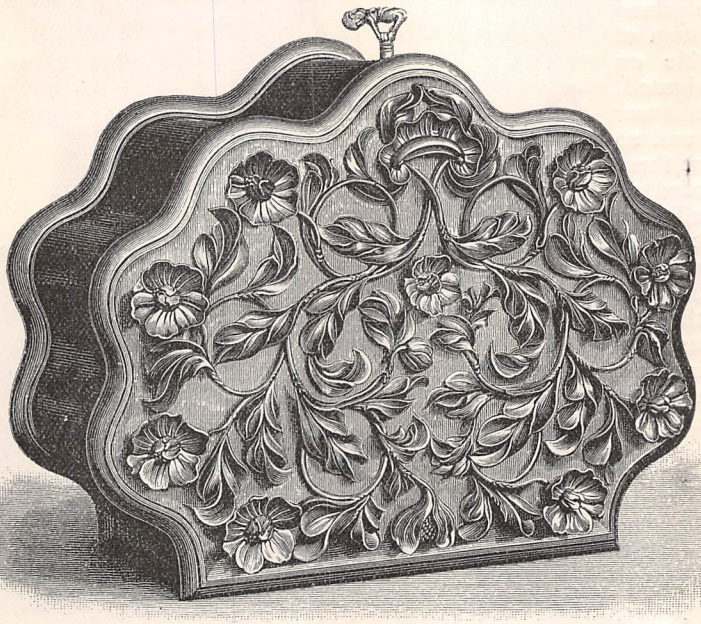
A KENDIYA, OR WATER VESSEL, FOR THE SERVICE OF THE TEMPLE OF THE TOOTH OF BUDDHA; SOLID GOLD, PROBABLY OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Enquiry showed that a small and scattered population, clinging with despair to their ancestral fields, still clustered round the village works, and that in the time of the native kings a system had existed under which all landowners were bound to give their labour in proportion to their holdings for the maintenance and repair of the irrigation works on which their fields depended. This system was restored with the full consent of the people, and native tribunals were established to enforce the rules made for its working. By this means hundreds of village works have been already restored, the people executing the earth-works while the Government gives the masonry and undertakes some of the larger works beyond the powers of the villagers. The result is that the wilderness which the middle of the island had become is turned

[1] When compulsory labour was abolished in Cyprus on its coming under British rule, it was a great misfortune that the Ceylon road-tax of six days' labour was not introduced: Cyprus would then have made more progress than it has done, and England would have something to show as an example to Turkey at the end of ten years' rule.

into a garden ; cultivation is extending on all sides, and the loathsome disease which resulted from poor food, bad water, and pestilential swamps has nearly disappeared. It was here that the ancient cities Anuradhapura and Pollonnaruwa, known as the buried cities, were engulfed in the ever-encroaching forest. Fifty years ago it was almost death to visit them ; now good roads through cultivated fields, and park-like clearings, lead safely to some of the most interesting monuments of the East.

Monuments erected eighteen hundred to two thousand years ago by the piety of the Buddhist rulers of Ceylon, survive to this day, as does the religion which they commemorate. Buddhism is generally given in statistics of religion as the faith of about forty per cent. of the total population of the world ; spreading from India to Japan, and from the Himalayas to Ceylon, it has experienced many developments, but in doctrine and in outward form the differences are perhaps not greater than those to be found between the eastern and western branches of the Christian Church and between the various sects which they embrace. In Ceylon, Buddhism is found in its simplest and perhaps its purest form ; it relies entirely on the Buddhist scriptures as settled by the Great Council of Patna about 250 B.C., and as explained by the early commentators, just as the Christian Church relies on the Bible and the writings of the



CARVED EBONY BOX, THE WORK OF DON ANDRIS ARACCI OF GALLE (MODERN).

early Fathers. The Council of Patna, held under Asoka, sent forth at its close missionaries to all parts, and to Ceylon it sent Mahinda, the son of the king Asoka, to establish there the religion of Buddha. This he succeeded in doing ; he converted the king of Ceylon, Devánaṁpiyatisso, and Buddhism speedily became the dominant religion of the island, as it is to this day. It has endured for upwards of 2,100 years in spite of wars, conquests and persecutions, and the destruction of the sacred books recovered later from Siam and Burmah. It lives enshrined in the hearts of a pious, simple, and kindly people ; it leads them through a life of charity to a peaceful death-bed such as most Christians may envy. Having conquered desire, they enjoy a repose which cannot be disturbed. The most prominent of Buddha's disciples is said to have exclaimed, "I wait till mine hour come, like a servant who awaiteth his reward ; I long not for death, I long not for life ; I wait till mine hour come, alert and with watchful mind."

Lest it should be thought that years of study of Buddhism and of the Pali language, and the best part of a life spent amongst the Buddhists of Ceylon should have prejudiced me, let me quote the words of Bishop Bigandet, Vicar-Apostolic of Ava and Pegu, in his *Life and Legends of Gaudama, the Buddha of the Burmese*. He says, "The Christian

system and the Buddhistic one, though differing from each other in their respective objects and ends as much as truth from error, have, it must be confessed, many striking features of astonishing resemblance. There are many moral precepts equally commanded and enforced in common by both creeds. It will not be considered rash to assert that most of the moral truths prescribed by the Gospel are to be met with in the Buddhistic scriptures. . . . In reading the life of the last Buddha, it is impossible not to feel reminded of many circumstances relating to our Saviour's life, such as it has been sketched by the Evangelists." And again he says, "No philosophic religious system has ever upheld in an equal degree, the doctrines of a saviour and of the necessity of his mission for procuring the salvation, in a Buddhistic sense, of man. The *rôle* of Buddha from beginning to end is that of a deliverer, who preaches a law designed to procure for man the deliverance from all the miseries he is labouring under." It would take long to describe even a tenth part of the resemblances between Buddhism and Christianity : here let it suffice to say that the two religions closely resemble each other in enjoining a gentle, forgiving, and truthful spirit. The Buddhist scriptures say, "Let a man overcome anger by not becoming angry ; let a man overcome evil with good; let a man overcome the parsimonious with generosity; let a man overcome the liar with truth."

It is a religion such as this, older than Christianity by many centuries, that certain missionary societies seek to subvert by means of agents of imperfect education, married, ordained indeed, but in their regard for their own comfort and for domestic luxury, anything but what a missionary should be. Is it a matter of wonder that they have no success? The Buddhist seeks not to make converts, but he will not be converted—certainly not by men who in education and in self-denial compare unfavourably with the celibate Buddhist monks and with the celibate priests of the Church of Rome. Even the Roman Catholics, with their devoted priests leading the life of the people, and living on less than one-tenth of the stipend of a Protestant missionary, make no converts, and indeed they seek to make none ; under the strict rule and guidance of their head in Ceylon, the learned Archbishop Bonjean, they devote themselves to their hereditary flock (descended from the natives converted at the point of the sword by the Portuguese), to education, and to the maintenance of orphanages and other works of charity.

If the jealousies of Protestant sects were at an end, and if Bishop Copleston were free to maintain a discipline over his own clergy equal to that which prevails amongst the Roman Catholics, we might see, if not an increase of converts, an example of Christian life in our missionaries which would command the respect of Buddhists. This has, indeed, been the case wherever the Bishop's power is unrestricted. But our love—or rather our abuse—of liberty, forbids all hope of such a reform becoming general. So far the result of missionary efforts in Ceylon during the last fifty years has been to rouse the Buddhists from apathy, and to bring about a vigorous Buddhist revival.

Such are some of the changes which fifty years have brought to this bright "pearl on the brow of India."—Ceylon is no longer a mere military dependency, costing the mother-colony large sums every year ; it is now a flourishing agricultural colony, paying its own way, and contributing largely to its military defence.

ENGLISH GIRLHOOD.

By MRS. MOLESWORTH.

"TYPICAL English girl!" What vision do the words evoke? We all know it, I think.

> "There a girl comes, with brown locks curl'd,
> Crying, 'Oh, what a beautiful world!'
> Crying, 'Oh, what a happy place!'"

as some nameless songster has it. Brown locks, blue eyes, wild-rose tinted cheeks, a very incarnation above all of eager, youthful happiness, veiled perhaps by a faint haze of shyness and appeal which but enhances the sunshine behind. A charming picture, and, in point of fact, so far as the physical loveliness goes, a far from imaginary one; the jaundiced-eyed critic, or cynic rather, has yet to appear who can deny the sweet and honest beauty of English girlhood in the mass. But what about the full content, the childlike, if not childish, unquestioning satisfaction with her world as she found it, which for long were looked upon as the matter-of-course characteristics of girlhood—as what *should* be such at least, in a normal condition of things?

Is it so? And is it to be desired that it should be so? Taking "girlhood" as represented by even the narrow measure of seventeen to two or three-and-twenty, *should* it be a season of grown-up play, of no true sense of responsibility to the present or the future? And in such instances as the carelessness or indulgence of parents or guardians makes it such, does it "answer"? Is the girl in any real way the happier for her residence in this fool's paradise? Would she, in nineteen cases out of twenty, deliberately repeat the programme with daughters of her own?

For our girls have as a rule good stuff in them: mother-wit, common-sense, and conscientiousness, quickening, nowadays, into thoughtful and wide-minded reviewal of their position; into earnest inquiry as to where and how their talents can be put out to the best account. That such inquiry is idle cannot be maintained; it is increasingly forced upon them by certain, to some extent, abnormal conditions closely affecting themselves. And though these may be, and probably are, but a temporary phase in our social history, the present is practically our immediate concern—its difficulties must be faced. And even those among us whose sympathy, and such experience as years must bring to all but the entirely thoughtless, are the best they have to offer, may perhaps be forgiven for coming forward with their mite.

It is always difficult to form a correct contemporaneous judgment of any society or section of society in a state of transition, and English girlhood is at the present time markedly in this state, especially as regards its upper strata. To a certain extent too this is the case in the lower classes, using the term in its widest sense, though with them the literal struggle for existence, the necessity of labour if one would live, naturally induce far greater similarity and monotony of real condition

from one generation to another, however outward surroundings may vary, than where there is freedom to be idle or not as one chooses. Naturally too the necessity, or at least the desirability, of recognized occupation influences young men of the upper classes far more extensively than their sisters.

"What is your son going to be?" is a matter-of-course question in all grades of society as the boy approaches the confines of manhood. For his own moral and intellectual, not to speak of spiritual, welfare it is universally accepted that to be worthy of the name a man must work—must *do something*. Not so for the other sex; not so at least till within a very recent date. There has been but one orthodox and recognized "career" in England for women belonging to the higher ranks of society, and she who failed to achieve an entrance into this was accounted a failure indeed. Many years ago now, it happened to me to overhear a conversation between four small people—three brothers and a sister, all under eight years of age—as to their future. Each boy announced his choice—"soldier," "sailor," what not. "And you, Ella?" to the hitherto silent little maiden.

"I," came the answer, with completest satisfaction, "oh, *I*, of course, *will be a mamma*."

She spoke what she had already learnt, what in truth every girl among us was tacitly if not avowedly trained for from the earliest days of dolls and doll-houses to the latest stage of "coming-out" and ball-room successes; nay, even in the school-room itself, when it was no uncommon check on the studies of some exceptionally intelligent girl that she "must not be allowed to carry them too far, for men do not care about learned wives."

Nor ought we to be unfair to the instinct at the root of this formerly exaggerated code. On the contrary, as is the danger in all human reforms and innovations, which, it would truly seem, "must, to float, be ballasted with a certain weight of error,"[1] there is at the present time a very distinct tendency to rush into the opposite extreme. The best and noblest, because the normal position for a woman—if we except some rare and saintly souls of whom in a review of the average Englishwoman we have scarcely to take account—is that of true wife and mother. To inculcate otherwise would indeed be a setting up of the vessel against the potter. Nor could a theory entailing dislocation and severance of the members constituting our human nature, a doctrine assailing the Divine thought of the family as the centre of all society, ever really take root or permanently flourish.

But in almost all modern societies, so far as we have experience of them, there must be a proportion, larger or smaller, of women who do not or cannot marry. And here in England, in these last days of the nineteenth century, this proportion is abnormally large. Into the many causes of this, some patent to the most superficial observer, some deep-lying and far back in their origin, some, alas! intermingled with the yet graver and darker evils shadowing the march of high material civilization—into these we cannot here attempt to enter. The fact itself, so far as it affects the present phase of our girlhood's history, is what concerns us. And the recognition of it has already helped to beneficent results—the silver lining of the cloud has shone out in more than one corner.

Here, by way of parenthesis, may a word or two be said as to the wisdom or feasibility of ever admitting among us some modification of the French system on this much-vexed question of marriage, a system as to which we have done our neighbours but scant justice; nor is the reason for this far to seek. A modern French marriage, arranged and negotiated by the parents, is an honest, straightforward, matter-of-fact piece of business, of which no one concerned has any reason to feel ashamed. For where the movers in it are right-minded and conscientious, their part is viewed as preliminary only, and subject to the approval of the two real principals. Never in such cases—and they are the majority—is marriage forced upon either, against his or her inclination and instincts. There are exceptions to this of course, where selfish, worldly, or worse people have to do with the matter—where and when, in what country and what times will bad workmen do good work?—but exceptions they *are*. And the proof of the pudding is in the eating. That the French system is neither vicious nor unnatural is shown by the *bons ménages* which are the rule, and whose existence refutes our mistaken ideas on the subject—ideas taken surely from the olden days when our own social institutions would have borne as little as our

[1] W. R. Greig.

neighbours' the clearer light of modern principles. Arranged marriages *in England* are a very different thing ; they exist but in the worst form, and their very promoters are often the loudest in their invectives against the French system, crediting it with the entirely worldly incentives actuating themselves. Even in the rare cases where the French plan is from good and pure motives resorted to, no one will own to it, and a blameless action thus comes to have an ugly look about it.

The days are yet to come when the French system will be to any extent adopted in England : it is contrary to our associations, to the "romance" which has not yet quite deserted us, and which our less imaginative neighbours understand so little ; contrary even to the spirit of our religion ; contrary to the increasing independence and self-dependence of Englishwomen. But—as one is driven to own so constantly in the discussion of most sublunary affairs—there are exceptions. There are girls who, incapable of understanding marriage in the highest sense, of appreciating the true and mystic beauty of noble love and noble union ; still more, incapable of feeling that not to marry at all is nearer the spirit of the Divine ideal for man and woman than to marry without "poetry," are yet, as it has been cynically said, "fit for nothing else." For many such, selfishness diminished if not extinguished by new claims, the germs of heart and soul developed by the inevitable trials and responsibilities of married life, turn out worthy wives and mothers, useful members of society, who would otherwise have been but cumberers of the ground. And very aggressive cumberers, if the expression may be allowed—discontented, idle, tiresome old maids ! For any sake let marriages, when reasonably and practically possible, be "arranged" for such, if the commonplace and easily-contented man can be found who would be satisfied with his share of the bargain.

It is not to girls of this class however that our best sympathy and consideration are due. There are many of the sweetest and finest natures who, as schooldays with their regular discipline, their often interesting and absorbing studies, recede further into the background, and full womanhood confronts them, ask earnestly and pathetically, "What am I to do with my life and myself?" There are others, less thoughtful, who are nevertheless conscious of increasing discontent and dissatisfaction as they realize that actual youth is slipping past. Yet they were bright and hopeful and energetic creatures at eighteen ! Is it then to these few critical years of girlhood itself that we must look for the root of the wrong?

Education for girls, in the conventional sense of the school-days' work, is very different from what it was, thanks to the devoted efforts of some yet among us—women whom all must recognize as benefactors not only to their sex, but to their country. It is at once more thorough and more attractive, and individual tastes and capacities are now so taken into account that most girls love their studies and are eager to pursue them for their own sake. But we have been emerging from a melancholy and unsatisfactory state of things. Never was girls' education at a lower ebb than in the first quarter of this century. The mothers and grandmothers of the children of those days had been better, because more thoroughly taught what they did learn ; the fatal rage for accomplishments at all costs had not then set in, the modern and cheaper pianofortes being—fortunately for our great-grandfathers—a comparatively recent innovation, and water-colour materials expensive ; sewing-machines had not destroyed the need for neat and careful seamstresses even among the upper classes ; and fancy-work was still, what it is delightful to see it again, an art—and a beautiful one. Books were few, and read many times over ; governesses, inefficient or otherwise, rare ; so that girls not infrequently shared their brothers' lessons, and classics were not altogether excluded from the maiden curriculum. And excellent housewifery in all its branches was a *sine quâ non ;* though to see this phase of feminine training in its perfection, with its fragrance of distilled waters and sorted herbs, its pasties and quaint "conserves," its shelves full of spotless napery with exquisite marking, we must perhaps go still further back—to the days when it was a matter of course for the ladies of the manor-house and the parsonage to have a fair knowledge of domestic pharmacy, like the "daughter dear" in the old ballad who was "a leech of skill" ; before it was the fashion to "swoon" for nothing or faint at the sight of blood ; when girls rode pillion many a mile behind the old man-servant if a neighbour were to be visited ; when novels were *nouvelles*, and foreign travel all but unknown !

Queer, dear old days ! Were people happier and more at peace then? Was it easier to keep *real* things—holy things—before one's mind than now, in the rush of

this hot and burdened age? It would seem so almost, but distance in time as in space "lends enchantment." People had their troubles and perplexities then as now doubtless, even in the remotest and most sylvan of English hamlets. And perchance the day will come when our descendants in their turn will look back on us with mingled envy and contempt and wonder how we lived our nineteenth century lives!

We are keeping waiting unduly however our girls of to-day, concerned about the present and the future, for whom the marvellous fascination of the past has yet to awaken. It is this special period of girlhood, these few intermediate years we wish to consider. Why do they so often seem to fail in preparing our girls for maturer life, above all, those among them who do not marry? And that there must be a considerable proportion of this class we know. Some, their choice being small and not attractive to their own refinement and depth of character—for it is not, as a rule, the noblest of our men who can marry young nowadays—deliberately reject what offers; some, often the most generous and unselfish, bestow their affections unwisely; *some*, it is whispered in even the selectest circles, never have a chance at all. And in almost all these cases, the close of girlhood brings disappointment and perplexity, if not feelings more nearly allied to despair!

The reason seems to me not far to seek. There has been a wrong spirit pervading this phase of life altogether. Amusement, instead of the relaxation it should be, the healthful variety and change from a background of useful occupation, has been made the great object of thought, and word, and deed; the girl has got *out of the habit of work*, and, alas! by a strange and melancholy paradox, with the enjoyment of unduly indulged-in-pleasure does not fade the craving for it; rather indeed would it seem to increase. Though the apples have become but as those of the Dead Sea, yet must they at all costs be had, if *ennui* (in our English sense of the word), with her ugly following, is not to become undisputed mistress of the field. And we have the wearisome spectacle of a young woman no longer in her first brilliance, pursuing amusement and frivolity because she has "nothing else to do," or thinks so, because in truth she has learnt to live no other life; or the still more painful sight of "flirtation," begun in the first exuberance of youth, innocently enough perhaps, degraded into "husband-hunting," in the desperate desire to get out of a vapid and objectless existence. There is *less* of all this, thank God, than there was some years ago; still there is too much. And even where amusement is not made so unduly prominent, there is much negative misdoing. No distinct duties or responsibilities have been given to or even suggested to the girl.

"Send your boy to the university by all means if you can manage it, but whatever you do, have some work ready for him when he leaves it. It is that idling-about time, what people call giving them some fun and play before they buckle to, that unsettles young fellows," was a piece of sound advice I once heard. Does it not suggest an application, in a modified form, to our girls? Even with regard to ordinary home-duties, how few mothers definitely and distinctly give their daughters a share. "Evelyn will learn for herself when she has a house of her own. It is so much easier to do things one's self than to teach others!" is the usual excuse. Yes, truly, so it is, *much* easier. But what then? What about the husband, "the not impossible *he*," who is to depend on "the learning for herself," the children, the servants, if Evelyn *does* marry? What about the days that may come, all too soon, even if she do not, when the girl may be called upon to replace her mother, temporarily or permanently, may be? What about herself? Even if she learn this one thing well, has not Evelyn a chance of being a happier woman for it? A happier and a stronger woman? For sorrows and troubles come to all, and in one direction a girl is peculiarly exposed to suffering; there are few whose hearts escape unbruised during those fateful years of girlhood. It may be through nobody's fault, it may be through the thoughtlessness, or even deliberate cold-bloodedness of some one the poor child imagines a hero, who finds her inexperience too amusing to resist, that her fairy castle crumbles about her ears some fine morning and she is left desolate. And very real and desperate is her suffering for the time; but for such suffering, for *all* sorrow indeed, is there any human cure like work? Work looked for and expected? that *must* be done? work, best of all, for others? Truly, when one's own life looks but a most complete and bitter shipwreck, there is nothing so great a boon as to feel that all the same one must be up and doing; that there are still those who would miss it if one were not.

Doubtless these few years are a time of waiting, of uncertainty. Every girl knows she *may* marry, and any definite work seems scarcely "worth while." But it is all the more "worth while," that it is just during these times of waiting that the habits of regularity and method are most easily lost. And even if we take for granted that these have been to some extent well acquired during schoolroom life, the keeping them up is no easy matter, for it is of the very nature of things that a girl's occupations should be various and varying; the arrangement of her time too cannot but be to some extent subservient to the plans of her elders, to which her own wishes must often and rightly yield. But when there is sympathy between parents and children, and when even there is *not* much of this, a girl's real desire to use her time well, to be of some *use*, will win its way: when the danger of making amusement the great object is clearly recognized, few sensible girls need be long at a loss. I have small belief in finding "nothing to do," though all general advice must be vague. The precise kind of study or self-improvement to which a girl should give a definite part of her time must of course be greatly directed by individual tastes and capacities, and on very widely differing circumstances depend the nature and amount of assistance she should give in her own home and to those immediately about her: even amusements themselves should be regulated—and would assuredly be enhanced—by unselfishness and consideration for others. But besides all this, there are few girls who will not do well from the first of their freer life to undertake *some* distinct work among the poor, even if it be but a Sunday School class once a week.[1] After-life will assuredly give a girl no cause to regret this, and the self-denial, punctuality and patience she should practise are excellent training, even if it should never fall to her lot to do much in this direction. The sympathy and wider knowledge of the "other half of the world," to which such simple effort may be the opening, are invaluable to all women, and cannot but prepare a girl for larger fields of action, to which she may perhaps be called; to which indeed, above all if she do not marry, she certainly, as she grows older, should devote some increased part of her time.

And I am much mistaken if new departures for useful work among our poorer contemporaries are not opening up in various directions, even for the many, not specially gifted as are the select—or elect—few; the uncanonised saints among us whose absolute devotion and unselfishness, strength of nerve and faithfulness of spirit, rare and cautiously to be verified qualifications, render them a class apart indeed. As to these increasing and widening systems it would be premature to say much, but in going on to a passing mention of the less well-to-do classes of English girlhood, some suggestions may perhaps come forward of themselves.

Hitherto we have been considering almost entirely girls of our upper classes, using the words in their very widest sense as including all those who are not forced to work, though, as rough classifications must always be imperfect, among these are to be found many of less original refinement, less good birth, than many girls who are enrolled in the great army of bread-winners. The problems to be solved concerning working women of every class are of a different kind; they are many, but the wisest heads in the country are engaged upon them, and already the prospect is brightening. Steadily increasing spheres of labour, and steadily increasing opportunities of qualifying themselves for such, are to be found. Technical colleges for women, in which hitherto this country has been peculiarly deficient, are being demanded in various directions, and will doubtless be gradually supplied. On the whole this side of the picture is cheering—more cheering to my mind than that of the "unemployed" in the ranks of well-to-do girlhood and "spinster-hood," to use a quaint and really charming word. Can we do nothing to amalgamate the two a little? Are there not ways

[1] "Even a Sunday School class." I feel half inclined to withdraw the first word. For to manage such a class as it *should* be and *can* be done, calls for a fair amount of work, both as to self-preparation and real study, to fit one for the actual teaching, and in the week day "looking after" the children; the calling now and then at their homes, the assistance in case of illness, the little treats one may sometimes give, &c., &c. And while touching on this I may be perhaps allowed to say to those girls whose time hangs heavy on their hands, who can find "nothing to do of any real use to any one," that the need for Sunday School teachers, in London especially, is *crying*. I could name twenty parishes whose clergy would endorse this. The same too can be said for week-day work, Bands of Hope, &c., as to the good of which even the most prejudiced are unanimous. "It is the children we must get hold of," say all the wisest thinkers on temperance and kindred subjects. Personally I can testify to the *extreme* difficulty of getting any young girls to do any useful, modest, unsensational work within their capacity regularly and perseveringly. Is not the true way of stating their complaint rather "We can find nothing that we *like* to do"?

in which our richer girls may begin even during girlhood to help their, *practically* speaking, less fortunate sisters? An evening or two a week given up to simple entertaining of some of them; carefully chosen lending libraries; a day in the country now and then—surely the opportunities of this kind are legion! Nay, more; could not some of our rich girls *teach* the poorer, at odd hours maybe, and not without some trouble very certainly. For to teach, one must learn, and the lessons which would often most truly benefit her humbler sisters are not always those acquired at school or in the schoolroom at home, though as to this there is no absolute rule. But a course of thorough lessons in sick-nursing, in cooking, in good dressmaking, or other departments of needlework, in even *more* "technical" studies, such as shorthand and book-keeping, need not occupy more than a few hours a week of the leisure of our, at best, but half-employed girl, and would qualify her for in the future imparting her knowledge to others with but very few hours and still fewer shillings at their command, to whom nevertheless such special training might be of enormous importance and value. And the special training would assuredly do the young teacher herself no harm, even though she might never be required to turn it to personal account. Though who knows what the future may bring to any one of us? For very certainly among the many pupils who, eager to find some remunerative employment, will flock for instruction to these technical colleges, there will be not a few who even in the very superficial and conventional sense of not having to work for their living, as well as in the truer meaning of the word, are thoroughly entitled to call themselves "ladies." And should circumstances of any kind afterwards decide a girl to take up any special department of women's work, nursing for instance,[1] as a profession, this amount of preliminary apprenticeship, small as it may be, will save her in the future loss of time and possible uncertainty as to her individual capacity.

To sum up a little, though of necessity but roughly and in few words, the various problems offered at the present time by English girlhood of all classes, may not a separation, in the first place, into the *under-worked* and the *over-worked* help to clear our views? And hard and painful as life with its sharp necessity for early labour may be for the latter, is it not a question if the evil wrought by the conditions, on the surface and materially speaking so much more advantageous, of our upper class girls, is not in the long run as great? For their sake, as well as from the more universally recognized motives of philanthropy and benevolence in the ordinary sense, is it not our plain duty to try to equalize things a little? Cannot much more be done towards refining and brightening the lives of our working girls, hand-in-hand with increased training for useful, unselfish, and responsible occupation for our own daughters?

And to look still wider afield, and further ahead, never has there been a time with more good work in England calling to be done; never has there been a period in our social history when so large a proportion of our better class women *must* pass through life without entering into its closest personal ties and responsibilities: do not these two great facts speak for themselves?

Are parents, mothers especially, doing their best for their girls? During these few critical years of girlhood, when the eager and readily receptive spirit begins to look out upon life for itself, to what strange, sad influences is it not often exposed? By example, if not by the coarseness of positive precept, how many a young creature is indoctrinated with "worldliness" in some of its most insidious forms: selfish struggling to be first in the race for social advantage; contemptible condescension to meannesses of motive and deed which few would like to see expressed in plain words; love of outside excitement at all costs, leading to neglect of first duties, even sometimes under the specious guise of benevolent devotion on so-called "religious" grounds—a tone of mind and spirit, in short, utterly at variance with the purity and elevation of the Christian character professedly our ideal! What results can be expected but such as too frequently ensue? Religion as an active principle is tacitly disbelieved in and

[1] With regard to this special occupation, or profession, I may perhaps be allowed to give one word of warning against allowing any young woman to enter upon it prematurely. Incalculable mischief may be done by its being attempted too young, even if only in the modified form of hospital nursing for a certain period without any intention of devoting one's life to it. The slighter teaching now to be had at technical colleges in this department will, it is to be hoped, fill a gap, and do good negatively as well as positively. Most hospitals refuse to take probationers under the age of five-and-twenty, but this rate is not, I am sorry to find, universal. And even five-and-twenty is fully young for the average girl to test her fitness for work so arduous and so peculiarly trying, and assuredly if attempted before that age the risk of lasting injury to health and nerves is exceedingly grave.

thrown aside, self-seeking in one or other of its innumerable forms, replacing all higher motive, till not infrequently the pupil surpasses the teacher, and the parent is aghast at the fruits of her own, perhaps half unconscious, planting! Even in the more superficial matters of outward manner and bearing, how many a girl, sweet, natural, and modest, essentially a "gentlewoman," is transformed by the inculcated slavery to society and its laws into an artificial puppet, afraid of moving or speaking save after a certain studied fashion, or worse still, into a coarse and noisy hoyden; thereby, more often than is probably at all suspected, disgusting and alienating the very beings (the best of them at any rate) whose admiration she has been taught to exert her utmost powers to secure.

The mischief of course is not entirely confined to the period of life we have been more particularly considering; school-days have much to answer for. For though the actual instruction is now so much more thorough and truly "educational," the grave questions of companionship, both as regards fellow-learners and teachers, should never be forgotten. With respect to the latter, the responsibility of parents is much more serious in a case of home education, where a girl cannot but be influenced for life by the governess with whom so great a part of her time is spent. And that the increase of first-rate schools for girls will affect this state of things to any very considerable extent as regards the daughters of our quite upper classes, seems to me from practical and other reasons improbable. Perhaps the perfection of things would be most nearly realized by an approach to the French modern system of *cours*, which gives a girl the advantage of the best teaching—that of teachers specially qualified in their own subjects—superintended and supplemented by her own private governess at home, at the same time as the stimulus of emulation and intellectual friction, without exposing her to the risk of indiscriminate companionship, and hasty or injudicious friendships out of lesson hours. These latter dangers are of course more to be dreaded in boarding-school life than in even the least exclusive of day-schools. And that the growing preponderance of the latter is an advantage to girls in general few will be inclined to dispute, if the greater "naturalness" of daughters and sisters living in their own homes, even during the years when the most of their time must be given to study, be taken into account, as contrasted with the unavoidable absence of domestic training, the enforced estrangement from home duties and gradually developing responsibilities necessitated by life in even the most excellent of institutions, primarily if not exclusively devoted to intellectual instruction.

THE WHITE AND SILENT NUNS.

By HENRY W. LUCY.

EVERY day, as noon strikes from the clock-tower of the little church of Notre Dame de Refuge at Anglet, a sand-bound village near Bayonne, there files forth from the porch a notable procession. It is readily perceived that it is composed of women ; but whatever may be beautiful or graceful in this womankind is carefully hidden.

Each figure is clothed in coarse white-flannel skirt with a cape, carrying at the back a large black cross. Head and face are completely enveloped in a hood of the same rough material that composes the dress. The hood pokes out in front funnel-like, so that, unless one meets the wearer directly in front, there is no opportunity of looking on her face, nor may she regard the face of her kind.

Chanting in low, monotonous notes, the melancholy procession, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, with heads bowed and hands crossed, shuffle along in their *sabots*, till they reach the door of the refectory. When the last has passed in, the door closes upon them shutting out even the temporary darkened glance of the living world they have just enjoyed.

These are the nuns known as the Bernardines, a religious sisterhood founded nearly sixty years ago, by l'Abbé Cestac. The peculiarity of their vow is, that they voluntarily resign the privilege of speech. Except when they join in a chant or murmur their prayers, they never open their lips to speak, and through the long year they hold no converse with human being. At the beginning, the founder of this strange order proposed to the nuns that at least once a week they should accept relief from their vow and celebrate Sunday by indulging in conversation. But, enamoured of their new luxury, they declined the suggested amelioration of their lot, and remained silent all through the year.

The foundations of the buildings connected with the order were literally built upon the sand. Between the village of Anglet and the sea there lie plains of sand, with here and there a pine-tree braving the blasts from the Bay of Biscay.

Half a century ago there dwelt here, housed in a straw hut, an old man who earned a pitiful living by growing a few vegetables. There was no one to dispute his territory, and little by little he scraped together a few perches of garden ground. L'Abbé Cestac found him here one day dying in the solitude of his hut. He removed him to a place of shelter, and, in order to satisfy the yearnings of the dying man, he undertook to look after his carrots and turnips. L'abbé had already started a refuge for fallen women, and it occurred to him to engage them upon the old man's pinched garden ground.

Accordingly, half-a-dozen of the women were despatched to the sand dunes, and there in solitude, with the sea on one hand and the distant village on the other, they began the work which to-day has reclaimed many acres of valuable land. Where the monotonous sand heaps stood there now lies outstretched a smiling garden.

But whilst *les Solitaires*, as the Bernardines are called, form the most striking feature in this little colony, they are not the sole or numerically the largest section. There is a sister order known as the *Servantes de Marie*. These have all passed a life of purity before entering upon their novitiate. They share in the labours of the repentant women, but these can never become *Servantes de Marie*. Between them the two classes till the soil and tend the garden. In addition, there is a farmyard and a dairy where, as throughout the colony, all the work is done by women, with the occasional help of male labourers to grapple with the heaviest work.

Everything, whether to eat or to wear, is grown or made within the borders of the colony. There are joiners, carpenters, shoemakers, bakers, and dressmakers—all women. The *Servantes de Marie* do not confine their labours within the convent. They are ever ready to answer calls from the neighbouring country, to nurse the sick, instruct the young, care for the aged, watch by the dying, and bury the dead.

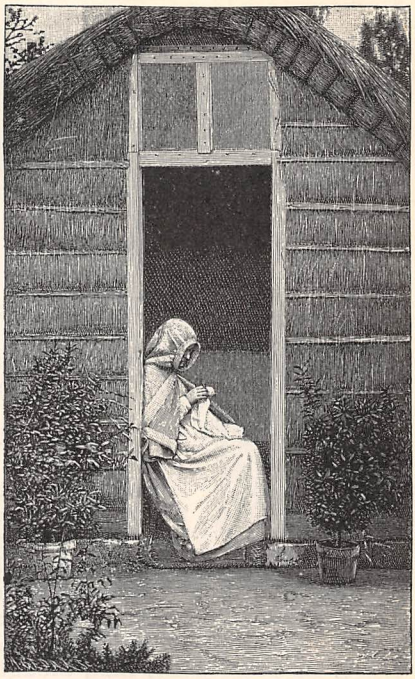
PROCESSION OF BERNARDINE NUNS.

The largest building on the estate is the *Pensionnat*, a vast boarding-school where over a hundred children are educated and maintained. The *Servantes de Marie* who have the institution in charge, provide from their own ranks professors of English, German, Spanish, and music. There is a kind of lower school, where the children of the poorer classes are educated in a manner suitable to their necessities.

At the present time there are over a thousand *Servantes de Marie*, with something like a hundred novices, the Bernardines numbering only half a hundred. The colony at Anglet is the mother of many similar institutions. The Sister who showed us round —a lady whose spirit forty-six years of immuring in a convent had not subdued, and who was about as lively a little body as I met in the south of France—told me that there are over one hundred and fifty houses scattered about France: at Bayonne, Bordeaux, La Rochelle, Toulouse, Montpelier, Limoges, Arras, Cambrai, and other places. These houses comprise orphanages, hospitals, and schools. Over 8,000 children owe their instruction to the *Servantes de Marie*. In especial manner the Sisters' mission is to women. They seek out and succour young girls who are

being led astray, endeavouring to place them in the way of gaining an honest living. They shelter abandoned children, and take care of the babes of poor people whilst they are out earning their daily bread.

As far as I could gather the institution is self-sustaining, having no money endowment. Everybody works, and the proceeds of the common labour furnish them with nourishment. The principal source of money income is the sale of flowers. Camellias, in particular, thrive marvellously in these reclaimed sandhills, and bring in a substantial revenue. The dairy is another profitable workshop, the Sisters being pardonably proud of their butter.



A BERNARDINE.

Summer and winter, Sisters and Bernardines rise at half-past four in the morning and go to bed at nine. Within the grounds is preserved one of the cells in which the pioneer Bernardines braved the heat and the cold of the lonely sandhills. It is neatly built of straw, with pure white sand for flooring. A narrow bed, and a tiny table carrying an infinitesimal ewer and washhand basin, comprise the furniture of the hut. The chapel in which the sisters meet for mass was constructed in the same neat way, with walls of straw, roof of rough red tiles, and the soft sand in which the *sabot* sank as the nuns walked to their appointed places. Now, each nun has her stone-built cell, which may, or may not, be more comfortable, but certainly is not so picturesque as the earlier device.

Though engaged in common work, the Bernardines live a class apart. They have their own chapel, their own range of cells, and their own refectory. Entering the portion of the grounds where their domicile is situated the visitor is faced by the injunction, *Prier de parler à voix basse.* This injunction extends to the *Servantes de Marie* who drop their voice to a whisper as they watch the ghostly line file past, chanting something that might well be a dirge for the loveliness of life voluntarily abandoned for this grim similitude of death.

"They don't look very happy," I ventured to observe to the buxom bustling sister who did the honours of the place.

"*Mais, Monsieur!*" she cried, with a look of genuine surprise, "they are of a gaiety *incroyable.*"

Within the refectory the silence is from time to time broken by the voice of one of the Sisters who reads passages from works enjoining humility and self-renunciation. Again a bell rings, and the hand uplifted to carry the meagre soup to the lips is arrested, the heads are bowed, and thoughts are concentrated on that heavenly home whither this thorny pathway (they are taught) infallibly leads.

After a duly-ordered interval, the scanty meal is continued with more pious reflections from the reader, and another sudden interposition from the bell with peremptory call to turn aside from the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, the lusts of the flesh, and the wiles of the devil, and think only of the world to come. Then silence reigns again over this

party in the parlour
All silent and all——

blessed.

PAMELA.

By the HON. MRS. ANSTRUTHER.

THEY buried her in a far-away corner of the garden, beneath the old laburnum-tree, and over her head they put a stone and on it—

PAMELA—MERCY!

She was not fit to lay in consecrated ground, they said; they dared put no cross above her, express no hopes of happiness hereafter. For Pamela was a murderess, even I cannot deny it. Her father and mother lived righteous lives in the eyes of the world, and they are buried in the family vault, and above them is a list of their virtues and good deeds . . . . Yet to me they seem the wrong-doers, not Pamela—the outcast, the criminal.

As I sit of an evening beside Pamela's grave and listen to the river rushing past, a feeling comes over me, that, though great was her crime, she is of those three the one who least needs mercy—my Pamela. For she is mine now, mine in Death, though not in Life; mine for all Eternity, nothing can take her from me, nothing can come between us, she is mine . . . .

I live alone in the old house now, but the memory of Pamela is with me, and I want no one else! Pamela, as I knew her in her sweet girlhood, in all her freshness and loveliness and joy of life, and Pamela, too, as she came back to me that autumn evening long ago.

I was her second cousin, heir to her father's estates. My home was with them, and I watched her up-growing; watched her nature gradually developing and unfolding itself like a beautiful poem. She was always a thing apart; very beautiful and tender and true, a creature of ideals, of dreams; she reminded one of a bright morning in early springtime with all the intense freshness and glory of a new life. To know her was to believe in the Divine breath in man. She had her hours of deep thoughtfulness, hours when she would come to me, and we would talk together of all things in Heaven, and earth, of life and love, of time and death, and of eternity; and on all things, though her knowledge of the world was *nil*, she shed light, and made one understand the infinite possibilities and powers of life. Like all beautiful things she was a revelation. There are some natures so pure and high, we can never rise entirely to their level, never fully understand; but love gives insight where reason fails, and, Pamela, I loved you with a love such as passeth understanding. But how could I tell you so, Pamela? How could I come into your life, I, old and weary as I must have seemed to you then, I, with a past to look back upon, with hopes destroyed and illusions gone; you so young, fresh, and believing, with all life before you . . . . and yet . . . . . Oh! why did I go abroad then, just when you wanted me? . . . . Why did those letters you wrote me for advice never reach me till afterwards? . . . Why indeed?

I have them now. Here are extracts:—

"Mr. Netherby is staying here," she wrote, "I didn't like him at first, but mother says he is so nice, it is foolish of me taking this dislike to him. Besides it is so wrong to think ill of any one, it is so sure to make them show you the bad side of themselves."

Then again: "Do you believe in first impressions? I think I do, but they fade away . . . . . I am beginning to like Mr. Netherby much better; he is very nice to me . . . . . "

"Oh, Jack! Mr. Netherby has asked me to marry him, and I have refused him; but father and mother are angry with me and say I have done wrong . . . . Jack, do

write to me and tell me what I ought to do . . . If I could marry Mr. Netherby just for a while I'd do it, but one's whole life . . . . . !"

"I am going to marry Mr. Netherby . . . . . Father and mother say he is quite delightful . . . . . They are so happy about it, and so is Frank Netherby . . . . . Do, do please write to me. . . . . I do want you so very, very much, Jack. . . . . If you only knew how much, you'd come !"

But those letters never reached me till it was too late, too late !

I saw her marriage announced in an old English newspaper which I picked up by chance at a little foreign hotel. That was the first I heard of it, and I felt as though there were no more light left in the world, for I knew this man Netherby, knew of his family, and their terrible inheritance—demons of drink and insanity. How could my cousins have allowed her to marry such a man. . . . . !

I returned in all haste to England, hoping against hope to find the news was false. But alas it was too true.

I went to her Father and Mother and asked them point blank if they knew all I knew. They avoided the question. "Pamela was happy," they said ; "all was well ;" and when I persisted and would not be put off, they resented my interference, and bitter words passed between us. So I understood.

"And Pamela ;" I said, "does she know ?" And the father, off his guard, answered "No."

We do not sell our daughters in this nineteenth century. No, we are Christians, we are civilised. Yet Pamela's husband was a rich man, and a prosperous man. It was a great marriage in the world's eyes.

I met her before long. "Are you happy ?" I said abruptly. I think she understood, for she smiled her own sweet smile as she looked up at me. "Yes," she answered and I saw by her face that she spoke the truth. With that I had to be satisfied and I went abroad again.

I saw that she had a boy born to her, and for four years I heard no more. In the Autumn of that year I came home again and went to stay with my cousins, her parents. We dined in solemn state talking little and on indifferent subjects. I could not bring myself to mention her name and not a word did they volunteer.

After dinner I left them and went out into the garden to smoke a cigar. It was a close warm steaming autumn evening. All day it had been raining, the ground was wet and sodden. It was thundering and there was a breathless, oppressive feeling in the air. How well I knew every inch of the ground ! I did not need the moonlight to guide me to the place beneath the old laburnum-tree beside the river where she and I had so often sat and talked. Nothing was changed. There was the old seat on which we had carved our names, scarcely more moss-grown now than then.

All the past came flooding back upon me, all the great, numbing, aching, past, all the suffering, all the pain, only tenfold intensified, and involuntarily her name burst from my lips, and I flung myself upon the seat and buried my face in my hands. "Oh ! Pamela, Pamela !"

Was I surprised, or did it seem natural as things do in dreams, that she should answer me, and that I should hear her voice behind me say my name ! It was Pamela, my Pamela come back to me, the same but oh ! so different ! The glorious, happy look was gone and her eyes were the eyes of a hunted creature. Her face was like one in infinite agony.

"I knew I should find you here," she said, and she smiled as she spoke, such a tired, weary, smile, which told me more than any words could have done what her life must have been. Then she crept close to me on the seat as she used to do when she was a tiny child. And for a while we sat in silence. Then she spoke, breathing hard, and in a harsh, strained voice :

"I wanted to tell you . . . . . before I die too with him . . . . for I have killed him . . . . . my child . . . . . my boy . . . . . I held my hands tight, tight round his little neck . . . . . at first he struggled . . . . but I held him . . . . I knew I was doing right . . . . he had inherited it from his father . . . . . you know what I mean . . ." and she looked up to me with such terror in her face I could only bow my head in silence. I knew full well what she meant.

"It was only misery to others . . . . misery such as his father and grandfather had caused . . . . it meant more lives spoilt and wasted . . . . . I knew all . . . . . I thought I would spare him . . . . I took him and I came back home . . . and then there

. . . just there . . . I gave him to death . . . . . my own little boy . . . all I cared for in the whole world . . . . he had inherited it I knew . . . Jack, come and see him . . . . he has not moved . . . he will be where I laid him . . . come . . . . "

She took my hand and I went with her.

She had covered him with dead leaves, and even as we went along she picked up some to take to him.

We stood together beside the dead child but neither spoke. Suddenly she turned to me as she used to do in the old days : "Say I was right Jack ! " But for the moment I could not speak. Then another idea seemed to flash across her poor bewildered mind, and she started away from me. "Jack, you don't think I am a murderess . . . . . have I murdered my boy ? . . . my little boy ! . . . . . " And she flung her arms up in the air and fell upon the child's body.

I lifted her up, and carried her unconscious to the house and gave her to the woman who was her mother.

All night her mind was wandering, the strain of her life had been too great, greater than she could bear. But in the early morning she grew calm and asked for me ; and when I came she whispered with agony in her poor broken voice "Jack, say it's not true . . . . . say I was right . . . . I was right . . . " and looking into those eyes true and beautiful even in death, I answered : " Pamela, you were right."

She gave a sigh of infinite relief and a look almost of happiness came over her face. There are some lies which will be justified in heaven. She never spoke again. As the sun was sinking that evening she died, and in the middle of the night they buried her in the garden beside the rushing river beneath the laburnum tree. After all what was she but a murderess !

That is the whole story. Of her married life I know nothing ; only that she learned the truth, but what passed between her and her husband, what led to the last act in her life-tragedy, I will not know.

To me she will always be the Pamela of her girlhood, the Pamela I loved. Nothing can change her. She was lovely and pure and true, she will always be so to me, and I, knowing her best, must understand her best, my love, my Pamela ! And yet she was not worthy of a Christian burial ! That was reserved for her father and mother, they who, knowing all, forced her, not by cruelty, but by a steady though invisible pressure of words and deeds into the marriage she made—they rest in the sacred precincts of the church, under a marble tombstone "In sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection"—a fit ending to their blameless lives.

But Pamela lies in the shadow of the laburnum-tree by the ever-flowing river, and all she pleads for is

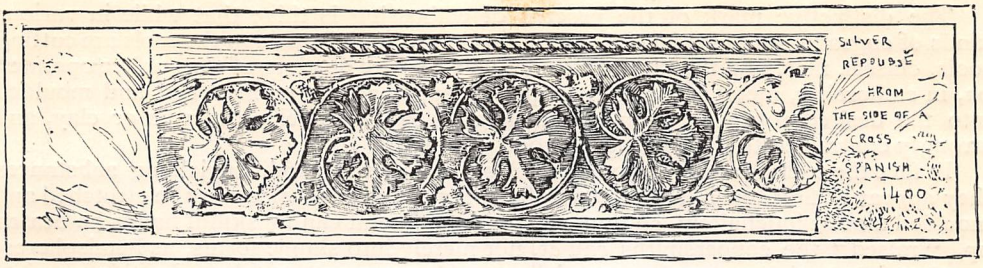
" MERCY ! "

FALLEN MAN.

Two men were fighting, and a brutish crowd,
  With eyes besotted, dull, and yellow-bleared,
  Looked on, and, in their maudlin stupor, jeered
And greeted blows with ribald laughter loud.
I saw the conquered, bleeding, bruised, and cowed,
  Shrink from the coarse reviling that he feared ;
  The victor grinned as drunken comrades cheered,
And strode away all jubilant and proud.

I saw a woman, pale, with streaming eyes,
  Speak to the beaten man in loving tones ;
  I saw him turn and strike her to the stones,
And reel off, cursing, as I helped her rise.
O God ! Thou tellest, when the world began,
Thou mad'st Thine image when Thou mad'st a man !

B. MIDDLETON BATCHELOR.



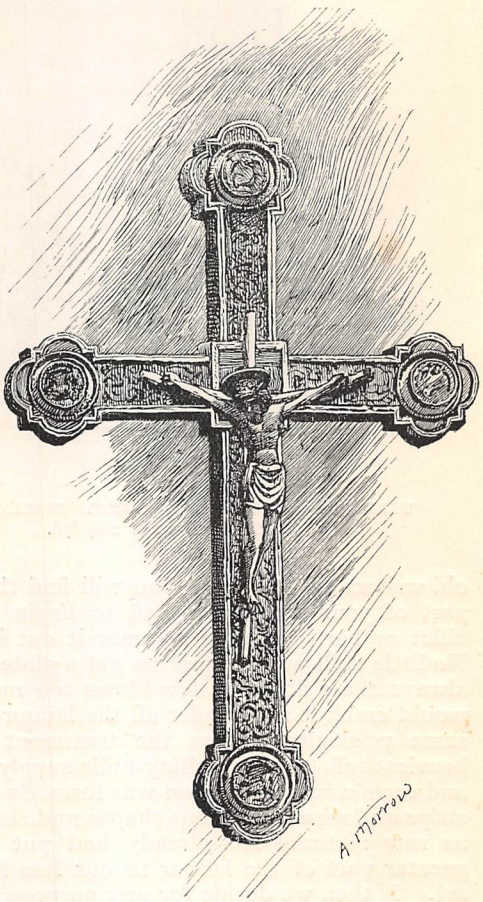
THE EMBOSSING OF METALS.

By W. A. S. BENSON.

With Illustrations by A. MORROW.

DETAIL FROM CROSS,
FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

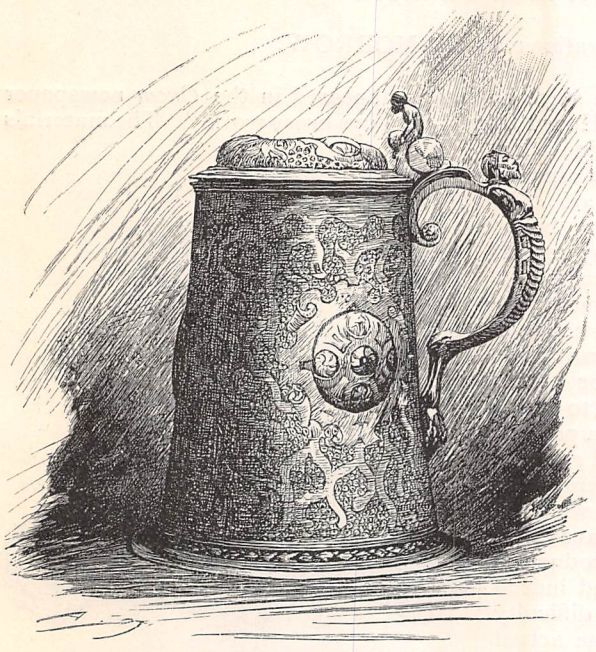
Some time since an article appeared in the *Queen* newspaper entitled "How I taught my boys brass work." The materials and manipulation were alike simple. A piece of thin sheet brass being secured by small nails or screws to a bit of common pine wood, a hammer and a few nails served for tools with which to punch dots and lines into it, thus leaving a pattern in low relief on a hatched or dotted ground. Rude as these appliances may seem, they do not differ essentially from those which in the hands of eastern craftsmen have from time immemorial sufficed for the production of elaborately beautiful effects; and indeed in the present instance the chief difficulty encountered seems to be, not in the actual pattern work, but in the endeavour to make any serviceable application of it, since it required considerably less skill to produce some sort of pattern on the metal than to work it up into the simplest useful article. Undoubtedly the simplest application of the art is in the use of thin plates of beaten metal to overlay wooden structures, a method of ornament which is well illustrated by the descriptions of the Hebrew tabernacle and of Solomon's temple, and its prevalence is attested not only by constant references in the writings of antiquity but also by plentiful specimens of the work of widely differing times and countries preserved in our museums. But modern architecture gives scant encouragement to this application of the art, except perhaps in the meagre form of finger-plates on doors.



CROSS. FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

The distinctive mark of the process of embossing is this; that while in various kinds of engraving and in the chasing or carving of metal castings the tools are cutting tools, chisels, files, and the like, which actually remove portions of the surface operated on, in embossing, metal is treated as a plastic substance to be modelled and moulded into the desired forms in a manner analogous to the modelling of wax or clay, and strongly contrasted to the carving of wood or stone.

In fact the useful metals are very far from being the rigid, unyielding substances they appear at first touch, and given sufficient pressure or tension may be stretched and moulded almost indefinitely, so that a flat plate of metal can by skilful hands be beaten up, "raised" the coppersmiths call it, not merely into simple forms, as hemispheres, but even into such strange shapes as jelly moulds are wont to take. In this consists the craft and mystery of the coppersmith, whereby the bright pans and kettles that adorn our kitchens come into being; and the same plasticity makes possible the ornamental art of embossing, which is the fit complement of the coppersmith's craft, but nowadays, alas! is very far removed from his trade.



TANKARD. SILVER, PARTLY GILT. ITALIAN, TENTH CENTURY. NO. 284 '78.

I say *coppersmith*, taking copper as a type of a group of metals—silver is among them—which are mostly worked in a similar way; partly hammered out cold, partly, when thicker pieces are wanted, cast, and the various parts united by means of some soldering process. Iron, too, can be worked in this way, but being much harder is more readily forged hot, and joints made by welding without the interposition of more fusible alloy; here however, we need only regard the quality it shares with the rest, that of plasticity under a sufficient pressure, whether the pressure be instantaneous as the effect of a blow, or sustained action as in the hydraulic press. In either case continued working destroys this plasticity, rendering the metal brittle and liable to crack, so that no more work can be done upon it till it has been annealed, that is, carefully heated red hot and as carefully cooled again, a process which completely restores its malleability.

If you consult the treatises of old writers on these arts you will find that before you could think of the ornamental part of your work you had to begin by casting your metal into a somewhat flat billet or bar, and then hammer it out into a plate with sledge-hammers on an anvil. No little skill was needed to get a plate of equal thickness all over, and there was always the risk that a few blows too many given between the successive annealings would crack it and render all the labour spent upon it vain. Nowadays, though the same principles govern the treatment of the metal, machinery relieves us of the heaviest toil, and the rolling-mills supply sheets of any desired thickness far more even and certain in quality than was formerly possible. And not only plates but tubes, and strips and wires of various shapes and sizes are thus supplied, so that what we purchase as raw material has already had put into it work which represented perhaps the greater part of the labour to our less fortunately circumstanced predecessors in the art. If then we decide for any purpose to decorate a flat plate, our material will need no further preparation than perhaps a little scouring and preliminary polishing with emery or rotten stone and oil. But if you require a cup or even a simple tray, there

is need of more skill, and appliances of a less strictly domestic order. There are numerous forms which can be produced in metal by much the same methods as would be applicable to cardboard; a little more force may be required to shear the material, and the seams are joined with solder or rivets instead of paste or glue; for the rest there is little difference in principle between a biscuit-tin and a band-box.

But besides being bendable, like paper, into what geometricians call forms of single curvature, such as a cylinder or cone, forms which can be given to a flat sheet without stretching the material, the malleable metals can be wrought into shapes curved every way. Thus if you beat the centre of a thin disc of silver or copper with a rounded wooden mallet, by a proper distribution of the blows the flat disc can readily be formed into a shallow saucer; with skilful handling the saucer may be deepened to a cup, and indeed to the concavity which may be given to it no limit can be assigned save in the skill of the operative. Again, the article may be partly shaped by bending and soldering and completed by this second process of raising. This is the case with the familiar oval copper kettle, and when it is newly cleaned it is easy to trace down one side or end the yellow colour of the brass which takes the place of the familiar soft solder in the more durable process known as brazing. Besides these main processes of the coppersmith there is a very pretty method known as spinning, which closely resembles in principle the operation of throwing earthenware on the potter's wheel. A solid model of the required form is first turned in the lathe, against the centre of which is held the centre of a metal disc. The lathe is thrown into rapid rotation while a strong steel burnisher is pressed against the disc beginning towards the middle and working outwards as the metal yields. It is very wonderful to see the rapidity with which the at first flat plate flows as it were under the pressure of the burnisher on to the curved form of the quickly revolving pattern.

BEAKER AND COVER. SILVER GILT. GERMAN, 1708. NO. 394 '54.

Now to return to our hammer and nails: the hammer used for the purpose has a broad circular face and a short rounded pane; for better work our nails should be superseded by steel punches, some with rounded points, some for making lines or

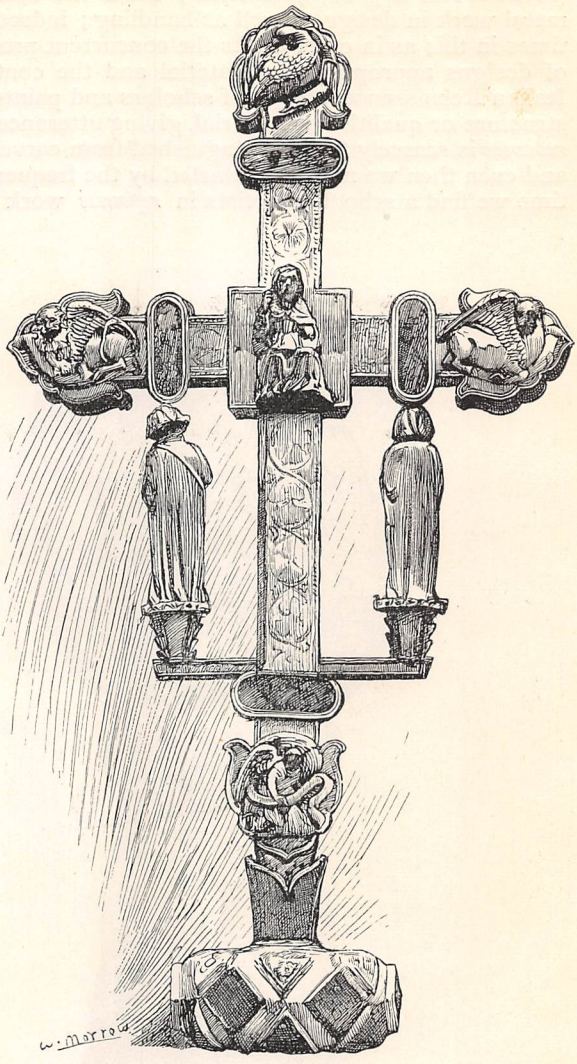
grooves, like small blunt chisels, some with polished surfaces of various forms, and others called matting tools, roughened, hatched, or dotted so as to impress the counterpart of their face on the metal, and thus vary the texture of the work. One more thing is necessary, means of holding the work secure and supporting it under the blows of the punch, for our piece of pine was but a makeshift which might serve at best in decorating a flat plate ; and this means we find in Burgundy pitch tempered by mixing with plaster or brick dust and a little tallow ; and a nice mess it is even if it does not boil over and catch fire ! A flat plate would be pressed into a slab of this spread on a board, taking care to squeeze some of the warm pitch over the edges of the metal to hold them down securely, or a cup would be filled with it so as to offer a solid though slightly yielding resistance to the tools when the pitch gets cold.

SALVER. PORTUGUESE, EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. NO. 7 '66.

Then if you take a bluntly pointed tool and tap it smartly with the hammer it will make a dimple in the metal, and properly distributed such dimples may become very decorative, but our resources will be greatly increased by the use of a chisel-like punch, which a little practice will enable us to guide pretty freely in any direction, striking it the while with the hammer, lightly at first lest it slip, and then more strongly till the groove produced is of the required depth. In this way the cup in the wood-engraving (No. 284, 1878, in the South Kensington Museum) is covered with a ground pattern of sunk lines and little dots each ringed round by the stroke of a circular punch. Next if we detach the metal from the pitch we shall find that the pattern sunk from the face is in relief on the back, and if the metal be thin may be nearly as sharp on one side as on

the other; but usually when the pattern has to be shown in relief it must be finished by toolwork on the face side; thus on this very cup the raised bosses have first been beaten up from the inside and then tooled outside with floral designs; and thus by bedding first one side and then the other in pitch it is possible, so long as care is taken not to work it more than it will bear without annealing, to model the metal almost as freely as wax.

It is impossible in a short paper to do more than glance at the history of so long-lived an art; we cannot stay to tell of the golden plates that covered the throne of King Cophetua in Mr. Burne-Jones's beautiful picture; of the strange discovery of the treasure of Atreus; nor pause to conjecture the fashion of the golden sun and silver moon that shone in that temple of old Peru. For the present we must leave the whole field of Eastern art unnoticed, and still more reluctantly turn away from the relics of Byzantium and Greece which have been discovered in southern Russia, only mentioning that electrotypes of them may be found by the diligent seeker in dark corners of the South Kensington Museum and will well reward careful study. A few specimens of European work of comparatively modern times must for us stand as types of the art, and while we remember that other times and races have by no means fallen short, let us see whether we may not learn something from works of our own forefathers and their neighbours preserved in the rich treasure-house at South Kensington.



CROSS, BACK VIEW. SPANISH, ABOUT 1400.

To begin with the decoration of wooden structures by beaten metal, I suppose the best examples of this use are to be found among the processional crosses now in the south court of the Museum, two of which are illustrated here, and I would suggest that any one desirous of attempting the practice of this art could scarcely do better than begin by trying to copy the strips of running pattern on their sides. Both crosses are fifteenth century work, the larger and more elaborate, of which the cut gives the reverse side, is rather the earlier in date; it rises from a gilt copper knop with enriched facets, and is decorated all over with metal plates; the four small ovals are enamelled with figure subjects, the rest embossed, some in very high relief, the symbols of the evangelists being especially fine in design and handling.

The smaller, though less elaborate, is quite as graceful and fine in workmanship, but all in flatter relief. In both of these examples the decoration is purely metallic in design and execution; but much mediæval metal work shows, just as clearly as Gothic carpentry, the too strong influence of the then dominant arts of masonry and stone-carving, and needless to say modern revivalists have caricatured this tendency.

We may trace this influence in the design of the central part of a fine Spanish plate

(S.K.M. No. 147, 82, date 1480), while the surrounding gadroons are characteristic metal work in design as well as handling; indeed it is curious to trace at many various times in this as in other crafts the concurrent production of direct and derivative work, of designs appropriate to material and the contrary. Thus a little later we find the Italian Renaissance, a style of scholars and painters which paid small regard to logic of structure or qualities of material, giving utterance to a quantity of metal work, in which *repoussé* is scarcely to be distinguished from carved work except by looking at the back, and even then we may be thwarted by the frequent use of a lining, while at the same time we find a school of artists in *repoussé* work which has never been surpassed for certain qualities of free handling and richness of flowing design, flourishing between the years 1625 and 1725. A splendid specimen of this is the Tazza from Portugal (S.K.M. 7, 66) with its shallow spiral gadroons alternately plain and flowered; my choice wanders between this and two English cups (51, 61) (152, 70), all these are so unaffected in their workmanship, but it is difficult to get them well imitated now.

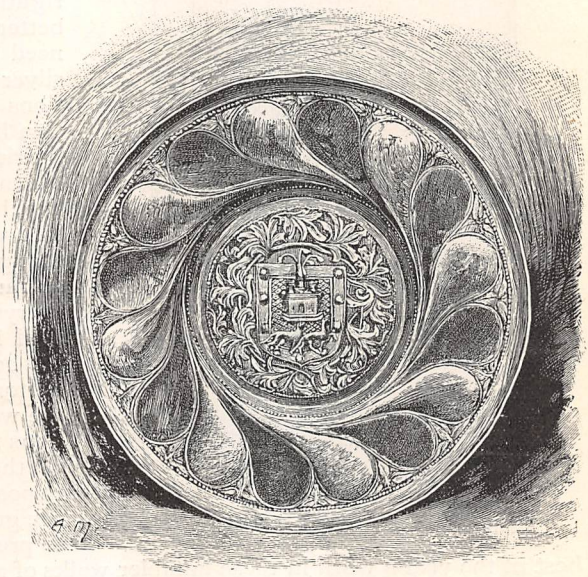
ENGLISH GOBLET. SILVER REPOUSSÉ. EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. NO. 152 '70.

Different in style, with a leaning towards the Renaissance, yet none the less masterly, is the German beaker (S.K.M. 394, 54) with its delicate low relief, not breaking, only softening its outline. What a fall from these masterpieces to the ordinary silver ware of to-day!

But the descent was not precipitous; the elegant designs of the Adam period, which followed next, are not least admirable in silver; the workmanship is skilful, the forms refined, and their superiority to what followed is apt to blind us to the loss that was in progress. For the draughtsman was triumphing over the craftsman, neatness became the supreme excellence, fancy and free handling were no longer admissible, and so in the triumph of pedantry, vernacular art perished, trodden under foot, and it is but a logical consequence if, to-day, in an age of unintelligent copying and coarse mechanical reproductions, we find ourselves vainly invoking the aid of literature and science for the recovery of those arts which but yesterday literature and science helped to kill, timidly inquiring the while whether it be not time that men should once more recognise the glory of a skilful human hand.

Alas, how much easier is it for a lover of a "minor art," when he gets pen in hand, to lament the evil times on which the craft of his choice has fallen than to make plain to his readers the crooked path which tends towards better things! His mind turns to times when the treasures of our museums were familiar furniture of church or hall

or home, and individual efforts to beat back the deluge of ugliness which is upon us appear desperately insignificant. And perhaps the case is worst when he has to treat of a process which is essentially one of ornament, for he cannot take refuge in the base counsel to do without ornament and to seek artistic salvation rather in Puritan austerity and renunciation. And yet some approach to this is necessarily the first thing to be said on the matter. For if you would have true ornament you must resolutely refuse all false ornament, and just now in this particular branch of work false ornament is plentiful enough while the real thing is for everyday purposes practically non-existent. Thus much of negative counsel; on the positive side, a necessary preliminary to any amendment is ample knowledge of the better way, based upon careful observation of the survivals of an elder day, supplemented by familiarity with the actual process involved, which is best attained by trying a "'prentice hand" upon some simple piece of work. And really to any one with some little skill in drawing, the technique of this art presents no insurmountable difficulties at the outset; indeed some of the most satisfactory pieces of recent work that I know, happy in design and execution alike, are the production of a lady. Suppose then that you are provided with a suitable hammer and a few punches, which are obtainable at any good tool shop, and that you have further overcome the difficulty of preparing your pitch-block; that you have learnt in the course of a few attempts to tap the head of the punch without giving your fingers a rap with the hammer, and can make the tool follow a line drawn on the surface of the metal with tolerable freedom and have copied as trials one or two such bits as the headpiece of this article—when you have accomplished all this you will have reached the real difficulty, which lies in finding a proper application for your new accomplishment. For if we attempt to provide ourselves with richly adorned kettles or teapots and other such vessels we shall find that the mere making of them costs vastly more than our decoration is worth, even if we can find some manufacturer whom we can persuade to undertake the job at all. Nevertheless there are various more or less serviceable articles which can be completed by the amateur's ingenuity, supplemented by no very disproportionate amount of professional skill.

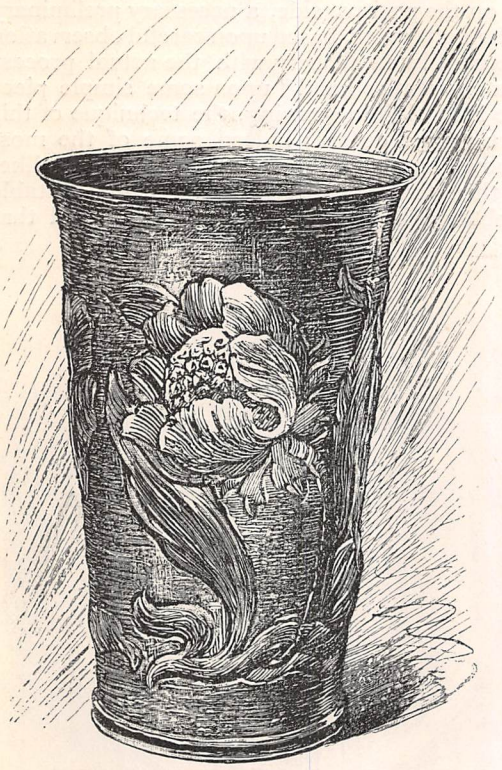


SALVER. SILVER GILT. 1480. NO. 147 '82.

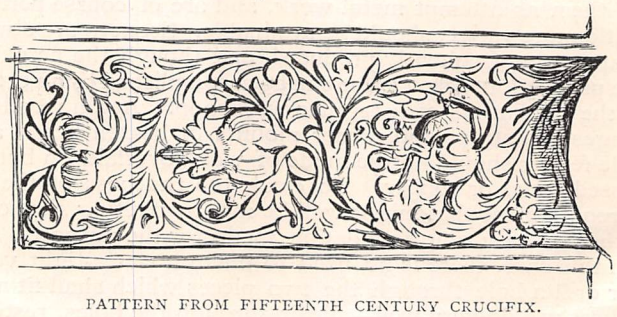
Trays large and small with an occasional saucer are the stock-in-trade of those recreative, industrial, or artistic classes which are now spreading over the country, at least of such of them as attempt metal work, and are of course perfectly appropriate objects, but a little more variety should be attainable. Sconces are obvious applications of the art, and are not unfrequently produced, and though the actual candle branches are usually trade productions, even these can be accomplished by an ordinarily ingenious person without the appliances of a regular workshop. Again wooden boxes may be beautified by hinges and straps and corner mounts of beaten brass, and I do not see why a serviceable fender should not be made of wood overlaid on both sides with thin sheets of embossed brass or copper. To cloak the rudeness of the common garden flower pot, is a requirement that might well be met by riveting slips or leaves of metal either to each other or to a zinc foundation made for the purpose. Riveting is quite easy when, as in this case, there is no need to make a water-tight vessel. You have only to punch or drill a hole through the two pieces which shall fit a small brass nail —those shoemakers use do very well—slip it through the holes, rest the head on a bit

of iron, say the head of the poker, nip off the point end short where it projects through the plates, and finally hammer the stump down flat.

Unfortunately those who cater for the wants of amateurs are not as a class distinguished for tasteful inventiveness, and I know not whither those should turn for help who require more than vague suggestion to supplement a rudimentary acquaintance with the mechanical process. Handicraft, as such, has no worthy exponent in the press ; nor can present professional practice be recommended as a safe guide to the amateur, for this particular craft assuredly does not flourish under the conditions which modern trade affords it. What proportion of the time of its craftsmen the nation can afford to spend in adorning vessels of silver or brass is a problem in economics not determinable here ; but it is clearly discernible that all time spent on work which pretends but fails to decorate is simply wasted. At present the retailer, who unhappily is an authority, believes, rightly or wrongly, that quantity pays him better than quality in decoration. You need only compare a genuine Georgian silver bowl or tankard with the reproductions now in fashion, to learn the distinction between speedy execution and hasty, hurried execution. Lack of technical education, that panacea for the ills of the day, has nothing to do with this inferiority. The workmen are as skilful as need be, though native taste and originality may be as rare among them as they always and everywhere have been, but whatever his skill he gets scant encouragement to do his best or chance to show it. It is the custom year by year to gather together the work of our painters in great exhibitions : to do so with the whole produce of the minor arts would be manifestly impossible ; the shop windows must be the general exhibition for such things ; but to present the public with a sample of the best of the year's work in these humbler walks of art should not be impracticable. The Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society made the attempt last year with enough of success to enable them to renew it in the exhibition which will be open during October and November at the New Gallery in Regent Street, and if it enables lovers of ornament to compare the selection made by designers and craftsmen with that which considerations of fashion or discount determine for managers of stores, it will be no small gain for countless workers besides those few who practise the ancient art of embossing.



SILVER CUP. ENGLISH. 1664. NO. 51 '69.

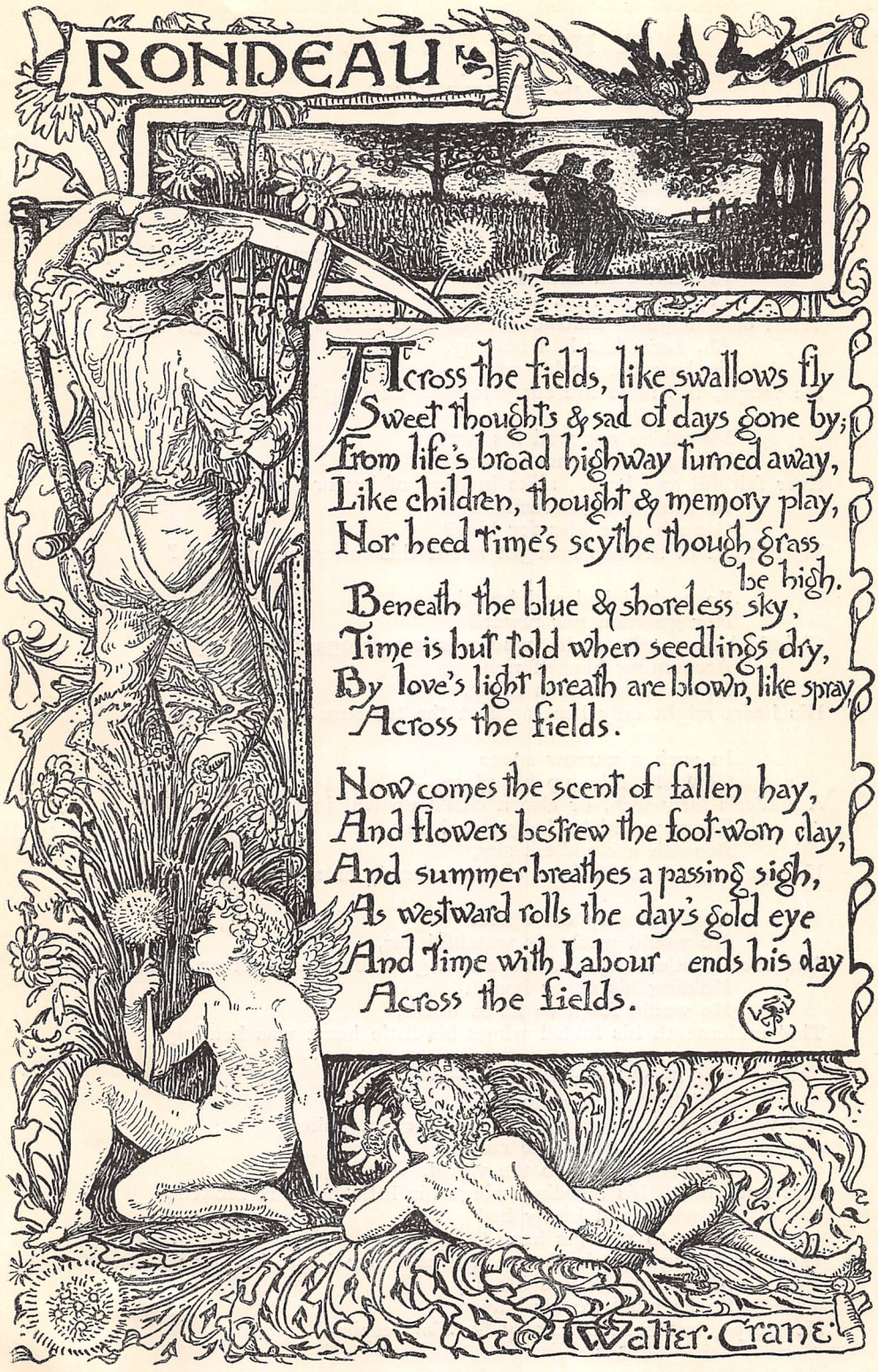


PATTERN FROM FIFTEENTH CENTURY CRUCIFIX.

RONDEAU

Across the fields, like swallows fly
Sweet thoughts & sad of days gone by;
From life's broad highway turned away,
Like children, thought & memory play,
Nor heed Time's scythe though grass be high.
Beneath the blue & shoreless sky,
Time is but told when seedlings dry,
By love's light breath are blown, like spray
Across the fields.

Now comes the scent of fallen hay,
And flowers bestrew the foot-worn clay,
And summer breathes a passing sigh,
As westward rolls the day's gold eye
And Time with Labour ends his day
Across the fields.



A HOMELESS LOVE.

By VIOLET FANE.

Poor Love is driven out,
Even with scourge and knout,—
What evil has he wrought to deserve so rude a waking? . .
He is exiled from the bow'rs
Where he pass'd such blissful hours,
And underneath his batter'd wings his little heart is breaking!
In what cold lonely bed
Is he to rest his head? . .
What orphanage or almshouse will take him in its keeping? . . .
Ah, Love has had his day,
So he must go his way;—
He weeps, but none are sorry for his weeping!

Played he not well his part?
Was not his tender heart
Ever faithful and brave, alike in days of joy or sorrow?
In what was he remiss?
Gave he not kiss for kiss?
What fault of his has brought about this miserable morrow?

So he had bed and board
Nor guerdon nor reward
Claim'd he—as of a right, who was not arrogant or grasping,
Accounting himself rich
If, in some hidden niche,
His heart might only beat against the treasure he was clasping.

In such a narrow space
Could he take up his place,—
A spider's fairy web, or else a curl'd up leaf in summer,—
There would he lodge, and lie
Beneath a cloudless sky,
Unexpectant of rebuff from either comrade or new comer.

For, if a step drew near
He would prick his watchful ear,
And then nestle snug and close and give forth no sign or greeting,
Holding his eager breath
He would feign to lie in death,
Tho' underneath his folded wings his little heart was beating!

But dismal days have come
And he has now no home,
His very cobweb lodging is or ruin'd or bespoken,
The leaf wherein he curl'd
Is spread open to the world,
And underneath his bleeding wings his little heart is broken!
In what cold lonely bed
Is he to rest his head?
What orphanage or almshouse will take him in its keeping? . . .
Ah, Love has had his day,
So he must go his way,
He weeps, but none are sorry for his weeping!

WAGNER IN BAYREUTH.

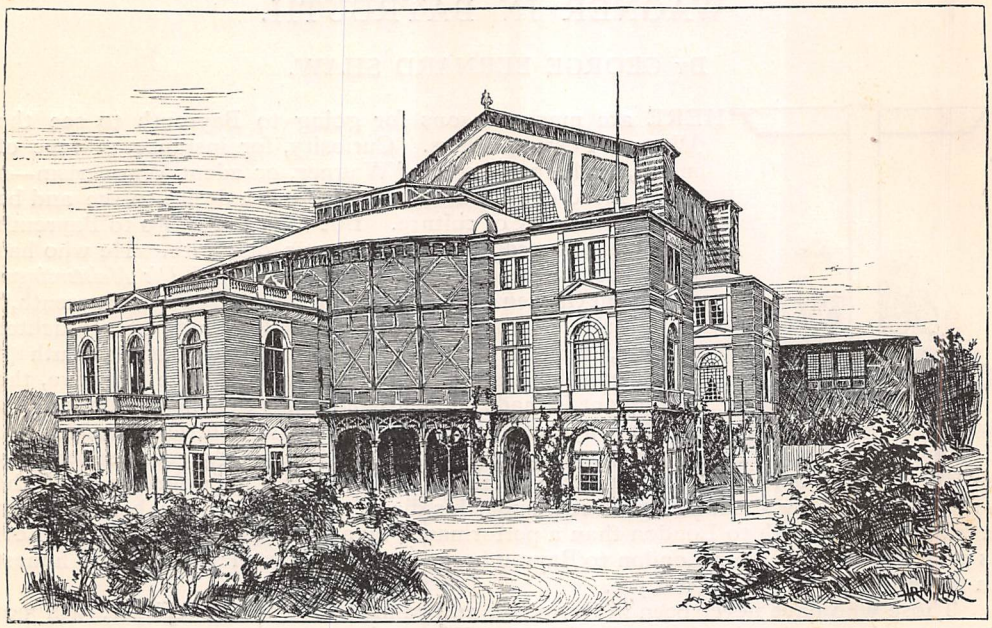
By GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

THERE are many reasons for going to Bayreuth to see the Wagner Festival Plays. Curiosity, for instance, or love of music, or hero-worship of Wagner, or adept Wagnerism—a much more complicated business—or a desire to see and be seen in a vortex of culture. But a few of us go to Bayreuth because it is a capital stick to beat a dog with. He who has once been there can crush all admirers of *Die Meistersinger* at Covent Garden with—"Ah, you should see it at Bayreuth," or, if the occasion be the *Parsifal* prelude at a Richter concert, "Have you heard Levi conduct it at Bayreuth?" And when the answer comes sorrowfully in the negative, the delinquent is made to feel that in that case he does not know what *Parsifal* is, and that the Bayreuth tourist does. These little triumphs are indulged in without the slightest remorse on the score of Richter's great superiority to Herr Levi as a Wagnerian conductor, and of the fact that a performance of the *Parsifal* prelude by a London orchestra under his direction is often much better worth a trip from Bayreuth to London than a performance by a German orchestra under Levi is ever worth a trip from London to Bayreuth. It is not in human nature to be honest in these matters—at least not yet.

Those who have never been in Germany, and cannot afford to go thither, will not be sorry when the inevitable revolt of English Wagnerism against Bayreuth breaks out; and the sooner they are gratified, the better. Ever since the death of Beethoven, the champions of Music have been desperately fighting to obtain a full hearing for her in spite of professorship, pedantry, superstition, literary mens' acquiescent reports of concerts, and butcherly stage management—all trading on public ignorance and diffidence. Wagner, the greatest of these champions, did not fight for his own hand alone, but for Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber as well. All authority was opposed to him until he made his own paramount. Mendelssohn was against him at a time when to assert that Mendelssohn's opinion was of less weight than his seemed as monstrous as it would seem to-day to deny it. People do not discriminate in music as much as they do in other arts. They can see that Lord Tennyson is hardly the man to say the deepest word about Goethe, or Sir Frederick Leighton about Michael Angelo; but Mendelssohn's opinion about Beethoven was accepted as final, since the composer of *Elijah* must evidently know all about music. In England, since not only Mendelssohn, but Costa, the Philharmonic Society, the *Times*, and the *Athenæum* were satisfied when they had dried Mozart into a trivial musical box, when the overture to *Le Nozze di Figaro* was finished within three and a half minutes, when the beautiful trio of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony was made a mere practical joke on the violoncellists, when the famous theme in the *Freischütz* was played exactly in the style of the popular second subject in the *Masaniello* overture, the public could only conclude that these must be the classical ways of conducting, and that dulness was a necessary part of the classicism. Wagner

did not succeed in putting dulness out of countenance until he became a classic himself. And now that he is a classic, who is to do for him what he did for his predecessors? For he is not going to escape their fate. The "poor and pretentious pietism" which he complained of as "shutting out every breath of fresh air from the musical atmosphere," is closing round his own music. At Bayreuth, where the Master's widow, it is said, sits in the wing as the jealous guardian of the traditions of his own personal direction, there is already a perceptible numbness—the symptom of paralysis.

The London branch of the Wagner Society, unobservant of this danger signal, seems to have come to the conclusion that the best thing it can do for its cause is to support Bayreuth. It has not yet dawned on it that the traditional way of playing *Tristan und Isolde* will, in the common course of mortality, inevitably come to what the traditional way of playing Mozart's G minor symphony had come to when Wagner heard Lachner conduct it; or, to take instances which appeal to our own experience, what *Don Giovanni* came to be under Costa in his later days, or what the C minor symphony is to-day at a Philharmonic concert. The law of traditional performances is, "Do what



THE WAGNER FESTIVAL PLAY-HOUSE AT BAYREUTH.

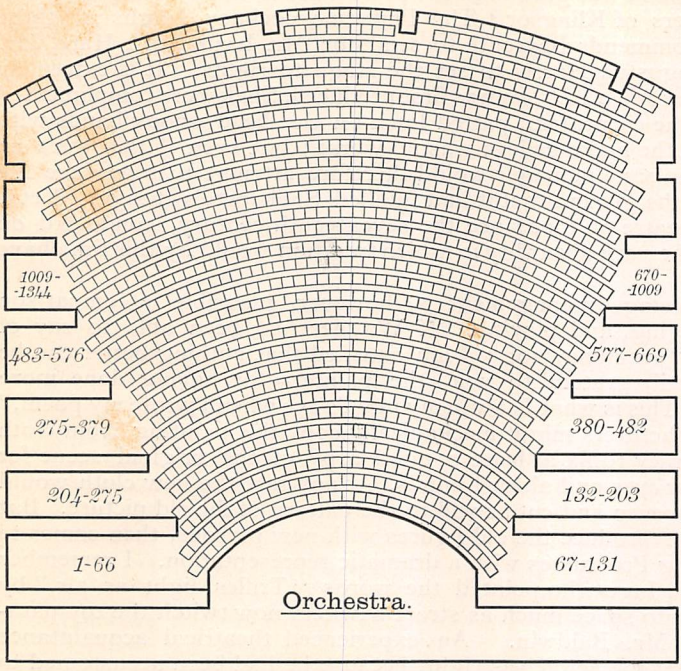
was done last time": the law of all living and fruitful performance is, "Obey the innermost impulse which the music gives, and obey it to the most exhaustive satisfaction." And as that impulse is never, in a fertile artistic nature, the impulse to do what was done last time, the two laws are incompatible, being virtually laws respectively of death and life in art. Bayreuth has chosen the law of death. Its boast is that it alone knows what was done last time, and that therefore it alone has the pure and complete tradition—or, as I prefer to put it, that it alone is in a position to strangle Wagner's lyric dramas note by note, bar by bar, *nuance* by *nuance*. It is in vain for Bayreuth to contend that by faithfully doing what was done last time it arrives at an exact phonograph of what was done the first time, when Wagner was alive, present, and approving. The difference consists just in this, that Wagner is now dead, absent, and indifferent. The powerful, magnetic personality, with all the tension it maintained, is gone; and no manipulation of the dead hand on the keys can ever reproduce the living touch. Even if such reproduction were possible, who, outside Bayreuth, would be imposed on by the shallow assumption that the Bayreuth performances fulfilled Wagner's whole desire? We can well believe that in justice to those who so loyally helped him, he professed himself satisfied when the most that could be had been done—nay, that after the desperate makeshifts with which he had had to put up in his long theatrical experience, he was genuinely delighted to find that so much was possible. But the unwieldy

toy dragon, emitting its puff of steam when its mouth opened, about as impressively as a mechanical doll says "Mamma": did that realize the poet's vision of Fafner? And the trees which walk off the stage in *Parsifal:* can the poorest imagination see nothing better by the light of Wagner's stage direction in the score than that? Is the gaudy ballet and unspeakable flower garden in the second act to be the final interpretation of the visionary bowers of Klingsor? The Philistine cockney laughs at these provincial conceits, and recommends Bayreuth to send for Mr. Irving, Mr. Hare, Mr. Wilson Barrett, or Mr. Augustus Harris to set the stage to rights. It is extremely likely that when *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was first produced, Shakspere complimented the stage manager, tipped the carpenters, patted Puck on the head, shook hands with Oberon, and wondered that the make-believe was no worse; but even if this were an established historical fact, no sane manager would therefore attempt to reproduce the Elizabethan *mise en scène* on the ground that it had fulfilled Shakspere's design. Yet if we had had a Shakspere theatre on foot since the seventeenth century, conducted on the Bayreuth plan, that is the very absurdity in which tradition would by this time have landed us.[1]

Tradition in scenery and stage management is, however, plausible in comparison with tradition in acting, singing, and playing. If Wagner had been able to say of any scene, "I am satisfied," meaning, not "I am satisfied that nothing better can be done for me; and I am heartily grateful to you—the painter—for having done more than I had hoped for," but "This is what I saw in my mind's eye when I wrote my poem," then successive scene manufacturers might mechanically copy the painting from cloth to cloth with sufficient accuracy to fix at least a good copy of the original scene for posterity to look at with new eyes and altered minds. At any rate the new cloth would not rebel, since it could be woven and cut at will to the pattern of the old picture. But when it is further sought to reproduce the old figures with new persons, then comes to light the absurdity of playing Procrustes with a dramatic representation. I remember once laughing at a provincial Iago who pointed the words "Trifles light as air," by twitching his handkerchief into space much as street hawkers now twitch the toy parachute made fashionable by Mr. Baldwin. An experienced theatrical acquaintance rebuked me, assuring me that the actor was right, because he had been accustomed to rehearse the part for Charles Kean, and therefore had learnt every step, gesture, and inflection of that eminent tragedian's play. Unfortunately, he was not Charles Kean: consequently Charles Kean's play no more fitted him than Charles Kean's clothes. His Iago was a ridiculous misfit, even from his own shallow view of acting as a mere external affectation. In the old provincial stock companies, most of which have by this time died the death they richly deserved, there was often to be found an old lady who played Lady Macbeth when the star Shaksperean actor came his usual round. She played it exactly as Mrs. Siddons played it, with the important difference that, as she was not Mrs. Siddons, the way which was the right way for Mrs. Siddons was the wrong way for her. Thoroughly sophisticated theatre fanciers carried the fool's logic of tradition to the extremity of admiring these performances. But of those with natural appetites, the young laughed and the old yawned. Consideration of these cases suggests the question whether we are to be made laugh and yawn at Bayreuth by a line of mock Maternas and sham Maltens? If not, what can Bayreuth do that cannot be done as well elsewhere—that cannot be done much more conveniently for Englishmen in England? If Bayreuth repudiates tradition, there is no mortal reason why we should go so far to hear Wagner's lyric dramas. If it clings to it, then that is the strongest possible reason for avoiding it. Every fresh representation of *Parsifal* (for example) should be an original artistic creation, and not an imitation of the last one. The proper document to place in the hands of the artists is the complete work. Let the scene-painter paint the scenes he sees in the poem. Let the conductor express with his orchestra what the score expresses to him. Let the tenor do after the nature of that part of himself which he recognizes in Parsifal; and let the prima donna similarly realize herself as Kundry. The true Wagner Theatre is that in which this shall be done, though it stand on Primrose Hill or in California. And wherever the traditional

[1] The *Comédie Française*, in performing the plays of Molière, still keeps as closely as possible to the stage arrangements of the author's own time. Even in this instance, where the tradition has the excuse of being the most trustworthy record of the manners of the period represented, the effect on the plays themselves is sufficiently depressing; and its reaction on the French stage at large is a main factor of the immense superiority of English acting, undrilled and inartistic as our novices are, to French.

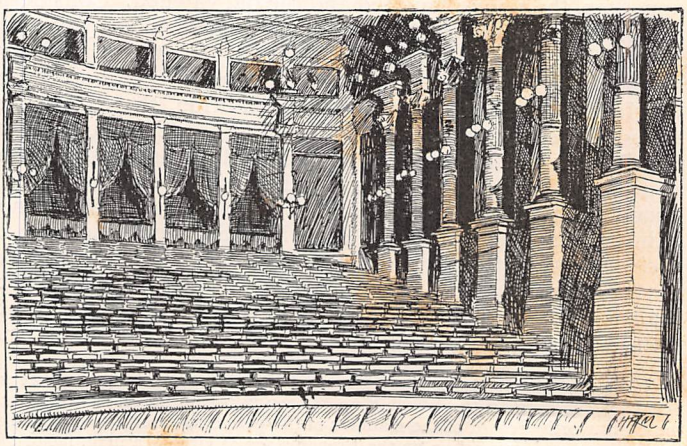
method is substituted, there Wagner is not. The conclusion that the Bayreuth theatre cannot remain the true Wagner Theatre is obvious. The whole place reeks of tradition—boasts of it—bases its claims to fitness upon it. Frau Cosima Wagner, who has no function to perform except the illegitimate one of chief remembrancer, sits on guard there. When the veterans of 1876 retire, Wagner will be in the condition of Titurel in the third act of *Parsifal*.



PLAN OF AUDITORIUM.

It would be too much to declare that the true Wagner Theatre will arise in England; but it is certain that the true English Wagner Theatre will arise there. The sooner we devote our money and energy to making Wagner's music live in England instead of expensively embalming its corpse in Bavaria, the better for English art in all its branches. Bayreuth is supported at present partly because there is about the journey thither a certain romance of pilgrimage which may be summarily dismissed as the effect of the bad middle class habit of cheap self-culture by novel reading; partly by a conviction that we could never do the lyric dramas at home as well as they are done at Bayreuth. This, if it were well founded, would be a conclusive reason for continuing to support Bayreuth. But *Parsifal* can be done not merely as well in London as in Bayreuth, but better. A picked London orchestra could, after half-a-dozen rehearsals under a competent conductor, put Herr Levi and the Bayreuth band in the second place. Our superiority in the art of stage presentation is not disputed, even by those who omit Mr. Herkomer and the Bushey theatre from the account. There remain the questions of the theatre and the singers.

The difference between the Wagner Theatre at Bayreuth and an ordinary cockpit and scaffolding theatre is in the auditorium, and not in the stage, which is what any large stage here would be were space as cheap in London as in the Fichtelgebirge. The top of the partition between the orchestra and the seats curves over hoodwise towards the footlights, hiding the players and conductor from the audience. The instruments are not stretched in a



INTERIOR OF THEATRE, SHOWING HALF OF AUDITORIUM.

thin horizontal line with the trombones at the extreme right of the conductor, and the drums at his extreme left: they are grouped as at an orchestral concert: first violins to the left; seconds to the right; basses flanking on both sides; wood wind in the middle, opposite the conductor; brass and percussion behind the wood wind and under the stage. From the orchestra the auditorium widens; and the floor ascends from row to row as in a lecture theatre, the rows being curved, but so slightly that the room seems rectilinear. There are no balconies or galleries, the whole audience being seated on the cross benches in numbered stalls, with hinged cane seats of comfortable size, in plain strong wooden frames without any upholstery. The most striking architectural feature is the series of short transverse walls with pillars and lamps, apparently suggested by the old-fashioned stage side wing. Each of these wings extends from the side of the room to the edge of the stalls. Between the wings are the doors; and as each ticket is marked with the number not only of the seat, but of the nearest door to it, the holders find their places for themselves without the intervention of attendants. Playbills are bought for a penny in the town, or in the street

Preis 10 Pfennig.

Bühnenfestspielhaus Bayreuth.

PARSIFAL.

Ein Bühnenweihfestspiel von RICHARD WAGNER.

Die 9 öffentlichen Aufführungen finden statt am

21., 25., 28. Juli, 1., 4., 8., 11., 15. und 18. August 1889.

Personen der Handlung in drei Aufzügen:

Besetzung für Donnerstag, 1. August

Preis 10 Pfennig.

Bühnenfestspielhaus Bayreuth.

Tristan und Isolde.

Oper in drei Aufzügen.

Die 4 öffentlichen Aufführungen finden statt an

22., 29. Juli, 5. u. 21. August 1889.

Personen der Handlung in drei Aufzügen:

Besetzung für Montag, 29. Juli

Preis 10 Pfennig.

Bühnenfestspielhaus Bayreuth.

Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg.

Oper in drei Aufzügen.

Die 5 öffentlichen Aufführungen finden statt an

24., 31. Juli, 7., 14. u. 17. August 1889.

Personen der Handlung in drei Aufzügen:

Besetzung für Mittwoch, 31. Juli

THE PLAY BILLS.

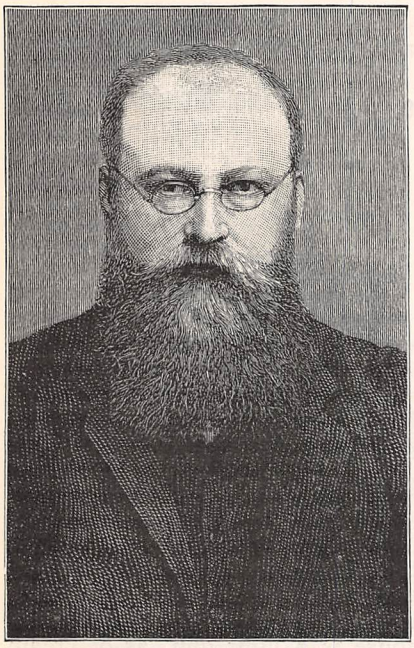
on the way to the theatre. The wall at the back contains a row of *loggie* for royal personages and others who wish to sit apart. Above these state cabins there is a crow's nest which is the nearest thing to a gallery in the theatre; but the conditions of admission are not stated. The prevailing colour of the house is a light dun, as of cream colour a little the worse for smoke. There are no draperies, no cushions, no showy colours, no florid decoration of any kind. During the performance the room is darkened so that it is impossible to read except by the light from the stage.

The artistic success of this innovation in theatre-building is without a single drawback. The singers and the players are easily and perfectly heard, the merest whisper of a drum-roll or a tremolo travelling clearly all over the house; and the *fortissimo* of the total vocal and instrumental force comes with admirable balance of tone, without rattle, echo, excessive localization of sound, or harsh preponderance of the shriller instruments. The concentration of attention on the stage is so complete that the after-image of the lyric drama witnessed is deeply engraved in the memory, aural and visual. The ventilation is excellent; and the place is free from the peculiar odour inseparable from draped and upholstered theatres. The seats between the last doors and the back do not empty rapidly; but in case of fire the occupants could easily step over into the sections which empty at once, and so get out in time to escape suffocation or burning.

Compare this theatre with our fashionable opera-houses. In these there is for persons of average middle-class means a stifling atmosphere, a precarious and remote bird's-eye view of the crowns of the performer's hats, and an appalling risk of suffocation in case of panic. For rich people there is every circumstance that can distract

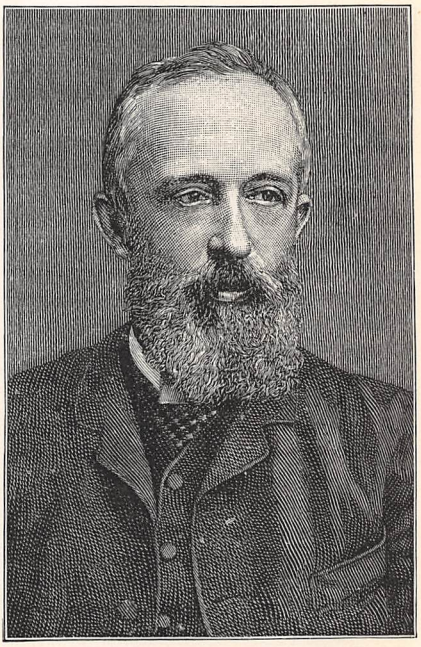
the attention from the opera—blazing chandeliers, diamonds, costumes, private boxes for public chattering, fan waving and posing, fashionably late arrivals and early departures, the conductor gesticulating like an auctioneer in the middle of the foot-lights, and the band deafening the unfortunate people in the front rows of the stalls. Under such conditions a satisfactory representation even of *Il Barbiere* is impossible. Thus, though we have orchestras capable, under the right conductor, of playing the prelude to any Wagner lyric drama better than it is played at Bayreuth, yet we can never produce the effect that is produced there until we have a theatre on the Bayreuth model to do it in. Why should we not have such a theatre, accommodating 1,500 people, on equal terms at a uniform charge per head. The dramas performed need not always be lyric ; for it must not be overlooked that the actual Wagner Theatre is also the ideal Shakspere Theatre.

In considering whether such an enterprise would pay, the practical man should bear in mind that opera at present does not pay in the commercial sense, except in Bayreuth, where the charge for admittance to each performance—£1—is prohibitive as far as the average amateur is concerned. At Covent Garden, Mr. Augustus Harris has his subvention, not from the Government, as in Berlin or Paris, but from a committee of private patrons whose aims are at least as much fashionable as artistic. To carry a season through without losing some thousands of pounds is a considerable feat of management. Consequently no demonstration that the money taken at the doors of a Wagner Theatre here would not cover expenses of performance, plus rent, interest, and the ordinary profits of skilled management, is conclusive as against the practicability of London enjoying the artistic benefit of such an institution. The London Wagner Theatre might be an endowed institution of the type suggested by Mr. William Archer ; or it might be a municipally subventioned theatre. It might be built as an ordinary commercial venture, and let for short periods to tragedians temporarily in want of a Shaksperean theatre, like Mr. Mansfield, or to impresarios like Mr. Harris, Mr. Leslie, Mr. Mapleson, or the managers of the Carl Rosa Company. Its novelty and the celebrity of its original would launch it : its comfort and its enormous artistic superiority to its rivals would probably keep it afloat until the time when its special function as a theatre for lyric drama would be in constant action throughout the year. In any case we should not waste our Wagner Theatre as the Bayreuth house is wasted, by keeping it closed against all composers save Wagner. Our desire to see a worthy and solemn performance of *Parsifal* has been gratified ; but what of the great prototype of *Parsifal*, *Die Zauberflöte*, hitherto known in our opera houses as a vapid, tawdry tomfoolery for showing off a soprano with a high F and a bass with a low E ? Mozart is Wagner's only peer in lyric drama : he also made the orchestra envelop the poem in a magic atmosphere of sound : he also adapted a few favourite rhythms, modulations, and harmonies, to an apparently infinite variety and subtlety of accent and purport. If we are asked whether *Die Meistersinger* is greater than this or that lyric comedy, we say yes with contemptuous impetuosity until *Le Nozze di Figaro* is mentioned ; and then, brought up standing, we quote Michael Angelo's "different, but not better." There is no parallel between *Tristan und Isolde* and *Don Giovanni* except in respect of both being unique. At Bayreuth we have heard *Tristan und Isolde* from the first note to the last, faithfully done according to the composer's score, under the best theatrical conditions possible. But whither shall we turn to hear *Don Giovanni?* At the opera houses they occasionally try to lick the sugar off it—to sound that part of its great compass which is within the range of the shallowest voluptuary—that part within which the hero is at the level of his ancestor



HANS RICHTER, THE CONDUCTOR OF "DIE MEISTERSINGER."

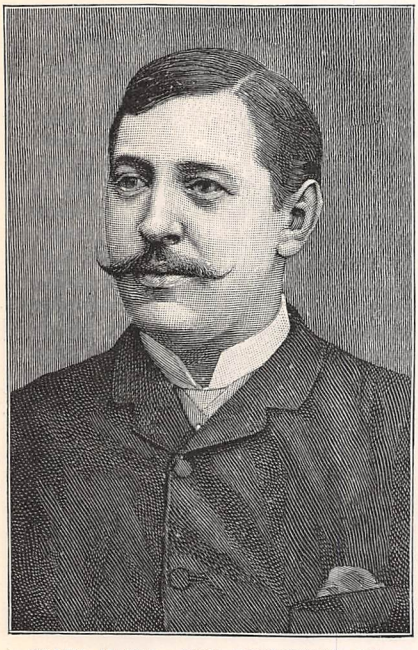
Punch. If the Wagnerites do not ardently desire to hear a dignified and complete representation of *Don Giovanni*, with the second *finale* restored, they are no true disciples of "The Master." Then there is *Fidelio*, always grimly irreconcilable with the glitter of the fashionable opera-house, and needing, more than any other lyric drama, that concentration of attention which is the cardinal peculiarity of the Wagner Theatre. Verdi, by dint of his burning earnestness about the dramas he has found music for, and of the relevance of every bar of his mature scores to the dramatic situation, has also placed his best operas beyond the reach of Covent Garden. Many persons were astonished at the power of his *Otello* as performed this year at the Lyceum by the Milan company; but an equally careful and complete performance of his *Ernani* would have been quite as unexpected a revelation after the intolerable Traviatas and Trovatores of ordinary "subscription nights." Those victims of Wagneritis (a disease not uncommon among persons who have discovered the merits of Wagner's music by reading about it, and among those disciples who know no other music than his) may feel scandalized by the suggestion of Verdi's operas at a Wagner Theatre; but they must be taught to respect the claims of the no less important people for whom Molière and Mozart are too subtle, Schopenhauer and Wagner too abstract. The simple tragedy of Victor Hugo and Verdi is what these novices have to depend on for the purification of their souls by pity and terror; and they have a right, equally with the deepest of us, to the most careful and earnest representation of any art work which appeals seriously to them. As for the composers who were chiefly musicians, or who were dramatic only by fits and starts, or whose dramatic purpose seldom rose above the production of imposing stage effects—Gounod, Rossini, Meyerbeer, and their imitators—a single Wagner Theatre would always have something better to do than to produce their works, pitiful as it would be to abandon them to the incredible slovenliness and flippancy of the fashionable houses. But perhaps the example of a Wagner Theatre might induce rival impresarios to consider the moral of the fact that Wagner himself has recorded the satisfaction he enjoyed from an uncut performance of *Il Barbiere* in which, for once, Rossini's authority was placed above that of the stage manager. Did he not point, in his practical fashion, to the superior artistic completeness gained in ballets through the necessity of giving the artistic inventor his own way on the stage?



HERMANN LEVI, THE CONDUCTOR OF "PARSIFAL."

The uses of a London Wagner Theatre would by no means be limited to the presentation of the works of Mozart, Beethoven, Verdi, Wagner, and perhaps Goetz. The spoken drama, in spite of the artistic ambition of our actor-managers, is almost as forlorn in England as the lyric. The people for whose use dramatic literature exists have lost the habit of going to the theatre, because they so seldom find anything there that interests them. Occasionally the more enterprising of them may be seen at some amateurish venture of the Browning or Shelley Society, or at the Lyceum. But there is no theatre in London which is the natural home of the plays they want to see. Shakspere's plays, Schiller's, Goethe's, Ibsen's (*Peer Gynt* and *Brand*), Browning's—what chance have we at present of knowing these in the only way in which they can be thoroughly known? for a man who has only read a play no more knows it than a musician knows a symphony when he has turned over the leaves of the score. He knows something about it: that is all. Are we then for ever to offer our children the book of the play to read, instead of bringing them to the theatre? The appetite for serious drama exists: that much has appeared whenever it has been put to the proof by a competent manager with sufficient resources to hold out whilst the lovers of serious drama were overcoming their incredulity as to any theatrical

entertainment rising above the level of the commonest variety of novel. This year there was a revival of hope because Mr. Pinero, in a play produced at the Garrick Theatre, walked cautiously up to a social problem, touched it, and ran away. Shortly afterwards a much greater sensation was created by a Norwegian play, Ibsen's "Doll's House," in which the dramatist handled this same problem, and showed, not how it ought to be solved, but how it is about to be solved. Then came out the deplorable fact that it is possible for men to attend our ordinary theatres as professional critics constantly for years without finding occasion to employ or understand the simplest terms used in metaphysical and psychological discussions of dramatic art. Somebody, for instance, having used the word "will" in the Schopenhauerian sense which has long been familiar to every smatterer in Wagnerism or the philosophy of art, the expression was frankly denounced by one dramatic critic as "sickening balderdash," whilst another adduced it as evidence that the writer could not possibly understand his own words, since they were not intelligible. The truth appears to be that the theatre of to-day, with its literature, its criticism, and its audiences, though a self-contained, consistent, and useful institution, ignores and is ignored by the class which is only interested in realities, and which enjoys thinking as others enjoy eating. The most cynical estimate of the numbers of this class in London will leave no doubt of the success of any theatre which can once make itself known as a Wagner Theatre in a larger sense than Bayreuth yet comprehends. This theatre need not oust the theatre of to-day, which will retain its place as long as it retains its use. The two can exist side by side without more friction than perhaps an occasional betrayal of the conviction of each that the literature and criticism of the other is "sickening balderdash."



FELIX MOTTL, THE CONDUCTOR OF "TRISTAN UND ISOLDE."

The doubt as to the possibility of finding singers for an English Wagner Theatre might be disregarded on the ground that London is accustomed to pick and choose from the world's stock. But this plan has not hitherto answered well enough to justify us in relying upon it in the future. Fortunately, Bayreuth has shown us how to do without singers of internationally valuable genius. The singers there have not "created" the lyric drama: it is the lyric drama that has created them. Powerful as they are, they do not sing Wagner because they are robust: they are robust because they sing Wagner. His music is like Handel's in bringing into play the full compass of the singer, and in offering the alternative of either using the voice properly or else speedily losing it. Such proper use of the voice is a magnificent physical exercise. The outcry against Wagner of the singers who were trained to scream and shout within the highest five notes of their compass until nothing else was left of their voices—and not much of that—has died away. Even that arch quack, the old-fashioned Italian singing master, finds some better excuse for his ignorance of Wagner's music and his inability to play its accompaniments, than the bold assurance that German music is bad for the voice. Plenty of English singers would set to work at the *Niblung Ring* to-morrow if they could see their way to sufficient opportunities of singing it to repay them for the very arduous task of committing one of the parts to memory. Singers of genius, great Tristans and Parsifals, Kundrys and Isoldes, will not be easily obtained here any more than in Germany; and when they are found, all Europe and America will compete for them. But Bayreuth does without singers of genius. Frau Materna and Fraulein Malten, with all their admirable earnestness and enthusiasm, are only great Kundrys according to that easy standard by which the late Madame Titiens passed as a great Semiramis and a great Lucrezia: that is, they have large voices, and have some skill in stage business and

deportment; but they do nothing that any intelligent woman with their physical qualifications cannot be educated to do. Perron's Amfortas is an admirable performance; but our next Santley, falling on more serious artistic times, will equal it. Miss Macintyre will have to be very careful and faithful in her career if she wishes to find herself, at Frau Sucher's age, as fine an Isolde; but who can say how many rivals to Miss Macintyre we may have by that time? Theodor Reichmann must have been an excellent Sachs in his time; and he is still worthy of his place at Bayreuth; but we can produce a Hans Sachs of the same order when we make up our minds that we want him. Friedrichs, a capital comedian, and Van Dyk, who makes his mark as Parsifal by a certain naïveté and rosy physical exuberance rather than by any extraordinary endowment as a singer, exhaust the list of artists whose performances at Bayreuth this year were specially memorable. Gudehus as Walther and Vogl as Tristan proved themselves as capable as ever of carrying through two very heavy tenor parts; but though their conscientiousness and intelligence were beyond praise, they are neither young nor youthful (it is possible to be either without being the other), and their voices lack variety and charm.

Can we hope to replace the three great conductors? The chief part of the answer is that there is only one great conductor; and him we have bound to us already. Whoever has heard the *Tristan* prelude conducted by Richter on one of his fortunate evenings at St. James's Hall, or the *Parsifal* prelude as he conducted it on one memorable occasion at the Albert Hall, knows more than Bayreuth can tell him about these works. Herr Levi shows what invaluable results can be produced by unwearying care and exhaustive study. Herr Felix Mottl's strictness, refinement, and severe taste make the orchestra go with the precision and elegance of a chronometer. Discipline, rehearsal, scrupulous insistence on every *nuance* in a score which is crammed with minute indications of the gradations of tone to be produced by each player: these, and entire devotion to the composer's cause, could do no more. But they are qualities which exist everywhere, if not in every one. If Wagner's work can call them into action in Germany it can call them into action here. With Richter the case is different. He, as we know, is a conductor of genius. To make an orchestra play the prelude to *Parsifal* as Herr Levi makes them play it, is a question of taking as much pains and as much thought as he. To make them play the introduction to the third act of *Die Meistersinger* as they play it for Richter is a question of the gift of poetic creation in musical execution. The perfection attained by Herr Mottl is the perfection of photography. Richter's triumphs and imperfections are those of the artist's hand.

Before Wagner, the qualities which distinguish the Bayreuth performances were rarer in Germany than they are now in England. His work inspired them there: what is to prevent it doing so here? No more of Bayreuth then: Wagnerism, like charity, begins at home.

THE RING OF AMASIS.

A ROMANCE.

By THE EARL OF LYTTON.

PREFACE.

TWENTY-SIX years ago I published, under the title retained by the present little book, a story in which incidents of mystery and wonder were employed for the illustration of a psychological problem. The taste for this kind of fiction was not then as prevalent as it is now; but the story was clumsily constructed, the idea of it inadequately worked out, and the style of it disfigured by an ill-judged attempt to give to it the fictitious character of a translation from some German work. These defects of workmanship were sufficient to neutralize any charm which might otherwise have been found in the originality of its conception by the few English readers to whom the book then found its way. In this country it has long been out of print, and completely forgotten. I am informed, however, that in America cheap reprints of it are still in circulation; and from its American readers I continue to receive occasional letters of inquiry about the purpose and origin of the tale.

Now, the United States of America contain the largest and least sophisticated reading public known to me; and it has long vexed me to think that a child of my imagination should have been wandering for twenty-six years about so important a portion of the human world disfigured by misshapen clothing of my own manufacture.

Last year, the latent wish to redress that parental wrong was stimulated to activity by a particularly elaborate communication of the kind above referred to; and, as I was then enjoying a period of permitted freedom from official occupations, I devoted it to the task of entirely recasting this forgotten tale, every page of which has been carefully re-written.

Habent sua fata libelli! But it is in the belief that I have at least succeeded in giving a better and more attractive form to the otherwise unaltered conception of it, that I now present "The Ring of Amasis," in a new edition, and as a substantially new story, to a new public.

LYTTON

CHAPTER I.

THE TUNING OF THE INSTRUMENTS.

IT was one of the last wishes of that unfortunate man whose story I have undertaken to relate that, after his death, I should make known the terrible secret of his life. The time is now come when, without risk of any wrong to the living, I can redeem a promise long since given to the dead; but the redemption of it involves some preliminary reference to certain circumstances of my own life, which are connected with the strangest of all my professional experiences.

I am a doctor of medicine, and at an early age I entered into active practice, although both my parents belonged to that class which generally disdains every profession not connected with the service of the state. My father was French and my mother German. I was their only child. I lost my father when I was three years old; and my only knowledge of him was derived from what was told me by my mother, who never married again, and from a miniature which represented him as a young cavalry officer in a French regiment. In the year 1806 he was quartered with his garrison in Thuringia. There he made the acquaintance of my mother's family, and asked her hand in marriage. Such a proposal from a stranger, a Frenchman, and an enemy was, of course, civilly declined by the family. My father, however, could not reconcile himself to the rejection of it; and when, in 1808, he accompanied the emperor to Erfurt, he revisited the family, and renewed his suit. This time he succeeded in impressing them all so favourably by the cordiality of his manners and the earnestness of his affection for my mother, that they could no longer withhold their consent.

The marriage was hastily concluded, and my mother accompanied her husband to France, where I was born, at Saint-Cloud, in 1809. Three years after my birth, my father's profession again called him to arms. On leaving my mother, he promised her that this campaign should be his last; and the promise was cruelly kept, for he perished amid the snows of the Beresina.

My mother returned with her child to her own relatives in Germany, where she devoted her widowhood to my education. The first face to which my eyes were accustomed was a sad one. My poor mother's grief endeared to me the thought of a father I had never seen; and to the early impression made upon my imagination by the stories heard in childhood of the hardships and horrors of that disastrous retreat in which his life was lost, I trace my early enthusiasm for a profession devoted to the mitigation of suffering.

Though he had served under Napoleon, my father was the younger son of an old Legitimist family, and some of his relations were living in the Faubourg Saint-Germain. These circumstances, added to the educational advantages offered by the advanced state of medical science in France, determined me to begin my professional

career in that country; and it was on my way thither, in the year 1834, that I became a witness of the events I am about to record.

How vividly I still recall them!

I had taken my place on board the *Lorelei* steamer, bound from Mayence to Cologne. It was a bright July morning. As soon as I finally lost sight of the three towers of the old cathedral, I lighted a cigar and settled myself upon a bench, of which I believe I was the first occupant, near a solitary gentleman, who was seated at a little table in front of it.

Just as we were leaving Mayence, my ear had caught the notes of a piano which some one was playing behind the open window of a house close to the water's edge. The piano was out of tune, and the player (probably a child) was making abortive efforts to find a particular note in an old German air, which I knew by heart.

When one is generally disposed to reverie, without having in one's mind any particular subject of reflection, the most insignificant impression from without will often determine the direction of a long train of thoughts or fancies. I had fallen into just such an aimlessly meditative mood. My thoughts wandered back to the little native town I was not likely to see again for many years, and more particularly to one of its few public buildings in which some of my life's happiest hours had been passed. For, though I am not much of a musician myself, there is no art which so affects and delights me as music; and that building used to serve, as occasion might require, for concert-room or opera-house. I had never, willingly, missed a single occasion when any kind of concerted music was to be heard there, and I had always taken care to be in my place before the overture began. The poor old German air to which I had just been listening, and its pathetic struggle to deliver aright its mutilated message to my ear, now set me trying to recall and follow out all sorts of fantastic ideas which used sometimes to pass through my head on those occasions, while the musicians were tuning their instruments.

I fancied myself sitting, not on the deck of a Rhine steamboat, but in the dingy old concert hall at home. I seemed to be watching the faces of the musicians as they entered the orchestra which their mysterious art was about to convert into the haunted frontier of a magic land. One of them had seated himself between two brazen bowls, the mouths of which were covered with parchment. He might have been the Master Wizard. His forehead was wrinkled into music scores, and his eyes were like hollow breves. He tapped softly with his muffled wand at the door of an unknown world, and at the summons there rose, surging all around him, a chaos of sounds discordant but not unsweet. The chaos now and then emitted faint indications of a coming harmony. The violin upon its highest cord began to confide to the horn strange news it had just received as a profound secret from the clarionet. The bass-viol interrupted the babblers and imperatively recalled them to a sense of responsibility. The drowsy double-bass cleared his hoarse throat, as he leaned against the wall. The lugubrious bassoon gurgled twenty times over his one poor little part, making the most of himself like an old opera singer. The trumpet, not having to tune himself, did the best he could to put all his neighbours out of tune. The strains that were beginning to mingle fell asunder again, and all was discord and objurgation. But through the tuneless confusion a sharp clear note from the hautboy shot, like a sudden sunbeam through a chink in the wall of a darkened chamber. And, just as the motes of dancing dust that are touched by the sunbeam waver softly up and down the thin bright track of it, so, in contact with the shrill note of the hautboy, sounds that were till then without significance began to assume a movement and a meaning not their own.

Just at this crisis in the vision my fancy had conjured from the distant sound of a piano out of tune, I became aware of a conversation which was going on around me. A group of passengers had established themselves in the neighbourhood of the little table between me and the solitary gentleman opposite, and they were already chatting to each other. My attention was attracted to their talk by the frequent repetition of a word which sounded just like the note of the hautboy in my imaginary orchestra, and excited in me a strange presentiment of the advent of something sinister. I cannot however account for the curious sensation my fancy just then associated with the sound of that word, for the word itself was only the well-known familiar name of the *Lorelei*.

The two small cannons with which, after leaving Mayence, we saluted the

Rheinstein, had been charged again; and we were now approaching the spot where they were to do honour to our little boat's mysterious godmother. My fellow-travellers were discussing the various legends about that enchantress. A sentimental young lady, with a strong Berlin accent, had undertaken an enthusiastic defence of anthrophagal tendencies attributed to the *Lorelei*. This young lady's enthusiasm was apparently intended for the fascination of a Prussian sub-lieutenant; from whom however it only provoked the remark that he could see nothing to admire in the conduct of the legendary sorceress, whose habit it was to finish her concerts by drowning her audience.

"Any one," said the lieutenant, "who can contemplate the struggles of a drowning person with undisturbed composure and deliberate inaction is at heart a worse criminal than the murderer who is hurried by passion into crime."

Here the conversation was interrupted by a loud clatter. We all turned round, startled and annoyed. The little table near me had been thrown down, and it fell at the feet of the last speaker. The solitary gentleman who had been seated at it must have left his seat before this accident occurred. I had not till then noticed his absence; but, as I looked up startled by the noise of the falling table, I saw him slowly sauntering up and down a more retired part of the deck.

This gentleman was dressed in black; but his clothes, which fitted him as perfectly as if they had been made by the hand of nature, did not give to their wearer the unpleasantly noticeable appearance of a person who is in mourning. The man's whole personality was so unobtrusive that, although we all had seen him, not one of us had noticed him till now. I was struck by the singular grace and dignity of his movements, which rendered it incredible that he could in any circumstances be capable of an awkward action. I cannot say whether he was tall or short, dark or fair, plain or handsome. There are some persons whose general appearance only leaves upon our senses an indefinite impression of harmony and stillness, which would be disturbed by our perception of any particular feature. They are like those landscapes from which the dimness of evening has effaced all trivial and vulgar details. The aspect of the man was indescribably *thoroughbred*. His expression neither attracted nor repelled, but it made you feel the absolute impossibility of any unpermitted familiarity. It was only by the extreme quietness of his dress and manner that you could distinguish him from those around him. It cost me an effort of memory to realize the fact that he had so long been sitting in the very centre of that little group of chatterers, not one of whom had exchanged a word with him. It seemed however that their impressions of him and my own had all this while been in tacit correspondence; for, no sooner had he left us, than we all began to talk of him as if he had been from the first the main subject of our thoughts and instinctively we called him "The Gentleman in Black."

"What the devil is the matter with that table?" exclaimed one of my neighbours to a waiter who was putting the table on its legs again. "Nobody touched it. Are there ghosts about?"

"Don't talk of the devil," said another, "or you may bring him back. There he goes!"

"Ah!" cried the rest of the party in a breath, "The Gentleman in Black? Impossible!"

Our ghost-seer asserted, however, that he had distinctly seen the Gentleman in Black start from his seat like an automaton suddenly jerked by a spring, and in so doing upset the table, just as the sub-lieutenant was laying down the law on cases of salvage.

Although I was myself unconvinced by this positive testimony, I soon perceived that the effect produced by it would have left me in a minority of one, had I submitted my own theory of moral evidence to the opinion of the company; and so I withdrew from a discussion which was beginning to irritate me.

We were now approaching the Lorelei Rock. I strolled to the fore part of the deck to secure a good view of that famous spot; and as I passed by the funnel I again noticed the mysterious stranger. He was standing close to the little step-ladder, which had been unfastened from the bulwarks in readiness to be lowered for any passengers waiting at the next station. He stood with folded arms looking down upon the water that seethed and tumbled about the paddle-wheel. His face was so impassive that I wondered how the passions could so completely desert the countenance of man to lavish upon inanimate nature the semblance of intense emotion. The words

of the sub-lieutenant recurred to my mind and suggested the question—How would this man conduct himself if a fellow-creature were drowning under those eyes whose gaze presented such a contrast to the whirling water upon which it was fixed? Would he shout for help? Would he incite others to the rescue by shaking a purse-full of sequins in their ears, like the Count in Burger's ballad "Vom braven Mann"? Would he himself jump into the water on the chance of saving that fellow-creature at the cost of losing all his dignified composure?

It seemed to me that the man I was watching could not possibly act in any of these ways without instantly abdicating that prerogative of imperturbable tranquillity which was asserted in every feature of his countenance and every outline of his figure. What then would become of the expression which had so commanded my admiration? It would drop like a mask, and be detected as a superficial grimace. The soul wants not clothes; but if she once puts them on, they should fit her so well that she need never take them off. "No," said I to myself, "that man, if all that he appears is not a mere imposture, must remain unmoved by the sight of a drowning person."

But, though unable to resist this conclusion, I could not reconcile myself to it; and I was glad when the discharge of the two little cannons diverted my attention from the stranger. The Lorelei was not slow to return their salute. For my part, I thought her even too garrulous. Any little real miracle would have pleased me better than that miraculously natural echo.

The bell sounded from St. Goar. Our steamer slackened speed, and presently a little boat put out from the shore. Its only passengers were a woman and a child. The woman seemed to be of the middle-class, and the child,—a little boy who was lying in her lap, apparently asleep—might have been about six years old. I heard the captain shout from the paddle box, and as the paddles reversed their motion I saw the little boat dancing on the artificial billows it had made. Then I was startled by a shrill scream from the water. It was the voice of the woman in the boat crying, "Jesu, Maria! My child! My child!"

All the passengers rushed to that side of the deck where I was standing by the step-ladder. I noticed that the little boat was capsized. The boatman, who had lost his balance and upset the boat in trying to catch the rope flung out to him, was being dragged by two sailors over the bulwarks. Another sailor had leapt from the ladder and succeeded in rescuing the woman just as she was being sucked under the paddle-wheel. She was already safe on board. But the child? Where was the child? The way on the steamer had already carried it some distance onward, and we could only see a long way behind us a small straw hat that floated on the water, with its bright blue ribbon fluttering in the wind.

There was a moment of intense silence, the effect of an intense horror, followed by a low murmur from all on board. The child had risen to the surface of the stream. We could see him beating it with his tiny hands. Then he sank again. Lost? No! The little head reappeared a second time, a black dot on the glaring river. Every throat shouted, every eye was strained, every face stretched, in one direction; for in that direction two dark arms, the arms of a strong swimmer, were seen moving through the water.

Leisurely, methodically, making each stroke with mathematical precision, just as if he were swimming purely for his own pleasure, onward swam the dark swimmer. His movements showed no eagerness, no effort, no sign of consciousness that a human life was depending upon them. There was something provoking in their extreme tranquillity; and the accuracy with which the common sentiment of a crowd is felt by each of its members made me conscious that at that moment the swimmer was to all who watched him an object of indignant impatience rather than of grateful admiration. We felt that he was not putting forth half his strength.

At last he was within a few arms'-length of the sinking child. One vigorous effort, and the child would be saved. But no! The effort was unmade, the chance was lost. One stretch of that strong arm would have sufficed to seize the last patch of the little blue blouse which now sank from our sight. The child had disappeared, and there was a groan of reproachful anguish from the crowd.

It could not reach the swimmer, however, for he too had disappeared. My gaze was still fixed upon the spot where we last saw him, and I could hear the suppressed breathing of all the bystanders. The next moment I was joining in a shout of exultation. Far away from the spot where he had disappeared from our sight, the

swimmer rose again—rose with the child in his arms. "Saved, thank God!" we al exclaimed.

The man swam back to the steamer even more leisurely than he had swam away from it. He leaned upon the current, letting it bear him along, and pushing his rescued burden before him as if it were a dead thing. Only a convulsive movement now and then in the limbs of the little body showed that it was still alive. The swimmer, however, seemed to care nothing for the child he had saved, or the interest of which he himself was the object. And thus, with undisturbed composure, the Gentleman in Black regained the steamer.

All this had passed before my sight more rapidly than I can describe it. The whole occurrence seemed to occupy only a few moments of time, but they were moments of intense emotion; and, with the keen insight of such emotion, I had seen clearly into the inmost mind of all around me. There was only one face on which I saw not the reflection of my own feelings, only one eye in which I could detect not the faintest influence of any kind of emotion.

Uncomfortably thrilled by the cold regard of that inexplicable eye, I seemed again to hear, as if from some inner world of imaginary sounds, the long, sharp note of the hautboy, and to recognize, in the face of the woman I was looking at, the awful unnatural beauty of the Lorelei.

She was sitting high above the crowd, upon the hood of the hatchway, like the lonely witch upon her fatal rock. Her hidden arms had drawn tight across her bosom a silken scarf, which left distinctly outlined the noble contour of her graceful shoulders and perfect bust. I was vaguely conscious that she had long been sitting where I now, for the first time, beheld her, high above the crowd in which I stood; but that it had been impossible for me to notice her presence until (as in the case of the Gentleman in Black) some special incident occurred to force my consciousness, as it were, beyond the limits of that trivial sphere within which two such apparitions must, by every law of their nature, remain invisible.

A boat had been despatched from the steamer to pick up the swimmer. He placed the little boy in it, declining all assistance for himself; and, while the crowd on deck gathered in noisy but heartfelt congratulations round the poor mother, the saviour of her child re-entered the vessel unperceived. Nobody any longer paid attention to his proceedings. I had not noticed his return, for I was still spell-bound by the eye of the Lorelei. Suddenly, I became aware that he was standing before her. But how changed in aspect! For the first time, I recognized the singular beauty and nobleness of his features, for those features were now animated by an expression. And what an expression! The whole countenance worked and laboured with the force of it. The lip quivered, the cheek flushed, the eye glowed, with the passion of an agonised appeal. And coldly on that imploring face looked down the beautiful Lorelei.

With a voice faint from deep emotion, the man, as he gazed up to her, murmured, "Still never!" And sharp as the note of the hautboy, was the woman's answer, "Never!"

The man made no reply. His face turned deadly white; but for a moment only. Soon its features had resumed their habitual expression, or absence of expression; and he disappeared down the staircase into the cabin, noiselessly, almost imperceptibly.

I was called away to attend to the child. This was my first practice as a physician. A glance at my little patient assured me that only very simple restoratives were needed; and I was giving the necessary directions to the steward, when a grey-headed valet presented himself to the child's mother with a profoundly respectful bow, and a request that she would do the Count and Countess of Roseneck the favour of joining them in their cabin with her little boy, for whose comfort and refreshment every preparation had been made.

Railway travellers are only isolated nomads, but the passengers on board a river steam-packet constitute a community in which free discussion soon creates a sort of public opinion. The community on board the *Lorelei* steamer had been much excited by the day's event. Everybody was asking, "Who is the Gentleman in Black?" The steward, our chief source of information, could only tell us that the mysterious stranger was Count von Roseneck, the possessor of an immense Majorat in Prussian Silesia.

The lady I had seen seated on the hatchway was the count's wife; and others besides myself had noticed her unnatural want of interest in the noble conduct of her husband—a man, we all averred, whom any woman might be proud of. The senti-

ıental young lady, who had so enthusiastically defended the cause of the imaginary Lorelei, was specially indignant at the heartless indifference shown by the living ounterpart of that cruel water-spirit. The sub-lieutenant however declared that he count's exploit was quite unworthy of the eulogies bestowed upon it. "Any one," he aid, "who, like himself, had studied the true principles of natation in the Schwimschule t Potsdam, could see that it was only by the merest chance that the count's disregard f them had not proved fatal to the object of his ill-managed exertions."

This young officer assured us, with great magnanimity, that he would himself ıave attempted the rescue of the child, had it not been for the respect he owed to his ıniform.

A Hamburg merchant, who had listened with impatience to these official criticisms f the count's performance, replied that the poor woman down stairs might perhaps be ndirectly indebted for the preservation of her child's life to the estimable sentiment vhich had so well preserved the lieutenant's uniform.

"It is well known," said the merchant, "that the chief danger to be apprehended n all attempts at the rescue of drowning persons arises from the frantic efforts of uch persons to save themselves. The count could easily have reached the child before t sank, but he wisely waited till the strength of its little limbs was exhausted, and so ıccurately calculated his distance that the body must have reached him under the vater in an exact line from the point at which he dived to seize it."

The sub-lieutenant disdained to argue the point. But as he turned away, clanking ıis spurs and sabre, and muttering something about "*Bürger Philister*," another passenger, who had not previously joined in the conversation, informed us that hroughout Heligoland Count von Roseneck was well-known as a singularly skilful ınd intrepid swimmer.

"Some years ago," said this passenger, "when I was staying there for my health, I heard the most astonishing stories of his exploits. One stormy night, I was told, a ishing boat was wrecked in sight of shore. There were five men on board her. Their own kinsfolk, who were among the boldest seamen along that coast, did not venture o attempt their rescue. Suddenly a stranger appeared among the crowd that was watching the wreck in helpless consternation. Without speaking a word, he attached a long cord to the end of a cable which it had been found impossible to use, and, taking the other end of the cord in his left hand, plunged into the breakers. That he reached the wreck alive was deemed a greater miracle than his subsequent success in saving all the five souls on board it. But, ladies and gentleman, I must tell you that the man to whom you have given the sinister title of 'The Gentleman in Black' is familiarly known to the poor fisherfolk of Heligoland by the more grateful appellation of 'Newfoundland.'"

This statement made a great impression on us all.

"Ah," sighed the young lady from Berlin, "how romantic! I apologise to the Countess of Newfoundland. Since her husband is such a wonderful swimmer, she can have had no cause for anxiety just now about him or the little boy."

"That may be," said a portly gentleman whom we took for a Privy Councillor, for he wore a little bit of yellow ribon in the buttonhole of his coat, "but I happen to know that the countess is not all right in her mind."

"You know!" we all exclaimed in a breath.

"Yes," continued the portly gentleman, "everybody in Silesia knows it. I remembered it when I heard the count's name mentioned just now. For I had heard all about it last year at Breslau. Poor lady! I think the count was wrong in not placing her under professional treatment—at Dobling for instance, where the most wonderful cures have been effected. But at any rate he is, I am told, so devoted to the care of his unfortunate wife, that he could not bear the thought of even a day's separation from her."

"Sir," said I, "pray pardon the curiosity you have excited in one who happens to be a medical student. A short while ago I had an opportunity of closely observing the lady you are speaking of. I noticed in her face—the eyes especially—an expression which puzzled me, but I should not have attributed it to insanity."

"No," said the stout gentleman, "not exactly insanity—a sort of harmless imbecility, I fancy. No violent delusions. Only a total absence of mind."

"But," I continued, "in the lady's husband, as we can all testify, there is certainly no absence of mind. And yet in his eyes, also, I observed a somewhat different, but

very similar, and equally strange expression. Perhaps, I should say, rather a similar absence of expression."

"Possibly," replied the stout gentleman. "I believe they are cousins."

"Did you ever hear any cause assigned for her mental affection?"

"Never. It may be hereditary for aught I know. The count is said to be a very gifted man, and a great *savant*—something of a physician himself. I suppose he has made a special study of his wife's case, and has convinced himself that it is incurable. Excuse me. I have left my travelling bag below, and it is time to look after it."

This was the last contribution to our discussion of an accident which had so delayed the course of our steamer that the sun was almost set when we passed slowly under the darkening walls of the old imperial city of Cologne.

The little group of talkers dispersed, and I walked to the prow of the boat in a strange kind of reverie.

The evening was hushed and sleepy. Dreamlike, we glided into the shadow of the ancient town. There was still a deep orange light on the western horizon. Above it the massive tower of the cathedral rose dark in the clear twilight of the upper sky. On the summit of that dark tower, like an old sorcerer upon a wizard keep, stood the enormous crane which in those days was ever the first object to meet the eye of the traveller entering Cologne. Its giant arm was stretched forth, as in wild appeal towards the Drachenfels from whose quarries, block by block, had been reared the vast fabric on which it now stood, companionless, between earth and heaven. To enable it to reach that solitary eminence the strong heart of the Dragon Rock had been broken, bit by bit, and year by year, till the rock itself was but a hollow ruin. Perched upon his pile of pillage, aloof under the melancholy stars, the hoary robber seemed to gaze sadly at the ravaged rock; and, as I lifted my looks to that lonesome image with its long lean arm outstretched ever in one direction, I fancied that the old crane might be saying to the old rock—"Irrevocable is the past which has made of thee a ruin, and of me a solitude. Let us be reconciled to each other!"

CHAPTER II.

APPARITIONS.

THE rest of my journey to Paris was uneventful. So were the first three years of my life there, which were entirely devoted to professional studies. I passed all my days at the hospitals, and all my evenings in a quiet little lodging I had taken on the Quai Saint-Michel. The days were employed in watching what the unsentimental language of my profession calls "interesting cases," and the evenings in making notes upon those cases, or consulting medical works about them. At the end of three years, I considered myself fully qualified to begin practice in my own country. But I could not make up my mind to quit Paris without having seen something of that delightful social world which, ever since the days of the *Grand Monarque*, had monopolised the despotic government of European taste. I resolved therefore that my fourth and last year at Paris should be given up to the enjoyment of Parisian society; nor was it the least instructive period of my professional education.

I had often seen the Samsons of science more bothered than a baby by a gnat, when they had to combat the pertinacity of those infinitesimal tormenters which fine ladies call their nerves. I had also noticed that, although in the middle class the family doctor is treated as the family friend, the sick room is the only one opened to him in the houses of the great, when the fear of death strikes down a barrier which convalescence hastens to rebuild. Yet how can he successfully prescribe for the ailments common to fashionable life, if he is wholly unfamiliar with the social conditions that engender them? Those conditions I wished to study; and I knew that they are not to be learned in the hospital ward, where the student must harden his susceptibilities in order not to miss a single movement of the professor who is sewing up the femoral artery of No. 73, before he hurries on to No. 87, without pausing by the bed where they have just thrown the death-sheet over No. 78.

With this object, I exchanged my lodging on the Quai Saint-Michel for a luxurious

apartment in the Rue de la Paix; called for the first time on my relatives in the Faubourg Saint-Germain; removed from my visiting cards the hardly-earned title of Doctor; replaced it by one for which I was indebted only to the accident of birth; and accepted all the invitations which the announcement of that accident soon procured me. I also bought a thoroughbred English hack, and my pleasantest hours were passed on horseback in the Bois de Boulogne; not the Bois now dedicated to Fashion and the Demi-Monde, but the old Bois of many years ago, whose quiet groves were dear to solitude. This was my favourite resort every afternoon, and it was wholly unfrequented in the later summer months; for, in those days, the Paris season ended much earlier than it does now. I used to let the bridle lie idly on my horse's neck; and, while he followed his inclinations, I indulged my own in many a pleasant reverie among those pastoral haunts so close to Paris, yet so far from the world—Suresnes, Mont-Calvaire, and the hawthorn brakes that embosom the hushed waters of the Mare d'Auteuil.

Thither one evening I had strolled on foot from the neighbouring village where I put up my horse. I reached the Mare just in time to see it gleaming through the thicket in the last light of an October sunset. Out of the underwood a weeping willow crouched over the pool, and above the higher foliage rose two or three tall Italian poplars. The evening breeze was bringing to them tidings of their own land. I sat down upon the trunk of a tree which the woodmen had left lying in the grass. It was at the edge of a little open glade, beyond which, under a narrow strip of sky, the land lay bare to the horizon. For some time after the sun had sunk, a clear glow still lingered in the west; and there was an angry red flush upon the lower fringe of a long streak of iron-grey cloud that hung above it. The water however was now invisible under the heaped shadows of the wood, which had become dark and massive.

"Here," I mused, "is the very sanctuary of solitude!" But in that moment across the profound stillness of the place I heard a voice crying, "Cain! Cain?"

There was something both in the suddenness of the voice, and in the tone of it, that made me shudder. I looked all round, but could see no human being. Every bird was silent in its nest. The voice seemed to have issued from the spot where I had seen the willow tree crouched over the pool. But that spot was now so dark that I could no longer distinguish the tree nor any other object there.

So long as I had supposed myself to be absolutely alone, the sense of loneliness was delightful, but now the thought of being alone in that dim solitude with some invisible and unknown person affected me with a sort of supernatural horror. I am certain that it was no fear of robbery or murder that made me shrink from searching the thicket in the direction of the sound which had so startled me. But whatever may have been the cause of the horror I then felt, it left me incapable of motion; and the silence had become almost intolerable when it was again broken by the same voice, issuing from the same spot.

"If," cried the voice (and I could hear distincly every word that was uttered by it), "if you are bent on my destruction, why this endless pursuit of one who is no fugitive from death. Have I not sought you times out of number? Have I not bared to you again and again this long-tormented breast? Pierce it, and I will die without a groan. But for God's sake stop the persecution of those imploring fingers, which you well know I cannot seize! The accursed amethyst has fixed me with its demon ray, and it burns! it burns!"

The voice ceased. The figure of a man emerged from the darkness about the lake, passed swiftly across the open glade, and disappeared again into the depths of the surrounding woodland. As he crossed the glade, I caught a momentary glimpse of his face; for it was turned towards me, and it gleamed unnaturally white in the twilight. But I recognized that face at once. It was the face of "The Gentleman in Black."

It was long before I could rouse myself from the stupefying effects of this apparition. Through the gap in the thicket, between the dark shadows of the underwood on either side, the light was so dim that the man, as he crossed it, was but indistinctly visible. Only once before had I seen him, and that was nearly four years ago, yet I recognized the face the moment I caught sight of it again. Indeed it was not a face to be easily forgotten. Nowhere in Paris had I ever met Count Roseneck, or heard his name mentioned. Could he have been living there any length of time in complete seclusion,

or had he only just arrived? In any case, what could have brought him at this late hour, to this lonely spot? True, I was there myself, attracted by the love of idleness and the beauty of a sylvan solitude so easily accessible. But that agonized expostulation to which I had been an involuntary listener was not the utterance of a lounger in search of the picturesque. And to whom, or to what, was it addressed? I remembered the rumour on board the *Lorelei* steamer about the mental condition of the count's wife. Was it possible that the count himself was subject to some terrible hallucination?

Tired at last of these conjectures which led to no conclusion, and suddenly conscious that the air had grown damp and chilly, I rose and returned to the village. Meanwhile, the night had set in. It was not a warm night, yet there was an oppressive feeling in the atmosphere which seemed to be loaded with electricity. I mounted and rode homeward. I rode fast, feeling that it was late and that a storm was gathering. My thoughts however were pre-occupied. They had wandered back to the events on board the *Lorelei* steamer; for the curiosity excited by those events had been suddenly and strongly revived by what I had just heard and seen.

A sharp wind had arisen, and it was sweeping forward up the road before me thin white columns of dust, that whirled round and round, one after the other, like dancing ghosts. I could see them plainly; for it was one of those nights when the sky is darker than the earth, and the land gleamed with a dull grey glare that came from neither moon nor star. Up the road along which I galloped at full speed, I watched these white shapes fleeting and whirling, till my brain began to whirl with them. Sometimes they sped close beside me, and I could hear them whisper mockingly to each other. Now and then, outspeeding me, they rose and hovered on the road before me with menacing gestures. Then I felt that they were beckoning to the storm behind me, and that it was gaining on my track. With all the sensations of a man pursued by some awful danger, I galloped through them; but they were soon in front of me again. A strange feeling came over me, that they and I were running a desperate race for some ghastly prize, and that if I failed to win it I should be lost for ever.

Suddenly, upon the dark summit of what I took for a road-side tree, I saw a pale figure seated, and looking down upon me and my spectral competitors in this wild chase. That pale figure I also recognized at a glance. It was the figure of the woman I had once seen years ago sitting in the same attitude on the hatchway of the *Lorelei*. Her shawl had slid from her shoulders, which were naked, and shone white and cold as marble. Her long hair was lifted and beaten by the wind. She was chanting a low-toned indescribable chant. I cannot call it either a song or a wail. It was not like either, but it had the effect of both, jubilant yet piercingly pathetic. As I caught the sound of that chant, I felt as if ever so many shut doors were opening within me, and setting free some imprisoned portion of myself never before known to me.

At that moment, my horse shied. I lost both stirrup and bridle; and, falling forward, threw my arms about his neck.

The next moment I became aware that everything around me had changed, as things change in a dream.

The forest had given place, on each side of the road, to black pointed rocks. The road itself had disappeared. Against the base of those black rocks the narrow inlet of a stormy sea was breaking; and as the waves of it shivered their rolling masses on that rocky shore, the white spray they tossed upward gleamed in the dark air above.

It was not my horse's neck but the prow of a broken boat, to which I was clinging; and the columns of white dust had changed into a crowd of desperate swimmers, all shipwrecked like myself. We jostled each other fiercely in the foaming gulf. We were mad with desire and jealousy, with love and rage, with rapture and despair. In every human face the waves tossed up and down, the passions of man were wilder than the strife of the elements around us.

And high above this hideous scene, upon her stony pinnacle, sat the Lorelei. From the starless heaven, where she sat aloof, she looked calmly down upon the upturned frenzied faces that were weltering in the waters beneath her. And still she chanted her strange chant.

The swimmers struggled to reach the rock on which she sat. Their eyes were fixed in savage passion on the face of the sorceress. One by one, as from this heaving

human mass, some face was singled out by the eye that watched us from the rock, that face fell back with a frozen stare, and disappeared beneath the waves. One by one, each swimmer, as he touched the rock, flung up his arms and sank without a cry.

At last my own turn came. The eye of the Lorelei was upon me. But I felt neither fear nor horror, only an intensely compassionate tenderness, and I cried to the pale figure on the rock—

"Forlorn Mystery! I resent not thine isolation, for I have divined the secret of it. I know that it is by their own passions that these miserable men are perishing; and that thou art not their destroyer, but the winged voice of our hearts to which the discord of our lives has given the accents of an eternally-unappeasable longing."

As I uttered these words, I saw that the eyes of the Lorelei were no longer cold. Tears were falling from them. She stooped towards me. Her white hand was hovering over my head. I stretched out my own hand and seized . . . . what was it?

This I only found out several days later, after I had begun to recover from the effects of the shock received in falling from my horse. The driver of a *fiacre*, returning empty from Auteuil, had found me lying on the road insensible. I must have been thrown against the trunk of a tree, for I had a severe contusion on the forehead. I must also, I suppose, have caught my foot in the stirrup as I fell, and been dragged some yards along the road; for my hands were badly cut, and my coat was in tatters. Luckily my card-case was in my pocket, and the cabman who picked me up had no difficulty in finding my address.

My valet, when he undressed me, had found my right hand clenched upon a piece of crumpled paper. It was covered with writing which he was unable to read; and, thinking that it might be some important professional memorandum, he had preserved it. This piece of paper he handed to me as soon as I was convalescent. The writing was in German; but the paper was so torn and crumpled that I was about to toss it aside with a sick man's impatience, when my eye fell upon these words—"Fatal Hand, forbear!"

This sufficed to concentrate all my attention; and with great difficulty I succeeded at last in making out the following sentences, some of them left incomplete by the absence of those portions of the torn paper which were missing—

"Fatal Hand, forbear! Why bruise a heart long since broken? Finish thy hateful work! I offer my throat to thine avenging grasp. Wring it with those dreadful fingers, and stifle this painful breath of life in the cradle of its unpitied sighs . . . . And thou who wast more than brother! What demon guided thy suicidal search? Why, of all others, was thine the hand to . . . . . ? Had I not staked upon that accursed ring all my heart's felicity, all my soul's salvation? . . . . . everywhere under the water for the life that was gone, as everywhere over the earth for the death that will not come? . . . . Like the Roman of old at the voice of the Augur, I rushed into the heart of the battle invoking the gods to devote me to the dead and to Mother Earth. In vain! With a sigh of relief I saw the sword flash at my breast. With a sigh of relief I watched the musket levelled at my head by the hand and eye that never err. In vain! Among the snows of the Caucasus, the tents of the Bedouin, and the whirlwinds of the Baltic, in the desert, in the battle, in the storm, ever thy hand, ever that ring! Why did I shrink when I saw it on the stretched fore-finger of a common signpost, glittering at me? Was it thine interposition that saved us all from sudden death beneath the falling cliff? Had I not faltered then, I should have baffled thee, fearful protecting spectre! . . . . And when the priest blessed our union, did she not see it herself? And was not thine again the hand that . . . . . Ah, my punishment is greater than I can bear! . . . . In the pure morning light, when all was hushed and holy, hope hovered on the breath of spring. But as I lifted up my heart to bless God, thinking surely the bitterness of death is passed, I saw her by my bedside, watching—another spectre! And her cold eyes were on me, and I could not answer them."

Here the fragment ended. I could not doubt who was the writer of it. But how extraordinary the chance which had placed it in my hand! Was it, indeed, only chance, or was it destiny? "The Gentleman in Black" must have returned by the same road as myself from Auteuil to Paris. Perhaps he was not far from me at the time of my fall. This paper was evidently the page of a private journal. It was

undated. Had he written it recently, or years ago? The dismal record to which it belonged must in any case have been about him on the evening when I last saw him by the Mare d'Auteuil. Had he dropped it unconsciously, or torn it out, crumpled it up, and cast it from him, in a paroxysm of disgust, not deeming that the darkness of the night and the solitude of the forest could ever betray the secret partially confided to it?

It was this piece of paper that I had seized in my giddy trance, and its fluttering on the wind accounted for the shying of my horse. That trance was the natural physical effect of a rush of blood to the brain; and the vision which accompanied it was merely the picture painted on an abnormally excited imagination by the last thoughts passing through my mind before consciousness became extinguished. To my recollection the vision seemed a long one, but the whole phantasmagoria of it had probably been the impression of a moment.

The fragment, however, of Count Roseneck's journal which had so strangely found its way into my hands, disclosed the impressions of a man apparently subject to a permanent or periodical hallucination of a totally different character, and to which no similar physical cause could be assigned. The interest it excited in me gave a new turn to my professional studies. I began to devote special attention to those mental phenomena which open to the physiological inquirer the obscure domain of pyschology. I frequented mad-houses, and made myself familiar with their inmates, who are perhaps not so much to be pitied as we deem them. I listened with serious attention to the ravings of delirium. I attended criminal trials. I studied my own dreams; and, in order that I might seize their furtive process in the act, I made my servant wake me at odd hours during the night.

It was about this time that I conceived the project of a treatise upon subjective sensations; and the following note is one of the many rough memoranda which I then made, intending them to serve as materials for the composition of such a work. I transcribe it here, not on account of any scientific value I attach to it, but because it has an important connection with the story I have undertaken to relate. This is the passage—

"GHOSTS AND APPARITIONS.

"What are they? Illusions of the imagination. Granted, for us in whose personal experience such things have no place. But to the ghost-seer, what is proved by the fact that the thing he sees is not seen by me? We say that 'Seeing is believing'; and, for the man to whom it appears, the apparition may carry with it evidence of something more than its appearance. To *cogito ergo sum* he adds *agit ergo est*. Its action upon himself may be sufficient to impress him with an irresistible conviction of its external and independent existence. We should probably have the same irresistible conviction of the reality of things seen in our dreams, if our dreams were compatible with each other, and with our experience when awake.

"Spectres are things outside the range of our common experience; but they do not necessarily violate the unity and consistency of that system of reality into which all appearances must fit, if they are to make good their claim to be regarded as real. To the rest of the world however the mere fact that a man has seen an apparition can be no proof that the apparition is anything else than a creature of that man's imagination. Nor do we obtain even *primâ facie* evidence of its reality from the appearance of the spectral image to more than one person, whether simultaneously or consecutively, unless we can eliminate from the conditions of the case supposed all possibility of a common predisposing tendency, such as often pervades a crowd under the influence of panic, or any other strong emotion. Common tendencies of this kind assist the expectation of an object to beget the sight of it; and, in the form of prevalent beliefs (as, for instance, the belief in witchcraft), they sometimes affect whole communities or generations with a predisposition, from which even the strongest minds are not exempt, to falsify the reports of the senses unconsciously by similar misrepresentations of them.

"We get a step nearer to proof of the reality of apparitions, if we can establish a direct connection between their appearance and the action or condition of some real person other than the seer. Such a connection is, no doubt, to be found in the alleged appearances of dying persons to friends at a distance. But assuming this class of apparitions to be well authenticated, we have still to bear in mind that if they are

extremely rare, the connection they seem to imply between the appearance of the spectre and the condition or action of the dying person may be reasonably assigned to mere coincidence; while, on the other hand, if they are comparatively frequent, they may be taken to prove, not so much the reality of the apparition itself, as the real action of one mind upon another at a distance.

"My own impression is, however, that a more profound inquiry into the ultimate nature of reality would probably lead us to regard this latter distinction as less important than it seems. Perhaps the most cogent proof of the reality of an apparition would be afforded by its producing upon inanimate matter some external effect which could be adequately tested and verified. For in that case we should have distinct evidence of objective action.

"I am not in a position to pronounce such a case impossible, I can only assert that authenticated instances of it are altogether wanting. The current ghost-stories professing to record such cases elude every indispensable test. For this reason my present inquiry is concerned only with the nature of apparitions in relation to which I have been able to observe and investigate the accompanying circumstances under conditions that rendered them susceptible of verification at each stage of the inquiry.

"All such spectral phenomena, though widely differing in the character and conditions of their appearance, resolve themselves ultimately into some form of subjective sensation. But though in many cases the cause of the apparition is purely physical, in others it is undoubtedly intellectual; that is to say, the origin of the physical sensation to which it gives an objective appearance can be clearly traced to the initiative of the mind itself. Of these latter cases, the permanent or periodical spectres originating in mental conditions of a criminal character constitute, perhaps, the most interesting class.

"This class I propose to examine first, dismissing from present consideration all spectral phenomena attributable to exclusively physical causes, such as the black dog of Cardinal Crescentius, and the like.

"Let us suppose some vehement passion to have taken possession of a man's mind. That passion, henceforward, determines the course of the man's actions. Its influence upon them is stronger than the influence of his will; and thus it becomes to him, so to speak, a *Fatum*, or Destiny. A human life obstructs the path of the passion. Passion marches straight to its aim, and brooks no obstacle by the way. Assassination has become a necessary step to the attainment of the aim. The man at first avoids the thought of it with horror; but that thought relentlessly pursues him till his mind has become familiar with, and completely subject to it. Occasion puts the knife into his hand, and the victim falls. The assassin awakes from his long dream of murder with the bloody knife in his hand.

"From the series of criminal thoughts has issued the criminal act. The criminal thoughts were a reality to one man only. The bloody knife is a reality to all. Here, the line is indicated which unites two points, each of them fixed, as it were, in a different world. Let A be the ideal world, and B the actual. A has conducted to B; therefore, B, in turn, conducts to A. That is to say, in the case of hallucinations producing permanent or periodical spectres, which have originated in the perpetration of a crime preceded by long and strong temptation, and followed by long and strong remorse, the criminal action, which was at the time of its perpetration the effect, becomes afterwards the cause, of a criminal vision.

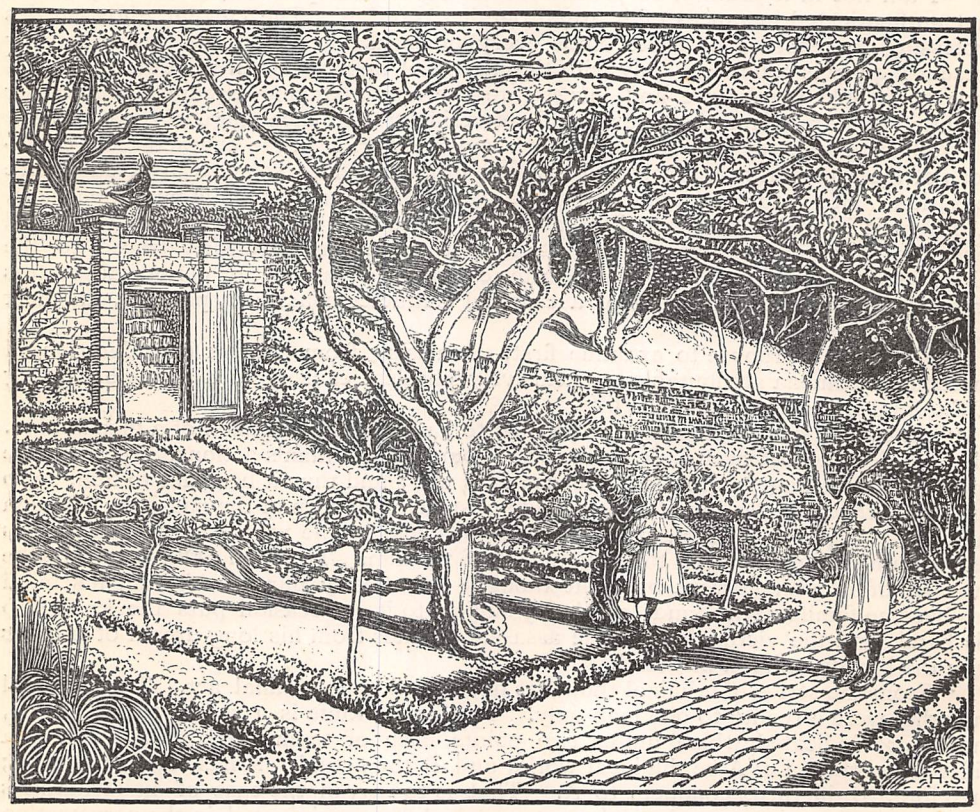
"The action and the vision reciprocally determine each the character of the other; and the criminal subsequently renews, just as he had previously anticipated, the action in the vision. But the vision exists for the actor only. Without preceding action, no permanent or periodical vision is possible. The series of criminal thoughts alone, without result of any kind in action (an A without a B), cannot produce permanent or periodical spectres. At least, I know of no such case. The 'blot upon the brain' only becomes permanent when the blackness of it has passed into the deed which stains a life."

The remarks above transcribed were published many years later; and but for one unforeseen result of them, this narrative would never have been written.

(*To be continued.*)

The labours of THE·XII·MONTHS
set out in NEW PICTURES & OLD PROVERBS

WISE SHEPHERDS say that the age of man is LXXII years and that we liken but to one hole yeare for evermore we take six yeares to every month as JANUARY or FEBRUARY and so forth, for as the yeare changeth by the twelve months, into twelve sundry manners so doth a man change himself, twelve times in his life by twelve ages, and every age lasteth six yeare if so be that he live to LXXII. For three times six maketh eighteen & six times six maketh XXXVI And then is man at the best and also at the highest and twelve times six maketh LXXII & that is the age of a man.



OCTOBER

And then commeth OCTOBER: that all is into the foresaid house gathered both corne and also other manner fruits. And also the labourers soweth new seeds in the earth, for the year to come. And when he that soweth naught shall naught gather. And then in these other six yeares, a man shall take, himself unto GOD for to doe penance and good works, and then the benefits the year after his death he may gather, and have spirituall profit, and then is man full in the term LX yeare.

= St Simon & Jude on you I intrude, by this paring I hold-
Without any delay & to tell me this day. . . to discover.
The first letter of my own true lover. (Oct 28=) ———
On the first of MARCH, the crows begin to search . . .
By the first o' APRIL, they are sitting still. . . . . .
By the first o' MAY, they're a' flown away . . . . . .
Goupin' greedy back again, wi' OCTOBER'S wind & rain.

ST. HELENA'S VISION OF THE INVENTION OF THE CROSS.

Engraved by R. TAYLOR, *from the Picture by* PAOLO VERONESE *in the National Gallery.*

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS OF EPHESUS.

By LEWIS MORRIS.

When Rome to Decius bowed, a little band
Of seven noble youths who called on Christ,
Fled from their Pagan city, thinking scorn
To worship the false gods their souls abhorred—
And loathing that accursed Pagan rout
Turned to the silence of the lonely hills
That brood round Ephesus, and at last found
Shelter and peace, within a winding cave
High on the rock-built side of Caelian,
And there dwelt safe, lifting their frequent hymns
In worship to the Lord.
At length there came
Some heathen passer-by, who heard the sound,
And straight betrayed them. And the tyrant sent
His soldiers, and that none came forth again
Rolled in the narrow entrance massive rocks,
Which shut out air and light. Then while they knew
No change of night and day, ere yet their food
Had failed, a Heaven-sent slumber closed their eyes.
Deep sleep which knew no waking fell on them
For the long space of nigh two hundred years.

There they slept on till now the conquering Cross
Bare sway, and 'twas a Christian Cæsar ruled
Where raged the Pagan erst. For thirty years
The pious Theodosius swayed the might
Of Rome, and then the powers of Evil raised
Dark heresies to rend the seamless robe
The Pagan might not, doubting voices cried,
"No resurrection is there, but the body
Turns to its kindred earth, and the freed soul
Weltering upon the boundless seas of space
Is lost within the Universe, nor more
Takes its old shape. What? did the prophets know,
Moses, Esaias, and the rest, this thing?
There is no place of souls nor judgment day
Of deeds done in the flesh, nor heaven nor hell,
Only upon the earth our kingdom is.
Be wise and occupy, for never indeed
Comes any resurrection of the dead.

Thus having heard, the pious Cæsar turned,
Stricken cold with doubt, as one a palsy takes

And makes his limbs hang impotent, his will
Powerless to live or die. Alone he sate,
Hating the voice, hating his doubt, himself
Who doubted, and long time from sight of men
Withdrew himself and clothed with sackcloth, pined
With ashes on his head, yet found not peace
For all his penance, but the spectral doubt
Weighed on him like a nightmare night and day.

Now at the selfsame hour, when Cæsar strove
With his immense despair, a humble hind,
Seeking to find a shelter for his flock,
Chanced on the secret cave on Caelian,
And toiling with his fellows rolled aside
The rocks which sealed its mouth, and went his way,
Nor entered; but when now, returning dawn
Flooded the long-sealed vault with cheerful day,
It pierced to where the sleepers lay, and breathed
Some stir of coming life, and they once more
Tasting the brisk sweet breath of early morn
Opened their long-closed eyes, and woke again
To the old earth, and kept the far off past
Unchanged in memory, and spoke with mirth
Of their long sleep, and the fair dreams it brought,
And said a prayer, and sang a hymn, and then,
Stirred by the healthy zest of vigorous youth,
Sent one among them, Malchus hight, to buy
Food for their hunger.
Fearfully he stole
Down the steep hills to where great Ephesus
Shining beneath him lay. Scant change was there,
Only the stately house of Artemis
He found not where it stood. Half dazed he seemed
By too long sleep. But when he gained the gate
Of the city, on the walls behold the Cross,
The symbol of the faith by which he lived,
The blessed symbol, which to own was death.
But still he seemed to dream, and wondering sought
Another gate, and there again the Cross.
And as he mused what portent 'twas he saw
The passers boldly named the holy name
Which yesternight brought death. Then with great joy,
And much perplexity, he turned to greet
Some face he seemed to know, but it was strange,
And strange the fashion of the dress, and strange
The accent of the tongue, till, half afraid,
Entering where bread was bought, and offering gold.
The seller looking saw an ancient coin
Of Decius, and would ask him whence it came,
Deeming he found in some forsaken spot
Forbidden treasure, and the youth's strange garb
And speech, and great perplexity, enforced
The doubt, so that they bound him fast and haled him
Through the long streets, wherein in vain he sought
One well known face, to where upon his throne
The Bishop judged; and when the agéd man
Questioned him of the thing, and what had been,
And sware him on the Cross, straightway the youth—
"We fled the tyrant Decius, who would bid us
Serve the false gods, and—was it yesternight?—
Rolled mighty rocks to seal the cave where I

And my companions slept; but now, I pray you,
What is it that has been? Bear you the Cross
And fear not? Call men now upon the name
Of Christ and fear not all the bitter pains—
The dungeon, and the torture, and the stake,
The tyrannies we and our fathers knew?
What change is this assails my ears and eyes—
Strange speech, strange vestments, faces strange and new?
Where is the shining house of Artemis?
I pray you tell me what it is has been,
And whether I be alive or long time dead,
Deceived in dreams by long unnoted years."

Then fell the Bishop, full of pious awe,
Prostrate at Malchus' feet—the aged man
Before the youth who wore unchanging youth,
Since well he knew what thing his eyes had seen—
A miracle of life, raised from the grave,
A miracle of Heaven. And all the throng,
Bishop and governor, with all the great
And noble of the city, whitehaired lords,
And stately matrons, coming, knelt with him
Before the youth, o'er whose unwrinkled brow
Two hundred years had passed and left no sign—
Swift-coming age before eternal youth,
Brief life before the endless life of death.

Then went they forth, that noble throng, and all
The city, to where upon the Caelian hill
The seven youthful martyrs lay so long.
There in the cave, the blesséd company
Sate cheerful, wondering much to see the throng,
With Malchus leading them; and as the array
Drew nearer, heard the sound of hymns, and saw
The sacred symbol borne on high, and knew
All that had been, and that the might of Wrong
Was broken, and the world was of the Faith,
And the false gods no more; and then they raised
Their clear accordant strains in praise to heaven,
And round their happy heads crowned round with light,
And from their cheeks red with the heavenly rose,
And from their lips touched with divinest song,
An effluent glory shone, and all who saw
Knew that their eyes beheld the blesséd dead.

Last, Theodosius wrestling with his doubt,
And almost conquering, sped o'er land and sea
To see the portent, and when he was come
And stood before the place the Pagan erst
Sealed fast with monstrous rocks, on the young lives
Fresh vowed to Christ, and left them there to die,
He knelt in silence, and the fire of faith
Rose high in him, and dried the deeps of doubt.
And when he looked on their immortal eyes,
And that first bloom of an immortal youth,
His faith grew perfect, and he blest the Lord
Who sent the sign. Then, with one voice sublime,
The seven awakened spirits sang, "Believe,
Believe through us, O Cæsar! We are dead,
And yet we live. Praise Heaven that we have seen
The faith triumphant. Ere the last great day

The Lord has raised us that thou shouldst be strong,
And doubt no longer, but believe indeed
The life and resurrection of the world."

And when their voices died away they bowed
Their heads upon their breasts, and kneeling, gave
Their spirits back to God; and all who saw,
And all who heard, Cæsar, and all the throng,
Doubted no more, but rose and did believe.

Round all the world this fair old legend runs
Where man is higher than the beasts that die.
The Hindu, dreaming on his sun-scorched plains,
Cherishes it; the fierce false Prophet stole
The story; and throughout the fabulous East
It lives and thrives to-day; the frozen North
Holds it for true; o'er all the ancient world
Some faint reflection of the gracious tale
Lingers, and in the great new Western world
Men knew not then, it blooms to-day and bears
Its witness to the winged hours which bear
The unconscious life along from youth to age.
Too fair, too fleeting, change succeeding change—
Change of a day which works the work of years;
Unchanging years, which seem but as a day!

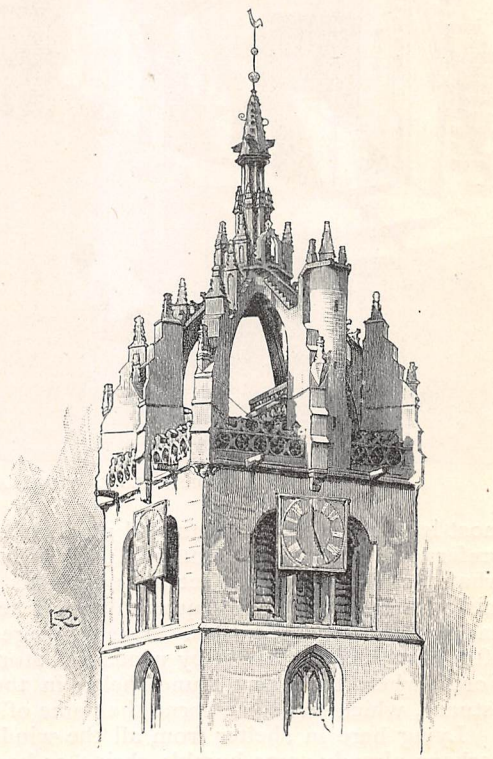
But with still clearer voice, and sweeter tongue,
Thus speaks the legend, "Sleep and death are one,
Not diverse, and to death's long sleep there comes
Awakening sure and certain, when the Dawn
Of the Last Day shall come, and shall unseal
The sleepers' eyes, and the swift sun of Spring
Illumes the caves of sleep, and stirs the blood
Which else had slumbered still. Yet since no sign
Comes from the sleepers here, the yearning souls
Which mark the struggling breath come short and faint,
The tired eyes close, and the calm peace which smoothes
The painful brow—and feel 'tis sleep—no more—
Yet find no proof, cherish the legend fair,
Because life longs to be, because to cease
Is terrible, because the listening soul
Waits for some whisper from beyond the grave,
Waits still, as it has waited through all time,
Waits undismayed, whate'er its form of creed,
Nor fails, though all is silence, to believe,
Deep in its sacred depths, too deep for thought,
The Resurrection and the Life to be.

MARGARET OF SCOTLAND.

By MRS. OLIPHANT.

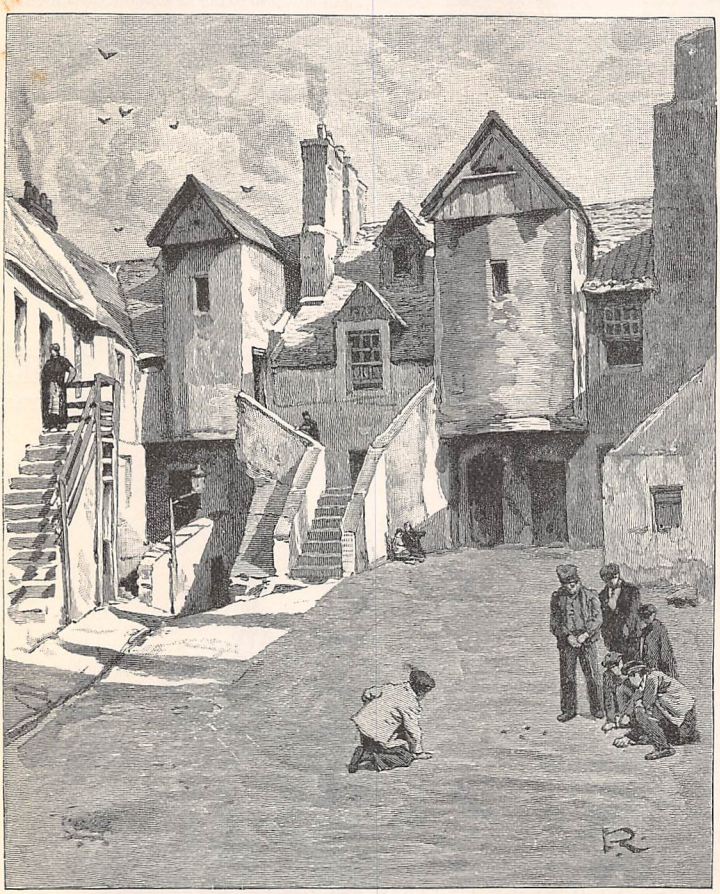
Illustrated by GEORGE REID, R.S.A.

IT is strange yet scarcely difficult to the imagination to realize the first embodiment of what is now Edinburgh in the far distance of the early ages. Neither Pict nor Scot has left any record of what was going on so far south in the days (if indeed they ever existed) when the king's daughters, primitive princesses with their rude surroundings, were placed for safety in the *castrum puellarum*, the maiden castle, a title in after days proudly (but perhaps not very justly) adapted to the supposed invulnerability of the fortress perched upon its rock. If we may believe, notwithstanding the protest of that much-deceived antiquary the Laird of Monkbarns, that these fair and forlorn ladies were the first royal inhabitants of the Castle of Edinburgh, we may imagine that they watched from their battlements more wistfully than fearfully, over all the wide plain, what dust might rise or spears might gleam, or whether any galley might be visible of reiver or rescuer from the north. A little collection of huts or rude forts here and there would be all that broke the sweeping line of Lothian to the east or west, and all that width of landscape would lie under the eyes of the watchers, giving long notice of the approach of any enemies. "Out over the Forth I look to the north," the maidens might sing, gazing across to Dunfermline, where already there was some royal state, or towards the faint lines of mountains in the distance, over the soft swelling heights of the Lomonds. No doubt Edinburgh, Edwinesburgh, or whatever the antiquaries imagine it to have been, must have been sadly dull if safe, suspended high upon the rock, nearer heaven



CROWN OF ST. GILES'S.

than earth. It is curious to hear that it was "without verdure"; but perhaps the young ladies took no account of the trees that clothed the precipices below them, or the greenness that edged the Nor' Loch deep at their feet, but sighed for the gardens and luxuries of Dunfermline, where all was green about their windows and the winding pathways of the dell of Pittendreich would be pleasant to wander in. This first romantic aspect of the Castle of Edinburgh is however merely traditional, and the first real and authentic appearance of the old fortress and city in history is in the record, at once a sacred legend and a valuable historical chronicle, of the life of Margaret the Atheling, the first of several Queen Margarets, the woman-saint and blessed patroness of Scotland, who has bequeathed not only many benefits and foundations of after good to her adopted country, but her name—perhaps among Scotswomen still the most common of all Christian names.



WHITE HORSE CLOSE, CANONGATE.

No more moving and delightful story was ever written or invented than the history of this saint and Queen. She was the daughter of Edward, called the Outlaw, and of his wife a princess of Hungary, of the race that afterwards produced St. Elizabeth, and the sister of Edgar Atheling, the feeble but rightful heir of the Saxon line, and consequently of the English throne. The family however was more foreign than English, having been brought up at the court of their grandfather, the King of Hungary, one of the most pious and wealthy and cultured in Christendom; and it was not unnatural that when convinced of the fact that the most legitimate of aspirants had no chance against the force of William, they should prefer to return to the country of their education and birth. It was no doubt a somewhat forlorn party that set out upon this journey, for to lose a throne is seldom a misfortune accepted with equanimity, and several of the beaten and despondent Saxons had joined the royal exiles. Their voyage moreover, was an unprosperous one, and after much beating about by winds and storms they were at last driven up the Firth of Forth, where their ship found shelter in the little bay at the narrowing of the great estuary, which has since borne the name of St. Margaret's Hope.

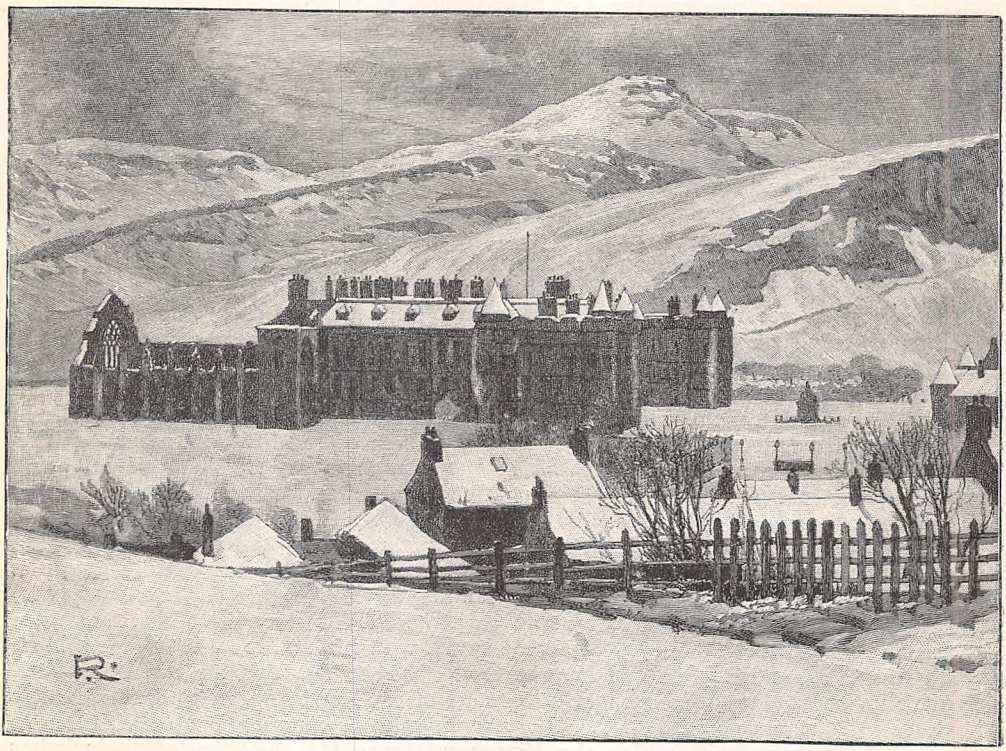
Lying here in shelter from all the winds behind the protecting promontory, with perhaps already some humble shrine or hermit's cell upon Inchgarvie or Inchcolm to give them promise of Christian kindness, with the lonely rock of Edinburgh in the distance on one side, and the soft slopes of the Fife coast rising towards the King's palace at Dunfermline on the other, the travellers must have awaited with some anxiety, yet probably much hope, the notice of the barbaric people who came to the

beach to stare at their weather-beaten ships, and hurried off to carry the news inland of such unwonted visitors. It is the very spot now changed by science with those great erections of iron which are to bear the weight of the Forth Bridge and make an end for ever of the Queen's Ferry, the favourite and easy passage to which Margaret gave her name, and by which a personage more familiar—Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck—once, as we all know, made his way to the North; but these are modern reflections such as have nothing to do with that primitive morning, fresh as to-day with sun and dew, when Malcolm's messengers came hurrying down to see who the intruders were, and what was their purpose, and whether anything was to be apprehended from a visit apparently so unusual. The eager and curious emissaries had apparently no warrant to board the strangers, but gazed and wondered at the big ship and all its equipments, so unlike their own rude galleys; then hastened back again with an excited and exciting description of the greatness of the passengers on board and all their splendid array. Malcolm, cautious yet excited too, sent forth, as we are told in the *Scotichronicon*, "his wisest councillors" to make further inquiries. They too were astonished by the splendour of all they saw, and especially by the mien of a certain lady among these strangers, "who, by her incomparable beauty, and the pleasantness of her jocund speech, I imagined to be the chief of the family," said the spokesman; "nor was it wonderful," adds the chronicler, "that they should believe her to be the chief who was destined to be Queen of Scotland and also heir of England." Perhaps it was the after light of these events that conveyed that high appreciation of Margaret's qualities into the story, for she must have been quite young, and it is very unlikely that in presence of her mother, and the brother whom they all considered as the King of England, a young girl, however gifted, would have taken upon her the chief place.

The report he received, however, had so much effect upon King Malcolm that he went himself to visit the strangers in their ship. He was not a mere barbaric prince, to be dazzled by the sight of these great persons, but no doubt had many a lingering recollection in his mind of Siward's great house in Northumberland, where he had taken refuge after his father's murder. It is curious and bewildering to go back in that dawn of national life to familiar Shakspearian regions, and to remember that this primitive King who had so much in him of the savage, along with all his love and gentleness, was the son of that gracious Duncan who addressed his hostess like a kingly gentleman though her hospitality was to be so fatal. King Malcolm came down, no doubt with such state as he could muster, to see the wandering foreign princes. He was not unlearned, but knew Latin and the English tongue, though he could not read, as we are afterwards told. He had already reigned for fourteen years, after about as long a period of exile, so that he could not now be in his first youth, although he was still unmarried. He came down with his suite to the shore amid all the stir of the inquiring country folk, gathered about to see this strange thing—the ship with its unusual equipments, and the group of noble persons in their fine clothes who were to be seen upon the deck. The Athelings were carrying back with them to Hungary all the gifts with which the Emperor, Henry III., had loaded their father when he went to England, and had jewels and vessels of gold and many fine things unknown to the Scots. And Margaret, even though not so prominent as the chroniclers say, was evidently by the consent of all a most gracious and courteous young lady, with unusual grace and vivacity of speech. The grave middle-aged King, with his recollections of a society more advanced than his own, which probably had made him long for something better than his rude courtiers could supply, would seem at once to have fallen under the spell of the wandering princess. She was such a mate as a poor Scots King, badgered by turbulent clans, could scarcely have hoped to find —rich and fair and young, and of the best blood in Christendom. Whether the wooing was as short as the record we have no means of knowing, but in the same year, 1070, Margaret was brought with great rejoicing to Dunfermline, and there married to her King, amid the general joy.

The royal house at Dunfermline, according to the chronicle, was surrounded by a dense forest and guarded by immense cliffs. The latter particular, however, it is difficult to accept, for the dell in which the ruins of the mediæval palace (a building much more recent, it is needless to say, than that of Malcolm) still stand, though picturesque in its acclivities and precipices, is as far as possible from including cliffs that could be called immense. The young Queen made a great change in the internal arrangements of what was no doubt a grim stronghold enough, soft as was the

country around. Probably the absence of decoration and ornament struck her painfully, accustomed as she was to palaces of a very different kind—for almost the first thing we hear in the contemporary history written by her confessor for her daughter, is of the workshops and rooms for embroidery and all the arts which were established in Dunfermline, presumably in the palace itself under Margaret's own eye, for the beautifying of the great church which she founded there, and also no doubt for her own house. Certain women of good birth were judged worthy to share the Queen's work, and lived with her, it would seem, in a kind of seclusion, seeing only such chosen visitors as Margaret brought with her to cheer their labours, and forswearing all idle talk and frivolity. The Queen had such austerity mingled with her graciousness and such grace with her severity, says her monkish biographer, loving an antithesis, that all feared and respected her presence. "Her

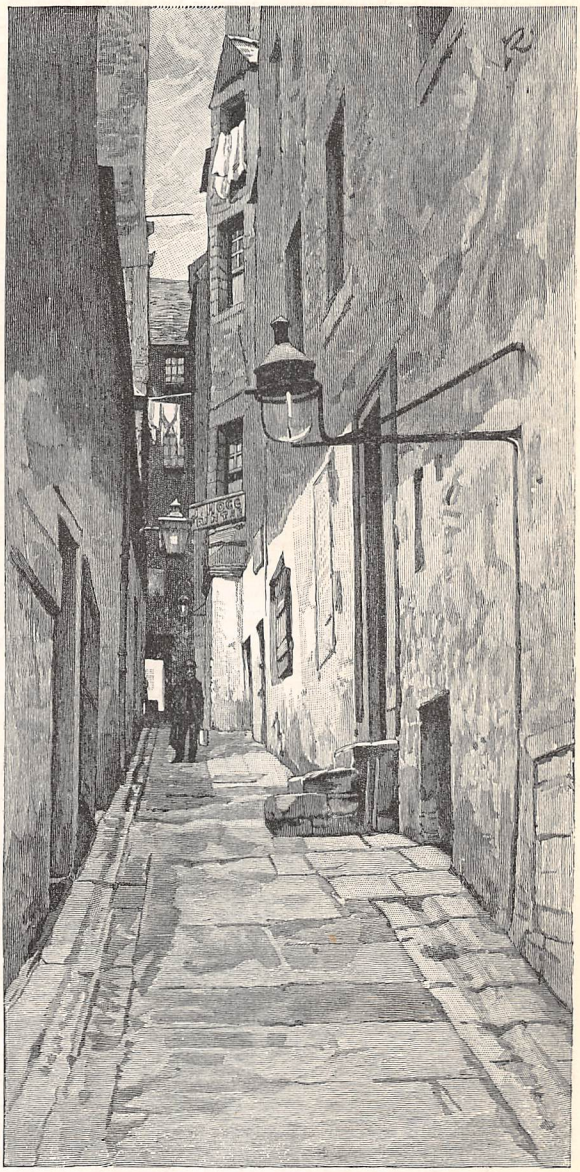


HOLYROOD PALACE.

life was full of moderation and gentleness, her speech contained the very salt of wisdom; even her silence was full of good thoughts."

This biographer—according to the conscientious and painstaking investigations of the Bollandist Fathers, who examine in their careful way all the guarantees and traditions of the manuscript with a jealousy worthy of the most enlightened historians—is not Turgot, who is usually credited with it, but Theodoric, a monk of Durham, who must have shared with Turgot, at some period of his life, the office of spiritual director and confidant to the Queen. It is curious that both these writers should have passed from the northern Court to the community at Durham, of which Turgot was prior and Theodoric a simple brother; yet not so strange either, for Durham was largely patronized and enriched by Margaret and her husband, of whose kingdom now and then, according to the fluctations of war, it formed a part. Turgot's Life, which was presumably written in the vernacular, would seem to have perished; but that of Theodoric is very full, and contains many details which set before us the life of the simple Court, with its many labours and charities: the King full of reverence and tender surprise and admiration of all his wife's perfections; the young saint herself, sweet and bright in modest gravity amid a tumultuous world little respectful of women, full of the excessive charity of the age and of her

race, and of those impulses of decoration and embellishment which were slow to develop among the ruder difficulties of the North. Theodoric himself must have been more or less of an artist, for in speaking of the "golden vases" and ornaments for the altars of the new church which Margaret devised, "I myself carried out the work," he says. These must have been busy days in Malcolm's primitive palace while the workmen were busy with the great cathedral close by, the mason with his mallet, the homely sculptor with his chisel, carving those interlaced and embossed arches which still stand, worn and gray, but little injured, in the wonderful permanency of stone, in the nave of the old Abbey of Dunfermline: while the Queen's rooms opened into the hall where her ladies sat over their embroidery, among all the primitive dyes that art had caught from herbs and traditional mixtures, on one hand—and on the other into noisier workshops, where workmen with skilful delicate hammers were beating out the shining gold and silver into sacred vessels and symbols of piety. Margaret along with her stores of more vulgar wealth, and the ingots which were consecrated to the manufacture of crucifix and chalice, had brought many holy relics: and no doubt the cases and shrines in which these were enclosed afforded models for the new, over which Father Theodoric, with his monkish cape and cowl laid aside, and his shaven crown shining in the glow of the furnace, was so busy. What a pleasant stir of occupation and progress, the best and most trustworthy evidences of growing civilization, must have arisen within the shelter of the woods which framed that centre of development and new life; the new cathedral rising day by day, a white and splendid reality in the clearing among the trees; the bells, symbols of peace and pleasantness, sounding out over the half-savage country; the chants and songs of divine worship swelling upward to the skies. Margaret's royal manufactory of beautiful things, her tapestries and metal work, her adaptation to all the possibilities of ornament latent in every primitive community, with the conviction, always ennobling to art, that by these means of sacred adornment she and her assistants and coadjutors were serving and pleasing God, no doubt consoled her ardent and active spirit for the loss of many comforts and graces with which she must have been familiar. At the same time her new sphere of influence was boundless, and the means in her hand of leavening and moulding her new country almost unlimited—a thing above all others delightful to a woman, to whom the noiseless and gradual operation of influence is the chief weapon in the world.

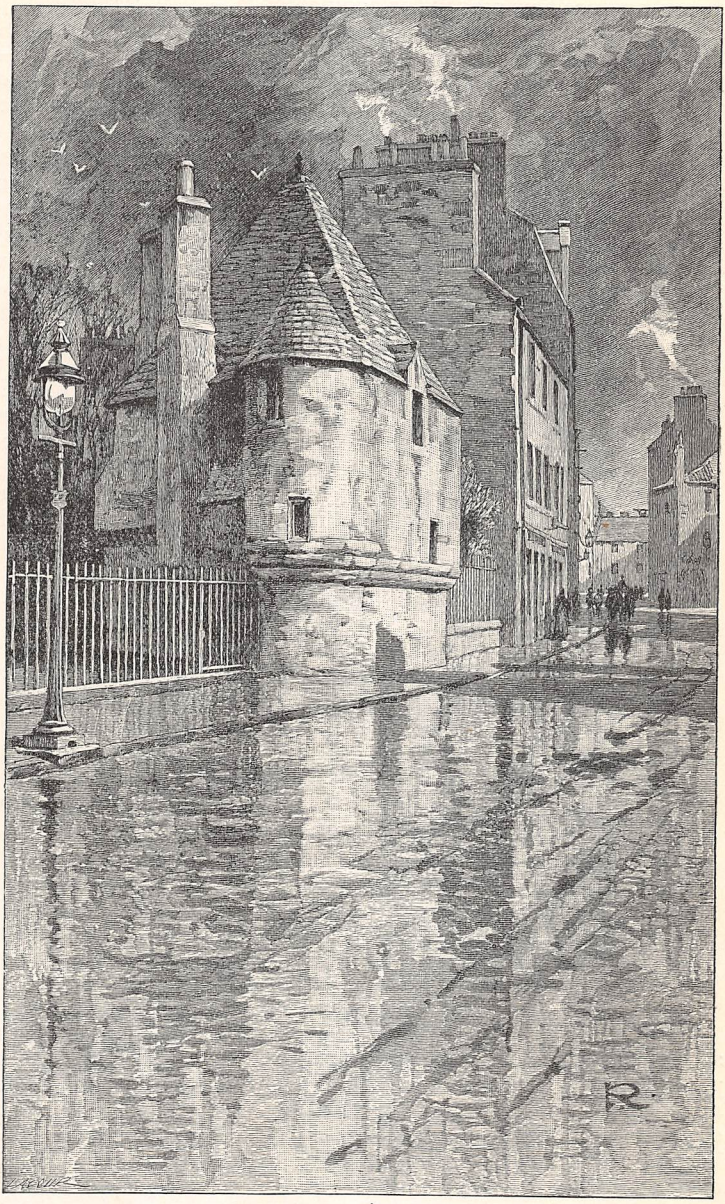


LADY STAIR'S CLOSE.

There is nothing, however, in this history more charming than the description of the relations between the royal pair. King Malcolm had probably known few graces in life except those, a step or two in advance of his own, which were to be found in Northumberland in the house of Earl Siward; and after the long practical struggle of his reign between the Scots and Celts, who had already so far settled down together as to constitute something which could be called a kingdom, he had no doubt fallen even from that higher plane of civilization. Such rude state as the presence of a queen even in those primitive days might have procured had been wanting, and all his faculties were probably absorbed in keeping peace between the unruly chieftains, and fostering perhaps here and there the first rising of a little community of burghers, strong enough by union to defend themselves. Uneasy, there can be little doubt, was often the head which bore the circlet of troubled supremacy among all those half-subdued tribes; and his dwelling in the heart of the "dense forest," amid all the noisy retainers in the hall and jealous nobles in the council chamber, would leave little room for beauty or sweetness of any kind. When the stranger princess suddenly came in like an enchantment, with her lovely looks and "jocund eloquence"—full of smiles and pleasant speech, yet with a dignity which overawed every rude beholder—into these rude and noisy halls, with so many graceful ways and beautiful garments and sparkling jewels, transforming the very chambers with embroidered hangings and all the rare embellishments of a lady's bower (with which no doubt the ship had been provided, and which mediæval princesses, like modern fine ladies, carried about with them)—the middle-aged man of war was evidently altogether subdued and enraptured. To see her absorbed in prayer—an exercise which Malcolm had perhaps felt to be the occupation of monks and hermits only—to see her bending over her beautiful book with all its pictures, reading the sacred story there, filled him with awe and a kind of adoration. He could not himself read, which made the wonder all the more; but though incapable of mastering what was within, he loved to handle and turn over the book from which his beautiful wife derived her wisdom, touching it with his rude hands with caressing touches, and kissing the pages she loved. When he found one manuscript which she particularly esteemed, he "sent for his goldsmith" and had the vellum encased in gold and ornamented with jewels; then carried it back to her with such fond pleasure as may be easily imagined. Margaret on her part did what she could to secure to her King some of the punctilios of reverential respect due, in her knowledge, to a monarch. She suggested the formation of a royal guard to protect the King's person and surround him with honour and observance. She filled the palace with her wealth, adorning it in every way, providing fine clothes for the retainers and so enriching the house that the table was served with dishes of gold and silver. And it would seem that the reputation of a new and splendid Court thus suddenly evolved among the northern mists got abroad, and brought merchants with their wares up the Firth, and quickened, if it did not altogether originate, the first feeble current of trade which was the precursor and origin of all our after wealth in Scotland.

This was not all, however, that Margaret did for the commonwealth. If we may trust her biographer, it was she who established that great principle of reform so important in all states, and generally one of the later fruits of civilization, which prohibited soldiers from exacting money or putting under requisition the peaceful people, and ordained that all they had or took for the purpose of war should be honestly paid for. Altogether Margaret's influence was exerted for the best purposes to induce her husband "to relinquish his barbarous manners and live honestly and civilly," as the chronicler says. It was perhaps not so good an exercise of her power when she opened arguments, apparently through Malcolm as interpreter, with the native clergy of Scotland, the hermits and ecclesiastics of Columba's strain, and the mysterious Culdees of whom we know so little, the one certain fact fully established concerning them being, that they kept Easter at a different date from that appointed by Rome. The King, though no scholar, would seem to have been a linguist in his way, since he spoke both languages—by which we suppose is meant the Saxon and either Celtic or Pictish, a most difficult question to determine—with a smattering of Latin; and was thus able to act as Margaret's mouthpiece in her arguments. She found fault with the Celts not only for the date of their Easter, but for their habit of not communicating at that festival. It is very curious to note in their answer the very same reason which has prevailed in later days among all the changes

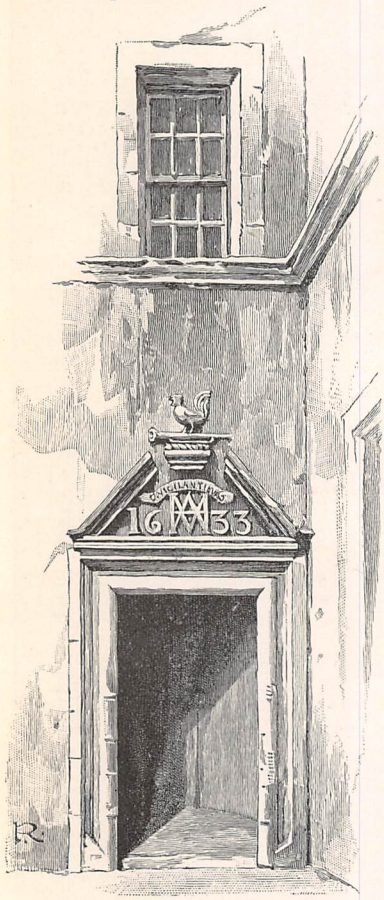
of faith and ceremonial, and is still put forth in Highland parishes as an excuse for the small number of communicants. The Celtic priests and bishops defended their flocks by citing the words of St. Paul, in which that Apostle says that those who eat and drink unworthily eat and drink condemnation to themselves. So, according to Theodoric, the Celtic party in the Church answered Margaret: and so would their descendants, the "Men" of the Highlands, answer at this day. The integrity of the tradition is very remarkable. On the other hand, they offended the devout Queen by their neglect of Sunday, a reproach which cannot be addressed to their descendants.



QUEEN MARY'S BATH.

These theological discussions between the fair and learned Queen and the Highland ecclesiastics and anchorites, carried on by means of her chief convert her husband, whom love for her had taught to respect and share in her devotion, must have afforded many picturesque and striking scenes, though unfortunately there was no modern observer there to be interested and amused, but only Theodoric standing by, himself very hot upon the atrocity of a miscalculated Easter, and perhaps helping his royal mistress here and there with an argument. Naturally his story is especially full upon the religious side of Margaret's life—her much prayer, her humility and reverence during the services of the Church, an intent and silent listener to all teachings, only a little disposed to rebel now and then when her confessor passed too lightly over her faults. As for her charities they were boundless. It was not for nothing that the blood of St. Ursula, and that which was to give life to still another saint, Elizabeth of Hungary, was in her veins. It is needless to say that nobody in those days had discovered the evil of indiscriminate almsgiving, which was, on the contrary, considered one of the first of Christian virtues. Margaret was the providence of all the poor around her. Her biographer tells us naïvely, with no sense that the result was not one to be proud of, that the fame of

her bounty and kindness brought the poor in crowds to every place where she was. When she went out they crowded round her like children round their mother. When she had distributed everything she had of her own she took garments and other things from her courtiers and attendants to give away, a spoliation to which they consented willingly, knowing that the value of everything thus appropriated would be returned to them—an excellent reason for acquiescence. This "rapine of piety" was so strong in her that she sometimes even appropriated to her poor certain of the gold pieces which it was the King's custom to offer at Easter to the Church—a pious robbery which Malcolm pretended not to perceive until he caught her in the act, when he accused her with a laugh of tender amusement for her rapacity. In all the touches by which the sympathetic priest delineates the union of this pair there is something at once humorous and pathetic in the figure of the King, the rough old warrior, always following with his eyes the angelic saintly figure by his side, all believing, half adoring, and yet not without that gleam of amusement at the woman's absolute unhesitating enthusiasm—an amusement mingled with admiration and respect, but still a smile—a delighted surprise at all her amazing ways, and wonder what she might do next, though everything in his eyes was perfect that she did—such as may still be seen in the eyes of many a world-worn husband looking on at the movements of that directer, more simple, yet more subtle being, and the quick absolutism and certainty of the bright spirit at his side. The grey-bearded old soldier, leader of many a raid and victor in many a struggle with this new revelation of beauty and purity bursting upon his later life, becomes to us a recognisable and friendly human soul in these glimpses we have of him, unintentional and by the way. Theodoric himself must have liked Malcolm, half-barbarian as he was, and even admired the look of ardent supplication which would come into the King's face, "a great intentness and emotion," such as seemed to him extraordinary in a secular person, and which his wife's beautiful example and the contagion of her piety alone could have developed.



DOORWAY OF SIR A. AITCHESON'S HOUSE IN BAKEHOUSE CLOSE.

Among Margaret's many duties there was one which throws a very strange light upon the time. Just before her arrival in Scotland, King Malcolm had been carrying fire and sword through Northumberland in one of the many raids over the Border which were the commonplace of the time—if indeed we may speak of the Border at such an unsettled and shifting period when the limits of the kingdoms were so little certain. The issue of this raid was that Scotland, probably meaning for the most part Lothian, the southern portion of the country, was filled with English captives, apportioned as slaves, or servants at least, through the entire population, so that scarcely a house was without one, either male or female. The Queen interested herself particularly in these captives, as was natural; sometimes paying the ransom exacted for them, and in all cases defending and protecting them. Her emissaries went about among them inquiring into their condition and how they were treated, visiting them from house to house: and all that Margaret could do to mitigate the evils of their captivity was done. Nothing can be more strange than to realize a time when Northumbrian prisoners of war could be house slaves in Fife or Lothian. No doubt what was true on one side was true on the other, and Scotch captives had their turn of similar bondage.

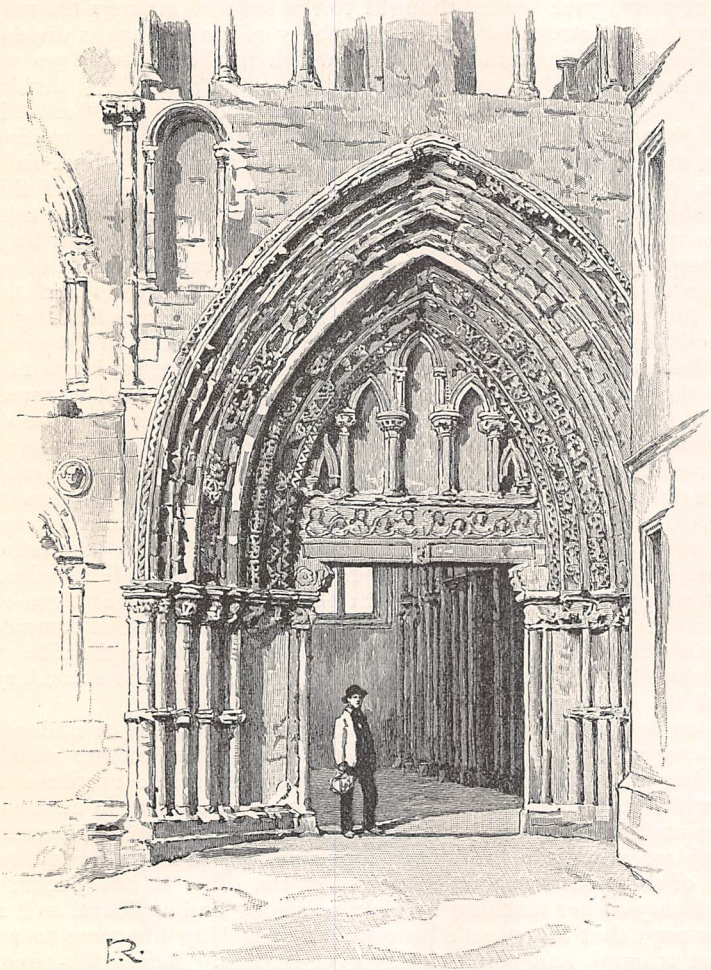
In these days the ancient county which her children love to call the Kingdom of Fife was, far more than Edinburgh, then a mere fortress standing up on an invulnerable rock in the middle of a fertile plain, the centre of the national life. Not only was

the King's residence at Dunfermline, but the great Cathedral of St. Andrews was the ecclesiastical capital, gradually working out that development of Roman supremacy and regularity which soon swept away all that was individual in the apostleship of St. Columba and the faith of his followers. That the King and Queen were frequently at Edinburgh is evident from the fact that Margaret had her oratory and chapel on the very apex of the rock, and had there established a centre of worship and spiritual life. St. Andrews, however, was the centre of influence, the shrine to which pilgrims flowed, and the pious queen, in her care for every office of religion, and eagerness to facilitate every exercise of piety, gave special thought to the task of making the way easy and safe towards that holy metropolis. The Canterbury of the north was divided from the other half of Malcolm's kingdom by that sea which in these later days we are making so many efforts to bridge over and shorten—"the sea which divides Lothian from Scotland," according to the chronicler, "the Scottish Sea," as it is called by others, the mighty Firth, which to the rude galleys of the little trading villages along its shores must have been a sea dangerous and troubled, full of risks and perils. The Queen, we are told, built houses of shelter on either side of this angry strait, and established what we should call a line of passenger boats to take the pilgrims over at the expense of the State. One wonders how much or how little of State policy might mingle in this pious act: for no doubt the establishment of an easy and constant means of communication between the wealthy Lothians and the then centre of national life must have been of unspeakable use in consolidating a kingdom still so imperfectly knit together and divided by the formidable line of the great estuary. It is one drawback of a religious chronicler that no such motive, large and noble as it might be, is thought of, since even national advantage counted so much less than the cultivation of piety. And it is very likely that Margaret thought of nothing else, and reckoned a prayer at the shrine of the patron saint as far more important than the inter-communications thus established and the knowledge of each other thus acquired by the different parts of a kingdom which still retained the differences of separate nationalities. A mingled aim, a practical motive, might not have accomplished half so much; but no doubt among Malcolm's men, his greybeards pondering in council, or perhaps himself thinking of many things as he protected all his wife's schemes, there was a dawning perception, along with the undoubted advantages of piety, of a national use in the quickened intercourse and securely established communications. If so he would probably blame himself for a mixed motive by the side of Margaret's pure and absolute heavenly-mindedness, yet take pleasure in the secondary unacknowledged good all the same.

Thus their life went on for nearly a quarter of a century in a course of national development to which everything contributed, even the love of splendour which Margaret brought with her, and her artistic tastes, and the rage for decoration and beautiful surroundings which had then begun to be so strong an element in national progress. She had many children in the midst of all these labours and public interests, seven sons and two daughters, whom she brought up most carefully in all the perfection of her own faith. Three of these sons succeeded one after the other to the Scottish throne, and proved the efficacy of her teaching by piety as strong and as liberal as her own. It was in the year 1093 that Margaret's beautiful and touching life came to an end, in great sorrow yet triumph and pious victory over trouble. Before this time, but at a date not indicated in the narrative, she had parted with her friend and biographer Theodoric, probably not very long before her own death, as we are told that she was oppressed by forebodings, or rather premonitions of death and sorrow, of which she spoke to him with tears. When the moment of separation came both penitent and confessor, so long united in the closest bonds of sympathy, wept sore. "Farewell," said the Queen; "I shall not live long, but you will live long after me. Remember my soul in your prayers, and take care of my children; cease not to teach and admonish them, especially when they are raised to great estate." He made the promise with tears, not daring to contradict her by happier auguries, and in this way took his last farewell of the Queen, and never saw her more. He continues his story however, taking it from the lips of a priest who remained with her during the rest of her life, probably also a Saxon, since he too became a monk of St. Cuthbert's on Margaret's death.

The narrative goes on with an account of the declining health of the Queen. For more than six months she had been unable to mount a horse, or sometimes even

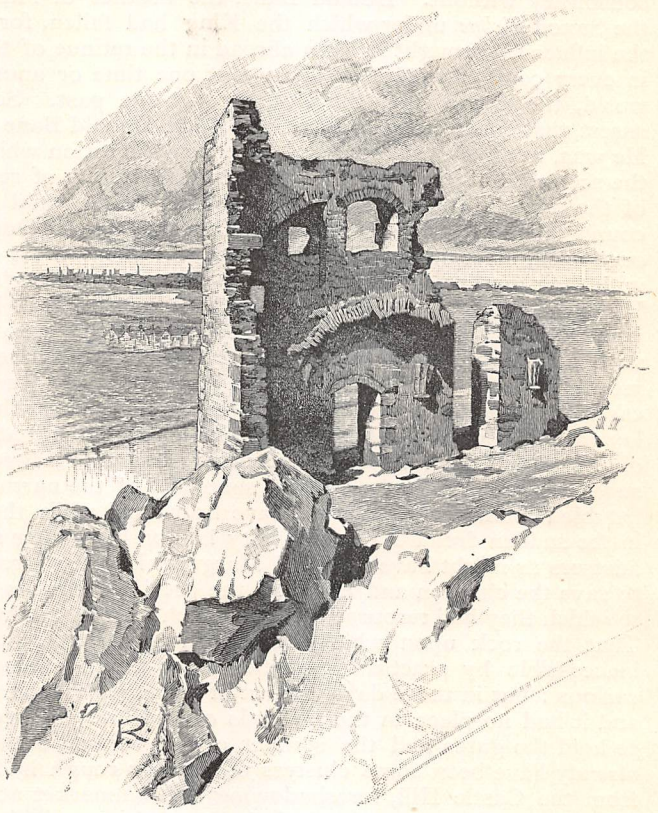
to rise from her bed, when the King set forth upon one of his raids into England, on what provocation or with what motive it is difficult to tell, except that the provocation was perpetual and the motive persistent, the leading rule of life. His two elder sons accompanied him on this expedition, which for some reason Margaret had opposed, "much dissuading" him from going; but this time, unfortunately, had not been hearkened to. Probably she set out along with him, on her way to Edinburgh to pass the time of his absence there, which was a place where news could be had more readily than beyond the sea in Fife. The solitary castle, high perched upon its hill, whence messengers could be seen approaching, or, better still, the King's banners coming back, was a fitter home for an anxious wife than the palace over the Firth among its woods. How long she remained there we are not told, and there are now unhappily no articulate remains at all of the old stronghold which then crowned that height, with its low massive walls and rude buildings. The oldest relic in Edinburgh is the little sanctuary, plain and bare as a shed, deprived of all appearance of sanctity, and employed for vulgar uses for many centuries, which was at length discovered by its construction, the small dark chancel arch and rude ornament, to have been a chapel, and which there seems no doubt is at least built upon the site consecrated for Margaret's oratory, if not the very building itself. It is small enough and primitive enough, with its little line of toothed ornament, and its minute windows sending in a subdued light even in the very flush of day, to be of any antiquity. I believe that the fortunate antiquary who had the happiness of discovering it, Sir Daniel Wilson, now of Toronto, does not feel secure in claiming for this little chapel the distinction of being the very building itself which Margaret erected. Yet the interested spectator may well permit himself to picture the sick and anxious Queen, worn out with illness and weighed down by sore forebodings, kneeling there in the faint light before the shadowed altar, trying to derive such comfort as was possible from the ministrations of the priests, and following with her prayers her husband and her boys, so young still and not hardened to war, who might be falling by the hands perhaps of her own kindred, in the country which was hers, yet which she scarcely knew. In the intervals of these anxious prayers, when her failing strength permitted, how wistfully the Queen and her ladies must have gazed from the walls far around on every side to watch for the first appearance of any



WEST DOORWAY, HOLYROOD CHAPEL.

messenger or herald of return. From the woods of Dunfermline and its soft rural landscape, and the new abbey with its sweet singing and all its magnificence, it must have been a change indeed to dwell imprisoned so near the sky, within the low, stern rugged walls of the primitive fort, with a few rude houses clinging about it, and the little chapel on the rock, small and dark, as the only representative of the stately arches and ornate services which she loved. But the little chapel is deeply involved in all the later history of Margaret's life.

One day her attendants remarked that she was even more sad than her wont, and received a reply which must have made them tremble. "Perhaps to-day," she said, "a great evil has fallen upon the Scots, such as has not happened to them for years." Her hearers however made as light as they could of this prophetic foreboding, which might be but a deepened impression of the prevailing despondency in her heart. No doubt that must have been a melancholy night in the fortress, where the women who had husbands or sons or brothers in the distant army would cluster together in the antechamber and watch for the attendants who came and went behind the curtain into the sick chamber where the Queen, visibly sinking day by day, lay sleepless and sad, listening for every sound. Terrors surrounded the castle for the personal safety of its occupants as well as for their brethren in the wars; and no doubt there would be whispers of the King's brother, Donald Bane, and of the watchful, jealous Celtic chiefs all ready to rise with him, should an opportunity occur, and dash the stranger brood from the throne. All these sad prognostications were quickly realized. Next morning brought messengers in fear and distress from the army to say that the King had fallen at Alnwick in Northumberland, and to prove that Margaret's prophecy had been fulfilled at the very time it was spoken. It was November, dark and cheerless both within and without, and the Queen would seem to have been prostrated for a day or two by the sad news; but on the fourth day she rose from her bed and tottered to the little chapel on the rock to hear mass for the last time, and receive the Holy Sacrament in preparation for her end. She then returned to her rooms with the pallor of death already on her face, and bidding all around—"me," says the priest, "and the others who stood by"—to recommend her to Christ, asked that the black rood should be brought to her. This was the most holy of all the relics which she had brought with her to Scotland. It was a case of pure gold in the form of a cross, ornamented with marvellous work, bearing the image of the Saviour curiously carved in ivory, and enclosing a portion of the true cross (proved to be so by many miracles). The Queen took it in her hands, pressed it to her dying breast, and touched it with her eyes and face. While thus devoutly employed, with her thoughts diverted from all earthly things, Margaret was brought back to her sorrow by the sudden entrance of her son Ethelred, who had returned from the defeated army to carry to his mother



ST. ANTHONY'S CHAPEL.

the dreadful news of the death not only of his father but of his elder brother. The sight of his mother in extremity, almost gone, no doubt confused the poor boy, still little more than a stripling, and with that weight of disaster on his head—and he answered to her faltering inquiry at first that all was well. Margaret adjured him by the holy cross in her arms to tell her the truth : then when she heard of the double blow, burst out in an impassioned cry. "I thank Thee, Lord," she said, "that givest me this agony to bear in my death hour." Her life had been much blessed ; she had known few sorrows ; it was as a crown to that pure and lovelit existence that she had this moment of bitterest anguish before God gave to His beloved sleep.

While this sad scene was enacting within, the country was full of tumult and conspiracy without. Donald Bane, the brother of Malcolm, had no doubt chafed at the Saxon *régime* under which the King had fallen, for years, and struggled against the influences brought in from abroad in the retinue of the foreigner, as has been done in every commonwealth in history at one time or another. He represented the old world, the Celtic rule, the traditions of the past. Some of the chroniclers indeed assert that Malcolm was illegitimate and Donald Bane the rightful heir to the crown. He was, at all events, a pretender kept in subjection while Malcolm's strong hand held the sceptre, but ready to seize the first opportunity of revolution. No doubt the news of the King's death, and of that of his heir, would run like wildfire through the country ; but it would seem that the attempt of Donald must have been already organized, since his siege of Edinburgh, where most of his brother's children were with their mother, placed there for safety in the King's absence, had already begun. Upon the death of the Queen Donald was not likely to have treated the royal children who stood in his way with much mercy ; and the state of affairs was desperate when young Ethelred, the third of her sons, not yet arrived at man's estate, closed his mother's eyes, and found himself at the head of the weeping family shut up within the castle, surrounded by precipices on every side except that upon which his angry uncle lay with all the forces of the discontented in Scotland at his back, all the lovers of the old *régime* and enemies of the stranger, and with a fierce contingent from Norway to support his Celtic horde. In the simplicity of the narrative we hear not a word of the troubled councils which must have been held while the boy-prince in his sorrow and in the sudden dreadful responsibility laid on his young shoulders, turned to such wise advisers as might have followed Margaret into the stronghold, and took thought how to save the children and carry off the precious remains of the Queen. The expedient to which they had recourse was one which their assailants evidently thought impossible. That the rock upon which Edinburgh Castle stands should have been considered inaccessible by practical mountaineers like the followers of Donald Bane seems curious : but in those days the art of climbing for pleasure had not been discovered, and it had no place in the methods of warfare. It seemed enough to the assailants to hold the gates and the summit of the eastern slopes, where probably there must already have been some clusters of huts or rough half-fortified dwellings descending from the Castle Hill, foreshadowing a Lawnmarket at least if not yet a Canongate. No one would seem to have thought of the possibility of any descent on the other side from that perpendicular rock.

But despair sharpens the wits, and no doubt after many miserable consultations a desperate expedient was found. Even now nothing but a goat, or a schoolboy, or perhaps a young private fearful of punishment, could find a way down the wonderful curtain of rock which forms the west side of Edinburgh Castle ; and to guide the children and their attendants, a sorrowful little group of mourners, distracted with grief and fear, and Margaret's body in its litter, down those rocks where there was scarcely footing for an alert and experienced climber, must have been one of the most difficult as it was one of the boldest of undertakings. While the rebel host raged on the other side, and any traitor might have brought the enemy round to intercept that slow and painful descent, it was accomplished safely under cover of "a great myst," Heaven, as all thought, helping the forlorn fugitives by that natural shield. Mists are no rare things, as everybody knows, on these heights. Perhaps it was the well-known easterly haar, the veil of salt-sea fog which Edinburgh so often wraps round her still, which, blowing up from the mouth of the Firth, enveloped the travellers and hid them in its folds of whiteness, impenetrable by the keenest scrutiny, till they had safely reached the level ground, and stealing down to the Queen's Ferry escaped to loyal Fife and their home in Dunfermline. Needless to say that this mist was a

miraculous agency to all the family and servants of the Queen. To us it adds a touch of local colour, the well-known symbol of a familiar scene. Edinburgh was then nothing but a castle upon a rock, and now is one of the fairest and most celebrated of historical cities; but still its perpendicular crags rise inaccessible against the setting sun, and still the white mist comes sweeping up from the sea.

It is to the credit of the priests that this is the only miracle that is connected with the name of Margaret, if we except the pretty legend which tells a hundred years later, when her descendants removed the remains of the saint from the place where they had been deposited to lay them before the high altar in Dunfermline, the coffin in which they were placed could not be carried past the humble spot in which lay, brought back from Northumberland, the bones of her King. The cortège stopped perforce, the ceremonial had to be interrupted, for all the force of all the bearers could not carry even in death the faithful wife from her husband; and the only thing it was found that could be done was to transport Malcolm along with the partner of his life to the place of honour, to which on his own account that rude soldier had but little claim. Many saints have had whims as to the place of their interment, and showed them in a similar way, but this is all sweetness and tender fidelity and worthy to be true. The royal pair were carried off afterwards, stolen away like so much gold or silver, by Philip of Spain to enrich his gloomy mausoleum palace, and can be traced for a long time in one place or another receiving that strange worship which attaches to the most painful relics of humanity. But where they now lie, if in the bosom of the kindly earth or among other dreadful remains in some sanctuary filled with relics, no one knows.

REID'S CLOSE, CANONGATE.

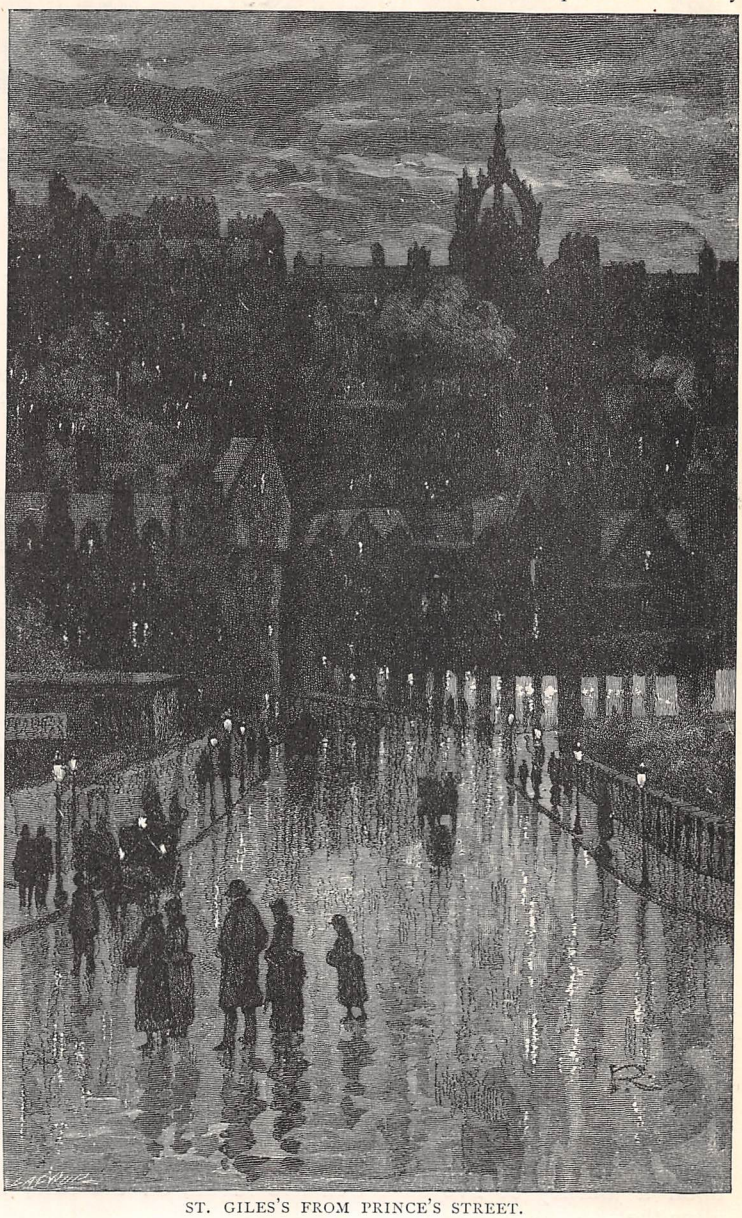
Margaret had done in her lifetime great things for Scotland. She had introduced comforts and luxuries of every kind, and the decorative arts, and a great deal of actual wealth into a very poor and distracted country. The earliest charter which is found in the Scottish archives is one of Malcolm and Margaret, showing how the time of settlement and established order began in their reign. She had helped to give the distracted and divided kingdom, made up of warring sects, that consolidation and steadiness which enabled it to take its place among recognised nations. She turned the wavering balance between Celt and Saxon to what has proved to be the winning side, the side of progress and advancement. The Donalds and Duncans were swept

away after a brief and bloody interval and were no more possible in Scotland after her, and the reign of the Anglo-Saxon was assured. She was apparently the instrument too, though there is little information on this subject, of drawing the Church of Scotland into that close union with Rome which had been already accomplished in England; a step which, if it lost some doubtful freedom and independence in ecclesiastical matters, secured still more completely a recognised place in Catholic Christendom to the northern kingdom. "The pure Culdee" of whom we know so little did not survive, any more than did the Celtic kings, her influence and the transformation she effected. Her life and legend formed the stepping-stone for Scotland into authentic history as into a consolidated and independent existence. The veil of fable and uncertainty cleared away before the mild shining of her name and story. Like Edinburgh coming suddenly into sight, as in some old and primitive picture, high upon its rock, with the slope of the Castle Hill on one side and the precipices round, and the white mist sweeping up from the sea, Scotland itself becomes recognisable and grows into form and order by the light of her peaceful and gracious presence.

ST. ANTHONY'S CHAPEL AND ST. MARGARET'S LOCH.

And it is something worth noting that this image of purity and excellence was no monkish vision of the purity of the cloister, but that more complete and at the same time more humble ideal of the true wife, mother, and mistress, whose work was in and for the world and the people, not withdrawn to any exceptional refuge or shelter—which has always been most dear to the Anglo-Saxon race. The influence of such an example in a country where manners and morals were equally rudimentary, where the cloister proved often the only refuge for women, and even that not always a safe one—must have been incalculable, and the protection of a virtuous Court an unspeakable gain. The gentle women who worked at their tapestry under Margaret's eye, and learned the gentler manners of other Courts and countries of old civilisation by her

side, and did their wooing modestly with the sanction of her approval, must have changed the atmosphere of the north in the most wonderful way and quickened every current of national development though the influence was remote and the revolution unperceived. And the influence of the Saxon princess upon history is still more evident. The chroniclers go back with a fond persistence to the story of Margaret and her sons, and the number of her family and the circumstances of her marriage and of her death. Before her there is little but fable; after her the stream of the national record flows clear. The story of Macbeth which is, yet is not, the Shakspearian drama, and accordingly takes quite a curious distinct flow of its own, like a new and imperfect version of something already familiarly known, is the only episode of secular history that has any reality before we come in the next generation, to herself and her King. The earlier annals of Adamnan, the life of Columba and the records of his sacred isle, belong to those ever-living ever-continuing legends of the saints in which the story of the nations counts for little. But Margaret was fortunately secular, and though a saint, a great and influential personage in the front of everything, and also a woman in the fullest tide of life to whom all human events were happening; who lived by love and died of grief, and reigned and rejoiced and triumphed as well as suffered and prayed.



ST. GILES'S FROM PRINCE'S STREET.

MY JOURNEY TO TEXAS.

By ARTHUR PATERSON.

FORT LINCOLN,
SANTANA, VEGAS COUNTY,
TEXAS.
April 2, 1879.

DEAR ELSIE,

I ventured to suggest a year ago to our respected sister, Lavinia, that it would do you no harm, and some others a great deal of good, if you spent a summer with me. You remember the answer? You were delicate, Texas was the land of chills, and I was not a fit person to be guardian of so irrepressible a subject as my small, but obstreperous, sister. What *you* wished did not appear until it was too late, so my plans were ruthlessly crushed, and Lavinia triumphed. This time I write to you, not Lavinia. You are nineteen, my dear, and if an American woman is ever going to have her own way she begins at nineteen. Will you come this year? And will you come at once? The wife wants you, I want you, and as for the boy, to see Aunt Elsie is the dearest wish of his heart. I do not expect a favourable reply. I have too much respect for the power of Lavinia's will and authority. Yet this letter shall go.

Your loving brother,
ADDISON WYNNE.

P.S.—If you can defy the powers that be, write *at once*, so that I may meet you at Santana. The cars will carry you there. I will come as far as Hobart Junction if I can. Are you afraid of the journey?

A. W.

Would I go? Of course I would. Did the foolish boy think there was only one will in the family? The dear old fellow; if he really wanted his useless, frivolous-minded little sister he should certainly have her. Lavinia was shocked at the idea, of course, but it was of no use. I said I *must* go, and I went.

I sent word, as I was told, the next day, and two weeks later I was rolling out of Chicago in a sleeper of the C. B. & Q. Railway, speeding westwards, fairly embarked upon a journey of five days and five nights on the cars, and a thirty mile drive after that.

It was a long journey to take alone, but there was no one to go with me, and I was not a child, and had an average allowance of wits, and felt sure I should make friends on the way.

How I was watched, and cared for, and waited upon by the railway officials. Conductors of trains have faults, I suppose, but they were very good to me. They got my tickets; they told me where to change; they brought me coffee; and until I got to Hobart Junction, where I hoped to find Addison, I might have been—I really was—surrounded by an army of protectors and friends. I looked anxiously up and down the platform at Hobart, but, alas! no Addison was to be seen. Well, I had come more than a thousand miles alone, assuredly I was capable of conveying myself fifty, and he would not fail to be at Santana; so there was nothing to worry about.

Nevertheless, when I found that there was only one day-car going on from Hobart; that I was to be the only woman on board, and that the pace at which we were to travel would not be more than ten miles an hour because the track was unsafe, my heart sank a little, I confess, for it was two o'clock in the morning, and I was very, very tired. There was a change of conductors, too—a change for the worse. The "boss" of this train was a large, roughly-dressed person with a hairy face, who stared at me as he arranged my bags and wraps upon a seat in front, in a way that was scarcely polite, and not at all reassuring. When he had finished his work he growled out in a gruff voice,

"Goin' to Fort Lincoln, this trip, I b'lieve?"

I replied with dignity that the commandant of the Fort was my brother, and then, leaning back in my seat, closed my eyes and pretended to slumber. This hint was sufficient, and to my great joy, after another prolonged stare, the man went about his business. When I was quite sure of this I opened my eyes and looked about me. It was a very shabby car; badly furnished, badly lighted, and badly ventilated; a smell of stale tobacco-smoke about it, which made me feel quite sick. I became very cross and gloomy. Addison ought to have met me before this. He knew I was alone, and must be aware what an emigrant-car was like. Perhaps this was a practical joke—he always liked practical jokes—and he hoped to frighten me. Well, he had not done that, at any rate. There was nothing to be frightened about. The men in the car scarcely noticed me at all, and though my conductor was gruff, his face was not forbidding—and he knew Addison. Soothed by these thoughts I closed my eyes in good earnest, and tried to sleep. I was accustomed to travelling now, and soon dropped into an uneasy doze and began to dream. I dreamed of a face I had not seen for a long, long while—the face of an old schoolfellow, Eric Proctor by name, who had gone out West some time ago, and was often mentioned by Addison in his letters. Eric was a nice boy before he went West, a clumsy, overgrown youth, but very amiable and good-natured, with a great head of yellow hair, and simple, honest, blue eyes. I don't know why I dreamed of Eric now; perhaps it was because he was the only person I knew in Texas besides the family; but I did dream of him very vividly. I thought I had arrived at Santana and found him on the platform instead of Addison. He looked very much older than he used to do, his face haggard and worn. He did not speak to me, but, taking my hand, led me away until we were out of sight of the station, and then lifted me on to a horse, which had appeared from I don't know where, and we went galloping away at a tremendous pace. I begged him to let me go, but he shook his head and spurred on faster. I began to feel cold and queer, as if he were made of ice and were freezing me. All at once he stopped with a sharp jerk, and with a cry flung me away, and I felt myself falling, falling as if from some great height—and awoke. The train was still. We had pulled up at a wayside station to water the engine, and I was shivering with the chill air. The dawn was at hand, and I slipped out of the train and walked briskly up and down to warm myself, and by the time the wants of the engine were satisfied the sun was rising, and I began to recover my spirits.

The car looked much shabbier by daylight than it had done before, but I cared little for that, for we were forty miles on our way, Santana would be reached in another hour and my troubles be over.

I tried to take interest in the appearance of the country, but it looked very uninteresting, and not a bit romantic. Only a dull extent of brown grass on either hand, stretching endlessly into space. The prairie, I was told. Where the antelope rove, and buffalo may still be seen—with a strong telescope!

At last a short bluff whistle from the engine like the bark of some giant dog, a movement among the passengers, and a jarring sensation beneath my feet. The goal of my desire was not far off. Now the door of the car was opened wide, and the conductor, who had kept away from me all the journey, came in from the baggage-van to take tickets. Mine was the last. He examined it with unnecessary deliberation, and then delivered himself of the following ominous remark:

"Now, say! why didn't ye write the colonel that yew were comin'?"

The familiarity of this address would have disgusted me at any ordinary time; but now I only began to feel miserably anxious.

"I did write," I replied breathlessly. "He will be at the station to meet me."

"He an't!"

The rejoinder came as sharply as the ping of an arrow. I jumped up with a lump in my throat, and looked out of the window.

The train had stopped, and most of the passengers were leaving it. There was no station or depot here; only a rough platform on one side of the line, with "Santana" painted in tipsy black letters on the rail, and a solitary log house a few yards away, with "Post Office" in white letters on the door. Yet this was undoubtedly my destination, and the conductor was right—Addison had not come. There were several rough, red-faced creatures lounging on the platform, wearing broad-brimmed hats, great riding boots, and prominent spurs; there were our passengers disappearing one by one into the log house in search of breakfast, but there was no Colonel Wynne. What could have happened? I turned from the window with a gasp, and met the eyes of the conductor looking down upon me with the grimmest expression I had ever seen.

"Well?" he said, with an exasperating interrogatory inflection on that expressive word.

"He cannot have received my letter," I observed hurriedly, striving to keep my voice clear and steady, while the lump in my throat grew and grew, and I wanted to cry very badly indeed. To avert this catastrophe I suggested that my belongings should be removed from the train. The conductor instantly became brisk and helpful, and we were soon passing by the red-faced men, who drew back to give us room, and stared with great round, stupid eyes, as if they had never seen a girl in a grey ulster before. We went straight to the post-office, and were met by the postmaster before we reached the door. He was a tall, dark man, with only one eye; a dreadfully ugly man, with a very dirty face and still dirtier hands—a wicked-looking man, I thought. The conductor greeted him as if they were old acquaintances.

"Seen Colonel Wynne lately, Hank?"

"A week ago—came for his mail."

"This is his sister."

Mr. Hank nodded, as if he were already aware of the fact, and stared very hard at me with his one eye.

"Is—is my brother here?" I ventured to ask, just for something to say.

"He's at the Fort, miss."

"And how far off is that?"

"Thirty mile—bee-line."

My heart began to beat at a very uncomfortable rate. A horrible state of things!

"Would you kindly advise me what to do?"

"Breakfast," struck in the conductor decidedly. "You've eat nothing for ten hour."

"Thank you," I answered politely. "I am hungry; but I want to know how I am to get to Fort Lincoln?"

This question was not to be answered at once. Neither of the men seemed to hear it, and, without further ceremony, ushered me into the house, through one long room full of men with a stove in the middle of it, a liquor bar, and several small tables, to a small room behind, where there were heaps of blankets scattered about, a rough bedstead, one chair, and a table.

"Sit down," said the postmaster, pointing to the chair. I obeyed, feeling very forlorn and helpless. It was a dreadful position to be in. There did not seem to be a woman anywhere; I was thirty miles from my brother, with no visible means of reaching him; and this dreadful one-eyed man was master of the situation. A whispered colloquy, lasting several minutes, now took place between the postmaster and the conductor, after which the former, whose name I subsequently discovered to be Mr. Hank Wybrow, turned to me and cleared his throat as though he were about to address a camp-meeting.

"There's but two things to be done, miss, as far as we kin see, and you must fix on which road suits ye best. Kunnel Wynne don't expect you, I reckon, so you'll have to hunt him, or send and git him to come for yew. I can't poke up much acommodation here; and there ain't a woman nearer than the Fort just now; but if you 'lect to stay, I'll fix what I may to-night and send a boy to the kunnel. If this ain't good enough I'll see if any one is bound Fort Lincoln way with a waggon to take ye there. Think it out, will ye? while I dish breakfast, and let me know your mind in an hour."

This was very fairly said. I thanked Mr. Wybrow for his offers, and was able to bid farewell to the conductor, who had another ten miles to travel, with a stout heart.

It did not take me long to make up my mind. I cannot say that I relished the idea of a thirty mile drive with a stranger, but while breakfast was in course of preparation a little incident happened that made this difficulty seem a very small one. The room I was in was lighted by one square window not far from the ground, and after the postmaster had left the room, I saw three pairs of eyes, belonging to the rough faces of some of the men I had seen on the platform, staring fixedly at me. They disappeared with great quickness when they saw that I was aware of their scrutiny; but the feeling of being watched was very unpleasant, and I felt that I would not pass a night at Santana on any account.

Mr. Wybrow appeared relieved when I told him this, and when he brought up breakfast introduced a man who owned a waggon, and guaranteed to arrive at Fort Lincoln before sundown.

I can see the fellow now, though it is ten years since that day. A very thin man, of middle height, dressed in neat brown canvas clothes. His hair was very smooth, parted in the middle, and carried back behind his ears as tightly as if it were bound with rope. He had a small round head, a flat nose, brown eyes, rather dull and expressionless, very high cheek bones, and thick lips. An ugly man, yet quiet and modest in manner and speech, with a soft well-modulated voice. He was inclined to be bald, stooped in his gait, and seemed a rather stupid and altogether insignificant kind of person. A "doctor of medicine" he called himself, and added with some dignity that he was a "friend of Colonel Wynne's."

I trusted him. His quiet voice was a relief after the harsh speech of Mr. Wybrow, and my one object in life just then was to get away from those horrible staring eyes. In less than an hour I was by his side, jolting along the Fort Lincoln road, behind a stout team of mules.

I cannot remember now how far we went before I began to feel nervous and uncomfortable. I know that it was a long way; for I remember congratulating myself upon having left Santana, because my companion told me that the late postmaster had been murdered by cowboys a week or two ago—this was doubtless how my letter miscarried—and that the station was known to be one of the worst haunts for rowdies in the county. But the time came at length when he fell quite silent, and I then found that whenever I turned my head to view the prairie about us, his eyes rested upon my face. Oh, how terrible it was! I edged away from him to the farthest corner of the seat, and felt more and more helpless and unnerved every moment. The suspense did not last long. When he perceived my fears he boldly raised his eyes and looked at me with a smile of the most horrible kind. Then he laughed softly, a dry hard laugh. I tried to speak now, but my throat was dry and parched, and my tongue seemed paralysed. He laughed again, louder, and stooping quickly, pulled up the mules with a jerk. I knew what was coming now, and before he could touch me sprang from the waggon. He followed me with the swift, silent movement of a snake, and as I turned to meet him, for I could not run, he laughed for the third time. The sound roused me. I tried to seize his throat with both hands. I felt that I could kill him for that laugh. But, oh! the weakness of a woman! Why are we not as strong as men? He caught my wrists in his hard, brown fingers; my arms were forced back, powerless and helpless, as if held in iron bands. I screamed now, in good earnest, and struggled against him with all my strength and soul, and all the time I felt his grip grow tighter and tighter—his muscles were of steel. Suddenly he relaxed his hold, and stood still, and his flushed face became colourless and livid, as if I had accomplished my desire and he was dying. Then he let me go, starting from me as if I were some poisonous thing: and dropping on his knees, he bent his head to the ground and listened. When he rose to his feet a moment later he reeled and staggered like a drunken man, looking at me wildly with the expression of some hunted beast of prey. I stared at him dumbfounded for a moment, feeling very giddy and sick; and then I knew what he had heard. We were in a hollow, between two rolls of prairie, and could not see far on either side, but sound carries a long way in this country, and even my unaccustomed ears now caught a low rumbling thunder, becoming louder every instant—the flying hoofs of galloping horses. It came from behind; some one had followed us. Whoever it might be the wretched man who had

betrayed his trust was likely to get short shrift. He knew it well, and now threw himself on his knees at my feet, muttering, in a hoarse whisper,

"Come back to the waggon. They'll murder me in cold blood else, before your eyes. I swear I was only fooling. I had not a wrong thought in my heart. Save me, save me!"

I was willing to do that, much as I loathed the creature, for he had not hurt me; but I could not go back to the waggon. I began to feel very faint and queer; the sensation of safety, after the horrible tension a minute ago, was a severe reaction, and almost too much for me. The poor wretch saw this, and his muttered supplication rose to a bitter cry.

"They are cowboys; they've heard your call. They'll tear me in pieces if you drop. Don't! Oh, my God! my God!"

I set my teeth hard. I would *not* yield to my weakness. Bad as his intentions were, I could not let him be killed. With a great effort I managed somehow to keep my head steady, and then my rescuers swept over the hill, and the danger was over.

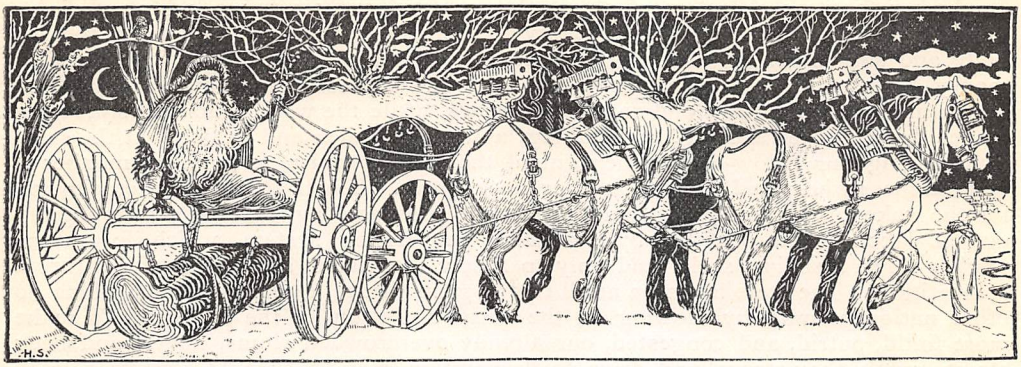
Twelve mounted men there were, riding at a tearing gallop, with free bridle rein. They gave a tremendous shout when they saw us, and then there was a great flash of steel and silver, as twelve revolvers sprang from sheath, and were cocked and made ready for use. The poor wretch at my feet buried his face in his hands, and crouched in terror, and I felt very nervous indeed, for these cowboys looked dreadfully fierce. On they came, silent now, many of them with bare knives between their teeth. No wonder this guilty creature was in despair. I went forward to meet them, and was about to speak, when a hat was waved wildly, a hearty voice greeted me, and I saw a face that I knew. It was Eric's, pale and stern, as I had seen it in my dream, but handsomer, very much handsomer; and in another instant he was off his horse, and shaking both my hands until my fingers positively ached. I was in safe keeping, now, indeed!

* * * * * * *

I have little more to tell. It took all Eric's influence and my entreaties to save the wretched man. But it was done in the end, and we were soon on our way to the Fort. There I found out that the very cowboys I had dreaded so much at Santana were instrumental in causing the timely arrival of the rescue party. They had their suspicions, and when Eric—who rode into Santana half an hour after I left it—said he should follow me, they volunteered to a man.

I may pass over Addison's astonishment when we arrived at the Fort. He had never received my letter. We had a most joyful time that day; but I think what interested me most were some words I overheard Addison say to Eric Proctor:—"You must stay a month at least with us. We don't often see you, and now that Elsie is here—!"

Eric did stay; and I am bound to admit that he made the most of his time. Before I went back to Chicago we were engaged to be married.



THE DOCKERS' STORY.

By BENJAMIN TILLETT.

THE tale of the dockers has during the last few months been told by many people and in many different ways. The subject too has been discussed from several standpoints and applied to suit various views. But since the dockers include in their ranks all sorts and conditions of men, it is only natural that their grievances should be aired for them by all sorts and conditions of writers and speakers. It is not my intention in this paper to take away from or add to what so many kind friends have said and done in our behalf, nor am I going to pay off old scores upon the Dock Directors or contradict the many injurious statements which our foes have not hesitated to make; but as secretary of the Dock Labourers' Union and the originator and organizer of the late strike I should like to tell the readers of the ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE my own story in my own way.

Few outsiders can form any adequate opinion of the docker's life. "Horrible London" is painfully and acutely realized by our "class" in all its agonizing torment and debasement. To obtain employment we are driven into a shed, iron-barred from end to end, while outside a foreman or contractor walks up and down with the air of a dealer in a cattle market, picking and choosing from a crowd of men, who in their eagerness to obtain employment trample each other under foot, and like beasts fight for the chances of a day's work. I have often pictured the home of the working man under the best conditions, with the comforts which a simple life can enable him to enjoy; and a house replete with such things that give rest after a hard day's toil. I have pictured the working man at his fireside, listening to the music and the shouts and laughter of happy and well-nourished childhood, which fill with joy the mother's heart. The man who is a husband and father in such a scene feels the dignity of his manhood; surely this is not too much for any man with heart and brain to aspire to! We do not blame our employers for discharging us from three to six months in the year in a manner that cannot be avoided; but what we must blame them for is, that while we are at work, they grind us down to a paltry pittance, which allows of no provision for the dark days that are to come upon us.

If this cutting-down process and keen competition continues it means absolute starvation for us, and ultimate ruin for our employers. To provide against such an undesirable condition we are banded together with a hope that in protecting ourselves we shall give such stability to the trade that will not permit of this unhealthy cheapening of labour and ruinous competition; for we know only too well that our class is the first affected; we therefore want the principle that we have expounded to so take root that it may grow and spread among those who may be engaged in this kind of labour.

The influx of continental pauperism only aggravates and multiplies the number of ills which press so heavily upon us. Foreigners come to London in large numbers, and herd together in habitations unfit for beasts. Immediately they have mastered their trade, they send off to the different continental towns for more of their countrymen,

employing them on a system of abject slavery, forcing them to work day and night, providing them with food in such scanty quantities that it is barely sufficient to keep body and soul together, and a few pence at the end of the week by way of pocket money. As soon as each one has learned enough he follows the example taught him by the man he worked for, and so the evil grows, while the work is done at starvation wages, both in the tailoring, shoemaking, and other trades and callings, at the same time driving our fellow-countrymen out of the various trades, to swell the number of starved faces who plead for work at our dock gates. The tradesmen and employers, for the sake of present gain, ruin their future prospects by crushing all the dignity out of labour, and profiting by a gradual pauperizing system, which forces the worker down a sliding scale, and only to follow themselves as a result of cut-throat competition. The state looks on at all this in grim silence, guilty of an act which no other nation permits, by allowing all the dregs and scum of the Continent to make more fœtid, putrid, and congested, our already overcrowded slums, alleys, and back streets, while they starve, and drive to desperation, men that would have been good citizens, good patriots, bearing and discharging every social responsibility with credit to themselves and honour and glory to their country.

In the summer of 1887, after twelve years' service on the wharves,[1] I left active work and became the secretary of the "Tea Coopers and General Labourers' Association," a society comprising in its ranks labourers from all the docks and most of the wharves in London. The object of the Association[2] is to abolish the system of contract and sub-contract work which manufactures a class of men who are glad enough for an hour's work to pay for a "fo'p'ny doss"; and to bring about the employment of labour on a system of greater regularity and better pay—results that we hope to effect by legitimate combination.

The dock labourers as a class are so poor that the formation of the Union was a very difficult task. We managed, however, after great exertions to collect a band of about 2,500 men. The task, however, of keeping the Union together seemed well nigh desperate, and although we received outside aid from many kind friends still the numbers gradually fell off. In work of this kind, unless one can constantly carry on the business of organization, which is only to be done by speaking at meetings and explaining to the men over and over again the objects in view, it is impossible to keep a Union together. Unfortunately about a year ago my health gave way and I was unable to take the personal part I had hitherto done in gathering together the men and addressing them from time to time. I had to leave my post and seek rest. It was not long, however, before my health was restored and I was enabled once more to resume the lectures to the men in the early morning at the dock gates, and to go in and out among them, exhorting them to combine. But the Union had meanwhile fallen to 300, and it required almost superhuman efforts to get it up again. However, at the time of the strike we mustered 800.

Since the formation of the Union I had made many efforts to get the case of the dock labourers placed before Parliament, but it was not until the Committee of the House of Lords was holding its inquiry into the Sweating System in the tailoring and other trades that I succeeded in obtaining a hearing. Even then the chances of the men's grievances being heard seemed likely to fall to the ground, as my first application was rejected by the committee. After a personal interview, however, with Lord Dunraven, to whose influence with the committee I believe we are indebted for being heard at all, I received a notice to attend at the House of Lords, with the result that an investigation extending over a fortnight was made into the system of employment at the docks. Over twenty witnesses, representing both employers and employed, were examined, and thus for the first time the complaints of the dock labourers were fairly brought to the notice of the public.

Without going into the minor causes of dissatisfaction I will here give a list of the principal grievances under which we have suffered. These grievances, which are identical with those laid before the Sweating Committee, led to the late strike which has gained for us so much sympathy at home and in the Colonies.

Under the contract system an undue amount of profit is absorbed by the contractors and sub-contractors, who come between the men and their employers.

[1] Work on the wharves is identical with work at the docks, with the exception of the unloading of vessels.
[2] Now called "The Dock, Wharf, Riverside, and General Labourers' Union of Great Britain and Ireland."

The system of *plus* works unfairly to the casual labourer, and we have no means of ascertaining how the amount of *plus* is calculated.

No minimum time is fixed for which men are engaged, but they are taken on at irregular times, and liable to be dismissed at any hour.

Men are made to work before and after the time for which they are paid.

No spells are allowed to the men, who when there is a glut of shipping sometimes work all day and all night.

Owing to the irregular way in which labour is taken on the men have to wait at the dock gates in an indescribable state of abjection, perhaps for days, on the chance of getting work.

Favouritism and unfairness prevail in engaging labour.

Men are employed at the docks under two systems—task work and contract work. In the former case the men who are engaged by the Dock Company direct are paid at the rate of 5*d.* an hour, with a *plus*. A certain sum of money is allowed for discharging a ship. This sum is fixed by the warehouse-keeper, according to the minimum and maximum rate per ton settled by the Company. If the ship works out at less than the price fixed upon, the money so gained is shared among the men and called *plus*. The chances of getting a share in the *plus*, which is supposed to act as a stimulus to the men to work quicker and harder, is lessened by the opportunity given to the foreman to employ as few hands as possible to do the work. The basis of calculation is not only unknown to the men, but apparently is unknown to the officials themselves, since they are never able to give an explanation of how the calculation is arrived at, and the only intimation given to the men as to the amount earned is the declaration put up on a board after the ship has been discharged. It must also be borne in mind that the casual labourers do not share the *plus* in the same proportion as the preference men. Contract work is a system under which a contractor undertakes the work of unloading a vessel, piling the goods, marking and weighing them, and the various manipulations previous to delivery or trans-shipment.

Now as to the taking-on of the men. A bell rings half an hour before the time of employment. The foreman takes on his men, who are promptly drafted off to various parts of the docks, quays, sheds, warehouses, &c., but although called at 7.30, the docker's pay does not begin until 8 o'clock ; thus the ingenuity of the contractor is exercised in devising means to sweat the labourer, and by employing as few hands as possible and working them at a high pressure, they manage to reap a greater profit than would otherwise be the case. It is however but fair to say that the contract prices have gone down some fifty or sixty per cent. during the last sixteen years, while the wages of the men remain the same ; yet, by the means above stated, this loss is made up by sweating the men. [This is very fully explained in my evidence before the House of Lords' Sweating Committee, page 119 of the 2nd Report.]

Men are selected for ship-workers who possess a knowledge of setting up gear and fastening up gins.[1] They work in the hold, making the goods into sets, which are then drawn up by hydraulic cranes—a dangerous kind of work, as proved by the necessity of placing men on the hatchways to guide the crane-man in the raising and lowering of the goods, and giving warning in case of need to those below. This kind of labour is both hard and laborious, and requires much skill. The men engaged therein are intelligent and self-reliant, and in nearly all the disputes that have taken place at the docks, it is the men who do this kind of work who have been the first to take up the cudgels. The quay work, although perhaps less laborious, still requires skill, and, in some cases, almost a mathematical knowledge is necessary in order to measure at a glance the ground and estimate the quantity of goods that can be piled thereon.

Goods when taken from the vessel are either landed on the quay in sets or lowered down the shoots to be taken away by truckmen. An amusing feature in dock work now comes in. I allude to the rush made to seize a truck with wheels that run easily. Perhaps more altercations occur over the trucks than any other disputes between the men. A certain man is told off to oil these wheels, and the old dockers are pretty well on the alert to see that the work is done. The deal and grain work requires men of the greatest physical stamina, and it is only the strongest of dockers who are found able to perform this kind of work, which, in many cases, is responsible for premature old age and other unfortunate results.

[1] A kind of pulley.

Such are some of the conditions under which the docker works, but a chief cause of his dejected appearance and poverty is the irregular method of hiring. Unlike the system in force at Cardiff, Glasgow, and Liverpool, the London docker has to wait at the dock gates till he is hired, as there is no stated time for calling on.

To this grievance I made special reference in my evidence before the Sweating Committee, yet the writer of an able article on "Dock Labour" in the *Times* of August 29th stated that "There is no evidence upon the subject of the 'four hours' call,' which the Companies are now willing to concede."

That the writer was in error on this point is clearly shown in the following letter from Lord Dunraven, which appeared in the *Times* next day :—

SIR,—In the interesting summary given in the *Times* of to-day of the evidence from the docks taken before the House of Lords' Committee on the Sweating System, a mistake occurs which may be misleading.

In the paragraph dealing with "calls on" it is stated that "there is no evidence on the subject of the 'four hours' call' which the companies are now willing to concede." If your readers, however, will turn to the evidence of Mr. Tillett (Q. 12,812—24), of Mr. Gray (Q. 13,691—2), and of Colonel Birt (Q. 14,359—73), they will find that the matter was gone into before the Committee.

Yours obediently,

DUNRAVEN.

Without going into the history of the docks, I will give a few facts and figures relating to the same, leaving my readers to judge whether the accommodation provided is not greater than the trade of London demands, and whether the chances of paying the shareholders anything like a fair interest on their money is not exceedingly remote. At one time the Port of London may be said to have been without a rival, but Liverpool, Glasgow, Cardiff, Hull, Bristol, &c., have during the last few years been rapidly gaining ground, and ships that formerly loaded and unloaded exclusively in the London Docks now divide themselves among the various ports of the United Kingdom, with the result that the financial position of the port of London is at the present day very far from being in the position it might have been had its rivals not sprung into prominence.

Yet in face of this knowledge the Tilbury Docks were built at a cost of £4,000,000, and the Albert Dock at £2,000,000; while, in order to get the business for these docks, it became necessary to pay commissions to the merchants. Thus a heavy debt was incurred which the dock directors find very difficult to reduce, whilst at the same time the paying of interest to the shareholders on the capital invested is a knotty problem to solve. But this unwise endeavour to attract trade to the Port of London is no reason for allowing men to work at an employment which is both hard and dangerous,[1] for insufficient remuneration.

Even the introduction of machinery has had an adverse effect on the men employed at the docks, and renders their chances of obtaining work less than before its institution. Now a vessel of 5,000 tons can be discharged with greater dispatch than a vessel of 500 tons twenty years ago. This means that fewer hands are required for the work, while the rapidity of the sets allows no time for a spell. It was, however, the introduction of contract and sub-contract work that told most on the men. This system followed close upon the strike of 1872, which, while it gained for the men a rise of 20 per cent. in wages, brought in its train a system of sweating by which a man may have to work for 2½*d.* an hour.[2] I have heard our class designated as a "Lazy Crew." I could tell of numbers of cases where men have walked about looking for work until they have dropped down from sheer exhaustion. My heart has bled to see noble-hearted fellows with faces hungry and despairing. One case I heard of a man living in Bethnal Green, who on three consecutive days unsuccessfully tramped to the Albert Docks to get work without tasting food in the interval, and at last came home ill, only to be nursed by a sick wife and fed by neighbours already impoverished.

Notwithstanding the publicity given to our grievances last November, the Dock Companies allowed nine months to go by without making any effort to deal with the same, although, as even the opponents of the strike will allow, they had ample time and opportunity to deal with the position of affairs and endeavour to better the condition under which the men were working. That the publication of the Report of the House of Lords' Committee on the Sweating System was deferred to next Session

[1] As shown by the evidence of Mr. Preston and others before the Sweating Committee.

[2] For further evidence on this point see the Second Report of the Sweating Committee, p. 119.

is deeply to be regretted, since had the weight of that Report been brought to bear upon the directors it is possible that the claims of the dockers might have received that attention and satisfaction which was only wrung from them by the pressure of public sympathy, and by a strike of all hands, that, well supported as it was by funds from within and without, must have carried privation to many thousands of families.

A fortnight before the great strike I sent a letter to the dock officials, setting forth the claims of the men, and asking for some mild reforms. A formal acknowledgment was the only result of my application. At my usual Sunday morning meeting following I addressed the men on the great movements that have of late years tended to raise the status of the working classes. The lecture evidently led the men to think more of their own position, as next Sunday morning there was a much larger attendance, while on the following day, after discussion among themselves, a deputation came to me with a request that I would place the men's demands as drawn up by themselves before the dock officials, and ask that an answer should be given on the next day. No doubt the time was short, but then it must be remembered that I had written a fortnight before for milder reforms without receiving a satisfactory reply. The men were determined, and it was with difficulty that I prevailed upon them, when no answer was received to their application in the time stated, to continue to work for the remainder of the day.

On Wednesday, August 14th, a general strike was agreed upon, and after a meeting of the South Dock workers a procession was formed and a visit paid to the gates of the other docks. The enthusiastic shouts of the men soon acted as a call to arms to those working within. From the woodyard of the West India Dock the workers came out in hundreds, accompanied by a large body of stevedores. We then marched to the East India dock, and, with added recruits, proceeded to the Milwall Dock, returning with our forces to the West India Dock, where arrangements for the next day were made. On that day I addressed twelve meetings. At six o'clock the following morning we were astir, and found the ranks of the strikers largely increased. We marched our forces in procession to the West, East, South, Victoria and Albert Docks, and at each dock speeches were made by representatives of the men. From the docks we made a complete tour of the wharves from Limehouse to London Bridge, and finally held a large meeting on Tower Hill. On the third day of the strike we marched, with banners and brass bands, to the number of 10,000 through the City, and a deputation attended at the Dock House to discuss with the directors the points in dispute. The tone of the directors, however, was anything but conciliatory, and we could only get them to say that they would consider our demands. It was during our march to the City on that morning that I first met John Burns, who together with Tom Mann proved such friends to us during the strike. Later followed the mediation of the Lord Mayor, Cardinal Manning, and others. But what happened during the month of the strike is too well known to need repetition here. The dock directors were defeated on all points. The suggestion that the strike was the work of socialists and politicians is as untrue as it is unfair to the cause of labour. Neither socialism, creed, nor politics entered into the strike. The credit of the victory is due to the men themselves, and not to any speech-making from outsiders.

The rise in wages after November 4th will range from ten to thirty-five per cent., and will be shared by all connected with the shipping and wharf work. Even the carmen will benefit by the strike, and men whose connection with the docks is very remote will share in the benefit of the rise. So far as the docks are concerned the contract system may be said to have received its death blow, and already a feeling of mutual respect between employer and workman is arising. The strike has enabled the docker to appreciate what combination can do, and taught him more thoroughly to respect himself, his fellows, and his country. It now remains to keep the position gained.

If I were asked the best means to elevate the labouring man I should say give him opportunities wherein to exercise his capacity of resource; to utilize his latent energy, encourage him to cultivate an appreciation for art, and give him a knowledge of his country's history, her strength, and her future hopes. Such education could scarcely fail to teach obedience to Christian laws and enforce attention to home responsibilities. It would make the labouring man realize that in restraining all that is vicious within him and acting up to his better nature lies the greatest hope of future welfare to himself and prosperity to the country to which he belongs.

CRACOW.

By ADAM GIELGUD.

Illustrated by S. WITKIEWICZ.

THE traveller who, after having gone the usual round of the European cities famous for their antiquity and art treasures, seeks new impressions by extending his peregrinations to the ancient capital of the Polish kings, has his attention arrested on the Austro-Prussian frontier by a strange and desolate spot which strikes the imagination as a fitting scene for some dark unholy deed. A waste of sand, with hardly a tree or even a blade of grass, spotted here and there by a pool of slimy yellow water—such is the place where the territories of the three powers that partitioned Poland meet. To the north, in Russian Poland, lies Czenstochova, the renowned sanctuary of the "black Virgin" in the hill-monastery whose defenders beat back the Swedes in 1655 after a six months' siege, thereby producing such an outburst of patriotic enthusiasm in the Polish nation that Charles Gustavus and the whole of his army were driven out of the country; to the east is Cracow, where Sobieski was crowned and Kosciuszko took the oath of allegiance to the people as dictator.

There is probably no part of Europe which contains in so small a space so many historical landmarks conveying memories of national glory and disaster. But the inexorable train leaves no time to brood over the tragic fate of Poland. Soon it hurries you into an Arcadian region of gentle hills and fields waving with corn, past the stately mansion and park of the Potockis, until the spires and towers of Cracow come into sight. The first view of the city is picturesque and impressive: not so majestic as that of Prague from the old bridge over the Moldau, but more romantic, and with less of the straggling growth of a modern town. In Cracow, as in Prague, the most prominent object is the castle, standing on a hill above the broad river. But the Hradschin of Prague, though it has always been used as a palace, looks like a barrack; while the Zamek of Cracow, though it has been converted by the Austrians into a barrack, still looks like a castle. And Prague has no such monument of patriotic devotion to the memory of its great men as the simple mound, surmounted by a granite slab bearing the name of Kosciuszko, which was erected in 1824, on a hill opposite the Zamek, by the pious hands of Poles of all classes with earth from the hero's battlefields in America and Poland. The mound is 120 feet high, and from it there is a view full of grandeur and interest: the *tumuli* of Krakus, the founder of the city 1200 years ago, and of Vanda, his daughter, who drowned herself out of grief at the sufferings of her country, devastated by the troops of a German prince because she had refused his offer of marriage; the ancient castle, with churches and houses clustering round it; the winding Vistula; the Polish mountain frontier, the Carpathians[1]; and the rich Galician plains, extending in gentle undulations to the far horizon.

[1] The highest peaks of the Carpathians are easily accessible from Cracow. See the article entitled "In the Polish Carpathians," *English Illustrated Magazine*, September, 1888.

The old walls of Cracow have nearly disappeared, and their place is occupied by gardens, with fine old trees and statues of eminent Polish warriors, poets, and men of science. Only one of the city gates still remains: it is named after St. Florian, the patron saint of Cracow, whose chief function seems to have been to extinguish the numerous fires which were constantly breaking out during its many sieges in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. This picturesque relic of the military architecture of the middle ages forms the principal entrance to the city. As you drive through it you perceive on your right, in a quiet sequestered spot suggestive of learned leisure, a quaint low building which, though in great part modern, shows the same external design as that of the old Florian gate. This is the Czartoryski museum, formerly the city arsenal, founded by Prince Ladislas Czartoryski, son of the Foreign Minister of Alexander I. of Russia (whose *Memoirs* were published in London last year) and a worthy representative of the lofty traditions of the long line of warriors and statesmen of whom he is the descendant. The contents of the museum present many attractions to the student and the connoisseur. There is a valuable library of upwards of 100,000 volumes, with a vast number of manuscripts, relating not only to the history of Poland, but also to that of other countries. Among the latter are a breviary of the most delicate Italian work of the beginning of the fifteenth century, given by Pope Gregory IV. to Sigismund, King of Poland; a fragment of the Bible in Hebrew of the tenth century, from Petrarch's library, with notes probably in his own handwriting; the Vulgate in Slavonic, probably of the thirteenth century; and a contemporaneous copy of the *Livre des Tournois du Roi Réné d'Anjou*, 1460," a duplicate of which is in the Paris National Library, and which has furnished the illustrations for Lacroix's *Institutions Militaires du Moyen Âge*. Many of the books, manuscripts, and works of art in the museum originally belonged to the famous collection formed by Princess Isabella Czartoryska, the grandmother of the present head of the family, in the palace of Pulavy, "the centre of the intellectual life of Poland," where Alexander I. paid his memorable visit to the Czartoryskis before the battle of Austerlitz. Pulavy and the other family estates were confiscated by the Russian Government in consequence of the participation of Prince Adam Czartoryski in the revolution of 1831-2, but the most valuable objects in the collection were hidden by servants on the estate, and gradually found their way to Paris, whence they were brought by Prince Ladislas to Cracow. Even now, after the lapse of more than fifty years, articles that had formerly been preserved in "the Sibyl's temple," or some of the other neo-classic buildings which, after the fashion of the time, were scattered about the park at Pulavy, are after many vicissitudes occasionally smuggled across the frontier to enrich the Cracow museum. Prince Ladislas is continually adding to the collection, which, though small, is already one of the most complete in Europe, as it contains choice specimens of almost every style and branch of art. Painting is represented by works of the Italian, Dutch, German, and French schools. There are a fine Raphael, supposed to be the portrait of a Duke of Urbino, and painted in 1504; a Leonardo da Vinci; portraits by Vandyck and Titian; a Rembrandt of the year 1634; a very characteristic and well preserved Watteau; and a portrait by Holbein of the burgomaster Meyer, for whom he painted the well-known picture of the Madonna at Darmstadt. The armoury, though not to be compared for size and splendour with those of Vienna and Dresden, contains unrivalled examples of metal work—notably some embossed shields of the sixteenth century encrusted with gold—and also a number of saddle-cloths embroidered with precious stones which are said to be the finest and richest things of this kind that have ever been made. Other beautiful examples of textile work are Gobelin, Flemish, Italian, and Eastern tapestries, and one of those brilliantly coloured Maziarder carpets which are so much sought after by connoisseurs. Renaissance furniture; Limoges enamels; old Venetian and Arabian glass; Italian pottery and ivory-work; precious caskets and gems; brass and iron work; vases and other objects in *cristal de roche;* silver work of all countries and periods, make up the long catalogue of objects in this museum, which also contains an interesting collection of Assyrian, Egyptian, Etruscan, Greek, and Roman antiquities.

Between the Florian gate and the market-place are some lofty old houses which were formerly occupied by the merchant princes of Cracow when, as one of the Hanse towns, it was among the most flourishing commercial centres of Europe, and are now converted into aristocratic mansions and hotels. On the wall of one of these houses, the residence of the Princess Sanguszko, is a curious and significant relic of mediæval times—an

iron ring to which was attached a massive chain of the same metal that used to be drawn across the street to impede the advance of cavalry when the city was in danger of assault. The market-place presents a scene which is in its way unique, especially on the days when the peasants, clad in brilliant hues, come there to sell their country produce. Its principal feature is a long picturesque building in which the cloth merchants used to display their wares. An old chronicle of the year 1257 mentions a row of shops as existing on this spot, but they were not supplied with walls and a continuous roof until 1391. The greater part of the building was destroyed by fire in 1555, when it was restored in the style of the Renaissance by John of Padua, the Italian architect who was invited to England by Henry VIII. and is said to have built Longleat. Some years ago an exterior colonnade was added by the Cracow architect Prylinski; and the general effect of the edifice, which now contains an interesting gallery of Polish pictures and antiquities on the upper floor, is attractive and imposing. Next to it, on the south side, is the weather-beaten tower of what was once the Town Hall, a fine Gothic building of the fifteenth century; on the other side stands the beautiful Gothic church of St. Mary, with its great altar of carved wood, the masterpiece of Veit Stoss, better known by his similar works in the Lorenzkirche and other churches at Nüremberg. He was born at Cracow, where he obtained great fame before he became known in other parts of Europe, and the strong influence which he exercised over his fellow-artists in the Polish city is distinctly traceable in most of the architectural and other remains of the period. The altar-piece, at which he worked for twelve years (1471 to 1489), is in the form of a triptych carved out of lime-wood, and is richly painted and gilt. In the centre are a number of colossal figures representing the Virgin as, according to the old ecclesiastical writers, she fell on her knees in a death-swoon before her assumption; the shutters are covered with delicately carved bas-reliefs illustrating the seasons of the year and incidents in the life of the Virgin and Christ, and surmounting the triptych is a group of the coronation of the Virgin with the two patron saints of Poland, Sts. Adalbert and Stanislaus. Next to the altar-piece the most remarkable works of art in this church, which was the burial-place of the chief men of the city as the cathedral was that of the chief men of the country, are the tombs of the Salomons, a wealthy family of merchants who were among the leading citizens of Cracow in the sixteenth century. These tombs, cast in bronze, are the work of Veit Stoss's celebrated colleague at Nüremberg, Peter Vischer, and remind one by their careful modelling and ornamentation of the tomb of the Wigerbergs by the same master in the Marienkirche at Lübeck. Another great family of Cracow merchants were the Bonars, of whom there are some brasses here which are among the finest in Europe. In the sixteenth century Cracow was famous for its brass and bronze work, of which there was a fine example at an exhibition held at Berlin in 1882: a bronze cannon with bas-reliefs of exquisite workmanship, representing the combat of Hercules with Antæus, on which were the words: "Oswaldus Baldnerus Cracoviæ me fecit, anno 1561."

Another monument of the Bonar family, representing a man in the dress of a Cracow magnate lying with a rosary in his hand, is built against the external wall of the church, on the south side, where there was formerly a cemetery. It is of red marble, and is a noble specimen of the work of the early Renaissance at Cracow. There are also a fine ciborium by John of Padua, who, though a somewhat mythical personage in England, has left unmistakable proofs of his work at Cracow; and a series of pictures by the Nüremberg painter Kulmbach, the pupil of Albert Dürer, representing scenes in the lives of St. John the Evangelist and St. Catherine of Alexandria. The exterior of the church, like that of the cathedral, dates from the fourteenth century, when Poland, under Casimir the Great, became one of the most powerful and flourishing states in Europe. An ancient legend is connected with the building of the two church towers, which are of different heights. The work was entrusted to two brothers, who were much attached to each other. They could not, however, agree as to the design; and it was accordingly determined that the towers should be built by the two brothers separately, each according to his own taste. As the building went on, the younger brother, seeing that his tower would be far inferior in height and beauty to his brother's, stabbed him in a fit of jealousy. The author of the crime was not discovered, and the tower of the elder brother remained unfinished. But the younger, seized with remorse, having assembled the people in the market-place to celebrate the completion of his tower, ascended to the upper story and

publicly confessed his guilt, after which he stabbed himself with the knife which had been the instrument of the murder, and fell headlong on the pavement in front of the church. The knife, covered with rust, is said to be still preserved among the municipal antiquities.

The market-place of Cracow has been the scene of some events famous in European history. It was here that Albert, the Margrave of Brandenburg and first Prince of Prussia, did homage in 1525 to the King of Poland as his suzerain, and that Sobieski assembled his troops in 1683 before marching to save Vienna from the Turks. It is now Prussia that claims the allegiance of part of Poland, though her Polish subjects, after a century of Prussian rule, still show so indomitable a national spirit that even the all-powerful Bismarck, with the whole German Empire at his back, has,

JEWS BARGAINING IN THE MARKET PLACE.

on the ground that they constitute a danger to the Prussian State, obtained two-hundred millions of marks from the Prussian Diet for the purpose of buying up the land of Polish landowners and settling it with Germans. In Austria, under the present federal regime, the Poles enjoy a large measure of self-government; but the achievement of Sobieski was rewarded by that traditional ingratitude with which Prince Schwarzenberg afterwards predicted that Austria would astonish the world.[1] Vienna received her liberator with haughty coldness, and for the first sixty years after the third partition Austrian rule in Galicia was only surpassed in cruelty and oppression by the rule of Russia in the Kingdom of Poland and Lithuania. When, on the 23rd of March, 1794, Kosciuszko raised the banner of independence in the market-place of Cracow, the city was still part of the mutilated Polish state, though there was a Russian garrison at Warsaw and the unfortunate King Stanislas Augustus ruled only

[1] The Emperor Nicholas, alluding to Austria's share in the partition of Poland, and her occupation of the Danubian principalities during the Crimean war, used to say that the greatest fools among the kings of Poland were Sobieski and himself, the former because he saved Vienna from the Turks, and the latter because he suppressed the insurrection of 1848 in Hungary.

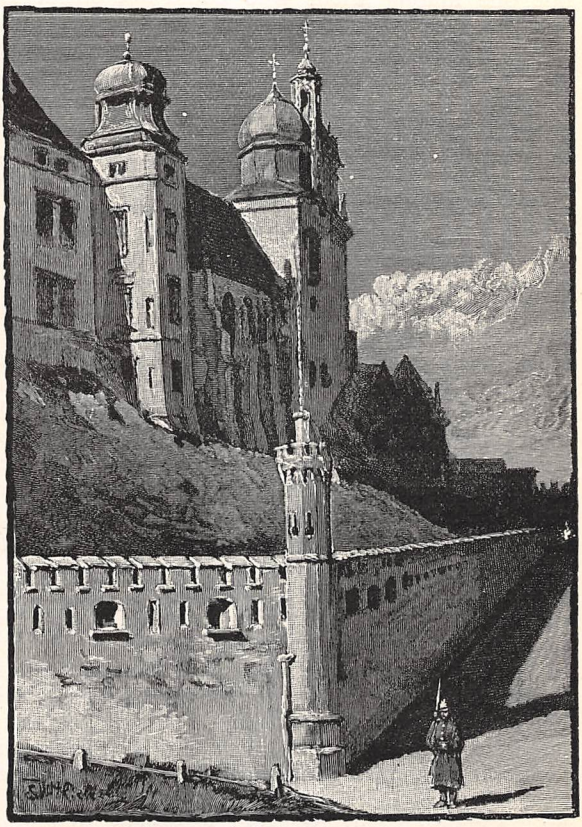
THE VAVEL.

in name. Kosciuszko was appointed dictator; the peasants flocked to his standard, armed only with scythes; and ten days after his arrival at Cracow he and his small band had beaten 7,000 Russians who were posted on the road to Warsaw. The battle lasted five hours, and Kosciuszko's 500 scythemen took by storm a battery of eleven guns, cutting down the Russian gunners with their scythes as they ran up the hill on which the battery was placed.

At the other end of the town, connected by a long street with the market-place, is a rocky eminence (the Vavel), descending steeply to the Vistula, on which are the castle and the cathedral. The former, built in the fifteenth century by Casimir the Great, and afterwards renewed in the style of the Renaissance by the Florentine architect Francesco della Lora, is now used as a barrack, and its delicate columns and arcades are defaced with whitewashed plaster. Its massive proportions and commanding position, however, still show that it was a royal residence worthy of the sovereigns who made it their palace during the period when Poland was one of the most powerful of the European states. The old chroniclers describe the state apartments on the second floor as of unparalleled magnificence, but they were stripped of all their ornaments in the three partitions, and even the crown of Boleslaus the Great, with which most of the Polish Kings were crowned, and which contained 474 rubies, pearls, and emeralds, has disappeared. According to a popular

legend, King Boleslaus still holds his court in a subterranean palace, where he sits in a golden hall with all his successors around him, and on a certain night in every year he may be seen walking with a drawn sword in the galleries of the castle.

In the older part of the building there is a stone archway known as "Queen Yadviga's door." This princess, who became Queen of Poland in 1385 at the age of fifteen, was celebrated for her beauty and her patriotism. Among the numerous suitors for her hand the one whom she most favoured was Duke William of Austria, but the Polish senators were opposed to the match, as it did not present any political advantage, and they urged her to accept the pagan Yagiello, Grand Duke of Lithuania, who offered in return to unite all his vast possessions to Poland and to become a Christian. Yagiello was a great prince, but he had the appearance and manners of a savage, and the youthful queen naturally preferred Duke William, who was young, handsome, ardent, and courtly. Then came a hard struggle between love and patriotism: Duke William hoped to overcome Yadviga's hesitation by coming to Cracow, where he concealed himself in the Franciscan convent, and had several meetings with her; but the senators stopped these interviews by locking the door by which she used secretly to leave the castle. Yadviga, indignant at being thus thwarted, seized an axe to break the door open. The senators however succeeded by their arguments and prayers in overcoming her resistance, and soon after she gave her consent to her marriage with the dreaded Yagiello. The match was not a happy one. With many kingly qualities, Yagiello was passionately jealous of his beautiful young wife, and her enemies took advantage of this weakness to spread various scandalous reports about her. In order to put an end to these reports, the Queen demanded that the charges against her should be investigated by a public court of justice. When the court assembled twelve armed knights came forward, each of whom expressed his readiness to prove the Queen's innocence by meeting her accuser in single combat. The latter, on being asked by the court if he accepted the challenge, replied after a prolonged silence that he would beg "not for judgment, but for pardon." The court then decided that, as a punishment for his slander, he should creep on his hands and feet under a table in the room and bark like a dog; upon which he got under the table, and, after confessing his guilt, barked three times.



THE CASTLE AT NIGHT.

It was through "Queen Yadviga's door" that Henry of Valois escaped two months after his accession to the Polish throne—an incident which the Venetian ambassador at the Polish court described as so extraordinary that "non si trova in alcun istoria antica ò moderna un caso tale."[1] On the death of King Sigismund Augustus, the last male descendant of the house of Yagiello, Poland became an elective monarchy, and Henry Duke of Anjou,[2] son of Catherine de' Medici and brother of Charles IX. the reigning

[1] Harleian Collection—"Relazione di Polonia."

[2] This was the Duke of Anjou who was one of the suitors for the hand of Queen Elizabeth. The negotiations for the marriage having failed, the Duke's younger brother Francis, Duke of Alençon, was

sovereign of France, was elected King by the Polish Diet. An embassy was sent in 1574 to Paris to invite Henry to accept the throne, and, according to the contemporary historian De Thou, the Parisians were much impressed by the wealth and culture of the Poles. "They entered," he says, "by the Porte St. Martin, with fifty carriages, each drawn by four horses. Crowds filled the streets, and the Parisians looked with admiration upon this stately company of grave warriors, courtiers, and merchants, with shaven heads and long beards, their caps of rare furs, their scimitars studded with precious stones, and their bows, quivers, and iron-soled boots. There was not one among them who could not speak Latin, and several also knew Italian and German; some even spoke our language with such purity that they might rather have been taken for men brought up on the banks of the Seine and the Loire than for inhabitants of the country watered by the Vistula and the Dnieper; which greatly put to shame our courtiers, who were not only absolutely ignorant, but were declared enemies of all knowledge. When they were addressed by our new guests, they could only reply either by signs or blushes." Henry, who was then besieging Rochelle, hastened to Paris when he heard the news of the arrival of the Polish embassy, and although he had just been fighting the Huguenots, he accepted the *pacta conventa*, or coronation oath, under which the Kings of Poland were bound to grant equal rights to the members of all religions, and never to take up arms on account of diversity of creed. But the French nobles were indignant at the restrictions imposed on the power of the King by the Polish Constitution, which prescribed that he should neither make war nor levy new taxes without the consent of the Diet; and when one of them made some remonstrances to Henry on the subject, Zborovski, a member of the embassy, plainly declared to the Duke that if he did not accept every article of the Constitution he would not be King of Poland. Henry left Paris for his new country with reluctance. Soon after his coronation in the cathedral of Cracow, he received the news that his brother was dead, and he determined at once to claim the French throne, to which he was the heir. Knowing however that his coronation oath bound him to reside in Poland, and fearing the anger of the Polish senators, he fled secretly from the castle through "Yadviga's door," and thus ignominiously re-entered France, which hailed the fugitive as its sovereign.

From the castle there is a passage, now bricked up, by which the Polish kings and queens used to enter the adjoining cathedral. Never had royalty a more sumptuous temple attached to its residence than this vast building, the Polish Walhalla, full of historical monuments and treasures of art. The cathedral is Gothic, with a romanesque crypt of the eleventh century in which Stanislas Augustus, the last King of Poland, placed the tombs of Sobieski, Kosciuszko, and Poniatowski. The organ-loft is supported by three arches of exquisite proportions, and from the roof were formerly suspended some curious tapestries, taken by Sobieski from the Grand Vizier's tent after the defeat of the Turks before Vienna. The remainder of the spoil captured by the king on this occasion was sent to Podhorce, Sobieski's country house near Brody, in Eastern Galicia, now belonging to the Sanguszko family. Here there is a bedroom, the walls of which are hung with beautiful silk embroidery from the tents of the chief Turkish generals, and in this room slept the late Crown Prince Rudolph, when he visited the place in 1887—the heir to the throne of Austria surrounded with the spoils of the conqueror who saved the Austrian capital three centuries before! The coronation of the Polish Kings used to take place in the great aisle, between four marble altars, dedicated to the patron saints of Poland, St. Florian, St. Albert, St. Casimir, and St. Vincent. Here a throne was erected to which the sovereign-elect was conducted by the primate from another throne in the middle of the choir. He then drew from its scabbard the sword of Boleslaus the Great (with which Boleslaus had struck the "Golden Gate" of Kieff, as he rode into the city after its capture), and made the sign of the cross with it in the air, after which the primate placed Boleslaus' crown on his head, a sceptre in his right hand, and a globe in his left. The new King had to swear before the altar that he would defend the faith and be just to his subjects; and at the same altar where he took the coronation-oath at his accession was performed the funeral service after his death. At the funeral ceremony his squires broke before the assembled people his helmet, his sword, and his shield, the great court dignitaries

substituted in his place, and he continued to press his suit for twelve years until his death, whence he was called "François le Constant."

destroyed their emblems of office, and a knight, fully armed, let himself fall from his horse.

The Cathedral contains eighteen chapels, of which the most beautiful is that of the Sigismunds, the finest Renaissance building north of the Alps. It was erected between the years 1518 and 1530 by the Florentine architect, Bartolomeo Berecci, assisted by artists from Siena, the principal of whom was Giovanni Cini, pupil of the famous Lorenzo di Mariano, better known as Marrina. At the entrance is a bronze gate of exquisite workmanship, somewhat similar in design to that of the *Libreria*, at Siena; in the centre are the Polish Eagle and the Lithuanian Knight, and the Italian artist has added, as a symbol of eternity, the serpent adopted as the emblem of the Sforza family. The interior is a masterpiece of architectural and decorative art. Above is a richly adorned cupola of beautiful shape, and the walls are covered with delicate bas-reliefs, which show extraordinary wealth of imagination and a singularly refined taste. The altar, which is of massive silver, contains some remarkable paintings of the Nüremberg school, with *repoussé* work from designs by Albert Dürer, and opposite are the red marble tombs, very bold and noble in style, of the first two Sigismunds and Queen Anna, the wife of Stefan Batory, which are supposed to be the work either of Santa Gucci, or of John of Padua. It was during the reign of these three sovereigns that Cracow was at the highest point of its prosperity. Poland was then the granary of Europe, and Cracow was at once the capital of a powerful monarchy and the chief emporium of European trade with the East; its citizens made large fortunes out of the rich mines of silver, copper, and lead in the vicinity of the town, the right of navigation on the Black Sea was secured to them by treaty, and their trade was so extensive that one Cracow merchant alone was the possessor of sixty-five ships, which carried goods from Dantzig to the principal European harbours.

A NIGHT WATCHMAN.

The wealth and public spirit of the Cracow merchants had become proverbial, and many of them—notably John Bonar, whose tomb in the church of St. Mary has been mentioned above—did their best to emulate the example of the famous citizen, Wierzynek, who, when the niece of Casimir the Great was married to the Emperor Charles the Fifth, gave a grand banquet at his house to the Emperor, the Kings of Hungary, Denmark, and Cyprus, and a number of ruling dukes and princes, all of whom were presented with gifts of considerable value by their magnificent host. So great indeed was the luxury of the citizens of Cracow that a law was passed forbidding them to have at their banquets more than thirty dishes, and restricting the number of jugglers who attended for the amusement of the company to eight.

An adequate description of the other chapels and monuments of the Cathedral would fill a volume. It will be sufficient here to mention the Gothic chapel of the Holy Cross (built in 1473, by Queen Sophia, wife of Ladislas Yagiello), whose quaint Byzantine frescoes present a curious contrast to the refined and luxurious decorations of the chapel of the Sigismunds, and to say a few words about some of the more remarkable tombs in the building. Of the brasses, some of which are among the finest in Europe, the chief in artistic merit is that of Cardinal Frederick Yagiello, bishop of Cracow, which lies in front of the high altar.[1] The silver tomb, with

[1] It is the work of Peter Vischer, of Nüremberg, and is described in the *Archæological Journal* for the year 1854, and in the Rev. W. F. Creeny's *Facsimiles of Monumental Brasses on the Continent of Europe.*

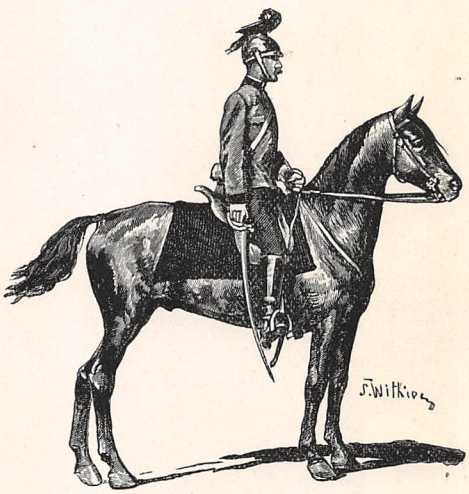
repoussé designs, of St. Stanislas, in the centre of the Cathedral, is also a fine specimen of old metal work. It is surmounted by a very beautiful *ciborium* resting on two marble pillars. Near it is the tomb of Casimir IV., a grand and interesting example of flamboyant Gothic. The figure of the King, by Veit Stoss, the Polish sculptor, who, as already mentioned, did so much to adorn both his native city of Cracow and the churches of Nüremberg, is full of character, and on the columns supporting the canopy above it are some very spirited bas-reliefs, representing scenes from the Scriptures, by George Huber, Stoss's pupil. This tomb is a worthy monument of the sovereign who laid the foundations of Poland's greatness by his military abilities, and his wise and humane rule ; who liberated the Prussians from the oppression of the Teutonic knights, and by the annexation of Moldavia extended the Polish territories

THE JEWS' QUARTER.

from the Baltic to the Black Sea, thereby uniting the trade of northern with that of southern Europe, and making the new Polish seaport of Dantzig, one of the Hanse towns, the most wealthy commercial harbour on the Continent.

The Casimirs were among the most illustrious of the Polish Kings, and the career of the first Casimir was a singular and romantic one. His mother, Queen Rixa, having shown undue favour to the Germans of her court, whom she advanced to the most important offices, her Polish subjects forced her to go into exile, taking her son with her. Soon after Poland was attacked simultaneously on the north by the Russians and on the south by the Bohemians, and feeling the want of a leader, the Poles sent a deputation to Queen Rixa to offer Casimir the throne. During his absence the young prince had studied at the University of Paris, and after various vicissitudes had become a monk in the abbey of Cluny. Here the Polish delegates came to induce him to accept the crown, but having taken the religious vow, he could not do this without a

dispensation from the Pope. After some delay the dispensation was granted, but only on the condition that the Polish nation should in future pay Peter's pence, shave their heads (a custom which prevailed in Poland to the end of the seventeenth century), and wear surplices on the Catholic holidays. When Casimir returned to Poland he at once took the command of the troops and compelled the invaders to sue for peace. He then built numerous churches and schools, and introduced various reforms in the government which three centuries later his more famous successor, Casimir the Great, known as "the king of the peasants," extended and completed. This sovereign was an ardent patron of the arts as well as a great captain and legislator. It was said of him that he found Poland an aggregation of wooden hovels and left it a country of stone churches and palaces, and most of the thirty-eight churches of Cracow were built or enlarged during his reign. Many of these have suffered so much from the pillage of invaders and injudicious restoration that they do not present any special features of interest. Three, however, deserve special mention—the beautiful Gothic Corpus Christi church in the Jewish suburb of St. Casimir; the Dominican church, a noble Gothic building with the bronze tomb of Callimachus Buonacorsi, one of the finest works of the Nüremberg school; and the church of St. Catherine, with its curious painted altar-piece of the beginning of the sixteenth century, a splendid mausoleum of the Yordan family of the same period, and a very interesting and beautiful piece of arras, in excellent preservation, representing scenes from French *fabliaux* of the fourteenth century. To another church, that of St. Augustin, a curious tradition is attached. During the Tartar invasion of the thirteenth century the inhabitants of the adjoining convent, seeing the invaders approaching the city, gave the alarm, and a number of young men belonging to the corporation of fishmongers went out to meet them. The same evening what appeared to be a troop of Tartars presented themselves at the city gates, and the citizens prepared to attack them, when the supposed Tartars suddenly threw off their disguise and proved to be the victorious fishmongers who, after routing the enemy, had put on their clothes in order to give an agreeable surprise to their fellow-townsmen. This incident is still celebrated by an annual procession through the streets of Cracow of the corporation of fishmongers with their banner. The procession stops before the convent, and is saluted from the highest window by the lady abbess, surrounded by the nuns, after which an ample repast is served in the refectory, while a man dressed as a Tartar strikes the lookers-on with a paper club. In this city of tradition and legends, of old-world piety and romantic patriotism, there is scarcely a public building which is not connected with some curious story that illustrates the simple faith of the people. Thus in the church of St. Francis of Assisi there is a statue of Christ as to which there is a singular record in the parish registers of the year 1735. One night a thief entered the church to steal the offerings of gold and silver which had been placed on the altar by persons who, after appealing to the intercession of the saint, had recovered from various diseases supposed to be incurable. As the thief was stretching out his hand to take one of these objects, the statue seized him by the arm; he exerted all his strength to free himself from its grasp, but in vain, and he was found by the vergers next morning almost paralysed with terror and exhausted by his gruesome night vigil. The matter was at once reported to the magistrates, who met in council and condemned the man to death for sacrilege. But when the hangman came to conduct the man to the place of execution, he found it impossible to release him from the grasp of the statue; the magistrates were again called in, and after much consultation they decided to cancel the sentence, as human justice had no right to interfere in a matter which God had so evidently taken into His own hands, and Christ in His mercy not having inflicted any further punishment, it



A POLISH UHLAN.

was not for them to do so. They accordingly signed a decree pardoning the criminal, upon which the hand of the statue opened and the man was set at liberty. The hand is still open, as if it had grasped something and then let it go.

Cracow was one of the first towns in Europe that had a printing-press, and schools in connection with the University were established to which pupils of all classes were admitted. Most of the works of Polish writers in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries are in Latin ; Casimir the First issued an edict recommending the study of that

PREPARING FOR A NATIONAL FESTIVAL.

language, and it was soon universally spoken in society, in the schools, and in the Diets, where the speeches were often marked by a Ciceronian elegance of style which showed the fruit of constant study of the best orators of ancient Rome.

Other Polish cities, such as Warsaw and Lemberg, may boast of a larger population, finer streets, and that feverish business activity which is a too prominent feature of our modern civilisation and tends to reduce the old European capitals to a dull uniformity of broad avenues and huge tasteless buildings. But it is at Cracow that the holy fire of patriotism burns most brightly ; and the Russian or Prussian Pole turns with a longing eye to the scene of his country's ancient glories, where he can speak his thoughts unmolested in his own language, and where he is not constantly reminded that he is under the iron heel of the foreigner.

HOW happy could I be with either,

Were t'other dear charmer a-way;

But while you thus tease me to-gether,

To neither a word will I say.

Ri tol de rol lol de rol li do, &c.

From *The Beggar's Opera.*

BOMBAY.

By WALTER FREWEN LORD.

BOMBAY is one of the pleasantest cities in the world—pleasant to look at, to visit, to live in. After a week at sea without sighting land—a long time, as voyages go nowadays—to wake and come on deck in Bombay harbour is something to remember. The harbour itself is a great sight. Spacious and broad it lies before you, stretching miles away towards Butcher Island, bounded on the one side by the town, on the other by the low red hills of Alibág. Behind lies the open ocean, overhead the vast dome of the Indian sky, and both are blue as sapphire. The smoke of trade has not begun to rise, and the air is as yet untroubled by the quivering heat of noonday. As you look up the harbour the long neck of Colaba runs out to the left and finishes at the "Prongs."[1] This end of the Island is flat, and covered deep in palm-trees that hide the buildings of the soldiers' quarters, but a little further up the land clears and the towers and spires of the city rise into the air.

The first noticeable building is the Secretariat, where in six hours' time the flag will be run up to show that His Excellency has come down to Council. The Secretariat is a big pile, its corridors are spacious and cool, its offices breezy and light in the hot weather. Happy are those whose work keeps them behind those massive walls. For these favoured mortals the sun has lost his tropical heat. Mid-day is marked for them as for other civilized beings by a clock and not by the rise of the thermometer to 110° which announces to the wretched up-country toiler the climax of his trials.

Next comes the University Tower, Sir Gilbert Scott's work, and then the vast grey pile of the High Court. But nearer at hand there is the harbour life to be watched. Bombay is one of three harbours in the 1500 miles of coast between Sind and Ceylon, the other two being Karachi, in Sind, and Carwar, 300 miles further south beyond Goa. It is so far the most popular and convenient of the three, and is thronged with shipping of all kinds. Here are Arab craft just come across from the Gulf, queer-looking vessels with a most dismal smell. To thoroughly realize what one of these craft is like inside, the inquisitive traveller should drift slowly past one when she is pumping out bilgewater. They bring very good things, however, these gruesome ships, horses, to wit—Persians and Arabs—the best in the Presidency. There was once a native breed in the Deckan, not graceful beasts by any means, and not gentle, but hardy and useful. They are all gone now, the Mutiny, the Persian war, the expeditions to Abyssinia and Egypt, and two wars in Afghanistan having drained the country of them. They are being replaced by the Kathiawar breed, crossed with Arabs, English racers, and Norfolk trotters. They are no great loss, perhaps. They were full of spite, and one has even been known to attack his master and tear out his windpipe. But to return to the harbour. There are a good many other ships about. There are the brown hulls of the old Indian Marine (abolished in 1861). There are yachts, dainty craft, belonging to members of the Royal Bombay Yachting Club. There is an ironclad or so, and there are trade and passenger steamers of all lines imaginable.

By and by the newly-arrived steamer is boarded by all sorts of people, civil and obliging Parsís, anxious to buy sovereigns, and boatmen, who want to row the traveller ashore. Unless some influential personage has sent his yacht for him, he must accept a boatman's services and be pulled ashore. The quay is called the Apollo Bunder. Bunder is the Hindustani name for a landing-place; but why this particular

[1] The lighthouse that marks the entrance.

one should be christened after a Greek god in a country that counts its own divinities by the hundred million is a riddle that the inquiring traveller will probably ask his host and not get answered.

Well, he is landed at the Apollo Bunder and, if fortunate enough to have a friend who belongs to the Yacht Club, he will probably be taken there to breakfast. The Club-house looks on to the harbour, and is a charming cottage, with a space of turf in front as green as the best in England and softer than plush. Here there is always a breeze. Behind the flapping blinds and the spacious open windows there is an eternal refuge from heat and glare. A discreet half-light, an army of judicious waiters moving silently on the matted floor and a perfect breakfast, await the hungry voyager. He will perhaps finish with a prawn curry. Let him eat it and be thankful and, like George III., remember to forget to ask whence the prawns came, and on what they are reputed to feed.

The first impression of Bombay will probably be that it is exceedingly civilized. The visitor will drink the same brands that he had in town and order the same dishes, and, except that he basks in sunshine instead of shivering in fog and that the cooking is much better than it is at home, he might be in England. But these are notable differences, and as the visitor's host of course belongs also to the Byculla Club, he must go there in the evening for the best house dinner in the world. Some little insistance on the material attractions of Bombay must be pardoned: the intellectual diversions are not too keen or varied.

But it is strange that the exceeding civilization of Bombay should be the first thing to strike a new comer. Our ancestors did not think it too civilized when England acquired it 200 years ago. A pestilential hole it was held to be in 1668, unwholesome to live in, and very expensive to administer. It belonged to the Portuguese and was handed over to Charles II. as part of the dower of Catherine of Braganza. There was some trouble about the transfer, and our light-hearted monarch was very glad to get rid of it to the East India Company for what it would fetch. This was not much; £10 a year was the sum then offered by the Company and accepted by the Crown as a fitting rent for the space now covered by the dwellings of 800,000 people. Here is a rise in value, indeed! Here is an unearned increment large enough to turn Mr. Henry George's hair white!

Times have changed a good deal for the Portuguese since then. The nation of conquerors and discoverers has sunk, in India at least, to a nation of cooks and valets. Very excellent cooks and valets, be it said; but still these are not romantic or lofty callings.

There remains, however, one thing romantic about every Indian Portuguese, and that is his name. In an ordinary Anglo-Indian household there will always be a Braganza cooking your dinner, a d'Albuquerque dusting your furniture, or a da Silva brushing your clothes.

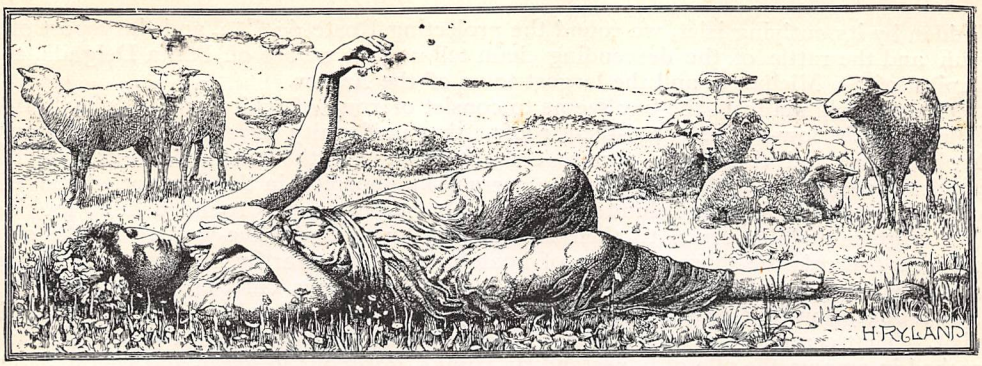
In the streets of Bombay as many languages are spoken as would take a Mezzofanti a lifetime to master, and if some phases of life there are very western, they are after all few and superficial. From the deck of a P. & O. to the streets of the city, you pass in five minutes from West to East. On board are familiar faces, familiar dress, and familiar speech, while the little Hindustani you hear spoken is imperiously mispronounced. But on shore all is reversed, and the traveller has a foretaste of the strange situation that prevails up country, and in fact over nearly all the continent, where a handful of Europeans rule a million of natives. The principal shops, however, are European. They are palaces of plate glass and electric light with prices to correspond. Outside one is standing a Rajah's carriage. The sovereign is inside buying ten times as much as he wants, in order to show that he is a prince. Outside the grooms squat about on the pavement without their turbans, much as if an English footman should take off his coat under the same circumstances. They are smoking cigarettes and making themselves extremely comfortable on the baking pavement. The coachman dozes, his head thrown back, and his legs crossed, the reins lying idle in his hands. Fortunately the horses—douce creatures—being Arabs, and therefore equine gentlemen, have no thought of bolting. The harness as well as the carriage is from Long Acre, and the whole is of indescribable magnificence marred only by the slovenly behaviour of the men, and the string which has been used to mend a broken trace where the leather has given way. Altogether it is a fair type of Eastern domestic arrangements. Splendour and lavishness abound; but beside them squat idleness and disorder. To give an example of the prices asked in Bombay. A friend of mine once took a watch into one of these shops and asked what was wrong with it. "Oh, nothing much," said

the assistant: "it wants taking to pieces and setting to rights and regulating, and we may keep it two or three days." He was going to leave it without another word, when it was suggested that he might as well ask how much that familiar operation would cost. He did, and was told £5. The next shop asked £2 10*s*. "You must remember, sir, that we do not come out to India for change of air," remarked the shopman severely. In the end he discovered a Parsí who asked half-a-sovereign for the work and did it well. The Parsís are numerically weak, numbering not more than 80,000 in all India, but they are enormously wealthy and influential, and Bombay owes much of her prosperity to them.

One of the great sights is the native town, and when the traveller has ceased marvelling at the colour, the smells, the picturesqueness, the variety, the bustle, and the extent of it, he is most struck at the indifference of the inhabitants to the distinction between road and pathway. Lads coming out of school, merchants leaving their shops, bodies of workmen streaming out of the factories, all walk in the middle of the road and leave the pathways deserted. Suddenly a carriage turns the corner at a smart trot and plunges straight into the middle of a crowd of chattering strollers, who flee terror-stricken to right and left, with every manifestation of surprise and alarm. They behave, in fact, quite as if they had never seen such a thing happen before, instead of which they have probably escaped sudden death in the same way two or three times every evening for the past ten years. It cannot be that they are absorbed in conversation, for they run precisely the same risk when alone. A dogcart behind a stout Australian mare doing her best surely makes noise enough, and yet it is no unusual sight to see an officer driving his cart along the right side of a street about as broad as Portland-place, and a middle-aged and respectable merchant, who has been standing alone on the pavement for some time start out to cross the road just as the dogcart is dashing past. Before the driver can suppress an oath, and pull the mare on her haunches, or the groom behind shout out a warning, the absent-minded old gentleman will be mixed up with the horse's legs to an extent simply terrifying until it has been witnessed without accident a dozen times or so. Whether it is that the folds of his turban make him hard of hearing, or that he is completely absorbed in the problem of how to turn one rupee into one rupee and four annas, or only that he is really rather stupid, the fact remains that the Hindu seems incredibly obtuse about rules of the road and kindred subjects. Most men when driving take behind them a groom who stands up and shouts over his master's shoulder all the time, "Hey Bunnia," or "Hey chokralog," (children) or "Hey Portugoose" (imaginary Anglo-Indian singular for Portuguese). The native town at night in the hot weather is what a field of battle would be if the dead and wounded were shrouded as they fell. The foot-pavements on both sides are strewn with sleeping Hindus, enveloped with a white cloth covering them from head to foot. They lie on the pathway in every position of lassitude and fatigue, an army of snoring happy natives. It is strange to note how entirely indifferent the native is to that prince of sleep assassins——a barking dog. He will sleep soundly with a howling cur at his pillow and think no more of it than we should do of a ticking watch.

The English in Bombay have allowed themselves the fullest indulgence of what the French call their *goût de l'installation*. From the bachelor quarters in the Fort to the spacious bungalows of Malabar Hill and Breach Candy, everybody has made himself at home. Once "the Fort" was really a fortification—now it is merely the name for the business end of the town, and except for some names like Rampart Row, no trace of its former character remains. From Malabar Hill to the Fort is a long way—quite as far as from Tyburnia to the City; but it is well worth the journey out, for when one is there it is delightful, while the Fort feels stuffy by comparison. After the public offices the most conspicuous building in the Fort is S. Thomas's Cathedral, once a Jesuit church. It grates on English ears—perhaps unreasonably—to hear it described by natives as the *bara dewal*, the big temple.

Some people do not like Bombay. They weary of its beauty and are depressed by the ninety inches of rain it enjoys between June and October. But there never yet was a spot that pleased everybody, and it must be admitted that, if a man care nothing for riding, driving, hunting (jackals), billiards, whist, dancing, dining, yachting, cricket, badminton, lawn tennis, golf, or good company he will find time hang heavy on his hands. But some mortals there are who can find in these diversions—or some of them—the wherewithal to pass time not unpleasantly, and for those there is no place better than Bombay to live in with——say—£3,000 a year to live on.



ST. MICHAEL'S.

By PROFESSOR T. E. THORPE.

Illustrated by Mrs. J. BRANSON.

A WATER-CARRIER.

THE Azorean mail steamer *Açor*, Commander José Borges d'Andrade, four days out from Lisbon on her voyage to the Western Isles. Old Anna the stewardess has just come into the cabin with the welcome cup of coffee, and the news that we should sight St. Michael's during the forenoon. It was a beautiful Sunday: the sea was almost unruffled and motionless, save for the long gentle roll so eloquent of the mighty power which the sunshine and the gentle wind had lulled to rest. Here and there we saw a turtle lazily basking in the warm light on the surface, and shoals of bonita played round the vessel's bow; the grey-blue sky was decked with heaps of cumuli of snowy whiteness and a cool air played under the awning. The binnacle had got an extra polish in honour of the day, the brass fittings of the teak deck-house shone far beyond the power we had hitherto thought latent in brick-dust and oil, and the effect was complete when Captain José came on deck in a gold-laced cap, resplendent white waistcoat, and English yachting shoes.

The island was not sighted quite so soon as we had anticipated; the clouds were low, and as the sun mounted towards the zenith heat-haze obscured the horizon. Suddenly, however, a small boy who had been dropping fragments of "cracker" down to the fish about the vessel's cut-water called out, "*A terra! A terra!*" and sure enough right among the clouds was the jagged outline of Pico da Vara, the most easterly and the highest point of St. Michael's. As we draw nearer, the island seems to rise abruptly, like a wall, from the ocean; the sea flings itself against the jutting black crags with stupendous force, and, as far as the eye can trace, the base of the cliffs is edged with a ceaselessly moving fringe of white surf. Heavy clouds are rolling down the dark sides of Vara, and a thin grey mist beyond the Vigia indicates that the never-failing rain is falling in the Furnas valley. Cloud-shadows chase each other over the distant hill-sides, and fitful rifts of sunshine light up the entrances to green ravines and steep gullies. A waterfall, looking like a thin white thread, above the hamlet of Povoaçaõ, which nestles under the steep rocks close to the sea, falls over the crags into the surf. We are now close enough to see the little whitewashed houses, and by the aid of a glass we can discern their inhabitants standing about the doorways to welcome the vessel which, once a fortnight, brings them news of the outer world. The arrival of the mail is one of the events of the month in St. Michael's, and some of the quintas along the coast hail our approach by a display of flags which are dipped as we pass, and Captain José's younger brother, who acts as his chief officer, is kept pretty busy for a while returning the salutations. Passing Villa Franca half

hidden by its outlying islet, we round the projecting Rosto do Cão, and the report of a gun and the rattle of the descending chain tell us that we are off Ponta Delgada, the capital of St. Michael's, and the largest town of the Azores.

Ponta Delgada from the bay seems to consist of rows of white- and yellow-washed houses with low-pitched, red-tiled roofs, the uniformity of the line being only broken here and there by a square church-tower. At the western end frowns the black citadel, beyond which is seen the barrack-like hospital in the dismantled convent of S. Francisca. Rising behind the town is a succession of rounded hills, looking like huge mole-hills, green to their summits with vine and olive-yards. As the ship stood in towards the shore a swarm of boats manned by swarthy Azoreans, all talking and gesticulating at once as they worked at their cumbrous oars, crowded round her. Not a boat, however, ventured to touch the vessel until the health-officer had paid his visit. That ceremony over, a dozen lithe barefooted fellows swarmed up the side and rushed in among the pile of boxes and tin trunks, gorgeous in green and yellow paint, of our fellow travellers. We struck a bargain to have our baggage despatched and thereafter carried to the hospedaria of Manoel Correa da Silva, the only hostelry of which Ponta Delgada boasts.

Manoel's hotel suffers somewhat from the lack of competition. To begin with, it receives the undivided and persistent attention of a knot of beggars who impede your passage up the staircase and incidentally contribute to the variety of insect life which is to be found in its rooms. Mosquitoes, too, which are comparatively rare on the islands, have established themselves in the sleeping apartments, and to sleep with one's head in a butterfly net was experimentally found to afford but slight protection from the voracity of the mosquito which has once smelled the blood of an Englishman. Still Manoel's house is not without its advantages. It is well situated in the Praça do Municipio, and from the balcony of the apartment, which by courtesy we may call the drawing-room, you have excellent opportunities of observing the out-door manners and customs of the Azoreans.

In the middle of the square is the public fountain, always the centre of bustle and gossip. To the right is the ugly whitewashed town-hall, on the steps of which picturesque groups of idlers may be seen basking in the sun or reclining in the shade. Over the way is a row of butchers' shops lined with blue and yellow tiles and decorated with figures suggestive of the calling of the occupants, who may be seen through the open doorways lazily flicking the meat with bunches of faya in order to drive away the flies. Beyond is the quaint arched entrance to the Port, surmounted by the arms of Spain and Portugal and telling of the time when these countries formed one kingdom. Opposite the gateway is the "mother" church of Ponta Delgada with its curiously carved marble doorways, and its florid internal decorations of blue and white Wedgwood-like figures.

The streets are purposely not made wider than eighteen or twenty feet in order to gain as much shade as possible, and the width of the honeycombed lava sidewalks is regulated by the position of the gutter which receives the rain-water from the projecting eaves. The houses are washed with lime and yellow ochre ; here and there one is tinted with pink or salmon-colour, and many are covered with shining white and blue tiles, and the doors and balconies of all are painted bright green. The shops have no windows, the nature of the wares within being indicated by a row of articles hanging from the lintel of the door as heterogeneous in character as the contents of Mrs. Jellaby's cupboard. Straw hats, wax candles, tobacco-pipes, door-mats, fire-fans, ropes of onions and razor-strops are mixed in most admired disorder. The sights and sounds of the streets make up a medley quite as strange. There are the cries of the water-carriers, and of the boys in wonderfully tattered straw hats and well-ventilated garments calling fruit and fish, the squeal of bullock-waggons, and the monotonous sing-song of the men trotting along under a load of enormous wine-casks slung on poles and supported on the back of the neck ; the mingled importunities and objurgations of barefooted lads addressed to what at a distance seemed to be moving stacks of brushwood or huge bundles of sphagnum, but which as they draw near reveal the heads and hoofs and tails of donkeys. Little go-carts drawn by sheep and filled with laughing children come rattling by. At the street corners are groups of women tending their baskets of fruits and vegetables, now gossiping with the gendarmes in chocolate coats and nankeen pants, and anon with the staid old padre in black-stuff petticoat and beaver-hat, and the never-failing pea-green umbrella. The

variety of head-gear to be noticed in the streets is wonderful. There are billycocks, and felt hats, and hats of straw of every shape and of nearly every colour, turned up at all conceivable angles and almost all shockingly bad. Many of the men wear small knitted parti-coloured caps, not unlike the red worsted caps worn by the crews of English yachts. But perhaps the most marvellous piece of masculine head-dress to be seen is the "carapuça"; it is peculiar to St. Michael's, and nothing resembling it is to be found in any other part of the world. It is usually made of blue cloth, but the colour as well as the shape and size vary somewhat with the locality, or with the vagaries of fashion. In shape it is something like a jockey's cap with an overgrown snout, nine inches long and twice as broad; the part over the head is covered, and ends in a small flat crown, whilst the projecting front is turned up at the sides like a crescent, the

THE PORT, PONTA, DELGADA.

horns of which not unfrequently rise to a height of several inches above the crown. From the rear hangs a cape of cloth of the same colour as the cap, but usually lined with some bright-coloured serge; this overspreads the shoulders and ends half-way down the back in a long ornamented point; the cape is sufficiently large to be fastened in wet or windy weather under the chin by a chain of bronze or silver according to the wealth or affectation of the wearer. At first sight a covering so hot and ponderous seems altogether unsuited to the sunny climate of St. Michael's, especially on a summer's day when the cape lies in ample folds over the crown and ears; but the discomfort is perhaps counterbalanced by the protection it affords against the strong wind and driving rain of winter.

But the article of attire which most excites the astonishment of a stranger in St. Michael's is the large hooded cloak or "capote," worn by the women of the middle class; it is made of heavy dark-blue broad cloth, reaching nearly to the ground, and is surmounted by a huge high hood made stiff with buckram and whalebone, and so deep as nearly to conceal the face of the wearer. So effectual indeed is the concealment and so uniform the pattern of the cloaks that the women are said to recognise each other by their shoes. It is amusing to see these Michaelense dames

sailing along before the breeze, or doubling round corners and tacking across streets to make way against a head-wind. To the nautical mind they resemble a vessel under a press of canvas, their huge hoods recalling the balloon topsails of a racing cutter of twenty years ago.

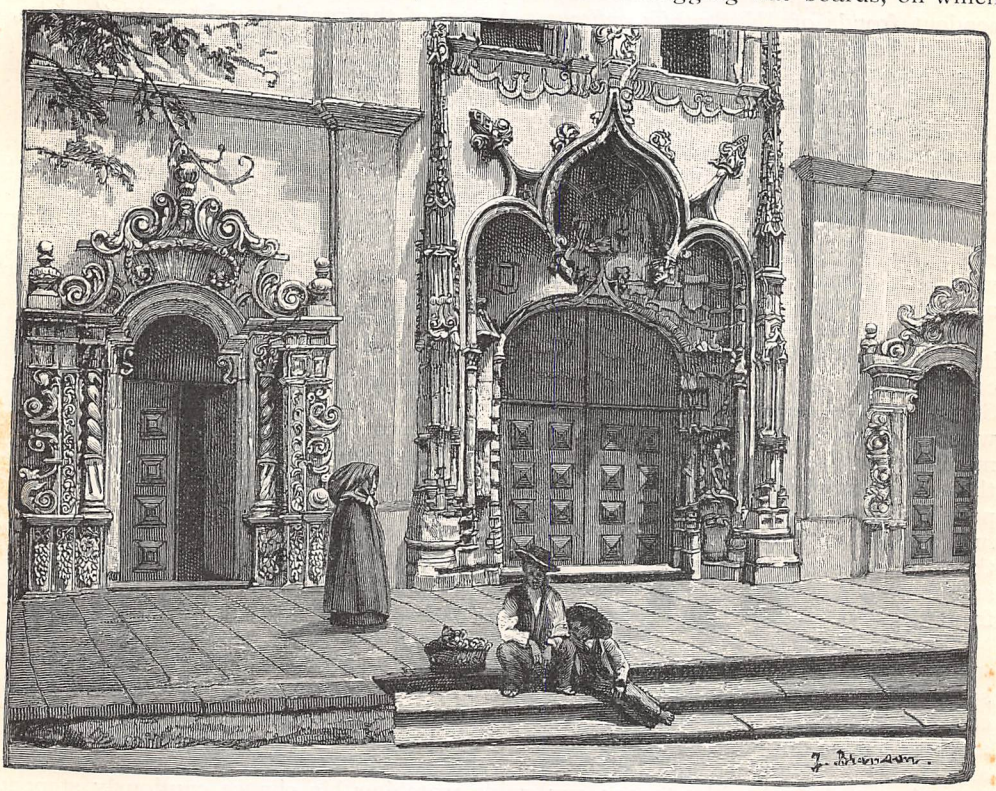
Ponta Delgada is best seen from the small conical elevation to the rear of the town on which stands the old weather-beaten church of Santa Madre de Deos. From its battlemented walls, grey with moss and lichen, we overlook the red-roofed town with here and there a church tower, interspersed with masses of green, and backed by the long low line of the breakwater, beyond which stretches the Atlantic. To the north is a group of rounded hills of scoriæ and pumice, telling of fervent heat and intense volcanic action. The intervening space is green with fields of maize, and groves of the golden fruit which formerly constituted the wealth of St. Michael's are half-hidden behind fences of laurel; fig-trees seem to mingle with the broad pendent leaves of the banana; and here and there are stiff spiky shoots of the flowering aloe, graceful acacias, and pink and blue hydrangea. To the rear of the church and across the bay stretches, behind the Rosto do Cão, the crumpled hill of Serra d'Agoa do Pao, topped with magnificent cumuli, and, as we first saw it, tinged with orange and gold by the western light. Here on a summer's evening the townsfolk love to linger, and the women sit about the steps and doff their capotes to enjoy the delicious air wafted up from the bay below.

The population of St. Michael's is about 131,000, of which one-sixth is in Ponta Delgada. As the island contains only about 230 square miles, the density of population is even greater than that of Belgium, the most thickly populated of all European countries. Were it not for such outlets as the Brazils and the Sandwich Isles, the struggle for existence would be even sharper than it now is. Few parts of the world are healthier than St. Michael's, the death-rate of which seldom exceeds sixteen per thousand. Epidemics are very rare; the mortality among children is remarkably low, and no Azorean mother assumes that her child must necessarily contend with the thousand natural shocks known as measles, whooping cough, scarlatina, and the like that infantile flesh with us is heir to. Living is cheap. In the city house-rent ranges from £10 to £40 per annum, and there are no rates or taxes. Labourers can be had from 6*d*. to 10*d*. a day, and the wages of house-servants vary from 5*s*. to 14*s*. a month. Bread, fruit, and vegetables are plentiful; butcher's meat is scarce and poor in quality, but fowls and ducks can be bought for a shilling a couple. The various city fountains are plentifully supplied with water of excellent quality from the lakes at the Sete Cidades. Most imported things are very dear, some articles of clothing being almost doubled in cost from the heavy customs dues.

The best general idea of the scenery of St. Michael's is obtained by driving from Ponta Delgada to the Furnas. This place is near the eastern end of the island, and is the Baden-Baden of the Azores. Thither during the heat of summer the wealth and fashion of the island congregate to take the air or drink the waters. It was a market-day when we left the town on our visit to the Furnas, and the country-women with baskets of fruit and vegetables on their heads, barefooted men driving flocks of brown-haired goats, asses laden with maize and firewood, and trains of mules enveloped in stacks of underwood were coming into Ponta Delgada. The road-sides were gay with rosy-pink oleanders, many-coloured balsams and blooms of hydrangea. Behind garden walls were broad-leaved bananas, and the curiously-crumpled leaves of the Japanese medlar, and at times the air felt almost heavy with the perfume from a thousand orange-trees. As we pass through the little villages our driver is considerably exercised to pick a way through the mixture of naked olive-skinned children, pigs and poultry, which at times kept possession of the road. We pass the Pico do Fogo—its scarified sides only too well bearing out its name—and then a succession of big hummocky hills, looking like enormous *roches moutonnées*, lined with forests of pine destined to be cut up into orange-boxes. Before us, the blue Atlantic is seen beating on the opposite shore of the island, and we get glimpses of the hills about the Sete Cidades and of Point Antonio running down to the sea. The vehicle rattles through the lava-paved streets of Ribeira Grande; we climb over the back of the Agoa do Pão ridge, and descend through ravines shaded by pines and poplars. A few women are seen plaiting straw hats at the cottage doors, or beating out flax on the lava walls on the road-side. The road winds round creek after creek, and over the rocky beds of dried-up mountain-streams. We pass a woman spinning flax before the open door of her

house; a little further on we see a mother feeding her child, and a more extraordinary mode of conveying alimentation to a human being we never beheld. It reminded one of stuffing a goose for a prospective *paté de foie gras*. The woman had a quantity of maize-flour worked up into a sticky paste in the palm of her hand, and from time to time, in rather quick succession, she pushed portions of the mass with her finger into the mouth and down the gullet of the squealing child, whose little paunch seemed distended to turgidity. In vain he kicked and gasped and spluttered, and cried himself tearless; at times he looked very near asphyxiation, but the woman kept her finger remorselessly going until the paste had disappeared, when she set the unfortunate little creature on her arm and wiped the perspiration from his face. He came round after a few sighs, and the smile of relief which passed over his jolly little face was quite touching to see.

We pass a threshing-floor where the cattle are treading out the grain. On the level sun-baked floor three or four yoke of oxen were dragging flat boards, on which



THE MATRIZ CHURCH, PONTA DELGADA.

stood groups of merry barefooted girls who guided the cattle round and about the floor by touching their horns with a pole, whilst others turned over the straw to expose fresh portions to the weight. The floor was placed on high ground so as to catch the breeze for the subsequent operation of winnowing, which is here done, as in the East, by throwing up the grain into the air. Half the village seemed to be engaged in the work, or in contributing to the ceaseless talk and merriment which accompanied it. The frisking girls with their tied-up petticoats and many-coloured handkerchiefs; the swarthy lads in tattered linen garments, and in all manner of wonderful head-gear; the fussy farmer, who seemed to be everywhere, and gave twenty orders at once; the imperturbable oxen; old women and naked little urchins and nursing mothers—conceive all this bathed in bright sunshine, and backed by black cliffs with the never-failing white fringe at their base, and beyond the great ocean stretching into the far distance until it seemed to lose itself in the blue unclouded sky, and you have a picture worthy of the pencil of Rosa Bonheur. A toilsome ascent up a heavy pumice road brings us on to an undulating plain rich in ferns and heath and briar; at times the

land reminded us of our Yorkshire moors, and was suggestive of grouse and black-cock, but beyond a few quails and here and there a hawk, we saw nothing to tempt a shot.

The descent into the Furnas basin affords one of the most striking views of the journey. The village lies at the bottom of an enormous crater almost symmetrical in form, about ten miles in circumference, and surrounded by hills a thousand feet high, as jagged and fantastic in outline as the Coolins in Skye. We zigzag down, and procuring donkeys we set out for Grena—a good-sized well-appointed house, formerly the property of a well-known London physician. It is some little distance from the village and overlooks the Lagoa dos Furnas. We wind up a good road, through a *col* in the pumice-ridge at the edge of the crater, past a beautiful little gorge known as the Baraccas, down which the water from a warm chalybeate spring pursues its ochreous course to the village below. The bed was choked with the bright green shield-shaped leaves of *Caladium esculentum;* and the sides were lined with tree heath and the long pendent fronds of *Woodwardia radicans*. A turn of the road brought us to the lake, and the air was tainted with the sulphureous fumes which rose, with clouds of steam, from the numerous hot springs near its margin. The ground in places was warm, and little jets of vapour were everywhere issuing from the earth and from the caves in the hill-side along which we passed. Fragments of obsidian were to be seen on the shore, and patches of sublimed sulphur incrusted the white siliceous mud. At the foot of the road leading up to Grena, on the other side of the lake, were the great Caldeiras—caldrons in fact of boiling water made milky by suspended silica. The water boiled up in these places to a height of several feet; there was a low rumbling sound and the ground shook with a constant tremor. The place was honeycombed with little "fumerolles," down the vents of which the foot of an incautious explorer might readily slip with the certain result of a severe scald.

Las Furnas—*anglicé* "the caves"—is said to derive its name from the circumstance that its earliest inhabitants were some hermits who in the early part of the seventeenth century made their dwelling-places in the caverns which are to be met with in the crater. Solitude they would certainly enjoy and in plenty, for the place was formerly regarded with superstitious dread, and few would descend into that deep valley and brave the mephitic air and the perils of the treacherous crust which seemed liable to be burst through at any moment by the pent-up energies below. To-day, however, there is a populous little village in the crater, and although earthquakes are as common there as in Japan they are just as lightly thought of. The people boil their eggs and corn in the caldeiras, and the donkeys will stand for hours sniffing in quiet enjoyment the sulphureous steam from the bubbling waters. The maim, the halt, and the blind come from all parts of the island to try the healing virtue of the springs.

We spent over a week in this crater examining the many caldeiras and the innumerable other evidences of intense volcanic activity round about. We have only space here for a description of the Bocca d'Inferno. Fancy a dark-coloured slimy cavern leading, with a gentle inclination—*facilis descensus Averni*—towards a hole about a couple of feet in diameter and through which intermittent jets of hot stinking water and clouds of steam are squirted with an explosive violence. This entrance to Hades was almost choked with stones; our guide watching his chance cautiously stepped down the slippery path and threw one of the larger ones into the hole with a warning to us to step back. There was an angry gurgling noise down in the hole, and in a few moments the stone was shot out by a violent burst of steam. The whole sight was Dantesque in its horribleness and vividly suggestive of the awful forces which were at work below the thin crust on which we stood.

The district round the Furnas abounds in interesting walks. The mountaineer may, if he pleases, scale the heights of the Pico do Vara, which stands like a sentinel guarding the eastern end of the island; or wander along the edge of the curious basin known as the Lagoa Secco, or through winding paths among bushes of bay and tree heath and mountain grape, getting peeps of the valleys below, and of the coast with Povoacao nestling under the black crags, and of the great ocean on which, dimmed by distance, may be discerned the little island of Santa Maria.

Our stay at Grena proved very agreeable, and Marie, who has already been introduced to English readers in the *Log Letters from the Challenger*, showed herself an excellent caterer. We twitted her concerning the story about the relation of wealth to beauty of the Azorean ladies which Lord George Campbell narrates. She was

much taken aback to know that it was in print. "He was," she said, in halting English, "a very nice gentleman, but he should not have put it in the book." Marie was troubled lest the chances of the occasional pataca might be jeopardised should the story reach the ears of her patronesses.

We arranged to return to Ponta Delgada by the southern side of the island and by way of Villa Franca. Accordingly Antonio Rebica, our trusty guide, was ordered to bring round three of his most spirited "jacks," as the return journey must be made on donkey-back. Antonio was a good specimen of an Azorean, and as such merits a word or two of description. He was of middle height, face oval with high and rather prominent cheek-bones, nose well formed and slightly aquiline, mouth large, and teeth perfect. He was as active and watchful as a cat, and to judge from the never-ending flow of remonstrance and entreaty which he addressed to his beasts—his "*va para cima!*" "*va no caminho!*" and the everlasting "*sekaio!*"—he was an excellent driver. His surname, in English, means "the plough-handle," and was probably given to a not very remote ancestor as a nickname, and afterwards adopted as the family cognomen. Instances of such changes of name are very common among the peasants. One of our drivers was named Sabolla, or "onion"; another Panella, that is "saucepan"; whilst a third was known as Batente, which signifies a "door-lintel."

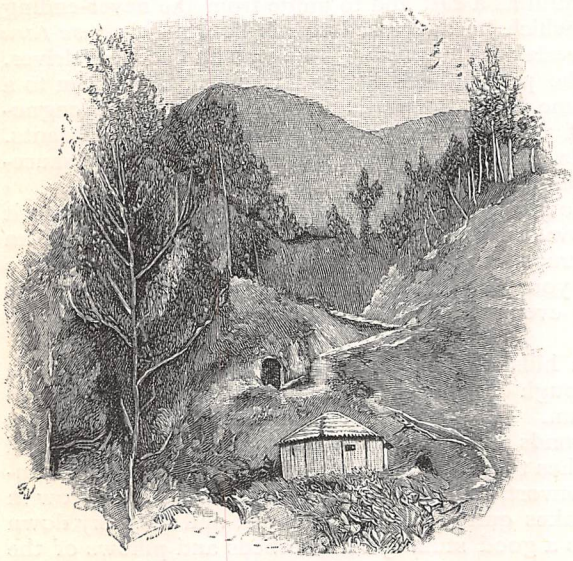
The general method of locomotion in St. Michael's is on donkey-back. You sit athwart or *à la femme* upon the pillow or small feather-bed which does duty for an Azorean saddle. There are no stirrups, and the difficulties of the situation are augmented by the circumstance that your driver when descending a steep place hauls back upon the animal by his tail, or even occasionally lifts up his hind-legs by it to plant them more securely.

Our way from Grena led through hills of pumice until we came near the coast, when there was a steep and rather rough descent through shady chestnut groves and over a springy carpet of lycopodium. We saw innumerable ferns. There were magnificent growths of *Osmunda;* fronds of *Woodwardia* six to seven feet long, and of the common maiden-hair, nine inches to a foot in length. The Irish fern, the Tunbridge fern, the evergreen Sea-spleenwort, and the Dwarf Adder's Tongue grow in great profusion. *Dicksonia culcita* makes quite a respectable tree, and the silky down which covers its young fronds affords a good stuffing for the beds and pillows of the islanders.

We soon reached Villa Franca, and made our way to the house of Claudnia de Jésus, where thoughtful friends had arranged that we should have our midday meal. Her house was of the better sort, close to the sea-wall, and overlooking the islet of Villa Franca. We were strangely reminded of the outer world by seeing on the walls, amidst the never-failing pictures of saints and madonnas, cuttings from *The Illustrated London News* and *Harper's Weekly;* a portrait of Tennyson, and of Colonel Colt, of revolver fame; and a print of Sir John Gilbert's Bashi-bazouk. Years ago Villa Franca was the most important place in St. Michael's, and the shelter afforded by the outlying island made its roadstead the safest anchorage round that weather-beaten coast. It is however in the centre of great volcanic disturbance, and it has been repeatedly overwhelmed by earthquakes and lava-flows. Almost at the very outset of its existence it was nearly destroyed by the fall of two hills, and in 1522 upwards of 4,000 of the townspeople perished during an eruption. In 1591 a succession of earthquakes again brought it down, and the sea rose and washed over it. The great earthquake of 1755—memorable in the history of Lisbon—also reached St. Michael's, and many houses near Villa Franca and along the coast were swept away by the rush of the sea which followed.

It was late in the afternoon before we said farewell to Claudnia. She accompanied us a little way from the door and bade us God-speed with many expressions of goodwill. We had exchanged our donkeys for a couple of mules, as Antonio was obliged to return to the Furnas before nightfall. As we turned into the main street we came upon the town-prison, and at the window sat a couple of the prisoners enjoying the gentle breeze which came through the bars. The floor was on a level with the street, and the window-sill was conveniently placed to allow of the inmates to while away the tedium of confinement by an occasional gossip with the town-folk. One of the men was engaged in feeding a bird in a cage which hung before the bars; as we passed he doffed his woollen cap with that respectful gravity and perfect self-possession which distinguishes the salutation of every Azorean peasant.

It was a delightful evening. The air kindly and sweetly recommended itself unto our grateful senses. The road, for the most part, lay along the base of the cliffs and within a short distance from the water's edge; it curved round innumerable little bays and creeks and now and again cut through hills of scoriæ and volcanic ash. Our enjoyment of the quiet beauty of the scene was however somewhat marred by the extreme loquacity of our driver. It seems that there had been a "festa" in the town, and a very evident participation in its pleasures had whetted his appetite for talk. Luckily after a mile or two we were spared further infliction: a couple of peasants—a man and his wife—also on their way out of the town, overtook us, and were made the recipients of much information concerning us—some of which, indeed, was quite new to ourselves. The woman was remarkably handsome, tall and well-proportioned, and strode along barefooted, with all the ease and freedom of one of Diana's nymphs. Few even of the most ardent devotees of the "divided skirt" could emulate that gait.



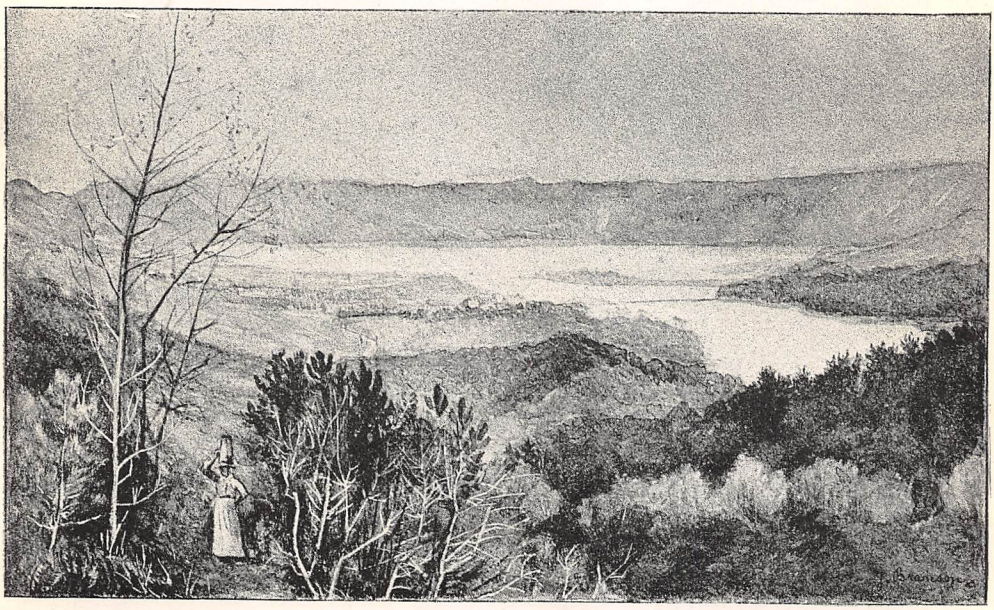
BARACCAS, FURNAS.

It was nearly dark when we ambled through the Villa d'Agoa do Pao, which possibly was the reason we saw none of the one-booted folk who are reputed to live in the village; our driver had long since parted with his friends and like ourselves had relapsed into sleepiness, and we were not sorry when the brisk clattering of the animals' feet over the rounded stones of the Praça do Municipio told us that Manoel's house was once more reached.

The neighbourhood of Ponta Delgada boasts of many handsome gardens, and few strangers visit St. Michael's without seeing Botelho, the seat of the Baron de Fontabella; or Santa Anna, that of Sr. José do Canto. M. do Canto's quinta resembles in style and appointments a well-ordered French country-house, but no country-house either here or in France can boast of such a garden; indeed with the exceptions of the Jardin des Plantes, the famous garden at Rio, and our own Kew Gardens, there is probably no finer arboretum in the world. During the last forty years M. do Canto has spared neither pains nor money in introducing and distributing such foreign trees and plants as would increase the wealth of the island or add to its beauty. At the Furnas he has a thriving tea-plantation: he not only imported the plants but also the Chinese labourers to tend them and to teach his people how to gather and treat the leaves. Nearly every tree belonging to temperate and semi-tropical regions luxuriates on the island, provided it be sheltered from the violent winds of winter. On the slopes round Santa Anna there are upwards of 1,200 species in cultivation. We saw a well-grown *Pandenus utilis* from Madagascar; an *Auracaria excelsa*, seventy feet high, from New Caledonia; a lovely *Cryptomeria* from Japan; *Cupressus macrocarpa; Seafordia elegans*, &c. M. do Canto's private secretary, Sr. Francisco d'Arruda Furtado, showed us a natural history collection of the islands which he had arranged in the rooms of a disused convent in the town. We were specially struck with the fossil salt-water mollusca from Sta. Maria, which contains the only stratified rocks in the group. We found M. Furtado engaged in working out the structure and affinities of *Viquesnelia atlantica*, a remarkable little gasteropod peculiar to the Azores, and without congeners either in the European or Atlantic zones. The little slug is however gradually dying out, and very careful searching among the damp sphagnum near the Muro de Carvão, at the western end of the island, is required to find it.

There are no terrestrial mammalia of any kind indigenous to the island. Indeed, it is known when those now found there were introduced. There are no snakes or

other reptiles. Earthworms are occasionally met with, but they have probably been introduced in the soil bringing plants from distant countries. The green frog was brought by an American whaling captain, to enhance, as he said, the charms of the Lagoa dos Furnas. Within forty years it had spread over the island. The lakes contained no fish ; gold-fish were placed a few years back in the Lagoa dos Furnas and the Lagoa do Fogo, but they do not seem to thrive. We saw scores of half-starved fish thrown up on the shingle of the Lagoa do Fogo. Birds, of course, there are in plenty : upwards of fifty species are known to frequent the islands, but the only one which is peculiar is a kind of bullfinch—*Pyrrhula murina*—to be found in numbers about the groves and hedges of Ponta Delgada. He is a handsome little bird, as bold and impudent as his English cousin, but lacking his grey feathers ; indeed, it has been remarked that the plumage of many of the birds becomes more sombre in cast after their introduction into the island. There are a few wild-duck in the vicinity of the



SETE CIDADES, ST. MICHAEL'S.

lakes, together with snipe and quail, and during the summer months tern are occasionally observed. Buzzards are very common and may be constantly seen hovering above the orange plantations on the look-out for rats, which here climb the trees and eat out the pulp of the fruit. It is from this bird (*Buleo vulgaris*), which the early navigators mistook for the kite (Portuguese *açor*), that the islands derive their name.

We employed the remainder of our stay in St. Michael's in exploring the western end of the island. This—the district of the Sete Cidades—is even more extraordinary than that of the Furnas. Here are no bubbling caldeiras ; the ground beneath your feet is not hot and throbbing, but the evidence that, at some time not very remote, "the earth was feverous and did shake" is just as striking. In the year following the discovery of St. Michael's by Cabral, there was a mighty convulsion of the island ; in several places the hills poured out molten streams, and the air was thick with ashes and the fumes of sulphur. At the western end an enormous pit was formed : this is the valley of the Sete Cidades. It is 1,040 feet deep and is ten miles in circumference. Standing at the edge of this vast hole one is amazed at the magnitude of the forces which had thrust out or melted down such an enormous volume of earth in so short a time. The manner in which we first saw the Sete Cidades was, to us, very impressive. We had left the high-road shortly after passing the village of Feiteras, and began the ascent of the ridge which separates the valley from the southern coast of the island. The way lay along the sides of a ravine and over some moorland up to an opening in the ridge through which the narrow road passes. We had been told that the view from this point was by all considered as the most striking in the island. After trudging for

many hundred feet along the sombre hill-sides there is suddenly spread out before you a panorama full of extraordinary forms and fantastic colour;—an azure lake; serrated cliffs of basalt; a plain dotted with craters looking as if they had been thrown up a year or two ago. At length we spied the cleft, and hurrying forward passed through the narrow opening, and looked down upon a placid sea of fog! How to get down was a puzzle: the road was very steep, and each short turn ended in vacuity. All at once however the veil seemed to lift: through the thin haze we began to discern the shapes of hills, and in a moment afterwards the whole scene burst in upon us. The rapidity of the transition was marvellous. The valley seemed to be bathed in light. The dark furrows on the hill-sides; the patches of blue and green on the water; the fields of light-green maize; the trees; the little whitewashed cottages; a couple of cows knee-deep in the lakes—all seemed to stand out with as much distinctness and

"BEFORE THE HUT THE DAME HER SPINDLE TWIRLED,
COURTING THE SUNBEAM AS SHE PLIED HER TOIL."
Lord of the Isles, CANTO V. I.

brilliancy as if seen through a glass in sunshine. Our heightened feeling was partly due, no doubt, to the revulsion from a sense of disappointment, but the scene transcended all our anticipations, and by a common impulse we slipped down from the saddles and with our backs to the rocks silently took in every detail of the view. A thousand feet below lay the lake, or rather the two lakes; for at the point where it is narrowest a causeway connects the shores. The larger and more distant lake was of the darkest blue, that immediately below was of a delicate green, due possibly to the reflections from the masses of bracken and faya which lined the overhanging rocks. The hills to the right and before us rose sheer out of the water; on the left the sides were less precipitous and the ground fell in more gentle lines into an undulating plain with trees and fields of corn. The water on this side was evidently shallow, and many of the houses were at the very edge of the shore. Between the village and the outer wall was a score of craters and hills of pumice, the sides of

which were carved into little ridges and furrows, alternately green and ochreous in colour.

It was late in the afternoon when we reached the village below. We had heard that Manoel Travassos, if he could be found, might be induced to put us up for the night : his house, considering it was in a crater, was a most substantial-looking place of entertainment. Whilst one of our men searched for him—for it was obvious that the visits of Manoel's guests were like those of angels—we explored the little village. The place seemed wretchedly poor : many of the adobe huts were in ruins and the rest were hardly weather-tight. The sound of the quern within, the crackling of bush-wood fires, and the thick white smoke coming from the doorways, showed that the people were busy with preparations for the evening meal. Many of the older houses are actually in the lake, and granaries stand in places which must be covered with water during the winter rains. The dwellers in the Sete Cidades have evidently a hard struggle for existence. During a considerable part of the day the sun does not shine into the basin, and consequently their fruits and corn are seldom properly ripened : much of the land is almost worthless for cultivation ; ferns which love the shade luxuriate there, but then people cannot live on ferns.

Manoel prepared a most sumptuous repast. First we had chicken broth ; next we had chicken boiled ; then we had chicken roast, and we wound up with a dish of Huntley and Palmer's biscuits. We had dismembered the fowls with Sheffield blades, and one whom we will call X., to the great edification of Manoel, made an after-dinner oration in honour of the country which could plant Reading biscuits and Bessemer steel at the bottom of a crater in the middle of the Atlantic ocean !

Next morning we set out to explore the district. A thin, chilly mist hung over everything, but in time the sun mounted above the edge of the valley and gradually dispelled the huge basinful of fog. The play of light and shade and of colour on the two lakes was most striking. The water of the Lagoa Azul, as the smaller one is called, was of a delicate greenish-blue with here and there curiously-marked patches of olive-green : that of the more distant lake—the Lagoa Grande—was of a deep emerald-blue, and in places almost black. An easy climb brought us to the top of the Pico do Cruz, beneath which the whole of the island was spread out in relief. In places the edge of the crater is not above a couple of yards wide and both sides are precipitous. Below is the hamlet of Moisteros, and near this the site of "Sabrina" —the island which, on a June day in 1811, suddenly emerged from the sea, rose to a height of three hundred feet, and then subsided so rapidly that in the following February not a trace of it was visible. Our journey round the top of the basin occupied nearly the whole day : the walk afforded a succession of surprises and delights, for nowhere are the evidences of "dire combustion and confused events" more strikingly marked than in this wonderful district of the Sete Cidades.

THE RING OF AMASIS.

A ROMANCE.

By THE EARL OF LYTTON.

CHAPTER III.

THE HOUSE IN THE RUE DU HELDER.

MEANWHILE my endeavours to obtain further information about Count Roseneck proved fruitless. I inquired at all the embassies and hotels, but could hear nothing of him. I took it for granted that he had left Paris ; and the date fixed for my own departure was now at hand.

One evening I was persuaded by some young friends with whom I had been dining to accompany them to a fashionable gambling house in the Rue du Helder, which was at that time such a favourite and indeed famous resort of the *jeunesse dorée* that I did not like to leave Paris without having seen it. I went out of pure curiosity, for gambling has never been one of my temptations ; and the passion for play appears to me the only one that is totally destitute of every element of grandeur. Just as I was about to leave this place with a strong feeling of disgust, one of a crowd of spectators who had collected round the table for *Trente et Quarante* exclaimed, "*Pristi!* He had already put on Red fifteen times running, and now he has won on it again!"

I pushed my way through the crowd to catch sight of the player whose successful fidelity to a single colour was exciting the wonder and admiration of the bystanders. A heap of gold *rouleaux*, with several piles of notes, left me in no doubt where to look for the favourite of fortune. Conceive my astonishment when I again recognized Count Roseneck in the place where I should have least expected to meet him! This time, his appearance reminded me more than ever of the scene on board the *Lorelei*, when I was so forcibly impressed by the contrast between the composure of his countenance and the agitation of the water on which he was gazing.

The cards had just been shuffled for a new cut. The count's singular success induced the majority of the *Ponte* to follow his example ; and as he did not yet seem disposed either to pocket his gains or to change his colour, fresh stakes now covered that part of the table which, for the sixteenth time, had been so decisively favoured by luck. Just at the moment, however, when the croupier cried "*Le jeu est fait, rien ne va plus!*" the immense heap of gold and notes, whose envied proprietor I had identified, was rapidly, almost imperceptibly, pushed across the table on to the side of the contrary chance.

All that I noticed about this instantaneous operation was that in the movement of the stakes something sparkled, like a peculiarly bright jewel. My looks had never once been taken off the count, and I knew not how to explain their conflicting testimony ; for on the one hand it was certain that the stakes had been moved, and on the other I could swear that the man I watched with intense attention during their movement had

never once stirred from the position in which he was sitting, with his arms folded, and to all appearance quite uninterested in the game.

By one of those rapid inspirations which excite the envy of gamblers, the strange player, already so admired for his persistent good luck, had for the seventeenth time made Fortune his slave, and the bank was broken.

This sudden change of stakes was unchallenged by the croupiers, whose Argus eyes no unfair play could have escaped ; nor did any of the players object to it, although it had been too late, too sudden, and too rapid for general imitation, and they had therefore lost their money.

The next moment, however, all was in uproar and confusion. The croupiers started up in horror ; the players who were hurrying away turned round and stared with frightened faces at the Silesian. His own face had become absolutely hueless, and was convulsed with an expression of intense terror. His eyes were starting from their sockets. His lips were blue. His body swayed heavily forward, and he fell upon the floor insensible. They carried him into the adjoining room. I followed. When I mentioned that I was a physician, way was made for me at once. I had my lancet-case with me. At my request the count was placed upon a sofa. I bared his arm, bandaged it with my handkerchief, and bled him. Then I said that I had no further need of assistance, and every one withdrew.

I was alone with my patient. His cheek, though still pale, had resumed a natural hue. The expression of terror had left his features. He lay before me, calm as a sleeping child. His face was turned to me like an open book. In that book was written the history of a profound sorrow ; but the longer I studied it, the more it impressed me with compassionate respect. There were lines in it which told of severe suffering, but nothing mean, nothing base or vulgar. In the noble harmony of its features I could find no trace of that great discord, vice.

A sigh, and a feeble movement of the limbs, announced returning consciousness. I drew back softly. After a short pause, the count lifted up his unbandaged arm, and motioned me to approach him. I obeyed. He took my hand in his, and looked long and wistfully into my face. At last, as if satisfied with the result of his scrutiny, he said, with a singularly winning smile—

" I think this is not our first meeting, and I have a presentiment that it will not be our last. I do not thank you for your assistance. Towards you, the observance of an empty courtesy appears to me too little ; and at present more than this would be too much. Do me the favour to accompany me to my house, where, if you think it necessary, you can complete the good offices you have so successfully begun. I can now move without difficulty."

I clasped his hand, bowed silently, and left the room to order a *fiacre*. In the next chamber I found the banker of the gambling house, who at my request sent one of its servants to fetch the *fiacre* to the side door. I was about to return to the count when the banker stopped me.

" Pardon, Monsieur le Docteur, one word. The money ? "

The count, who had heard this inquiry through the half-opened door, entered the room and answered it himself.

" I regret," he said, turning to the banker, " the inconvenience I have involuntarily caused you. Monsieur," he added, turning to me, " but pardon me,—your name ? "

I gave it. He bowed and resumed—

" Monsieur de V—— will have the goodness to call upon you to-morrow, and dispose of half the sum in accordance with my wishes, which he will allow me to communicate to him. The remainder I request you to distribute among the servants of your establishment, to whom I fear I have occasioned a good deal of trouble."

The *fiacre* was announced, and I entered it with the count. We did not exchange a word with each other on the way to his abode in the Faubourg St. Germain. It was a spacious apartment which, with the exception of a few rare objects of art, had the appearance of a house that had been hired " ready furnished." In the valet who opened the door I recognised the old servant I had seen on board the *Lorelei*. I explained to him that his master had had a slight accident, and gave him the few orders I thought necessary for the night. The old man shook his head mournfully, muttering, " Again? *Lieber Herr Gott*, have mercy on us ! " The count was evidently exhausted. As I left him, I enjoined absolute repose, an injunction which he received with an ironical smile.

The next morning I called on him again by appointment. I was shown into a large saloon overlooking the court. No gracious traces of a woman's presence beautified its formal aspect. I had little time to look about me, however, before the count entered. There was not the slightest sign of excitement or fatigue in his appearance.

"You see in me," he said cordially, "a flattering testimonial to your skill. I owe you a calm night and a refreshing sleep. Be seated. You have done me a double service. For pressing affairs, which obliged me to fix my departure for to-day, would have seriously suffered had I been forced to postpone it. I have now, however, no reason to fear the effects of a rather long journey. Instead of thanks, allow me to increase my debt to you by a request. You heard me last night dispose of your good offices without even awaiting your permission. I am ashamed of the money you saw me win without, I assure you, the least interest in the process. I am no gambler. Like yourself, perhaps, I was led by curiosity to that house. I wished to pay my entrance by a small stake, and only left my money on the table in order to get rid of it. The rest you know."

His lip quivered a moment, but he quickly resumed—

"When you told me your name, I remembered that I had heard it before from some friends of your mother's family with whom I am slightly acquainted. I know the noble object of your life. Favour me by devoting the half of my winnings of last night to the relief of that poverty and suffering which, without your skilful employment of it, this slight offering would be powerless to alleviate. And hereafter . . . ."

I was about to speak, but with a gesture of protest he went on—

"Hereafter, whenever you fall in with such cases of need as you consider deserving, pray do not fail to regard me as your banker. Two lines to Larnstein, near Breslau, with the address of the sufferer, will enable you to make at least *one* person happy. Adieu, we shall meet again. I feel it, though I know not how, nor when, nor where, our next meeting may take place."

This was a polite intimation not to question or detain him further. Promising to comply with his wishes, I took leave of this extraordinary man. And thus, the solution of the enigma which had so long excited my curiosity slipped once more from under my hand, and left me no wiser than before.

Within a few days, after executing the count's last orders, I left Paris myself. On my return to Germany I settled at Berlin, intending to make it my permanent residence; but about two years after my arrival there, I received and accepted an invitation from Breslau to take the chair of Medical Science at that University.

At Breslau my dear mother came to live with me; but, alas, not for many years. She died soon after my marriage with a young lady to whom she had long wished to see me united. As my wife had brought me a fortune about equal to my own, and my professional duties were far from onerous, I was able to devote my time almost entirely to original research. My first attempt to introduce myself to the literary world of Germany was the publication of a small pamphlet entitled :—

"A Treatise upon Spectral Apparitions, being a Contribution to the Phenomenology of the Brain."

In this pamphlet I had incorporated and developed some of the notes made during my sojourn in Paris. The little book, however, fell stillborn; and in the interest of subsequent occupations I soon forgot the failure of it.

One evening, on my return home late from a conference at the house of a colleague, my servant informed me that a strange gentleman was waiting to see me. It was past midnight, but a physician is bound to receive visitors at all hours. I sent word to the stranger that I would see him at once in my study. He was an old man of lofty stature, but drooping carriage. As the room was but dimly lit by a shaded lamp, it was not till he spoke that I recognised the once handsome and stately Count Roseneck.

The count was painfully altered. His appearance still retained a certain melancholy dignity, but it was the dignity of a defeated man. There was a hopeless droop about the lines of the mouth. His face was deeply furrowed, and his still luxuriant hair, snow-white. There are some men who preserve the aspect of youth to the extreme limit of middle life; and then, as if Old Age were impatient to wreak its vengeance on the features which have so long resisted its attacks, they suddenly fall into a decrepitude

out of all proportion to the number of their years. This is what seemed to have happened to the count. His aspect was like that of a broken statue.

"Be assured," he said, after we had exchanged embarrassed salutations, "that it is not to slip out of your hands, as formerly, that I have sought this interview. When we first met casually, years ago, as fellow travellers, I noticed the scrutiny of your regard, and it annoyed me. When, a few years later, you were twice the unwelcome witness of scenes in which you saw me under deep emotion, I began to feel that something more than a chance was establishing a connection between persons so separated from each other by the ordinary relations of life. For I must tell you that, before we met again at the house in the Rue du Helder, I had detected (though too late) your presence on a spot where I believed myself alone, by the Mare d'Auteuil. Since then I have, at various times, been powerfully impelled to approach you of my own accord; but I have hitherto shrunk from taking a step that might perhaps prove destructive of a certain vague hope, to which I am constrained to cling with a tenacity derived from despair in all other sources of comfort. That I have no longer the power to refrain from taking this step, is proved by my presence in your house to-night."

These words were spoken without any appearance of emotion, but I was profoundly disturbed by them. I felt that the revelation once so eagerly sought was now about to be spontaneously vouchsafed; and, strange to say, the prospect of it alarmed and repelled me. An act of confidence so long withheld could only have been wrung from the defeat of a lifetime. My perception of all it must have cost the sufferer filled me with vague apprehensions as to the nature of it, and the consequences it might possibly involve. I foresaw that I might be called upon to pronounce, in relation to facts as yet entirely unknown to me, a judgment seriously affecting the fate of this unhappy man; and such a responsibility seemed too solemn to be lightly undertaken. I could not, therefore, belie the gravity of my own feelings by the utterance of any commonplace assurances.

The count seemed to understand this, for after a momentary hesitation he continued, as if he had expected no reply—

"Innumerable circumstances, each in itself of seemingly small account, combined to urge me unceasingly along the path which has brought me at last to your door. Seldom has a year passed by but what, through one chance or another, mention of your name has reached me from the most unexpected quarters; and always in a way that made the chance appear to me significant. One of those chances at last became decisive. One of those chances which must remain inexplicable, if we do not regard them as hints from that mysterious prompter who compels us dull players to perform the parts assigned us in the great tragedy of Human Life."

Here his voice faltered, but he quickly resumed—

"My bookseller sends me periodically the new books of the season. One day, the printed wrapper of a parcel received from him contained a sentence which happened to catch my eye, and which instantly arrested my attention. Suffer me to repeat that sentence. I know it by heart only too well, and it is not unknown to yourself—

"'*The vision*,' you have said, '*exists for the actor only, and in every case his action is presupposed by it; for criminal thoughts alone, without result of any kind in action* (*an A without a B*), *cannot produce permanent or periodical spectres. At least I know of no such case.*'

"Perhaps," continued the count, "you have looked deep enough into my life to divine the impression made upon my mind by the sight of these words. Had an oracle appeared upon the wall in characters of fire, it could not have more profoundly affected me. I sent at once for the work from which this sheet had been torn. Eagerly I turned to the title page. The author's name was on it. The author's name was yours. Since then, your book has been my constant companion."

He stopped abruptly. I could not answer him. With an obvious effort, he resumed—

"I will come at once to the object of this visit. The case that was wanting to your experience—"

Again he stopped, rose, and crossed the room with apparent effort. His movements were those of a man whose strength is completely broken. On entering, he had flung his travelling cloak over a chair by the door. From this he now drew out a large packet.

"You have written," he said, "according to the lights with which your observation

has supplied you. But there are crimes into which no action enters, and spectres more real than those of which your philosophy professes to give account. If the knowledge of evil can serve the cause of good, employ these papers for that purpose. I ask you only to spare me the pain of being myself your guide along the thorny path where the footprints of a tired pilgrim will suffice to point the way."

He was moving to the door, as if he wished to leave me no opportunity for reply. Suddenly, however, he paused, and added—

"I said just now that all I would ask of you was to read these papers. Suffer me to add one other request. It is that I may hear from you after you have read them. My address, I think, you know already. But at any rate you will find it in the packet I am leaving with you."

"One question!" I exclaimed. "The countess?"

The man's whole stature rose to its full height; and pointing upward, he answered—

"Yonder! at the right hand of her husband."

Before I could say another word, he was gone. But he had left with me the secret of his life.

I have now finished that part of my narrative which, from the nature of the incidents it deals with, has been unavoidably more or less autobiographical.

Henceforth, I am thankful to say, I shall have little or no occasion to speak of myself in connection with what remains to be related.

The packet handed to me by Count Roseneck contained a number of letters in different handwritings (most of them a woman's), various memoranda written by the count himself, and several pages which seemed to have been selected with care from his private journal. They are the materials from which the rest of this narrative has been compiled; and some of them, which speak for themselves, I propose to transcribe without comment. The circumstances and events recorded in the following chapters were, of course, long anterior to those I have till now been describing as an eye-witness.

CHAPTER IV

SETHOS AND AMASIS.

THE château of Larnstein had seen many changes, and suffered few. Embosomed in a wooded curve of the river Weidnitz, it stood four-square about a moss-grown court, and its high copper roofs surmounted a massive pile of grey stone. The south front of the château faced a broad terrace, from which flights of stone steps descended to an Italian garden, laid out in long straight walks, and alleys of clipt limes. In the centre of the garden was a fish-tank, full of old black water, and old red fish. The garden led to a bowling alley. Beyond the bowling alley lay a large slovenly meadow called the park; and beyond the park were woods abounding in roebuck and red deer.

From a date which the family genealogist asserted to be not much later than the reign of Henry the Fowler, the château and lands of Larnstein had descended in direct succession to Albert, Count of Roseneck, a kind-hearted, rather weak-minded man.

The count married late in life, and his marriage, though a love-match, was a happy one. It bore him three children. Conrad, the eldest, was four years old when his brother Felix was born. To Felix succeeded, two years later, a sister, Marie, who was sickly from her birth, and died at the age of three.

While the grief of the count and the countess for the loss of this child was still fresh, the young wife of the spendthrift Prince C—— died in the first year of her marriage, giving birth to a daughter. Her family and that of the countess were close neighbours in Bohemia. The countess was a few years older than the princess; but from the days of their childhood there had existed between these two ladies the tenderest and most intimate friendship. The last request made to Prince C—— by his dying wife was that her infant daughter might be confided to the care of her friend Clara von Roseneck. The Prince, though a young man devoted to pleasure, had been passionately in love with his wife. He was deeply affected by her death; and his reluctance to disregard her last wishes was confirmed by the consciousness of his inability to take proper care of the infant. The little Juliet was therefore brought to

Larnstein whilst still in her cradle, and confided to the willing care of her mother's friend.

The prince soon forgot his double loss in a life of debauchery at Vienna. In a few years his splendid income became insufficient to keep up the mortgages on his estates. After an enforced settlement with his creditors, he accepted service in the Imperial army; and was killed in the battle of Aspen, whilst leading his regiment into action. Count Roseneck, who had been duly appointed to act as Juliet's guardian, secured for the orphan all that could be saved from the wreck of her father's fortune; and the little girl, who had no recollection of any other home, grew up at Larnstein with the count's two boys. Juliet had a singularly loving and lovable nature; and that trustfulness, which was the chief feature of it, found daily development in all her relations with her adopted family.

Conrad's education was completed at Larnstein under the personal superintendence of his father. The only companions of his childhood were grown-up persons. The boy's disposition was naturally thoughtful, and this home-education imparted to it a seriousness not common to his age. The birth of his younger brother, followed a few years later by Juliet's arrival, introduced a more animated life into the old château; and his relations with those two children gradually assumed an almost paternal character. Felix and Juliet looked up to Conrad as to a superior being. His information was far beyond his years, so was the gravity of his character. With a keenly inquiring mind he combined a deep though undemonstrative capacity of affection, and an enthusiasm quickly excited by whatever presented itself to his feelings in the form of a duty. Tenderly attached as he was to the little boy and girl, who clung to him as their "guide, philosopher, and friend" in all things, he could not bear the thought of their education being intrusted to strange hands. He was confident of his capacity to be their teacher; and this confidence so flattered the paternal pride of his father that the old count's assent was easily obtained. The strange position which Conrad thus occupied between his parents and these two children seemed to result so naturally from the precocious maturity of his character, that it involved no appearance of presumption on his part, or weakness upon the part of his father. But in the calm course of the life thus harmoniously ordered, a life exempt from struggle and contrariety, impeded by no pressure from without and disturbed by no passion from within, the will found nothing to resist or restrain, and its weapons rested unemployed.

At last, the entry of Felix into a military school was rendered necessary by the career he had chosen for himself. The times were troubled; but family necessities and the boy's strong inclinations would in any case have indicated the army as his natural vocation. This change at Larnstein induced Conrad to think of completing his own education by travel and intercourse with the life of foreign countries. His first journey was to England.

Early initiated as he had been into the management of a large landed estate, that country had peculiar attractions for the young count. In the undemonstrative manners of English society, however, there is an apparent absence of feeling, or at least a singularly reticent expression of it, which was not calculated to arouse and educate the emotional forces of such a character as Conrad's. The decorous tranquillity of his demeanour was well in keeping with a society which habitually treats every manifestation of emotion as a breach of good taste; and in his intercourse with others nothing revealed to him those turbulent passions of which he had no cause to suspect the latent existence in himself.

He was a bold rider and a good shot; but it was not for the sake of the hunting and shooting to be got there that he had been induced to visit England.

What most attracted and delighted him in London was the unique collection of acquisitions from all countries and all ages, which is to be found within the walls of the British Museum; and it was the Egyptian department of it which specially fascinated his imagination. He stood entranced before the colossal monuments of that enigmatic Past which has bequeathed its mystery to the Scriptures of Moses, the legends of Herodotus, and the philosophy of Pythagoras. He studied them with an ever-increasing interest. The works of Belzoni and others only stimulated, without satisfying, his curiosity; and at last he resolved upon a journey to Egypt itself. With this object he went first to Paris, and there completed his studies in Egyptology, under the guidance of Champollion. From Marseilles he embarked for Cairo, that *nonchalant* sentry-box of the enchanted palaces of the East which the Turks have established on the ruins of

Memphis. There, he procured a firman from Constantinople, engaged an experienced dragoman, hired and equipped a suitable boat for his journey up the Nile, and, taking with him his Herodotus and his Strabo, reached Thebes.

He had been advised by Champollion to select for his head-quarters that antique seat of the three last dynasties, under whose sceptre the arts and sciences of Egypt covered the land with monuments so enormous, and apparently so imperishable, that the destructive power of Cambyses appears almost superhuman when measured by the vast remains of what it destroyed. At Thebes, Conrad disembarked; and, pitching his tent from spot to spot, sometimes among the ruins of Luxor, sometimes near the village of Carnac, he prosecuted his researches along that great desert which stretches on either side of the Nile, eastward and westward, between the Arabian and the Libyan hills.

Here, the young count commenced his excavations in the neighbourhood of the Temple of Ammon Chnouphis. One evening, during the progress of those excavations, he had withdrawn himself from his attendants a few hours before sunset, and was seated at some little distance from their encampment, on the gigantic terrace of brickwork which still rises twenty feet above the sand, measuring no less than one thousand feet in breadth and two thousand in length. On that huge pedestal, with its face fronting the Nile, stands the Temple of Ammon Chnouphis, the Divine Originative Principle. The temple is approached by an alley formed of six hundred colossal sphinxes, and the circuit of it covers a space of about three English miles. Within it were chambers large enough to contain the entire pile of any average-sized cathedral; and in each chamber one hundred and thirty columns, of which only the ruins now remain, once supported a ceiling elaborately carved and painted. Beyond these stupendous structures, the famous artificial lake which excited the wonder of Herodotus still conducts to the Necropolis,—a city of tombs and temples hewn in the solid rock of the Libyan mountains. Within sight of that lake, over whose mysterious waters had glided ages ago the ghostly barks that bore the bodies of the departed from the dwellings of living man to the neighbouring city of the dead, Conrad was eagerly engaged in the examination of a mummy he had just unsheathed from its surrounding *byssus*.

The mummy was in a state of perfect preservation. The sculptures on the sarcophagus whence it had been removed that morning betokened that it was the body of an Egyptian prince who had perished in the flower of his youth; and the features of the dead man, though pinched and shrunken, still retained something of the delicate beauty of boyhood. The corpse of this young prince was more than three thousand years older than the living man above it; but, had they been contemporaries, the Egyptian would have been the younger of the two.

The papyrus which accompanied the mummy differed in some particulars from the customary type of those passports for eternity with which the dead were furnished by the priesthood of Ancient Egypt. The hieroglyphics inscribed on all such documents represent, with but little variation, the story of the soul's migration after death, from the moment when it leaves the body till that in which, accompanied by its presiding genii, it stands before the dread Balance of the Supreme Judgment. One scale of the mystic balance contains the Vial of Iniquity, a vase supposed to be filled with the sins of the life on which judgment is about to be passed, whilst in the other scale is placed a feather representing its good actions. Between two sphinxes, the symbols of wisdom, Râ and Anubis preside at the Soul's Trial; and the record of the trial is written by Thoth, who may be easily recognised by the head of the Ibis invariably surmounting the otherwise human figure of the god. Seated upon the crook of a divining rod, Harpocrates (not the God of Silence, as the Greeks supposed, but Har-pa-chruti, the Divine Mystery of incipient light, present in all that reveals or revives) is holding his finger on his lips; and, enthroned upon the threshold of the nether world, Osiris waits to deliver the irrevocable sentence which shall determine the period of the soul's purification, and the nature of its new probations.

On the papyrus, however, which Conrad was endeavouring to decipher, this conventional representation of the soul's judgment was preceded by a long series of images, apparently designed to indicate important incidents in the earthly life of the dead man.

In the first series, a man of lofty stature and mature age appeared standing between the slender figures of two youths. This central image was clothed with the insignia of royalty, and it held in its right hand a ring with which it pointed to a throne. In certain hieroglyphics placed above the heads of the three images Conrad recognised proper

names he had seen engraved, both in the hieroglyphic and the cursive character, upon monuments previously examined by him. They were obviously the names of the persons represented in the group below them. The central figure was the Thoûoris of Manethon, elsewhere mentioned as Rhamses, the ninth of that name, and the last sovereign of the nineteenth dynasty. The names above the two smaller figures on either side of Thoûoris were Sethos and Amasis, names which Conrad was unable to identify with any of the personages of Egyptian history already known to him.

A second series of images, placed under the first compartment, and divided from it by a band bearing the initial symbol of the human figure, represented Amasis inscribing various characters on a papyrus, and at the same time holding up in his left hand the same ring which, in the first compartment, the king was represented as holding in his right hand. The figure of Sethos was shown in this series with its back turned to the throne, in the act of walking away.

The third picture, similarly divided from the second, represented a river—no doubt the Nile—and on it two boats ; Sethos in one boat, and Amasis in the other.

In the fourth and last compartment, Sethos appeared alone, standing with folded arms at the prow of his boat. The other boat was drawn upside down, and partly below the curling lines which indicated the motion of the stream. At some distance from it, an arm and hand (presumably those of Amasis) were stretched out of the water ; and on the forefinger of the outstretched hand was the ring which figured with such apparent significance in the three preceding pictures.

Beneath these four compartments began the usual series of images representing the migration of the soul of Amasis. The soul rose from the heart of the dead in the shape of a bird, bearing in its beak the sacred key of the religious mysteries. Arrived at the Supreme Judgment Seat, the spirit of the departed was presented to that awful tribunal by the two plumed genii of the dead. Anubis, the messenger of the gods, represented with the head of a jackal, was placing by the side of the symbolic feather, in the scale of the soul's good actions, the ring which had appeared in each of the four preceding scenes ; and, thus specially weighted, that scale seemed to be sinking lower than the other which held the Vial of Iniquity—as though to indicate a favourable verdict on the soul of Amasis.

The mummy to which this papyrus belonged had on the forefinger of its right hand a gold ring. In the ring was a stone coloured like an amethyst, but of quite extraordinary brilliancy, and graven upon the stone were characters which Conrad was unable to read. They were not hieroglyphic, nor of any other kind that he had ever seen before. But, whatever the language or the meaning of the characters, they were precisely the same as those which Thoth was represented in the papyrus as inscribing on the record of the Soul's Trial. There could be no doubt, therefore, that the ring on the hand of the mummy was the original of the ring drawn in each of the four upper compartments of the papyrus, and which also figured in the fifth, beside the symbolic feather in the Balance of Osiris.

Conrad was so absorbed in the perusal of his mysterious prize that he did not notice the noiseless approach of a stranger, who had been for some moments the unperceived witness of his occupation. The sun, however, was now low upon the horizon ; and in its declining light the shadow of the stranger was at last projected over the papyrus which the count held in his hand. From the page thus suddenly obscured, he looked up in surprise ; and the surprise was not unmingled with alarm as his gaze rested on the form from which the shadow proceeded.

Standing behind him with folded arms, in an attitude of deep attention, was a tall man of majestic aspect, clothed in the flowing white garments worn by the children of the Desert.

The face of this man, and so much of his body as was uncovered, had the swarthy lustre of a bronze statue. His tall motionless figure, distinctly marked against the lurid glare of the Lybian sunset, seemed a visible embodiment of all that is solemn and steadfast in the vast silence of the Desert.

Recognising in his unbidden visitant one of those formidable nomads whose sudden presence bodes no good to the European traveller, Conrad instinctively seized the double-barrelled rifle that was lying beside him. To this gesture the Arab replied by a look of silent contempt, which sufficed to remind the Silesian that if an attack upon his life had been intended, it could have been made with the certainty of success before he was aware of the intention.

Humiliated by that reflection, he dropped the rifle without uttering a word; and the man whose look had disarmed him was the first to break the silence.

"Stranger," said the man in that *lingua franca* which is the current language of the East, "forbear to disturb the secrets of the tomb! It is not well for the living to hold parley with the dead."

"That might well be," replied the count, "if the tomb were less taciturn than I have found it. But it refuses to answer my question, although I have not sought from it any secrets of the other world. All I ask of it is an explanation of things whose human character is attested by its own records."

"Fool," said the Arab, "and how would it profit thee to understand those things? Canst thou know whether the nature of any force be good or evil so long as that force remains inactive?"

Conrad pointed to the papyrus. "What I seek," he said, "is the story of a human life, and the activity of human life cannot survive a slumber of three thousand years."

"Say you so?" replied the Arab, "and yet see!"

He stooped, and picked up from the *byssus* an ear of wheat which Conrad, in his eagerness about the mummy, had not noticed there before. Then from the wheat-ear he shook a single grain into the hollow of his dusky hand.

"This grain of corn," he continued, "taken from the tomb to-day, if cast into the furrow to-morrow, will bear fruit from a blade cut down by the sickle that reaped the harvests of the Pharaohs ere they and their glory were gathered into the garners of time. What, then, assures thee that the centuries survived by the seed of the field can annihilate the seed of the soul?"

"That is a strange question," muttered Conrad, speaking more to himself than to his interlocutor. "But," he added, after a pause, "it is only in the lowest organisms that vitality can long survive inactivity. The seed of the field? Yes. And some of those microscopic minims of animal life which have barely emerged from inorganic matter. But man? No!"

The Arab approached the mummy and perused the face of it in silence. Then, taking hold of the dead man's hand, and drawing the ring from its withered finger, he gazed intently at the characters engraved on it.

"Yes," he murmured, "unrelenting is the Inevitable Hand, and it never rests. Behold the scripture of Seb Kronos!"

"Alas!" said Conrad, "but I cannot read it."

"Say not 'alas,'" replied the Arab, "for the knowledge of it is not sweet. Yet, since thou hast questioned the Oracle," he whispered in a low, awestruck tone, while he kept his eyes fixed upon the ring, "listen to the words of the Indestructible Destroyer!"—

"'I AM WHAT IS TO BE, AND IT IS. I AM HE THAT IS EVER COMING AND EVERYWHERE COME. I ALONE DO WHAT I WILL AND WILL WHAT I DO, AND I ALONE KNOW WHY. FROM MY HAND PROCEED GOOD AND EVIL, LIFE AND DEATH. MINE IS THE LIGHT, AND MINE THE DARKNESS. CHILD OF MAN, BEWARE OF THY HEART'S DESIRE, AND STRIVE NOT WITH THE HAND OF SEB KRONOS.'"

"Is that, indeed, the meaning of the amulet?" exclaimed Conrad.

"It is the words of the amulet," said the Arab, and he passed the ring into the hands of the count.

"Best will it be for thee," he added, as he gazed again upon the mummy, "if thou never discover the meaning of them. He who first discovered it lies stretched before thee. Behold the first victim of the Oracle!"

Then, taking the papyrus from the hand of the count, and pointing to the first series of images inscribed upon it—

"Lo! here," he continued, "Thoûoris, and his two sons; Sethos the elder, and Amasis the younger. Disregarding the prerogative of birthright, the king assigns the inheritance of the kingdom to that one of the two who, in token that he is the wisest and therefore worthiest to reign, shall first read and understand aright the enigma of the ring. Verily not wise was he who thus reversed the rule of nature! But in Amasis was an excellent spirit of understanding to read the writings of the gods, and set forth their hard sayings. He, therefore, read the enigma of the ring, and by him was the

The labours of THE·XII·MONTHS set out in NEW PICTURES & OLD PROVERBS

WISE SHEPHERDS say that the age of man is LXXII years and that we liken but to one hole yeare for evermore we take six yeares to every month as JANUARY or FEBRUARY and so forth, for as the yeare changeth by the twelve months into twelve sundry manners so doth a man change himself twelve times in his life by twelve ages and every age lasteth six yeare if so be that he live to LXXII. For three times six maketh eighteen & six times six maketh XXXVI And then is man at the best and also at the highest and twelve times six maketh LXXII & that is the age of a man.

NOVEMBER

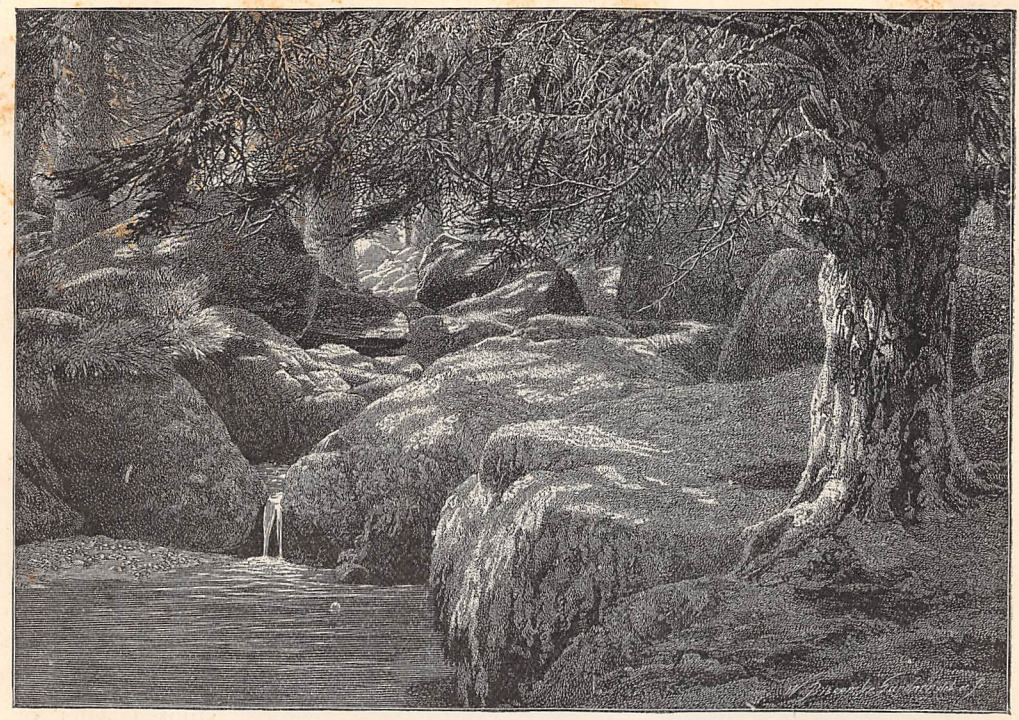
Then cometh NOVEMBER that the daies be very short, and the sun in manner giveth little heat, and the trees loseth their leaves. The fields that were greene looke horie and grey. When all manner of herbs bee hid in the ground. And then appeareth no flowers. And then winter is come that a man hath understanding of age, and hath lost his kindly heat and strength. His teeth begin to rot, and also to chatter, and then hath hee no more hope of long life, but desireth to come to the life everlasting, for this month maketh him LX and six yeares.

He that by the plow would thrive
Himself must either hold or drive.
There belongs more than whistling to going to plow.

GOD speed the plow & give us corn enough.

ALL HANDS TO THE PUMP.

Engraved by O. LACOUR, *from the Picture by* H. S. TUKE.



COWSIC VALLEY, ABOVE TWO BRIDGES, DARTMOOR.

FROM MOOR TO SEA.

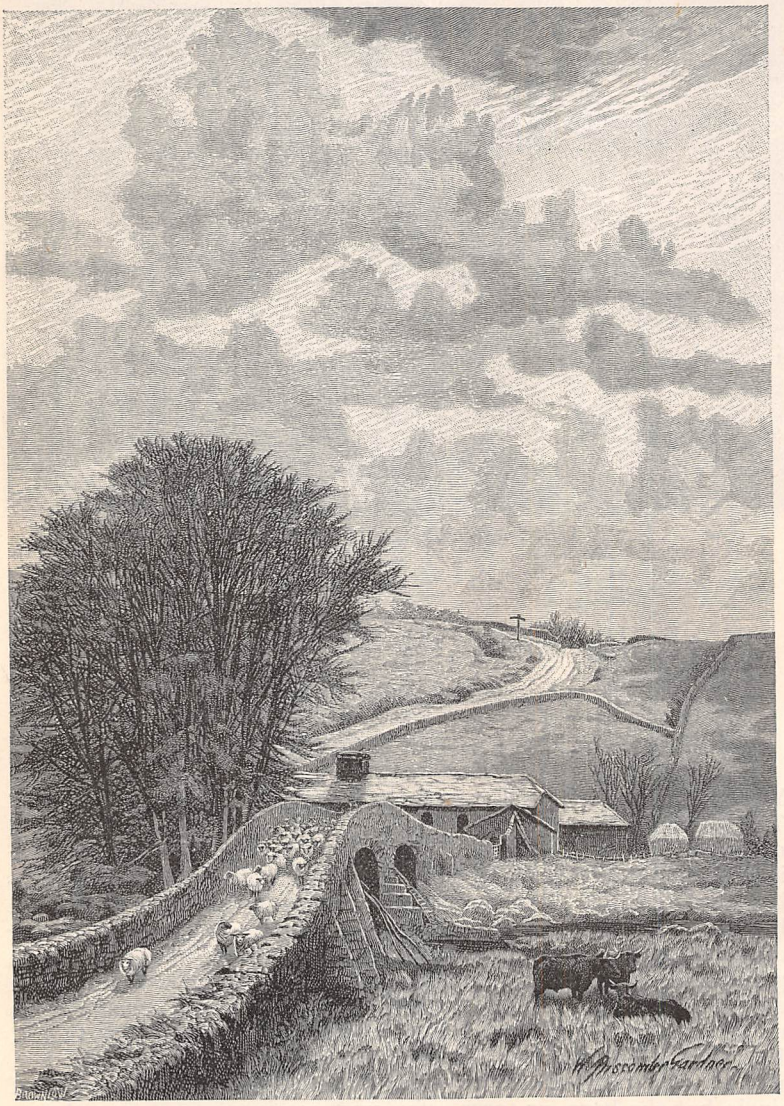
By GRANT ALLEN.

Illustrated by W. BISCOMBE GARDNER.

SOMEBODY once well described Dartmoor as "a crushed mountain." The graphic phrase would have been still more correct if he had described it instead as a worn volcano. For Dartmoor, as we know it at the present day, is in fact the mere basal stump, or weather-beaten relic, of a huge fiery cone of ash and tufa that must once have risen, like Etna or Chimborazo, many thousand feet into the air of a vanished continent. It consists for the most part of a single great compact granitic mass, poured upward in the molten condition from below at a date somewhat later than the first laying down of the carboniferous deposits. And if we want to understand the present aspect and nature of Dartmoor, with its flat-topped outline, and its deeply-scooped valleys, and its stony clatters, and its strange pointed tors, we must always bear in mind that what we see to-day of that ruined mountain is but the base, or torso, of a vast rearing range now almost entirely worn away and reduced to the level by the ceaseless aerial bombardment of ten thousand centuries.

Granite is a very solid substance indeed; yet anybody who examines those mouldering pinnacles whose big rocks still crown every height throughout the Dartmoor region, will soon see for himself that even solid granite can be gradually eaten out piecemeal, a grain at a time, by wind and water. Everywhere the exposed surface is weathering at the joints: everywhere the action of rain and air is making it crumble into atoms by slow degrees, and washing down its *débris* with every freshet into the valleys at the foot. The old lake basin at Bovey Tracey, for example, is entirely filled up with fine white clay (the raw material of porcelain), brought down in solution by the wintry streams from the tors above it. Not a river that drains the summit of the moor

but carries off each day a fresh contribution of sand and pebble from those eternal heights. Not a frost but chips them, not a storm but rends, not a shower but disintegrates. And ever since the immensely remote epoch when Dartmoor first rose, a gigantic mountain, from the Permian plain, the self-same process has been going on ceaselessly through unnumbered seasons. The moor as it stands is just the hard stump which still survives, though worn so small and low, that continual battering by the rain of ages.



TWO BRIDGES, NEAR PRINCE TOWN, DARTMOOR.

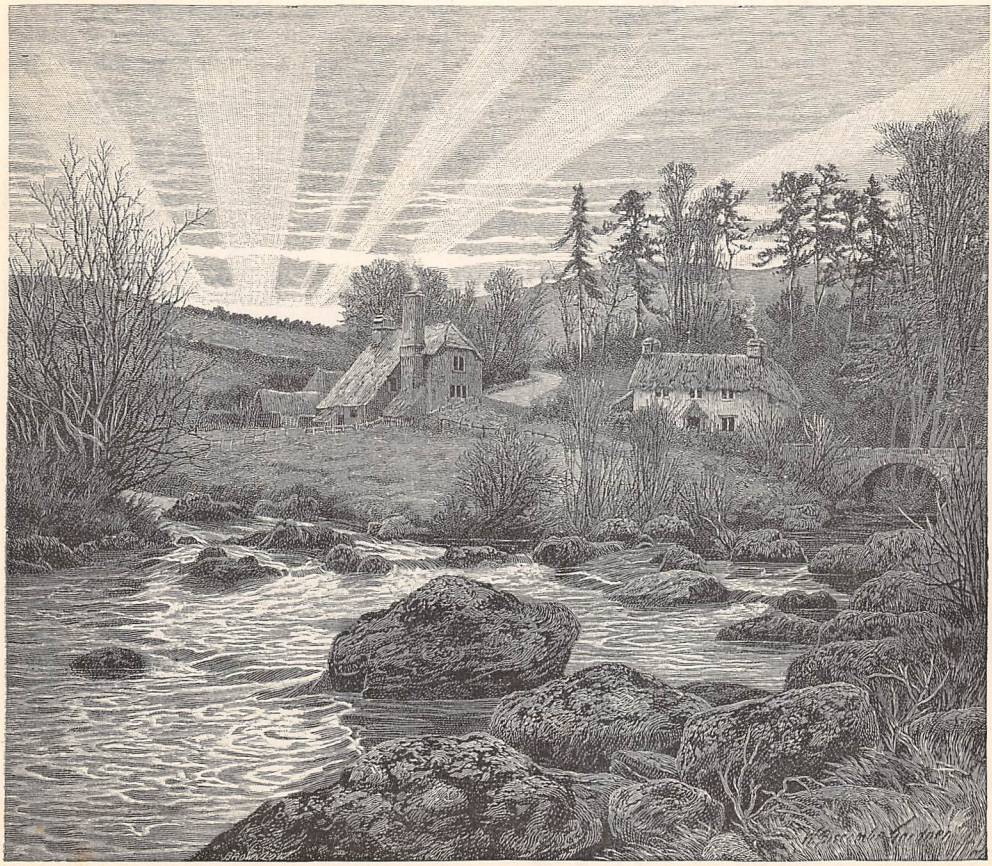
Of course however it hasn't all worn down equally. The softer portions, where the rivers carved themselves out their first courses, have been cut in places into deep and romantic gorges; the harder nodules or bosses that intervened between the valleys have longest resisted the wearing action, and rise to this day as low stunted hills or dividing ridges. The very summit of each is usually crowned by what we call a tor—that is to say, a mass, or masses, of very hard granite indeed, whose tough grain has withstood to this moment the assaults and attacks of all the elements. Sometimes the tor is merely a projecting naked dyke of the granite underneath, left behind when the rest was worn away by the rainfall; sometimes it consists of several crumbling and somewhat rounded kernels, perched logan-wise on a base of solid rock below. In the latter case it represents the very hardest and most insoluble cores or nuggets in a superincumbent portion long since denuded.

It is this peculiar geological origin that gives Dartmoor all its special interest, both pictorial and historical. Unlike most of our English hill districts the Devonian moor is almost flat-topped: its central part consists of a wide plateau, barely broken at long distances by the undulating rise of the gentle and wave-like tor-crowned hillocks. In between stretch bogs of deep brown peat, the favourite haunt of the sundew and the osmunda fern. Black cattle wander among the sedgy bottoms; a few horned sheep nibble at the close sward of cinque-foil and eyebright that spreads between the high

clumps of tussocky grass on the rounded uplands. The total effect is one of severe and solemn wildness—a great rolling waste of treeless moor, covered by mile after mile of whortleberry and heather, unrelieved by a single smiling feature, and varied only by the bleak grey masses of the frowning tors.

Yet it is on this barren stretch of stern granite solitude that the softest and most romantic of English rivers takes its rise.

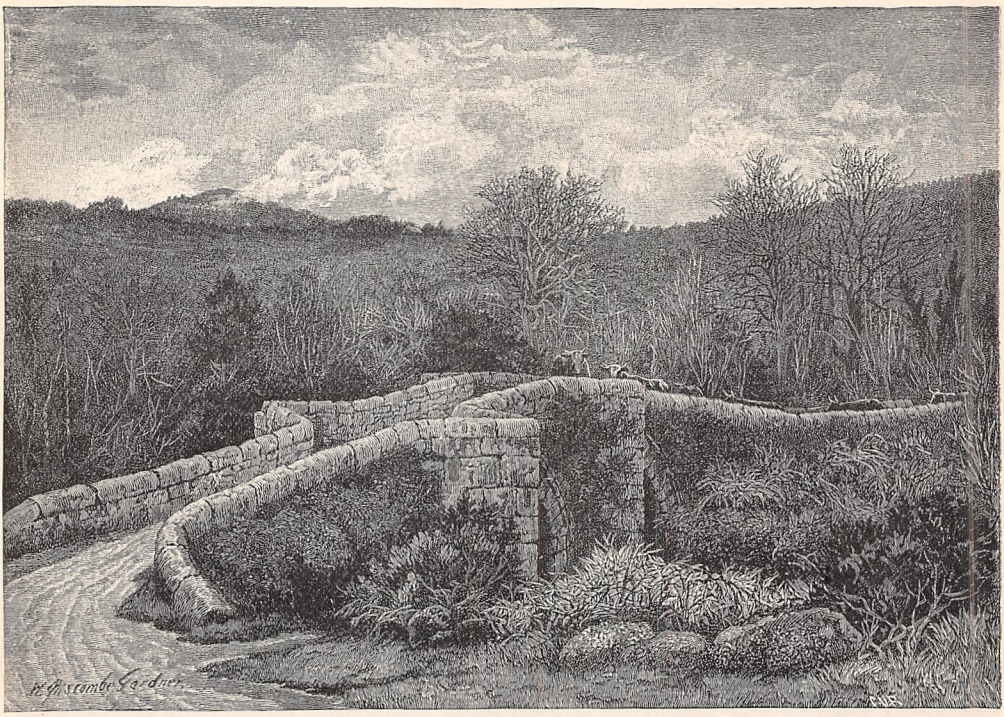
Not however from a single source. Like all other great streams, our peerless Dart derives its origin from a double parentage. As there is a White Nile and a Blue Nile, as there is a Hinter Rhein and a Vorder Rhein, so too there is an East and a West



DARTMEET.

Dart. The two run together at Dartmeet Bridge, after some miles of separate existence among the lonely granite uplands. In common with almost all the rivers of Devon, however, both Darts take their rise on the slopes of a single rounded mass, the central watershed for the Damnonian peninsula, whence the Taw and the Okement, the Tavy and the Teign, all gather their springs from a kindred source to diverge once more through all the green orchard vales of the county. Here, in the very heart of Dartmoor Forest, the bareness and loneliness become almost oppressive. For of course the forest, like most other forests, is absolutely treeless; it is a mere philological blunder of recent times that connects forests with trees; etymologically, the word means only an open space or uninclosed wild, and it is in this sense alone that it could ever have been applied to Dartmoor, Snowdon, or the heather-clad moors of Scotland. The tradition that places so-called were once well wooded has arisen only from the recent misuse of language; no trees have ever grown within historical times, or could possibly have grown under existing conditions, on any of our great open British moorlands. Of course there were wooded forests, like the Weald, and Sherwood, but the wood was accidental, so to speak; the wild and uncultivated condition being the sole essential.

The man who attacks the upper reaches of the Dart must not expect, like Agag, to go "walking delicately." He must be content to foot it with a pair of stout mountain boots, to tramp through bogs, to flounder in fogs, and to lose his way hopelessly among trackless gorse-wilds. All the winter through, when the snow is not lying thick, the greater gorse makes the uplands golden with its scented bloom; and as soon as its blossoming season is fairly over, and its hairy brown pods begin to crackle in the sun, shedding their seeds elastically as the valves fly open, then the smaller and daintier summer species starts afresh, with its paler flowers, beloved by mountain bees, and keeps up the continual succession of yellow glory. But the heather that purples the slopes of Broad Down and Hartland Hill, near the actual source of the Dart, is of course at its best in August or September; and then is the time when the hardy pedestrian, botanizing case on back and lunch in knapsack, may set out with his compass and his



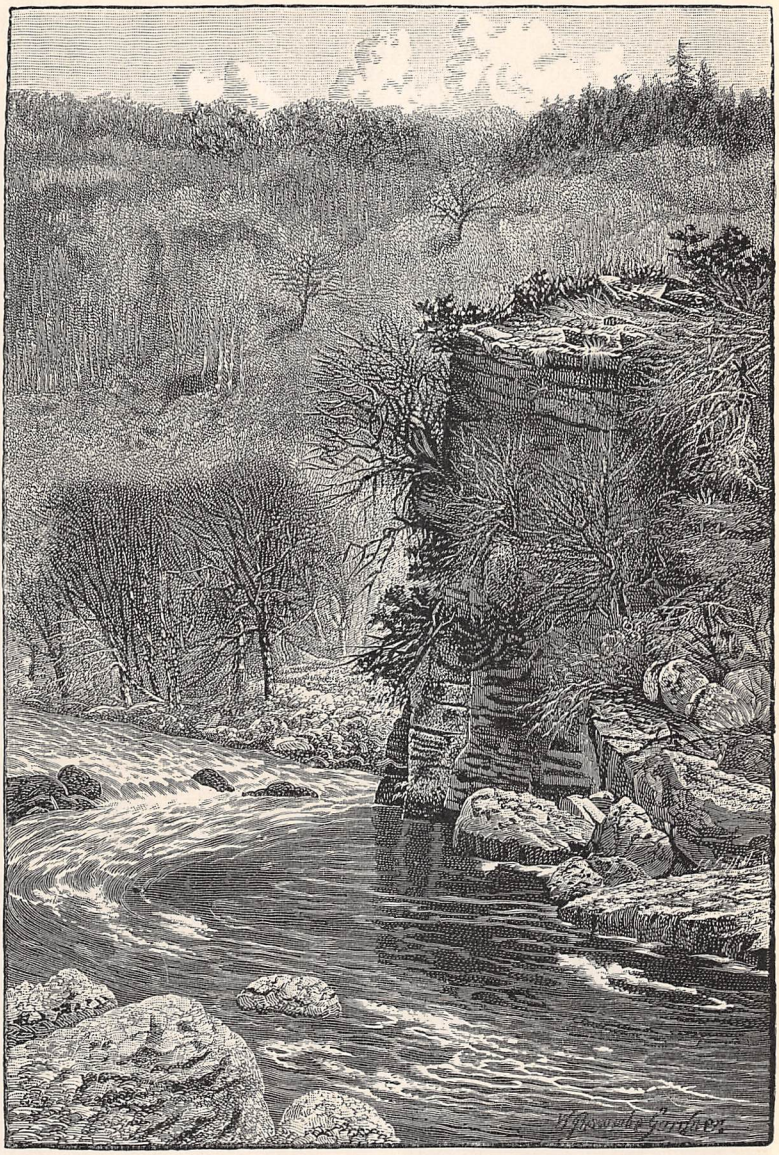
NEW BRIDGE, ON THE DART.

ordnance map to find his way vaguely across country from Prince Town, or Two Bridges, to the peaty bottoms, white with cottongrass, green with butterwort, and blue under foot with the creeping ivy-leaved harebell, where the flora of the moor may best be wooed and won in its native fastnesses.

After passing through a mile or two of this picturesque wilderness, by bickering stickles, the East Dart comes suddenly upon its first taste of civilization at Post Bridge where the great highroad across the moor, from Moreton Hampstead to Tavistock and Plymouth, crosses the infant river by a rude stone structure, which may almost be described as a megalithic survival into our own age. It is the finest example, in fact, of that peculiar type of cyclopean building known on Dartmoor as a *clapper bridge*. These very antique erections consist of large flat granite slabs resting on solid piers of one or more blocks, and poised without masonry or mortar, like the gates of Mycenæ or the solemn doorways of Etruscan tombs. Post Bridge itself, the noblest of its kind, has three piers, each six blocks high, and spanned by two huge stone slabs, fifteen feet long, of immemorial antiquity. The tin-streamers, who have left traces of their industry on every brook about, were no doubt the original architects of this most ancient bridge; for the merchant track that carried the ingots of tin from Cornwall and Devon to the port of Sandwich is now known to be the most ancient road in Britain, traceable throughout to this day by many signs from Dartmoor and Somerset to the Pilgrim's Way along the open downs of Kent and Surrey. Tin was a necessary

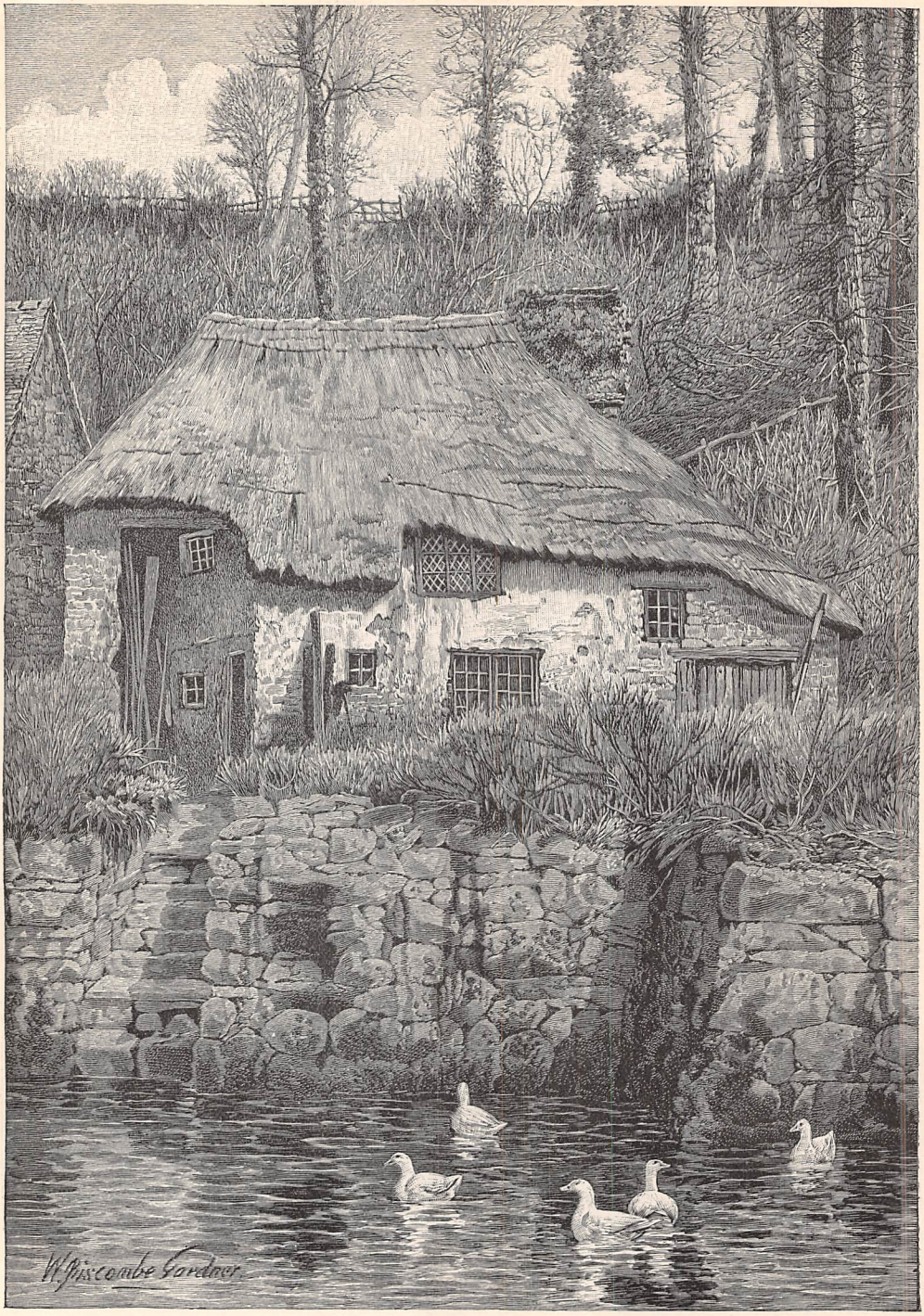
component of bronze; and in the Bronze Age the tin-mines of Devon and Cornwall answered to the Black Country of our modern iron civilization.

The West Dart takes its rise equally among these wild solitudes by the two Mis Tors, but emerges much more rapidly upon the traces of modern life in the dreary little upland village of Prince Town, with its great barrack-like prison, and its gloomy granite quarries. All round spreads the prison farm, where the convicts, working under the charge of armed warders, have made an oasis in the waste of gorse and heather. The Duchy Hotel at Prince Town has become of late years the great centre for exploring the moor. From it the tourist can most easily climb the surrounding tors, with their strange old Celtic or pre-Celtic names; for Dartmoor is of course historically one of the most ancient seats of culture in England. From time immemorial it has been the haunt of tin-streamers; and Crockern Tor, just above Two Bridges, "nearly equidistant from the Stannary Towns of the county," was the antique site of the open-air mote, or "Tinners' Parliament," which assembled here to discuss the business of the tin-producing region.



LOVER'S LEAP, HOLNE CHASE.

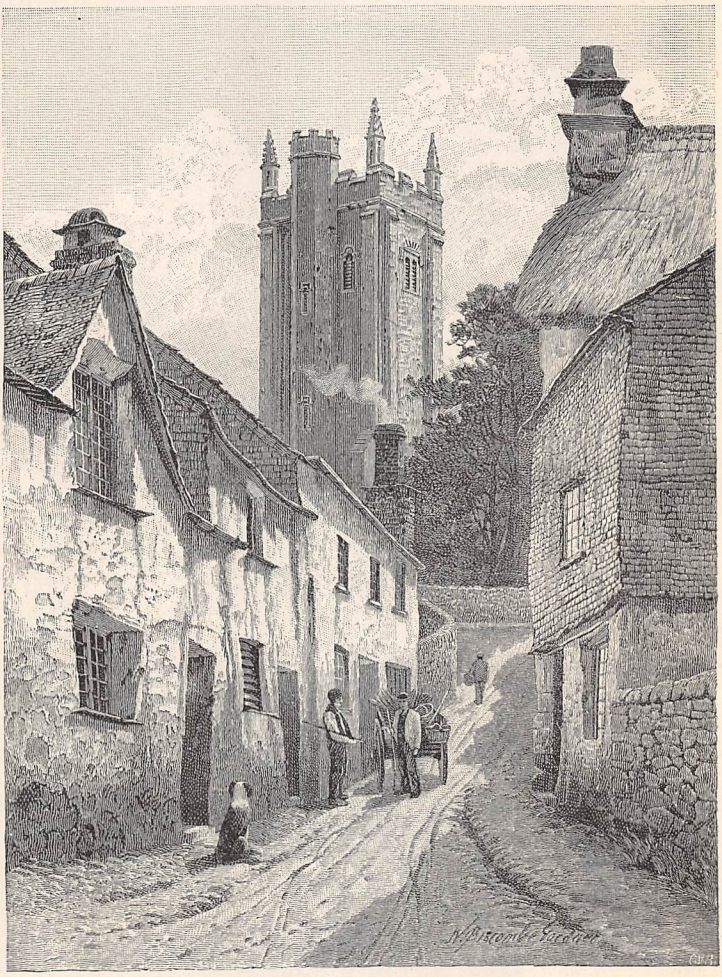
Dartmoor, too, though nominally in Devonshire, has from the very first been intimately connected with the Duchy of Cornwall, and with the West Welsh kingdom which preceded it, or from which the Duchy took its rise. There is a quaint and interesting story still surviving in the West Country of how a Devonshire man once said to a Cornishman, "Cornwall is not a part of England." "No, I know it isn't," the Cornishman answered with spirit, "for everybody has heard that Cornwall is divided from England by Devonshire." Now this curious fragment of local tradition really incloses a singular kernel of historical fact. For Devonshire as a whole, and more particularly Dartmoor, long remained essentially British after Somerset and Dorset



FERRYMAN'S COTTAGE, DUNCANNON, ON THE DART.

had been conquered and assimilated by the English invaders. No Saxon prince ever really subdued the impregnable tors. Even after the time when Devonshire itself had been politically incorporated with the West-Saxon realm, Cornish Welsh continued to be spoken among the miners and herdsmen of these remote uplands, and is said indeed to have finally lingered on in outlying places as late as the time of Queen Elizabeth.

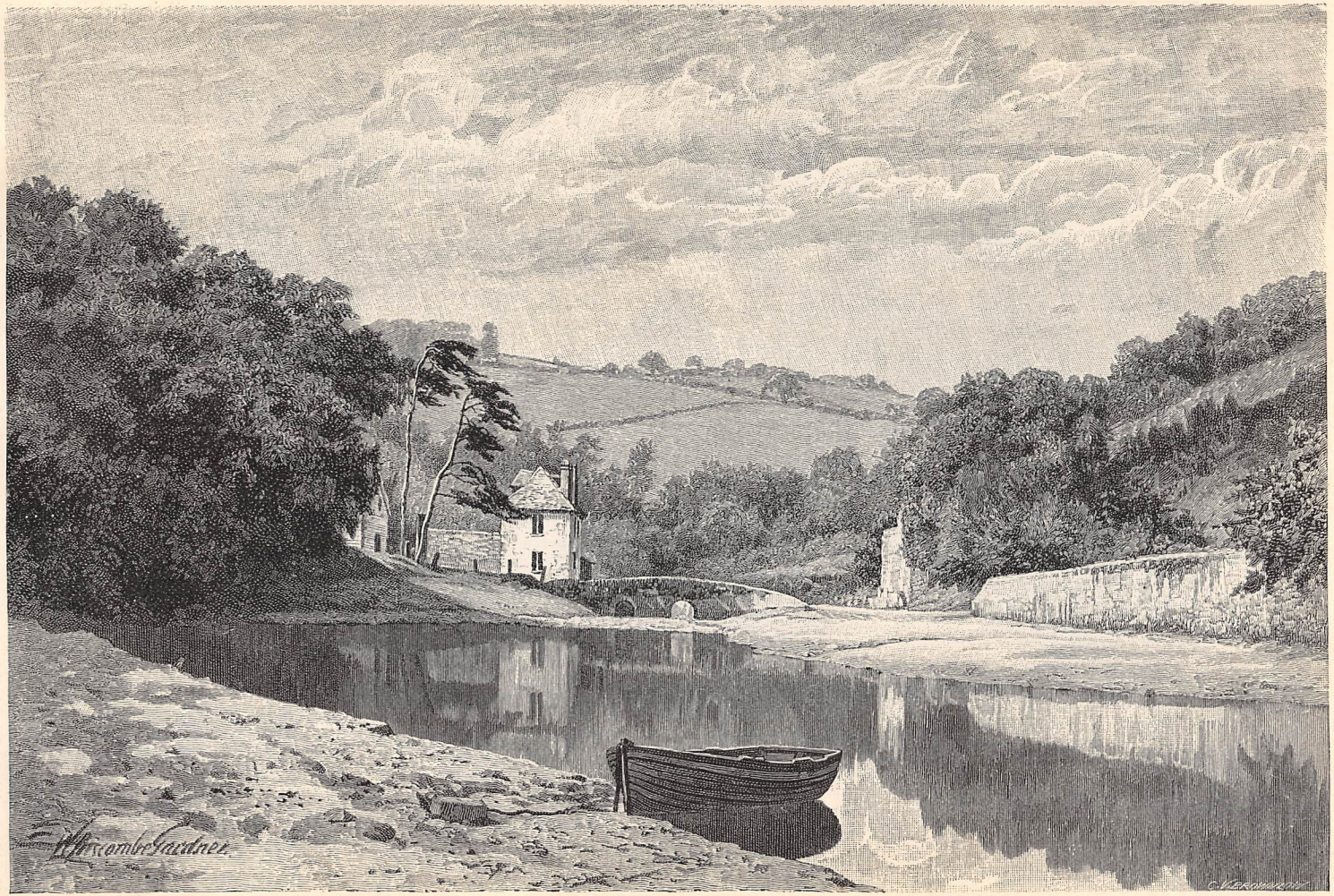
The Stannary Courts of the Duchy thus represent to this moment the old original open-air motes of the Ancient Briton. And the Tinners' Parliaments continued to assemble on Crockern Tor "under the full eye of heaven" (as the Welsh Gorsedd does to the present day) up to the beginning of the last century. But in its later stages the parliament merely met first, *pro formâ*, on the open tor, and then adjourned afterwards for serious business to some appointed building; just as in our own degenerate times the Gorsedd is proclaimed under the clear sky, but the Eisteddfod is held in a more modern town hall or vulgar assembly room. The stone seats, hewn in the granite of Crockern for those Areopagites of the moor, the stannators and their officials, have long since unhappily been converted into road-metal by the sacrilegious hammer of the British contractor.



DITTISHAM CHURCH.

Nevertheless, in spite of all latter-day abominations, lovers of the old Celtic stock that mainly peoples our island may still feel themselves here on true Damnonian soil, strewn thick with relics of the antique West-Welsh kingdom, to which we owe (among other rich legacies) the wild and melancholy poetry of the Arthurian legends. For this is in very truth Arthur's own land, and these are the bare heights that inspired every fibre of the weird Cymric fancy. All around lie mementoes of the storied past. The modern high-road from Prince Town to Two Bridges leads over a clapper bridge of antique workmanship, and passes full in sight of Crockern Tor itself, to that profoundest centre of the moorland scenery. Here the Cowsic Valley opens up to northward, with its strange glimpses of an ancient wizard world. Above hangs Wistman's Wood, a little weather-beaten copse of stunted oak-trees, hoary with age, and with curled lichens, but *not*, as the local gossips will credulously tell you, the last relic of the ancient forest of Dartmoor. That rumour is but a fond thing, vainly imagined. The ancient forest of Dartmoor spreads all around you, exactly as it has always done, all bare and treeless; the only reason why oaks grow at all in Wistman's Wood, any more than elsewhere, is because some huge granite boulders, scattered clatter-wise on the slope, here give shelter enough from the wind to permit of these venerable trees attaining a height of some nine or ten feet under the lee of the protecting rock-masses. But to suppose that vigorous timber ever subsisted on these open and wind-swept heights is almost as absurd as to set down Wistman's Wood for a Druidical grove,

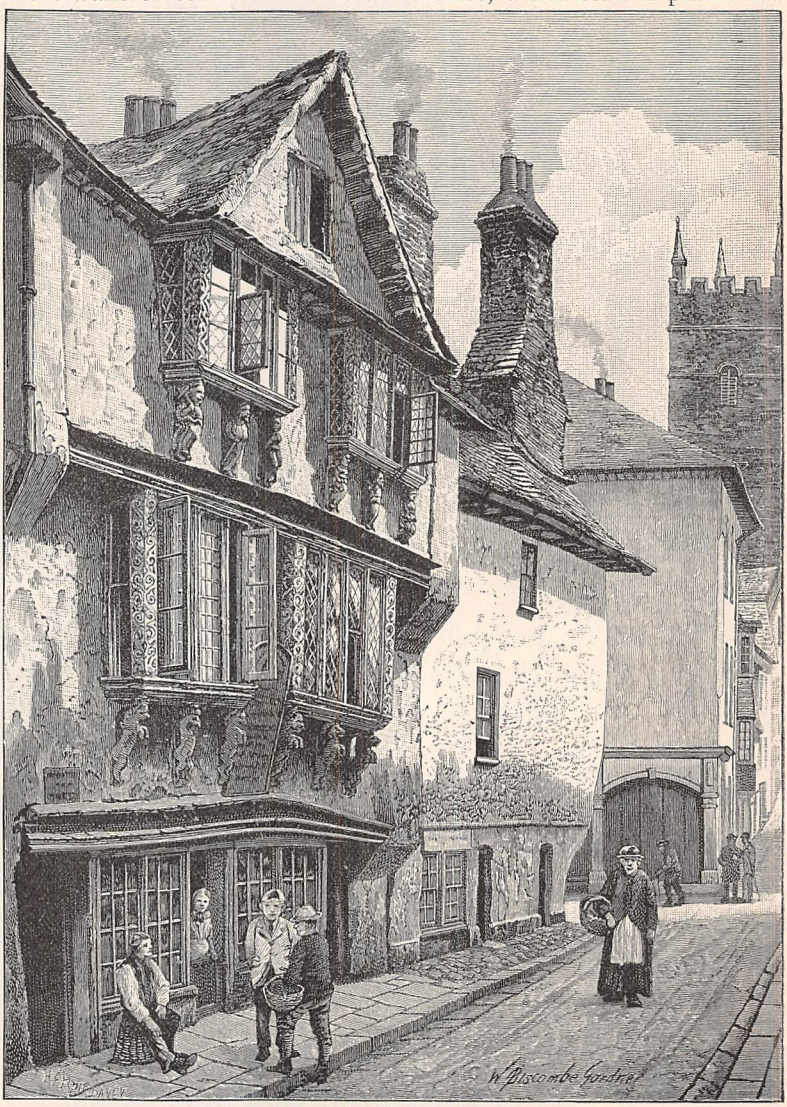
LOWER DITTISHAM.



MILL CREEK HEAD, ABOVE DARTMOUTH

after the manner so fashionable in the prehistoric times at the beginning of this century.

From Two Bridges the Ashburton high-road skirts the valley of the West Dart to Dartmeet Bridge, where the twin torrents at last unite their boulder-strewn streams, and leaving behind their foaming tricks flow on together more peacefully towards the sea at Dartmouth. On the way we pass Dennabridge Pound, one of those curious rude inclosures, like the walls of some old Etruscan fortress, which stud in places the surface of the moor. Probably they were the moorland equivalents of the stockaded earthworks within whose shelter in time of war or invasion the women and children, and also the cattle, were driven from the neighbouring pastures and scattered huts. But in later days they have certainly been used as veritable pounds for the herdsman to see that no unlicensed stock were being grazed unawares within the forest limits.



OLD HOUSE, FOSS STREET, DARTMOUTH.

From Dartmeet to Hanneford (where the road next crosses the river) the Dart falls considerably, and has cut itself a deep valley in the moorland rock. Round Holne Chase especially, that favourite drive of tourists, it bends in a long and abrupt elbow, flowing through a ravine which narrows at times into a regular gorge. We are now approaching the outskirts of the moor and the scenery becomes gradually less wild and rugged, but more beautiful, more romantic, and more prettily wooded. The very name of Holne indeed, like those of Holmwood and Holmesdale, is derived from the holly tree, in older English *holm-bush*, with whose bright green foliage the whole of this neighbourhood is richly diversified. Two private carriage roads lead through the gorge, one on the inner bend of the elbow, by Holne Chase, the other on the outer curve, by Buckland Woods. Both are thrown open to the public by the landowners with a just sense of the duties of landed proprietorship. Scenery like this belongs to mankind. We have all a vested interest in rocks and rivers. And indeed there are few more beautiful drives in England. At one point in

particular, known as the Lover's Leap, the gorge attains a high level of pictorial beauty, admirably represented in Mr. Gardner's exquisite and sympathetic sketch. Here it is that imaginative souls, crossed in their affections, are specially advised to sacrifice themselves to the *genius loci*. "River of Dart, river of Dart," says the pathetic West Country rhyme, "every year thou claimest a heart:" and the Lover's Leap is the place to pay it.

At Buckfastleigh, famous for its great Cistercian abbey (now scarcely recognizable by a few unimportant remains), the moorland stream emerges at last from its native mountains and flows thenceforward among the comparatively low and placid ground of the South Hams of Devon. But though no longer mountainous its course is still hilly, it has but exchanged the solid granite of the moor for the gentler Devonian rocks of its lower basin. The shimmering silky reefs that line the seaward reaches belong for the most part to that beautiful formation. From Buckfastleigh to Totnes the Ashburton branch of the Great Western Railway follows close—too close—the bends and windings of the river, whose banks are here both pretty and romantic, though this is perhaps the least visited part of the whole valley. The railway hurries one through it without giving the distracted traveller time to admire the view; he can only enjoy both sides alike at the risk of contracting a permanent squint; and so the upper portion of the stream, which one follows on foot through the moor, and the lower tidal reaches, which one takes at one's ease in a boat or steamer, are far better known than these smiling middle regions which the locomotive has rendered far too accessible for anybody in these hurry-scurrying days to walk along.

BAKE HILL, DARTMOUTH.

"At Totnes town the Dart becomes navigable." So the geography-books with one accord assert, though its navigability is now a more doubtful quality than in the days when Brutus of Troy—according to Welsh romance—first landed here the future lord of Britain. As a matter of fact a tiny tourist steamer does actually ply down the ten miles of shallow estuary to Dartmouth, which forms altogether the most beautiful bit of river scenery in southern Britain, with the exception perhaps of the Mawddach mouth between Dolgelly and Barmouth. I will not insult the proverbial intelligence

or try the proverbial courtesy of the reader by informing him, after the same veracious authorities, that "the Dart is frequently called the English Rhine." There are no ten miles of the Rhine indeed that can for a moment compare with that beautiful stretch of wooded English undulating country. The only possible point of resemblance is the castles at the mouth, and even those are very different from the robber towers of Rhineland. The beauty of the Dart indeed is much more the beauty of an inland lake than of a great navigable river; it resembles the lower part of Loch Awe, or the Llanberis llyns, much more than it resembles the bare grey terraced vineyards of the overpraised German waterway. The steamer takes us at first past Sharpham woods, famous for their heronry, whose denizens may often be observed lower down the estuary, standing patient on one leg at low water in the tidal streams that intersect with their current the acrid shining mudflats. Then the river narrows down for a while as we pass the Gut, and widens out once more on approaching Duncannon. The ferryman's cottage here makes a pretty sketch; I needn't stop to describe it, in clumsy words, as my colleague's dainty pencil has done it far better already than my sharp-pointed pen could ever hope to rival.

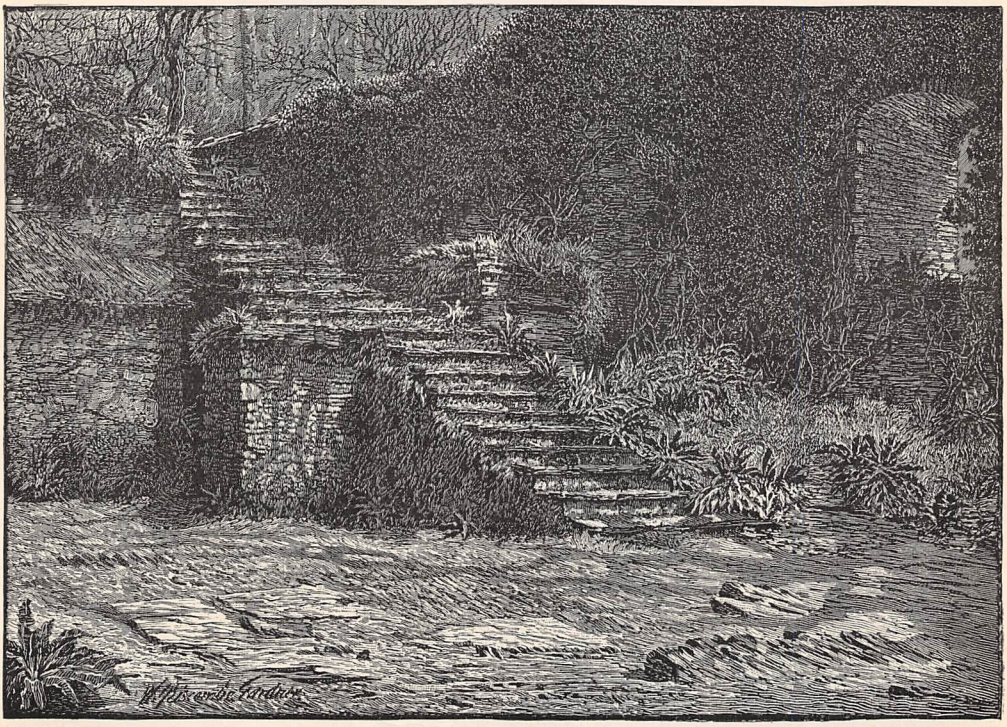
Passing on by various pastoral side creeks of quiet beauty we arrive at last at Goader Point, half way down our course, a little peninsula whose isthmus is occupied by the rustic villages of Upper and Lower Dittisham. By this time our upland river has become wholly estuarine and almost seafaring, for Dittisham is essentially a fisherman's port. The Dartmouth folk come out here to eat cockles for tea, and the women of the village pride themselves on the ease with which they can feather an oar against any man on the Dart. This part of the open fiord is known as Galmpton Bay; below it the estuary once more contracts, at a point where the channel is divided by a sharp rock, known as the Anchor Stone. And a little beyond we are in sight of port, for yonder stand Dartmouth and Kingswear on their opposite hills, between which the Dart itself finally pours its pale green waters into the open sea.

The configuration of the mouth, however, would of itself suffice to make the Dart unique among English rivers. For instead of expanding at its end into a wide bay or funnel-shaped opening, our stream is closed on either hand at its outlet by high rocks and hills, with a narrow entrance between twin castles to right and left, which render the approach to Dartmouth harbour the most picturesque point among all our delightful British seaports. Indeed by far the most striking way to arrive at Dartmouth is by sea from Torquay, round the shining satiny cliffs of Berry Head, glistening grey in the sun, and past the endless craggy islets that rise from the water's edge into the pinnacled skerries of the Mouse and the Pisgeys. In this way alone does the harbour mouth burst upon you at last in all its full beauty. You sweep round a projecting corner of rock and see suddenly on your right the mouldering towers of Kingswear Castle upon their spray-beaten rocks; on your left the answering keep of Dartmouth Castle, with the town and churches; and full in front the beautiful lake-like harbour, alive with craft, and closed up in the distance by the wooded heights that bound the northward view towards the distant moorland. The narrow entrance between the two castles recalls rather some Swiss lake or some Westphalian fortress than any familiar scene of our industrial England.

Dartmouth town, when you land and explore it, is almost as mediæval as anything to be found in Flanders or on the Zuyder Zee—a quaint old place, scrambling up hill and down dale, by devious ways, mounting here by steps cut in the bare face of the rock, and descending there by break-neck alleys where the sure-footed donkey alone can be trusted to keep his knees unbroken. The houses are many of them timbered and carved, sometimes with most grotesque and parlous monsters—gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire, intermingled with lizards and mediæval gargoyles; while from the upper windows, as in the Old Town of Edinburgh, project poles and lines where the family washing hangs out to dry before the placid faces of admiring fellow-townsmen. At every turn some picturesque little bit of old-world life meets one's eyes in Dartmouth. The curious thirteenth century church with its exquisite oak screen, the projecting fronts of the houses in the Butterwalk, the corbels and posts of the ancient inns in the back streets, the Italian plaster work on the parlour ceilings—all of them are well worthy of the artist's and the antiquary's polite attention. And so also are the male and female inhabitants.

For Dartmouth is one of the oldest and most historical ports in England. It smells of seafaring. Its excellent shelter, due to the projecting headlands, made it important

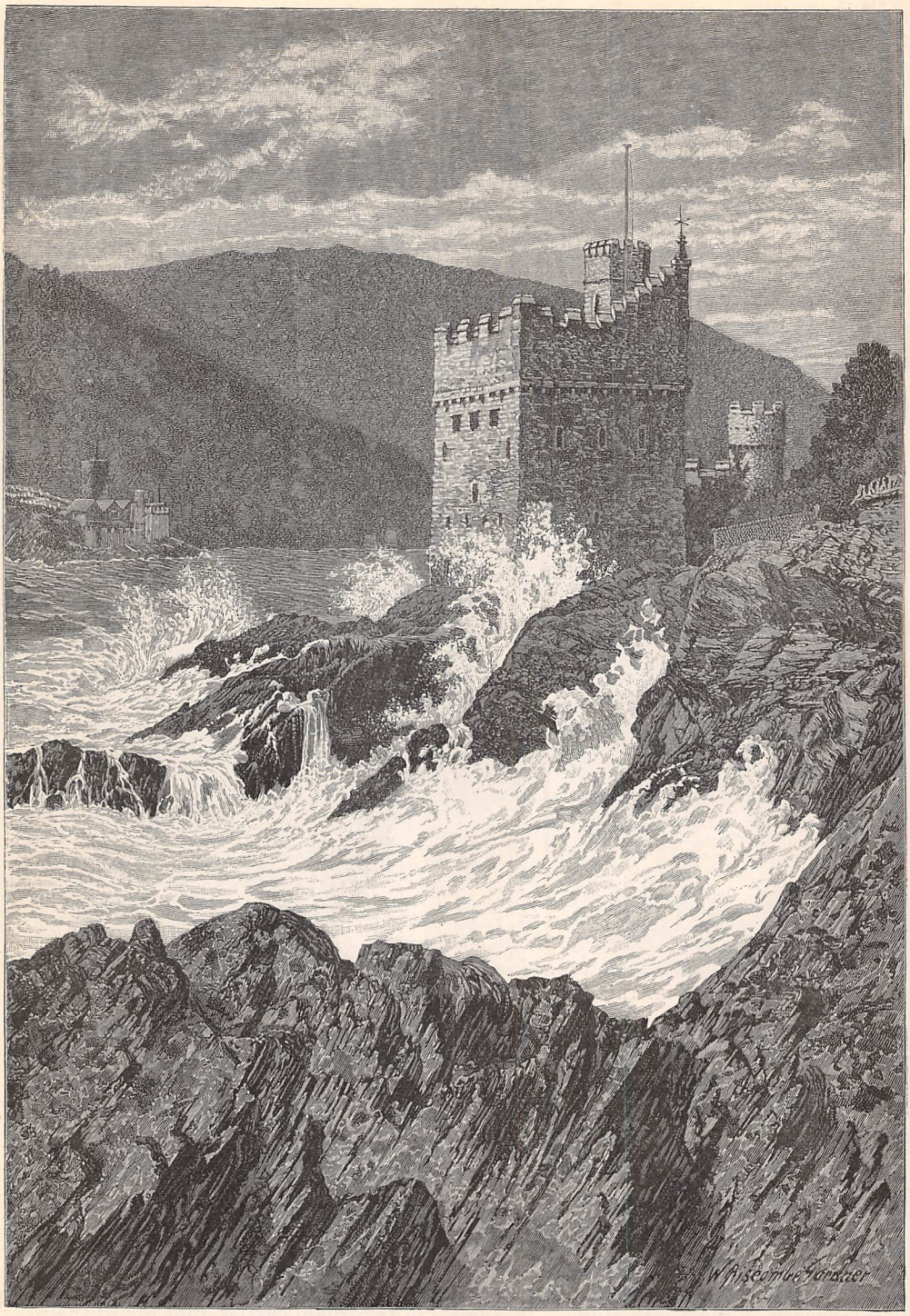
at a time when perfect screening from violent gales was of greater practical moment than depth of water, and it only began to decline in tonnage and in commerce when great ocean-going vessels drawing many feet at once took the place of the stout little mediæval coasting craft. Its memories therefore are all of the heroic age of navigation. They begin with the Crusaders and culminate worthily in the spacious days of great Elizabeth, when Devonians were undoubtedly the foremost men in the new, expansive England of Tudor development. The harbour was the rendezvous of Richard Cœur de Lion's fleet, and it sent a brave contingent in later days to the epoch-making siege of Calais. Chaucer mentions it as his sailor's town, much as to-day one might mention Liverpool or Glasgow ; and indeed no other port save Orford and Yarmouth can have equalled its tonnage during the Plantagenet period. Coming down to the Elizabethan world, Davis of Davis's Strait was a Dartmouth man by birth, and Sir Humphry Gilbert, the father of electrical science and half-brother of Sir Walter Raleigh (though



GOMROCK CASTLE, IN THE GROUNDS OF R. F. WILKINS, ESQ., BROOK HILL, KINGSWEAR.

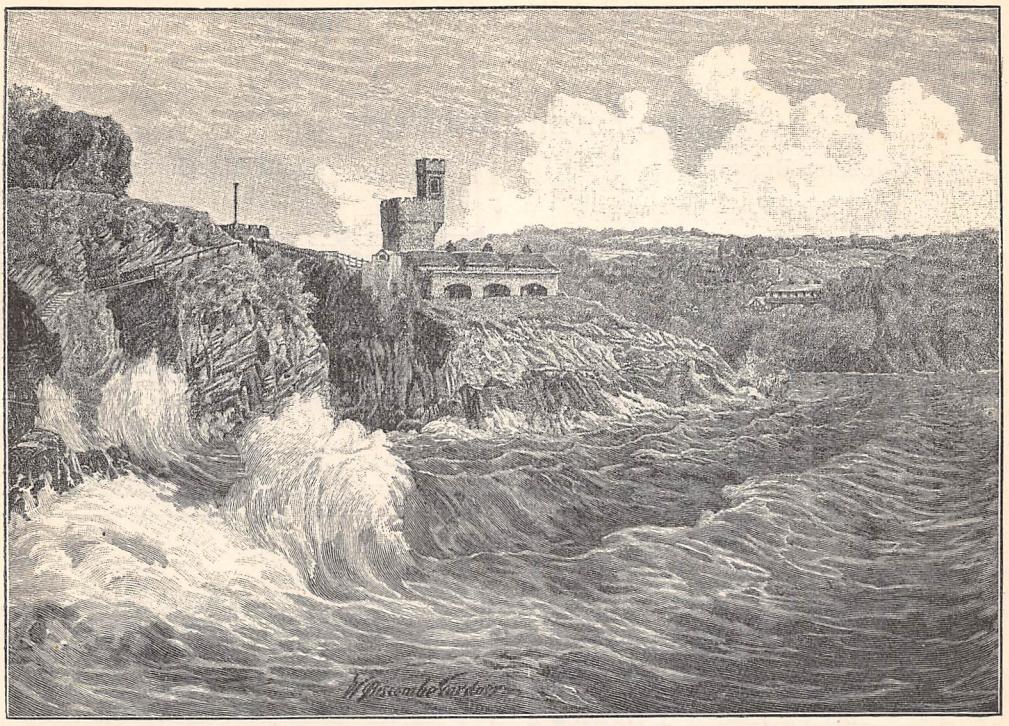
unrelated, I believe, to the Earl of Cork), had his seat at Greenway, close by, where the first historical pipe of tobacco was smoked in England. Even in more modern times Dartmouth has contributed its item to the world's progress : for Newcomen, a native of the town, was the real inventor of the original steam-engine. *Tulit alter honores*. Even so, too, another west-countryman, Trevithick, of Hayle, a Cornish Briton, rich in the inherited intelligence of the mines, was the maker of the locomotive : but being a Celt by birth, his fame has naturally been overlaid by that of his Saxon or Scandinavian successor, Stephenson, who improved and adapted Trevithick's valuable invention. *Sic vos non vobis*, ye long-suffering, patient Celtic folk ! When will the world learn that you, not the stolid unintelligent Teuton, are the true makers and shapers of modern England ?

Dartmouth is an excellent centre for excursions. It is the metropolis of the coast-wise scenery of the South Hams. Besides the two main castles that guard the river mouth with their well-preserved towers, two others, more ruinous, stand close by, at Gomrock and Bearscove. Then the estuary affords great scope for boating and picnics, while the cliff scenery outside the harbour abounds in beauty of something of the same sort as that of the Channel Islands or the Lizard promontory. The water is



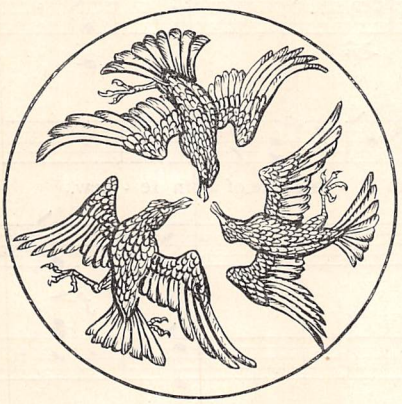
KINGSWEAR CASTLE, ON THE EAST SIDE OF THE MOUTH OF THE DART.

green and deep and clear; the rocks shelve up boldly at an acute angle. All round, delightful strolls can be made through the undulating hill country on either side; while Slapton Sands, Berry Pomeroy Castle, Kingsbridge estuary and most of the



DARTMOUTH CASTLE, ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE MOUTH OF THE DART.

other famous south Devon lions lie within easy driving or boating distance. The soft Devonian air and the sweet Devonian emotional temperament help to keep up the mental atmosphere of the place : it is a land in which (with fair weather) it really seemeth always afternoon. The South Hams for lotus-eating. If you want to be blown through by the fresh and clear east wind that (*teste* Charles Kingsley) makes hard Englishmen, go to Cromer or Aldeburgh—good places, both—I owe them no small thanks in due season for cobwebs scattered. But we are not always in the mood for buffeting Eurus. There is a time for heading up against the wind, with your beard blown forked on either side your neck, and a time for lying close, with Neæra by your elbow drying her tangled hair, under lee of the great rocks that shelter you at once from sun and spray and obtrusive observation. When you want rather such rest than bracing breezes, then go to Dartmouth. And if you don't find the scenery of the surrounding hills come up to sample, why, be sure it is because your own inner eye has not so keen a vision as the observant artist's whose work I have striven at a humble distance to-day to elucidate.

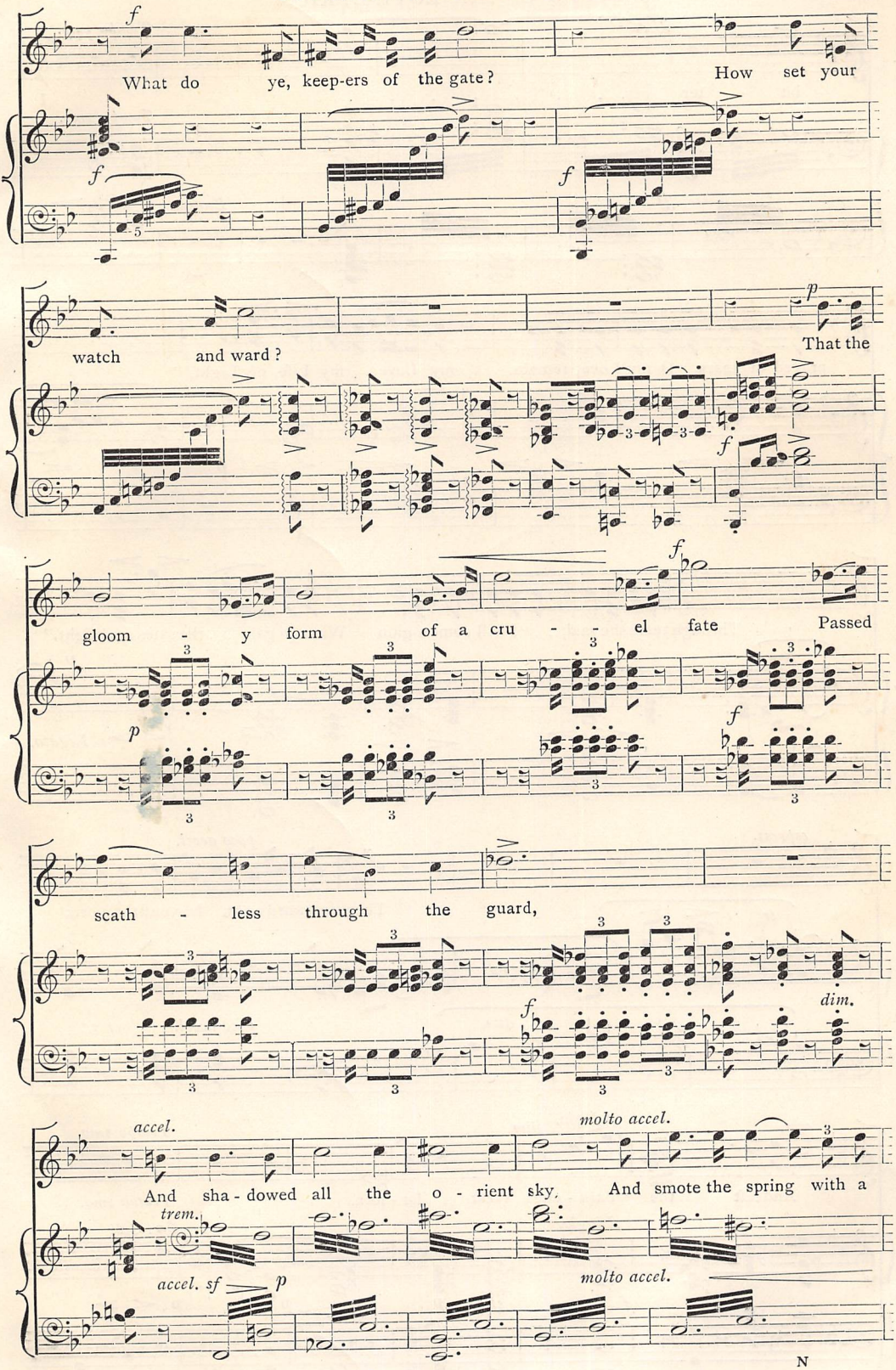


CYCLE OF SIX LOVE-LYRICS.

I.

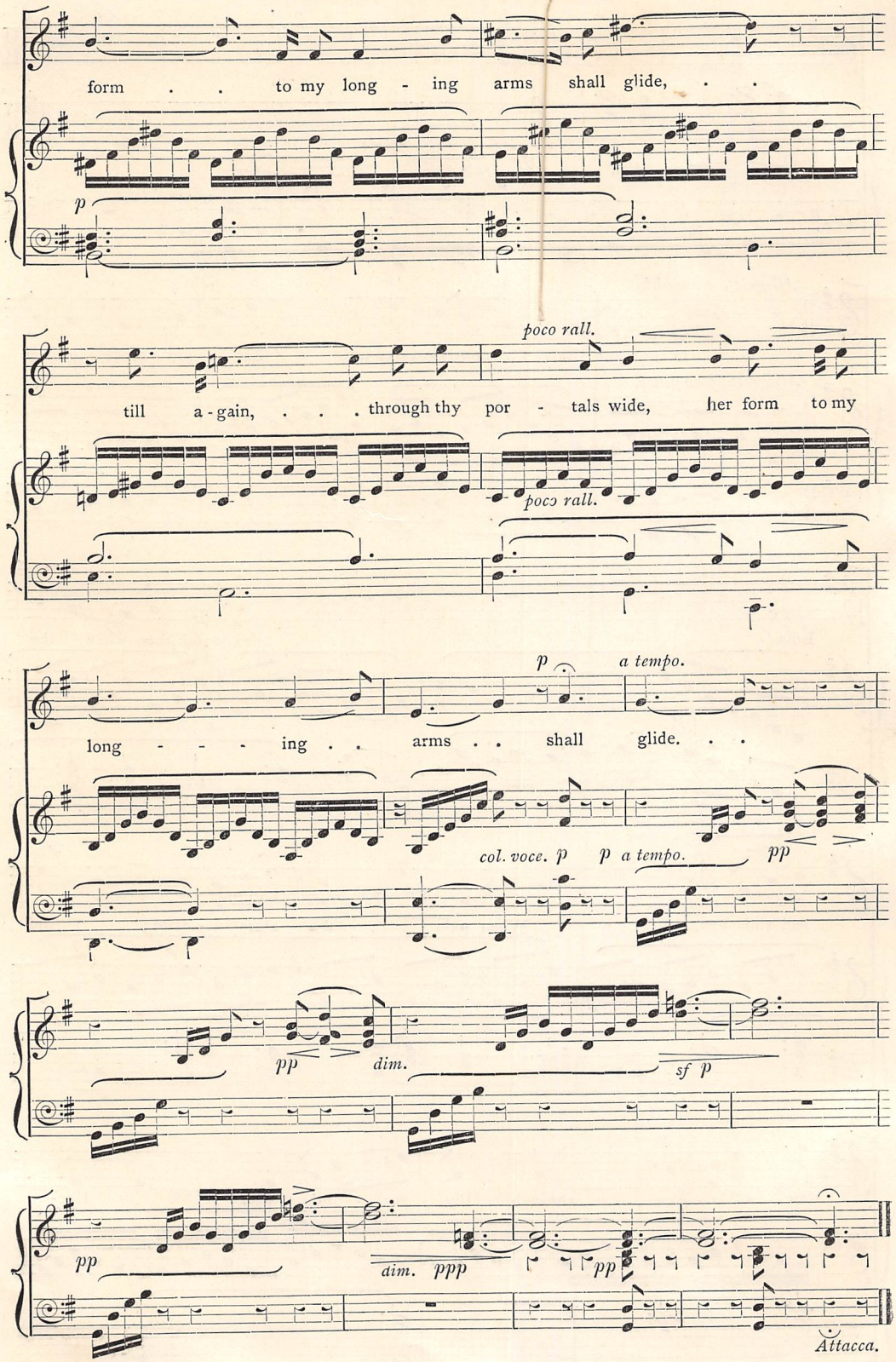
TWO LOVERS ARE PARTED.

Words by JOSEPH BENNETT. *Music by* HAMISH MACCUNN. *Opus* 9.


What do ye, keep-ers of the gate? How set your
watch and ward? That the
gloom - y form of a cru - - el fate Passed
scath - less through the guard,
dim.
accel.
molto accel.
And sha - dowed all the o - rient sky. And smote the spring with a
trem.
accel. sf
molto accel.
N

ff
Tempo 1mo.
p
bit - ter cry. I
Tempo 1mo.
sf
Lunga.
p
3
prayed in tears, "O my Love, remain, my Love, . . my Life, my Light!"
p
p
3
3
Through tears she said, . . "I will come a-gain When a- gain . . the skies are bright."
p.
Legato.
espress.
poco accel.
p
tr
Then Eastward went, be-yond the morn,
dim.
poco accel.
cres.
cres.
Adagio.
f
dim.
Tempo 1mo.
And left the dark - ened West for - lorn.
Tempo 1mo.
Adagio.
f
sf
p
sf
p
p

dim.
sfp
poco rall.
pp
Allegretto tranquillo.
mf
O ra-diant East, . . more glo-rious now For the pre - sence of my
Allegretto tranquillo.
p
Love!
I watch thee when the
p
p
f
sun sinks low, When pale . . the stars a - bove; . . And
f
wait till a - gain through thy por - tals wide . . . Her


form . . to my long - ing arms shall glide, . .
p
poco rall.
till a - gain, . . . through thy por - tals wide, her form to my
poco rall.
p
a tempo.
long - - - ing . . arms . . shall glide. . .
col. voce. p p a tempo.
pp
pp
dim.
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Attacca.

NAILS AND CHAINS.

By the REV. HAROLD RYLETT.

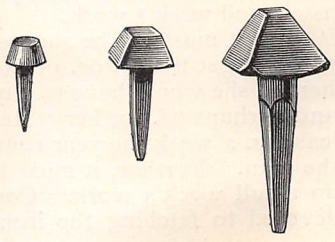
Illustrated by TOM HILL.

IN the Black Country—a district embracing an area of some sixty or seventy square miles in South Staffordshire and East Worcestershire—there is a vast population, residing chiefly in small towns and large villages, and engaged in the most diverse occupations. In many of these women and young girls are employed to a very large extent, and in some instances their work is emphatically unfeminine. Conspicuous among such industries are the nail and chain trades, and it is with these I propose to deal.

Let us take the nail trade first. Nailers may be found at work on almost any day and at almost all hours, at Dudley, Old Hill, Gornal, Sedgely, Old Swinford, Bromsgrove, and many other places.

The best way to learn how the people work and live is to go and see them, and as for this purpose one place is as good as another, suppose we make our way to Old Hill about three or four miles from Dudley, on the road to Halesowen. Here, under the shadow cast by the stately parish church, is a row of small houses fronting the main street. At the rear of the end house is a thoroughly typical nail-shop. It is a small building, about nine feet square and as many high. In the centre is a small blacksmith's hearth, and grouped closely around it are four blocks or "stalls" at which, on the occasion of my visit, were four persons—one man and three women—hard at work making hob-nails. I found here three generations of the same family—grandfather and grandmother, daughter and granddaughter. The old people are bent and worn with age and toil. Their daughter, a woman of middle age, presents unmistakable evidence of a hard life; while her daughter, apparently between seventeen and eighteen, is a lissom and rather pleasant-looking girl.

Sticking in the fire, which is kept agoing by a puff or two from the bellows, given first by one and then by another of the group, are a number of short rods of iron about the thickness of a three-inch nail. The old lady who faces us snatches one of these rods from the fire, and with a few sharp blows forms a point. Placing the rod upon a chisel, she gives it another smart blow, which nearly severs it about half an inch from the point. The point is next inserted in a small tool fixed in the stall beside the tiny anvil, and by a rapid twist the severance is complete. Then by a touch of the foot upon a lever a heavy hammer comes sharply down and the head of the nail is formed. Finally, by touching a spring the nail is jerked from the tool, and there upon the stall it lies, a perfect hob-nail. The rod from which it was made is instantly returned to the fire, and the same process is repeated with another rod which has been heating in



HOB-NAILS.

the meanwhile. The dexterity and speed with which the operation is performed are amazing, for the iron is heated and the nail made in much less time than will be occupied in reading this description of the process. Some idea of what is demanded in the way of dexterity and speed may be formed from the fact that a strong and clever girl of sixteen or eighteen, working ten actual hours, on a size known as No. 16—so called because 1,000 nails weigh sixteen ounces—would make 2,500 nails—that is to say, 250 per hour, or rather more than four a minute. A larger size, such as was being made in this shop on the occasion of my visit, weighed 5 lbs. to the thousand. The girl working in the far corner, and "sticking close at it"—that is to say, working ten actual hours, can make 2,000

MAKING HOB-NAILS.

nails of this size in the day, and if she makes a bundle[1] in the week is regarded as having done a good week's work. In the case of such small nails as these, 12 lbs. is allowed for waste, so that out of a bundle of 60 lbs. a girl would be expected to make 48 lbs. of nails. For this she would receive 6*s*. 9*d*. if she obtained the list price. Another size, made also in this shop, but by the old man, weighs 16 lbs. to the 1,000. A strong man of, say, thirty years of age, working very hard, would make 2 lbs. or 250 nails in an hour. Of this size 52 lbs. are reckoned to the bundle of 60 lbs. The list price is 5*s*. per bundle, and two bundles would be regarded as a good week's work.

But it must not be supposed that a girl in the one case or a man in the other, would actually get the 6*s*. 9*d*. or the 10*s*. for the week's work. If the girl were working for herself she would have to pay her share of the firing, something for the repair of tools, and perhaps 6*d*. for her "stall." These several charges would probably amount to at least 1*s*. a week the year round. And there would be similar deductions in the case of the man. Further, it must be borne in mind that, as a matter of fact, nailers seldom do a full week's work. Considerable time—often as much as one day a week—is devoted to fetching the iron from, and carrying the nails to, the warehouse of the

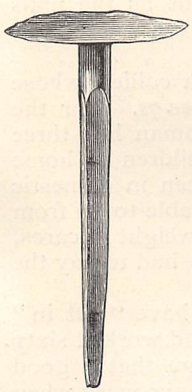
[1] A bundle means a bundle of rods weighing 60 lbs.

master for whom the people work. A man or a woman who worked five days a week the year round would be counted exceptionally fortunate.

There is of course much more irregularity of work among the women than among the men, for the reason that the former have in most cases domestic duties to discharge. This is seen in the case we have been considering. I was able to obtain the earnings of the family for the week in which my visit was paid. The grandfather earned 8*s.* 0½*d.*, the grandmother 4*s.* 1½*d.*, the daughter 3*s.* 6*d.*, and the granddaughter 3*s.* 3*d.*—in all, 18*s.* 11*d.* But this was not the entire income of the family, for it appears that here was an instance of what is common in these parts—an instance, namely, of as many persons as possible living together, and thus making ends meet. In the small house adjacent to the shop the old people live with their daughter and son-in-law and the six children of the latter. Of the children, the eldest is the girl of seventeen who works in the shop. Next comes a lad of sixteen, who works elsewhere ; then comes a girl of fourteen, and three younger children. In all, ten persons, six at least of whom may be described as adults, reside in a house, the accommodation in which consists of one small room downstairs and two still smaller rooms above. To the income already given there has to be added 15*s.* earned by the father of the children, and 4*s.* 6*d.* earned by the lad. The total income was 38*s.*, from which however 7*s.* must be deducted for rent, firing, and repair of tools. This family, though overcrowded, is certainly better off in the matter of income than multitudes of others, but as their week's earnings of 38*s.* represent a good average taking the year round, it will be seen that it is a comparatively small sum when it is remembered that it required six adult persons to earn it.

There are innumerable instances to be met with in the nail and chain districts in which the united income of the workers of the household does not amount to more than ten or eleven shillings. And instances are common of women and young girls working for themselves and earning not more than 4*s.* 6*d.* or 5*s.* per week. One young woman I know works from six in the morning until nine at night whenever she can get work to do, but in a full week her net earnings are not more than 4*s.* 6*d.* Her work is even more tedious than that I have been describing, for she makes the small nail which is commonly used for nailing down carpets.

CARPET NAIL.



NO. 15 RAG-NAIL.

But much of the work on which females are engaged in the nail trade is far harder than that already mentioned. Here, for example, is a No. 15 rag-nail. To head this nail it is necessary to strike very hard indeed, and the work is so exhausting that none but the most robust females can engage in it. A strong woman working hard from seven in the morning until eight at night would make 13 lbs. of such nails, and earn 1*s.* 7*d.* Six days of such labour would mean that a woman would earn 9*s.* 6*d.* But, as a matter of fact, no one does work six days. Allowance has to be made for time occupied in fetching and carrying, for repair of tools and other things, so that, taking one week with another, a woman would count it a good week's work to make a bundle in a week, that is, 52 lbs., for which 6*s.* would be paid. From this sum there would be the usual deductions for stalling and firing.

2-INCH CLASP.

A much commoner kind of nail is what is known as the two-inch clasp. I found these being made at Kate's Hill, Dudley.

In a small shop measuring ten feet by nine feet, and ten feet high in the highest and less than six feet in the lowest part—the structure was in fact a little lean-to shed erected at the back of a dwelling-house—were five females at work, apparently tearing their hearts out in the making of these nails. Each person had two short rods in the hearth, which was in the centre of the shop. Each in turn gave the bellows a touch, and then snatched a heated rod from the fire and quickly beat it to a point—the nail having to be hammered well its entire length, save for about a quarter of an inch at the top, which was to form the head. Then came the partial severance, the insertion of the half-made nail into a tool known as the bore—which operation, it must be explained, involves the dropping of the hammer and the transfer of the iron from one hand to the other ; then the rod is twisted off and thrown down, the hammer is resumed, and the head of the nail formed by one or

two blows, the bore being meantime firmly held in the left hand. This done, the nail is turned out of the bore into a tin can, the bore and hammer are dropped upon the stall, the rod is picked up and returned to the fire with the right hand, while a puff is given to the bellows with the left, another rod is taken from the fire, and so the game goes on. I have entered into these minute and perhaps uninteresting details with a view to convey some idea of the amazing rapidity and vigour with which these women work, but in truth the thing must be seen to be adequately appreciated. It may assist the reader however if I mention that 125 two-inch clasp nails may be made in an hour, or about two a minute, and that 125 weigh 1 lb. No woman could go on making 1 lb. an hour of such nails; while 10 lbs. in twelve hours would be very good and very hard work. The rate of pay is $8\frac{1}{2}d.$ for $6\frac{1}{4}$ lbs., or almost $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ per hour.

As I have before said, female nailers do not work with the steadiness and regularity characteristic of female workers in a cotton factory; and as the work done in this shop in the week preceding my visit is a very fair average, I cannot perhaps do better than state what was done.

No. 1 was a young married woman about thirty years of age, and the mother of three children. Her husband, a miner, brought home 12*s.* This woman from a circumstance incidental to married life was unable to stand at her stall for a long time together, and so she had earned but 1*s.* $9\frac{1}{2}d.$, out of which she had to pay 5*d.* for her stall. The rent of her house was 3*s.*

No. 2, a strong young woman of perhaps twenty-five years of age, worked ten hours on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and five hours on Friday, and earned 3*s.*, out of which she had to pay 5*d.* for her stall.

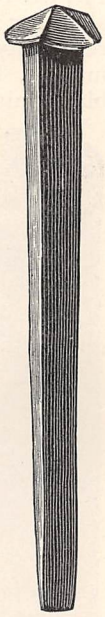
No. 3, a particularly strong and remarkably healthy-looking girl, eighteen or nineteen years of age, worked exactly the same time and earned 3*s.* 3*d.*, but had nothing to pay for stallage, because the shop belonged to her mother.

No. 4, a girl of fourteen, had not worked so long and had earned but 1*s.* $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ She had nothing to pay for stallage, because she was a sister of No. 3, but as the nails she made were made for another woman, who herself took them to the warehouse, one penny was deducted for carriage.

No. 5, a married woman turned fifty years of age, is the wife of a collier, whose earnings are sometimes 9*s.* 6*d.* per week, sometimes 13*s.*, and sometimes 7*s.* For the last three weeks however the man had been too ill to work This woman has three daughters married, one of them with six children. She has three children at home still to provide for, and of these one is a girl of sixteen who has been in domestic service, but is now "out of a place;" another is a girl of fourteen, unable to go from home; the remaining child goes to school. This woman, with all her weight of cares, earned 3*s.* 6*d.* in the week of which I am speaking, and out of this she had to pay the usual 5*d.* for her stall.

It will occur to some readers probably that all these people might have "put in" more time than they actually did, and that No. 2, for example, if she had worked sixty hours, might have earned say 7*s.* 6*d.* And indeed it is a common charge that a good deal of the poverty of the nailers is due to the fact that they do not always work when they might. I shall not for a moment contend that there are no idle nailers. I will only affirm that in this respect nailers are no worse than other people. But there are several reasons why female nailers cannot put in as much time as it is often supposed they might. In the first place, it is a physical impossibility; the labour is too exhausting, especially in warm weather, for such continuity of application as is possible in most other employments in which women are engaged. In the next place, work is not always to be had. Then again, the time occupied in fetching and carrying, waiting and weighing, has to be taken into account. One of the girls in this shop had to wait at the warehouse three hours for her iron. Then another of the girls was supplied with unsuitable iron. Asked why she did not return it, she replied, "They had not got any of the right sort." As a result she, assisted by another woman, had to carry a bundle weighing 60 lbs. a distance of two miles to another warehouse, and there get it exchanged for a bundle of the right sort. Then the return journey had to be made. Nor was there merely loss of time—a payment had to be made for the exchange. This is a very common thing, and is one of the cruellest acts of injustice that can be perpetrated upon these poor women. And when two women have carried a bundle of iron weighing 60 lbs. a distance of four miles, they may surely be excused if they

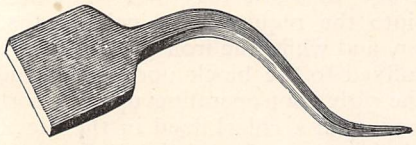
should feel disinclined to begin making nails the moment they get to the shop. And it is not always the case that two women assist each other in this way. It is quite a common thing to meet individual women in the nail districts carrying these bundles upon their heads without any assistance. Again, as accounting for the fact that women do not always work as many hours as perhaps they might, it must be remembered that there are at least some domestic duties to discharge, even among nailers.



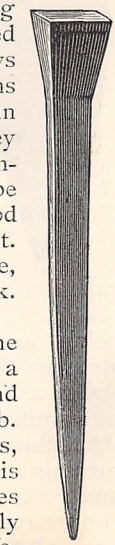
3-INCH ROSE HEAD.

It is impossible to enter into details in regard to the great variety of nails made by females. They make all sorts and sizes. For the smaller sizes the price is higher, for the larger sizes it is lower. What is known as the three-inch rose-head, weighing 28 lbs. to the thousand, is, I think, the largest made by women. Of these a vigorous and expert young woman could make perhaps 100 in an hour. To make 1000 would be a very good day's work indeed. But no instance of a woman keeping this up throughout the week has come under my notice. These nails are paid for at the rate of 2*s.* 6*d.* a bundle, and 54 lbs. weight of nails would have to be returned for every 60 lbs. weight of iron taken out. A woman would have to work hard and long to earn 5*s.* or 6*s.* nett in a week at this size of nail.

It is also impossible to do much more than remind the reader that nails are not exclusively made by women, but very largely by men. Men and boys however are generally engaged upon the heavier kinds of common nails and the superior nails, such as Brazils and horse-nails. Within a stone-throw of the shop just described I saw an old man of seventy making what are known as No. 14 Flemish nails. He works from six in the morning until eight at night, and earns 5*s.* 5*d.* per week. Rent, firing, and repair of tools absorb the entire amount, and this old man, who is an eminently respectable and much respected man, and his wife, who is unable to work, are supplied with food and clothing by a son of twenty, who works in a pit and brings home 11*s.* a week. There are numbers of instances of course in which younger and stronger men, assisted by their families, earn more than this, but such cases as that just given are very numerous, and serve to show to what dire straits the hand-made nail trade is reduced. The Brazil nail is that which, next to the horse-nail, pays best. It is a peculiar nail, made for shoeing mules in Brazil, I am told, and a man working hard may earn perhaps £1 a week. One man I saw making these nails at the Lye was working in certainly the most pestilential place I ever saw in my life. He informed me that by working from six in the morning until nine at night for six days he could earn 16*s.* Another man, working under more favourable conditions at Dudley, told me he could earn about 18*s.* These Brazil nails are made in their peculiar shape in order to show that they are unfinished, and thus they pass the Custom House as unfinished goods. And as a fact they are unfinished, for the head has to be made star-shaped and the stem has to be straightened before the nail can be used. It must be clearly understood that in giving the amount of wages earned I am giving an average amount. If an expert man could be kept constantly supplied with iron he would be able, by working very hard for ten hours a day, to earn as much as 23*s.* a week. As a matter of fact however this is a wage that is very rarely earned.



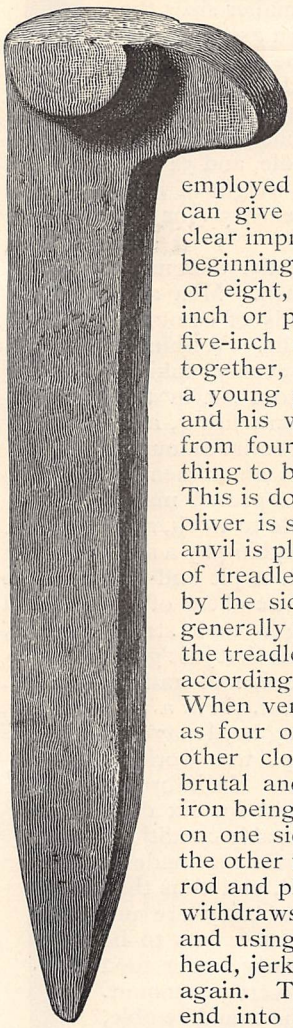
BRAZIL NAIL.



NO. 12 HORSE NAIL.

The horse-nail makers are the aristocracy of the nail trade. But the introduction of machine-made horse-nails has taken this aristocracy down a peg. The standard horse-nail is the No. 12. It is a nail 2½ inches long, and one thousand weigh 12 lbs. The price paid is 2*s.* 6*d.* per thousand, or 12 lb. weight. All sizes smaller than this are 1¼*d.* per thousand or per pound less, and all larger sizes are 1¼*d.* per thousand or per pound more, for a pound is always called a thousand, though in some instances the "thousand" does not mean ten hundred. In the case of "sixteens," for example, it means only four hundred. But these are trade technicalities which it would take a life-time to learn and several generations to explain. The salient fact is that a good workman making "twelves," that is, the standard nail, could earn

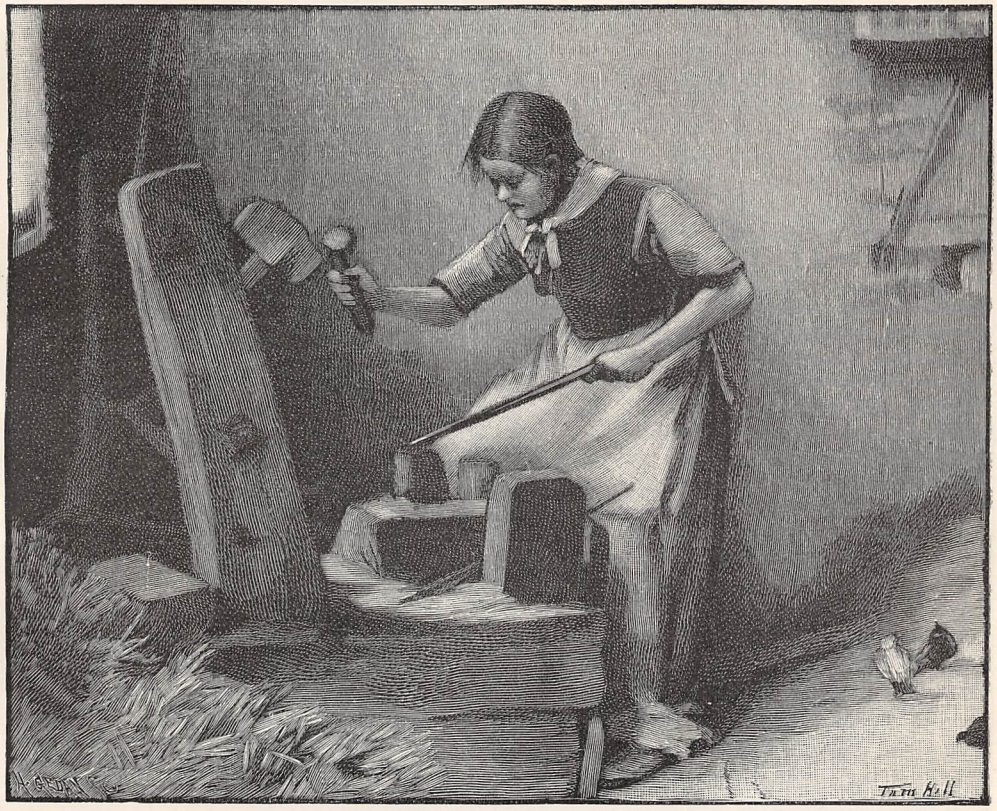
perhaps £1 a week; making "sixteens," the largest regular size, and counting really 400 nails to 16 lbs., the same man could earn 27*s.* a week. But as a rule no one ever does earn such sums. The average is from 15*s.* to 17*s.* 6*d.* in the former case, and from 17*s.* 6*d.* to £1 in the latter. The making of a good horse-nail demands considerable skill, for the nail has to be well hammered and drawn from head to point with much regularity. The machine-made nail has practically beaten the hand-made nail out of the market, because it is more perfectly tapered and is already pointed, so that the blacksmiths have not to point it, as in the case of the hand-made nail.



5-INCH SPIKE NAIL.

In every deep there is a deeper depth, and we have not touched bottom in the nail trade until we have seen how spike nails are made. The iron is supplied in the usual way, that is to say, in bundles of rods of 56 lbs. weight, and the people either fetch the iron themselves or pay for its carriage. Now the making of spike nails is surely the cruellest occupation in which women and young girls are employed in this country, and though no description of the process can give an adequate idea of it, I will do what I can to convey a clear impression to the reader. A spike nail is simply a very large nail, beginning with the four-inch rose-head nail, and finishing with a seven, or eight, or even nine-inch dog-eared spike or railway brob half an inch or perhaps three-quarters of an inch thick. Let us take the five-inch dog-eared spike, half an inch thick. Two people work together, one on each side of the hearth, and generally a man and a young girl, sometimes a man and a boy, sometimes again a man and his wife. The common case is for a man and a young girl of from fourteen to eighteen years of age to work together. The first thing to be done is to cut the rods into the required five-inch lengths. This is done by means of the oliver, and while the iron is cold. The oliver is simply a sledge-hammer affixed to the block upon which the anvil is placed. It is worked by the right foot operating upon a sort of treadle. The man places the rod upon a chisel fixed in the block by the side of the anvil. The girl then gets close behind the man, generally holding him by the waist, and they both jump together upon the treadle which works the oliver, and with one, two, or three blows, according to the thickness of the iron, the required length is cut off. When very thick iron has been operated upon I have seen as many as four or five men and young women alternating clasping each other close and jumping together upon the oliver, and a more brutal and loathsome spectacle I never witnessed in my life. The iron being cut into the required lengths, the man takes up his position on one side of the hearth and the girl upon the other, the one to head, the other to point the spikes. The man takes a number of pieces of rod and plunges them in the fire. The moment the iron is heated he withdraws one piece, drops the cold end into the socket of a tool, and using hand-hammer and oliver in rapid succession, he forms the head, jerks out the iron, flings it across to his companion, and goes on again. The girl instantly takes what is thrown her, plunges the cold end into her side of the fire, helps to blow the bellows, and then, when her iron is heated, she snatches it from the fire, and using hand-hammer and oliver almost as rapidly as the man, draws the iron to a point, and the spike is finished. The work is terribly hard, for in addition to striking the spike with the hand-hammer as vigorously as any blacksmith would strike a horseshoe, the girl has to work her sledge-hammer with her foot. It is humiliating to see a girl thus occupied. But I have seen a girl of eighteen "heading" as well as "pointing." I shall never forget the sight. Suddenly turning into a well-known yard in Halesowen I saw this young woman with arms and bosom bare, grimy, profusely perspiring, and working like a tigress. It was simply revolting. Yet I was assured by an old and experienced man that though such sights were not as common now as formerly, they were still more frequently to be met with than they should be. The spike nail-makers work extremely hard and are very ill paid. There would be perhaps 300 or 340 such spikes as I have

described in a hundredweight, that is to say in two bundles, and four bundles would be a good day's work. At 2*s.* 11*d.* per cwt. 5*s.* 10*d.* would be earned by the two persons in a day. This, with all deductions, would mean that the man would earn about 15*s.* and the girl about 5*s.* in a week. Cases in which two people can earn more than this are not rare, but the figures I have given represent what I believe to be a very fair average indeed. The one ugly feature about spike nail-making is the employment of young girls and women, involving as it does the use of the oliver. It is nothing short of a scandal, and I am happy to know that the universal feeling among the women and girls themselves is that they ought not to be condemned to such unwomanly toil. They would hail with satisfaction a law prohibiting their employment in this way, and it is earnestly



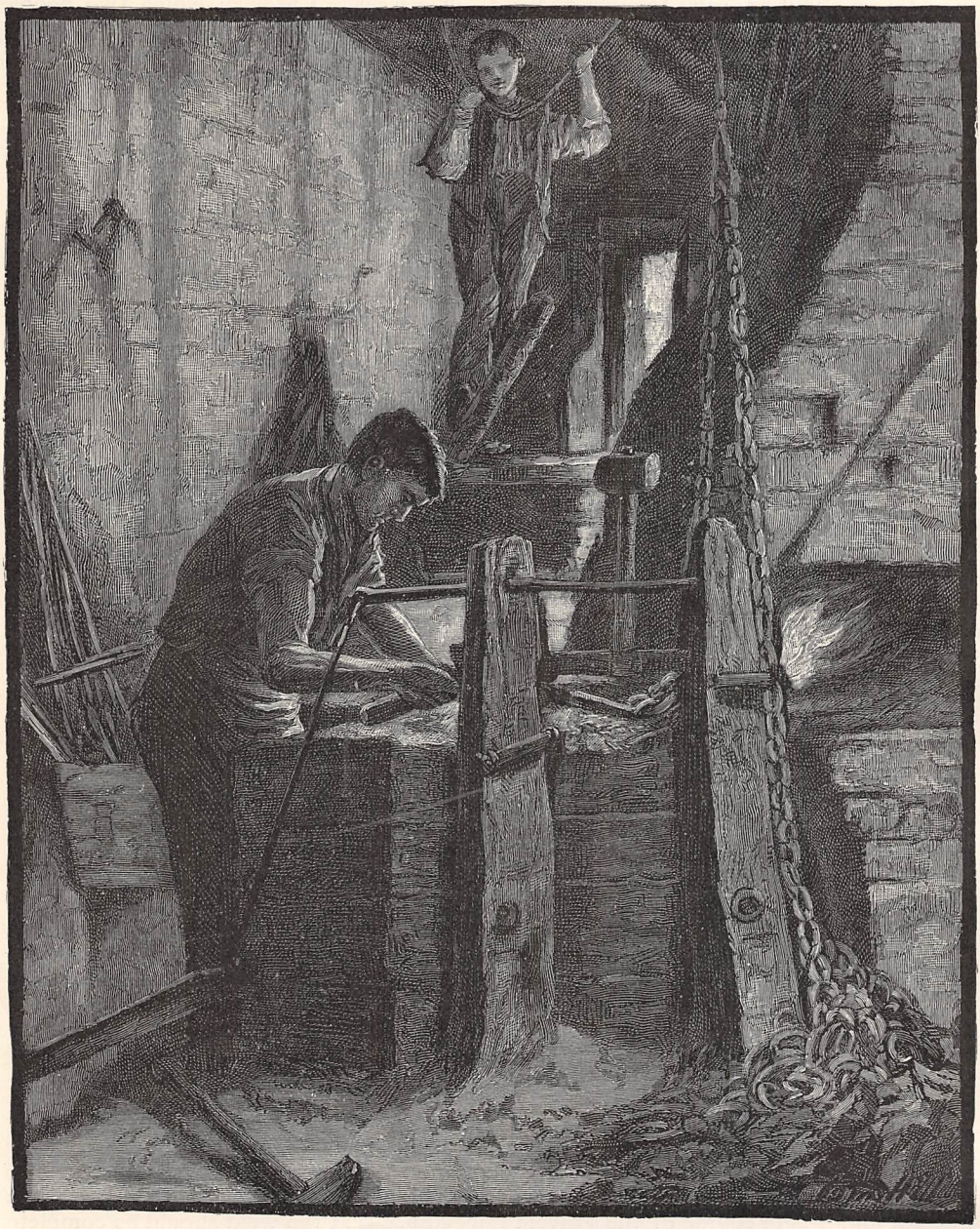
GIRL POINTING SPIKE NAILS.

to be hoped that the next session of Parliament will see the enactment of such a law.

If we turn now to the chain trade we shall find simply a change in the kind of work. In Cradley, Cradley Heath, The Lye, and one or two other places, women and young girls may be found making chains, under precisely similar conditions to those under which nailing is carried on. With the exception of the pointing of spike nails, I think chain-making is harder work for women than nailing, because every link has to be welded, and it is of course of the gravest importance that the weld should be complete and sound.

But the best way of getting a good general idea of chain-making is to drop into one of the shops and observe what is going on, just as we have done in the case of the nailers. Now, here in Cradley Heath it little matters down what entry you go. At the back of the houses, or in the case of large yards before the houses, are any number of shops. Close to what is known as the Five Ways we have a thoroughly typical shop. There, in the far corner, working, singly, at his own hearth, is an able-bodied man making the standard half-inch chain, and just behind and above him is a lad of perhaps twelve or thirteen blowing the bellows, and performing that operation with his foot.

The lad stands on the crossbeam on one foot, and holding on to the rafters overhead, works the handle of the bellows with his other foot. Blowing a strong pair of bellows all day long is hard work for a boy, yet in the majority of cases this work is

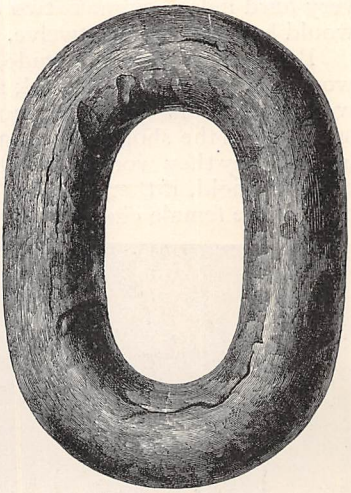


MAN CHAIN-MAKING AND BOY BLOWING.

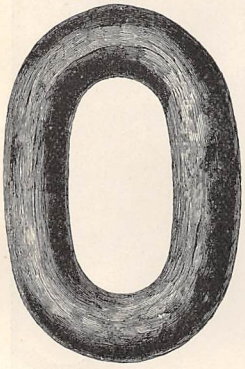
done by young girls, who earn 3*s.* 6*d.* or 4*s.* a week, but where they blow two or three pairs of bellows at a time they can earn more. I myself have seen a young girl working in this way, while an elderly woman who had made chains since her childhood assured me that a while back it was quite common for girls to work in this fashion, but since so much attention had been called to the matter, the practice had been largely abandoned.

The half-inch chain which this man is making is not the largest made by a man single-handed, but it is the size which is taken as the standard for fixing price-lists.

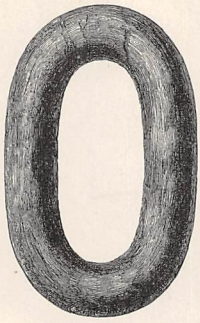
Thus, what is known as the 4*s*. list means the list according to which half-inch chain has to be paid for at the rate of 4*s*. per cwt. There are 27 links in ½-inch chain to the yard, and there are 14 yards to the cwt., *i.e.* 378 links. A strong man may make six cwt. a week by working hard and long, and if he gets the list price he will earn 24*s*., out of which he will have to pay his blower 4*s*., and after that there will be the usual deductions for rent, firing, and repair of tools. Taking a rod into his hand and plunging it into the fire, the man waits until it is sufficiently heated, and then he hammers the end slightly to prepare it for the welding. Then he cuts off the required length, plunges the rod into the fire again, takes up the piece first cut off, reverses it and returns it to the fire; in due time withdraws it, hammers the fresh end, and by one or two heavy blows bends it until the ends meet and overlap each other. The link is once more returned to the fire, and while it there becomes white hot the man works again at the preparation of another link. By the time this is accomplished the first link is ready for welding. It is snatched from the fire, and with two or three blows the weld is made, and then the rounding of the weld takes place. The little anvil is shaped very much like a common flat iron turned up-side down, but with a narrower point. The point, moreover, contains an indentation half the size of the iron, the link is deftly placed upon this point, and then by a rapid movement of the foot down comes a sledge hammer in which is fixed a tool with the corresponding half-round indentation to that in the anvil. Half-a-dozen blows in rapid alternation from the hand-hammer and the "oliver," and the link is completed. The making of the next link includes the threading of the first just prior to the final heating for the weld, and then as the chain lengthens it is strung over a pulley so as to be out of the way of the worker as he proceeds.



½-INCH CHAIN.



BARE ⅜-INCH CHAIN.



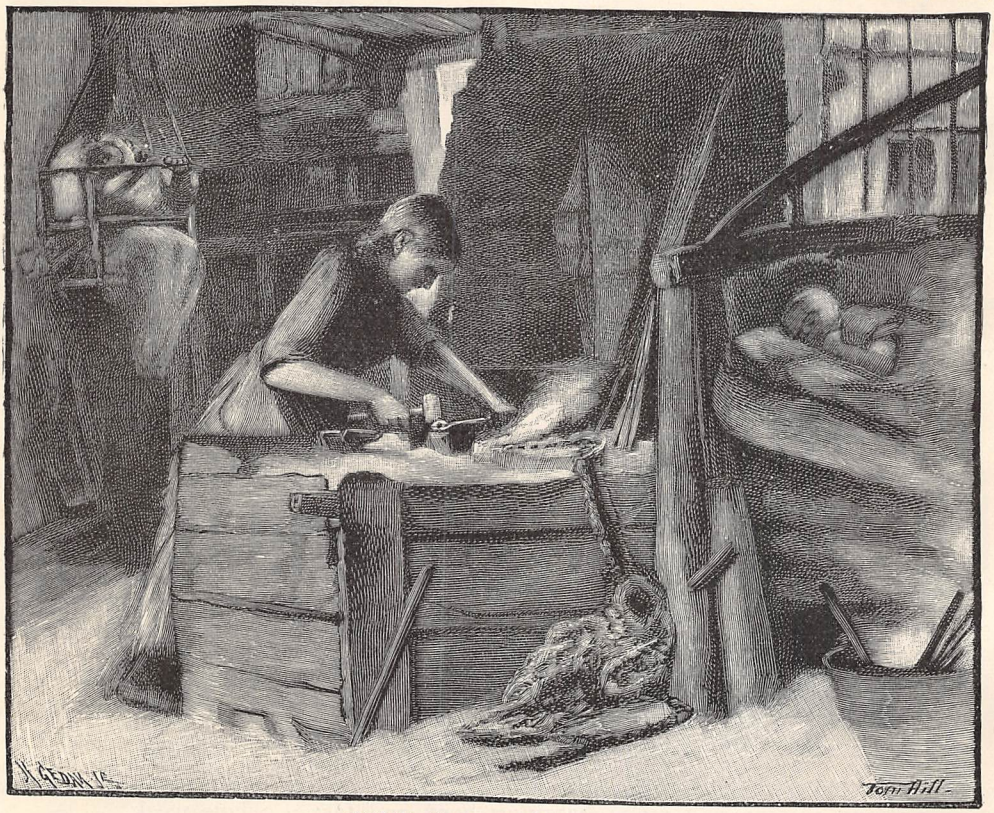
NO. 1 CHAIN.

Women of course do not make such heavy chains, and do not as a rule use the "oliver," but they do their own blowing. The largest size of chain made commonly by women and girls is being made in this same shop. It is what is known as bare ⅜. Thirty-nine links make a yard, and six yards will weigh about 21 lbs. A strong young woman will make, working hard and fast a whole week, about 2½ cwt., and will thus earn in clear wages perhaps 10*s*. Another common size is No. 1, of which 45 links go to the yard, 6 yards weigh 15 lbs., and 1½ cwt. would be a very good week's work, and a woman or a strong girl making this chain would earn perhaps 7*s*. 6*d*. per week. Still another size is yet smaller, viz. No. 4. Fifty-seven links make a yard, and weigh 9 lbs. An expert and industrious female can make ¾ cwt. in a long week, and earn 7*s*. 6*d*. There are many still smaller sizes, but I will mention only No. 8. Of this size 76 links make a yard, and 6 yards weigh 4½ lbs. A very smart young woman can make 28 lbs. of such chain in a week, and earn 7*s*. The ordinary reader will not gather from any additional details of this kind how laborious, and how exacting without being interesting, the whole business is. There is not the slightest variety in the work. Every link has to be made in precisely the same way, and when one person has to perform exactly the same operation, say 3,000 times in the same week, it is apt to become very dreary work. As the curious stranger makes his way through the district, almost incredible stories are poured into his ears, but a little investigation suffices to show that the stories, incredible as they

NO. 8 CHAIN.

seem, have a good foundation in fact. It was an employer and not a worker who informed me that dog-chains made of iron $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch in thickness, and containing 36 links, would be paid for at the rate of a penny each. A woman would have to work very hard indeed to make two dozen a day, and even then her actual working hours would have to number twelve.

But here in the chain trade, as in the nail trade, it must be borne in mind that the women do not as a rule work full weeks. Large numbers of them work about half a week, and it is quite common to hear of women earning *2s.* *6d.*, *3s.*, or *5s.*, by spending in the shop all the time they can spare from household duties; and when you inquire why they work at all, the answer invariably is, that the male breadwinners of the household, if there are any, are unable to get enough to live upon. Large numbers of the female chain-makers are wives or daughters of miners, and it frequently



WOMAN CHAIN MAKING.

happens that among the colliers work is very irregular. Cases of extreme misery are very common. You meet with the widow who is left with several children to provide for, the old couple who keep a house over their heads by working at chain-making, while body and soul are kept together by the labour of a son or daughter. One case which is well known to me is exceedingly hard. The husband has long been ill and unable to work, except now and then for brief periods, and the home such as it is has to be kept together by the labour of the wife, who in addition to having a sick husband upon her hands, has five children to provide for. The "dwelling-house" in this case is an old shed and not a house at all, and it is certainly unfit for human habitation. It consists of one apartment, and in that apartment there is one bed.

Generally, I am not prepared to say that the dwellings of the people are any worse than the dwellings of the labouring poor in most of our large towns; but the sanitary arrangements throughout the nail and chain districts are simply disgusting. The general health is good notwithstanding, though there are particular areas in which there is an abnormally high death-rate among children. But the puzzle is that the general health of the people should be so good while the sanitary arrangements are so

bad. It is quite a common thing to find an overflowing midden adjoining a nail or chain shop or within two yards of it, and open drains flowing for hundreds of yards past the houses and the shops in which the people live and work are of frequent occurrence. Tibbett's Gardens, Cradley Heath, may be said to be on the banks of an open sewer. As you pass through this salubrious region you have to jump this meandering drain several times in the course of your perambulation of the gardens. There are two wells in this yard—for the gardens, it need hardly be said, have long since disappeared, or are represented by a few square yards of scarlet-runner beans—and both of them require closing or cleansing. And what exists here exists all over the district. It is without exception the filthiest district I ever saw, and I have seen all the large towns of Great Britain and Ireland. Owing however to the attention concentrated upon this district, during the sittings of the Sweating Committee, certain "improvements" have been effected in one or two places—notably Anvil Yard, Cradley. All the office-houses belonging to the dwelling-houses stand in the centre of the yard in full view of the houses, and until recently were unscreened in the slightest degree. Now they are screened; but when I was there a short time ago the middens were overflowing as usual. But I think the worst yard I know of at the present moment is one known as Billingham's, near the Five Ways, Cradley Heath. Across the bottom of this yard an open sewer runs, and the stench from it is terrible.

Most of the houses in which the nailers and chain-makers live are small, and many are in a most dilapidated condition. Indeed, the entire district covered by the nail and chain trades presents a most melancholy appearance. Here you have a whole street in ruins; there you have another street where the houses appear to be on the very verge of toppling over. Now and then you come across a house several degrees out of the perpendicular, and only prevented from falling by a number of sturdy props. Yet the people do not appear to be greatly concerned.

And the shops are worse than the houses. It is not uncommon for the people to be compelled to "quit working" whenever there is a fall of rain. I suppose that the rents are so low that the property-owners find themselves unable to spend money in repairs, especially seeing that in multitudes of cases mere repair is impossible. The only thing that can be done is to rebuild, and this, in view of the decadence of the nail trade at all events, is out of the question.

That the poor people are robbed by the sweater and fogger is beyond question. Sometimes the sweater is a master; more often fogger and sweater are one. A master is simply a large employer, and a fogger is a small one. The only other difference is that a master is not always a sweater, while a fogger always is. The people are cheated in a thousand ways. But it is simply impossible to familiarize the general reader sufficiently with the technicalities of the trade to permit of a lucid exposition of the multifarious tricks by which the nailers and chain-makers are every day robbed of their just dues. One way I have already mentioned—viz. that of giving out unsuitable iron and compelling the worker to take it elsewhere and get it exchanged for suitable iron. Another way is by falsifying scales, and so paying the people for less work than they actually do. A very common way is by declaring that nails that are really No. 8 are in fact No. 9, and paying for No. 9 instead of No. 8, the price for No. 9 being less than for No. 8. Yet another way is by giving out iron of a wrong size. I was in a shop a short time ago, and the man, whom I know well, said, "That rascally master of mine has done me again." "How so?" I asked. "Why, you see that iron," he replied. "There are two more rods to the bundle than there should be, and I shall have to make so many the more links, but I shall only be paid for the quantity that the right size iron would make." While an exceedingly cruel form of sweating is to employ apprentices and compel them to do the same work as men. And so I might multiply instances of this kind, but it would be to no purpose. The best masters themselves admit the evil, and they admit further that the Truck Acts are evaded. A small master or fogger has a brother or a sister who keeps a small shop or perhaps a public-house, and those who get work from him are expected to deal at this shop or use this public-house. How to checkmate all this chicanery is a very difficult question. But it is clear to me that there is room for a good deal of improvement both in the matter of legislative regulation and voluntary organization on the part of the people themselves. The individualistic system of working in the small domestic shops is essentially bad. Those who work in the small

factories are better off than those who work singly, and I have known this to be the case in at least one instance when the owner of the small factory, or large shop, was known as a fogger. In one such large shop I saw a dozen girls working. They were certainly all strong, vigorous young women, but, working regularly and steadily, they were able to earn much better wages than similar girls working singly or in the small shops.

This has led me to believe that in the nail and chain trades there is fine scope for a well-conceived and well-supported scheme of Productive Co-operation. The work would have to be carried out on a large scale however, and unfortunately the difficulties in the way of such an enterprise appear to be insurmountable.

But the nail and chain-makers, notwithstanding their poverty, their overcrowding, and the general wretchedness of their surroundings, are in the main a law-abiding, sober, industrious, and even a religious people. Instances of actual immorality are

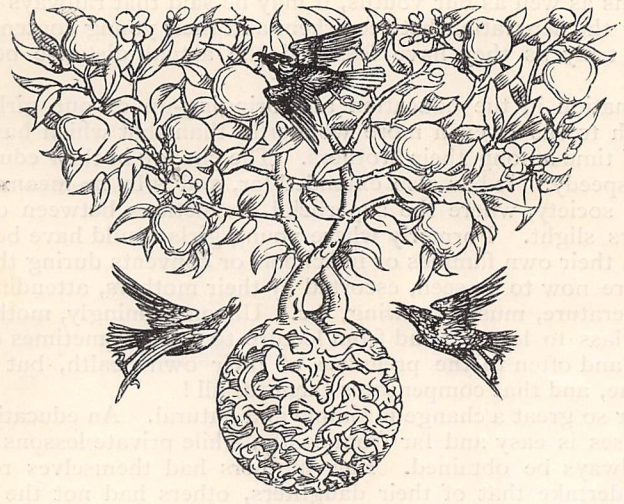
OFF TO THE FOGGERS.

rare, though there is much coarse talk in some of the shops, and in cases where any considerable number of both sexes are employed in the same shop it would certainly be better if there was more perfect supervision. Still, I am bound to say that the character of the people for morality will bear comparison with that of any other class of the community. The children as a rule, when their parents can find them suitable clothing, attend Sunday school, and adult classes and Bible classes abound, mostly carried on by Evangelical and Nonconformist bodies.

On the whole the people are remarkably cheerful. They sing at their work as merrily as possible. Indeed, quite a talent for singing has been developed among them. And it frequently happens in shops in which several people work that they will all sing together with great energy and much sweetness one or other of Moody and Sankey's hymns. In the long winter evenings, the ruddy glow of the fires, the roar of the bellows, the clink of the hammers and the cheerful and harmonious singing of the workers, combine to produce a most striking effect. One is irresistibly reminded of the singing of the negro melodies on the old slave plantations.

The people have their pleasures, too. Pigeon-flying is perhaps the most popular enjoyment, and a nail or chain shop without pigeon-cages and pigeons is a rarity. Indeed, for my part, I think the pigeon fancy is the one redeeming feature about a nail or chain shop. It could be wished that the people were able to find time to indulge their passion for pigeon-flying on any other day than Sunday, but as everybody knows in other parts of the country many worse things happen on that day.

The great complaints of the people are mainly that their wages are too low, and that they are robbed by the sweaters and foggers. As to the former, this is not the place to discuss a question of ways and means, but it does seem hard that in a rich country such as ours women should be compelled to eke out the small wages earned by their husbands by themselves working in the nail and chain shops. No proper home life is possible in such circumstances. When the mother of a family is compelled to go into the shop to make nails or chains she must needs take some of her children with her, and one of the most frequent sights to be met with is that of a mother making nails or chains with her children about her—one perched on the hearth, fearless of the sparks, another fixed in a box suspended from the roof, and perhaps another sleeping on the bellows. Would it not pay such a woman better to do without the pittance she can earn at nail or chain-making and spend more of her time in the house? I was once asked. The answer is, that the pittance this woman earns probably pays the rent, and the few shillings the husband may bring home suffices to keep body and soul together. It is a pity that it should be so, but the remedy is for statesmen to seek. Perhaps when Lord Dunraven's Sweating Report is published, a document which people in the Black Country are somewhat anxious to see, legislation may follow which will be the means of doing away with the evils I have endeavoured to explain.



FRENCH GIRLHOOD.

By Mme. GUIZOT DE WITT.

IF, some thirty years ago, I had been asked to write a short account of the life of young girls in France as compared with that of their contemporaries on the other side of the Channel, my task would in some sense have been much more defined. For the contrast was at that time more striking and the differences were more accentuated. Nor were these so, merely on the surface. The two systems of education were radically opposed. All over France, wherever and whenever the English method of bringing up girls came under discussion, mothers would express themselves about it in no measured terms ; even the pleasant freedom of companionship allowed and encouraged between English girls and their brothers would be commented upon, and almost as a matter of course if it happened that some girl less carefully trained than the average were alluded to, the remark, " Oh, she is quite English," would be heard with a very unmistakable accent of reproach, even from the lips of those who had never exchanged a syllable with a member of the English nation. This severe judgment of our neighbours has greatly decreased in the present day ; indeed in Paris, among those generally recognised as constituting the upper classes, it has almost entirely disappeared, and with greater knowledge of English life, the difference between the two nations grows daily less striking.

Of our maidens as well as our youths, it may be said that railways and steamboats are bridging over the separation between them and their young contemporaries across the Channel, as truly as they have lessened the actual distance between the two countries.

The transformation in the education and bringing-up of our girls in Paris and most large French towns is even more wonderful than that which has taken place in the same lapse of time among their brothers. The change in their education has been both radical and speedy. It has also extended far, and is by no means confined to the higher grades of society, where the superficial distinctions between different nations are in many ways slight. Formerly where young girls would have been kept strictly secluded either in their own families or in schools or convents during the years of their education, they are now to be seen, escorted by their mothers, attending classes of all kinds, history, literature, music, drawing, &c. Uncomplainingly, mothers follow their daughters from class to lecture, and from lecture to class, sometimes even neglecting their households, and often to the prejudice of their own health, but they keep their daughters at home, and that compensates them for all !

The reason for so great a change is simple and natural. An education by means of lectures and classes is easy and far from costly, while private lessons were expensive and could not always be obtained. Few mothers had themselves received enough instruction to undertake that of their daughters, others had not the time to devote to it, and the system of home education under the care of a resident governess so thoroughly understood and so universally practised in England, has never taken root with us. There still remains the alternative of education both religious and secular, either in schools or convents, but this system entails the separation of parents and children ; so it is not to be wondered at that the former have joyfully adopted a method which enables them to bring up their daughters under their own supervision.

The result of this, so to speak, out-of-door education, and the constant intercourse between girls of all ages, has naturally brought about, in the last fifteen years, a remarkable social revolution. French girls have become more independent, and have

acquired a greater freedom of speech and manners ; in a word, their individuality has begun to assert itself. Now, instead of the silent and timid child who never left her mother's side, or if educated in a convent took instantaneous refuge under the maternal wing as soon as she returned home, we find young girls boldly claiming for themselves the liberty of speech and action that, not so many years back, was only accorded to them after marriage, and throwing aside as far as they dare the restrictions which formerly surrounded French girlhood. Mothers meet with less respect and less submissive obedience, even though their daughters' affection may still be undiminished. At balls and parties girls rebel against the maternal supervision and loudly proclaim, when some grandmother or great-aunt with old-fashioned ideas ventures to make any objection, "Oh ! you forget that the world has become English now ! "

Is the harm caused by this total transformation as serious as might at first appear ? I think not. In France we thoroughly admire and appreciate the tone of young English girls, and are far from ignoring the serious drawbacks and even dangers appertaining to our old system, all the more insidious because concealed below the surface. What if it be the case that our girls of to-day, from the ages of nineteen to twenty-three, favour us with rather too much of their exuberant vitality and longing for independence ? They accept, later on, none the less seriously their duties as wives and mothers. Or, even if they give expression to many thoughts, wishes, and ideas formerly checked by a more repressive education ? I, for one, do not blame them, nor indeed can I judge them harshly, even when their unconstrained tone and manners jar somewhat on the so-called old-fashioned prejudices from which I cannot hold myself entirely free. Much the same change, I am told, has taken place in England, but as that country, whether in political or social advance, has always been found in the van of other nations, it will be readily understood that French girls must traverse a considerable distance before they can hope to overtake their English contemporaries in the direction of liberty and independence. I believe that in England girls are told that they are becoming "too American," just in the same way that our daughters are reproached with following too closely in the track of the English.

This transformation which has taken place in Paris in the society in which I live, and among the children that I see growing up around me, has so far scarcely made itself felt in the provinces or in the innumerable small towns of France. Nevertheless, the point of view is everywhere gradually changing. A great number of young girls are still educated entirely at home, with no external assistance beyond what can be procured from the professors of the local colleges, or from the teachers of the national schools ; but the desire for knowledge is developing in these young minds, and the doors of their intellect are opening more and more widely. Facts and questions of national or general interest, which formerly a young woman learnt only when already a wife and mother, are now eagerly inquired into by girls. Married life is now no longer looked upon as opening the first possibilities of higher cultivation and intellectual improvement, and thus while our daughters are better prepared for the worthy discharge of its many duties and responsibilities, we find the usual age for marrying somewhat retarded.

The growing desire for greater intellectual development which is everywhere on the increase dates from the disturbances of our social world, and from the universal moral and mental ferment created by the Revolution, to which must be added the long and serious religious dissensions that our poor country has had to undergo. The first results of the complete religious liberty accorded in 1789 were most beneficial, drawing those of different Christian sects nearer to each other, and bridging over the formerly all but impassable abyss which had divided those of dissimilar modes of worship.

Unhappily political troubles have substituted a fresh feud still deeper and more furious than that which existed formerly between Catholics and Protestants, and which had already borne such bitter fruit. Between these two great Christian bodies there had at least been found common hopes and common aspirations ; in sorrow, as in joy, souls could meet at the feet of the same God and the same Saviour, but now, alas ! all is changed. A gulf is again opened, this time between believers and unbelievers—between those who still humbly accept the Divine Revelation and have faith in "things unseen," and those who reject with contempt the ancient religion of their fathers, thrusting it from them as a worn-out garment or a useless relic of past superstition.

This spirit of antagonism is rampant in all classes ; nowhere more so than in our villages, where all schools for the education on a religious basis of the daughters of

our peasant classes are closed, contrary to the wishes of the parents, who, as a rule, were ready to make any effort against this new state of things. *Écoles libres* have been opened everywhere, numbering among their scholars many little girls formerly kept away from secular schools by the religious convictions of their parents. The same zeal on the part of our rulers is establishing in most of the great towns, colleges for girls on similar general principles to those of the new *Écoles libres*—principles avowedly non-religious, or, to put it still more plainly, godless.

The want of religious principle in these new schools is doubly to be regretted, as in other respects their introduction would have admirably responded to the recently-aroused and increasing demand for higher instruction and culture, so noticeable in girls of the present day ; but, as things are, it is not to be wondered at that Christian parents hesitate to take advantage of these new opportunities of education for their daughters. Thus in many middle-class families, girls are necessarily often thrown back on the somewhat limited resources of home-teaching, or on those obtainable in convents, where whatever the deficiencies, the instruction is at least based on sincere religious faith. In the present day, opportunities of intellectual and cultivated training are to be found at the very doors of our homes, and yet we cannot profit by them. Between us and them "there is a great gulf fixed." Will this fundamental error ever disappear, and shall we one day have the happiness of seeing our colleges for girls fitted for the daughters of thoughtful and religious-minded families? We earnestly hope that it may indeed be so, for God will not abandon those who fight with all their strength against the encroachments of infidelity and atheism.

Hitherto it has been rare for French girls to dream of seeking any other "career" than the natural one of wife and mother. Many reasons, into which we cannot here enter, have brought about this difference between the daughters of the two countries divided by the Channel ; girls with us almost always marry, whereas a great number of their English sisters tread alone the path of life ; but I may allude to one feature of our society which cannot consistently be ignored in an article on French girls. I refer to the numerous religious orders among us to which almost every Catholic family contributes one or more members. These communities are devoted to the education of the young, rich or poor ; to the care of the sick, independently of the hospitals (whose doors a blind prejudice has, nowadays in Paris, closed to all religions) ; and to various works of charity. A devoted phalanx is thus constituted the importance of which can scarcely be exaggerated. One or two figures will suffice to give some idea of their numbers. The society of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, extending as it does through all countries, includes among its members more than 15,000 Frenchwomen ; and in many departments I could instance religious orders sufficing for all local needs, amounting within a restricted radius to five or six hundred sisters. In this way we meet a difficulty which elsewhere perplexes political economists, and have no reason to take thought for the future of our unmarried daughters.

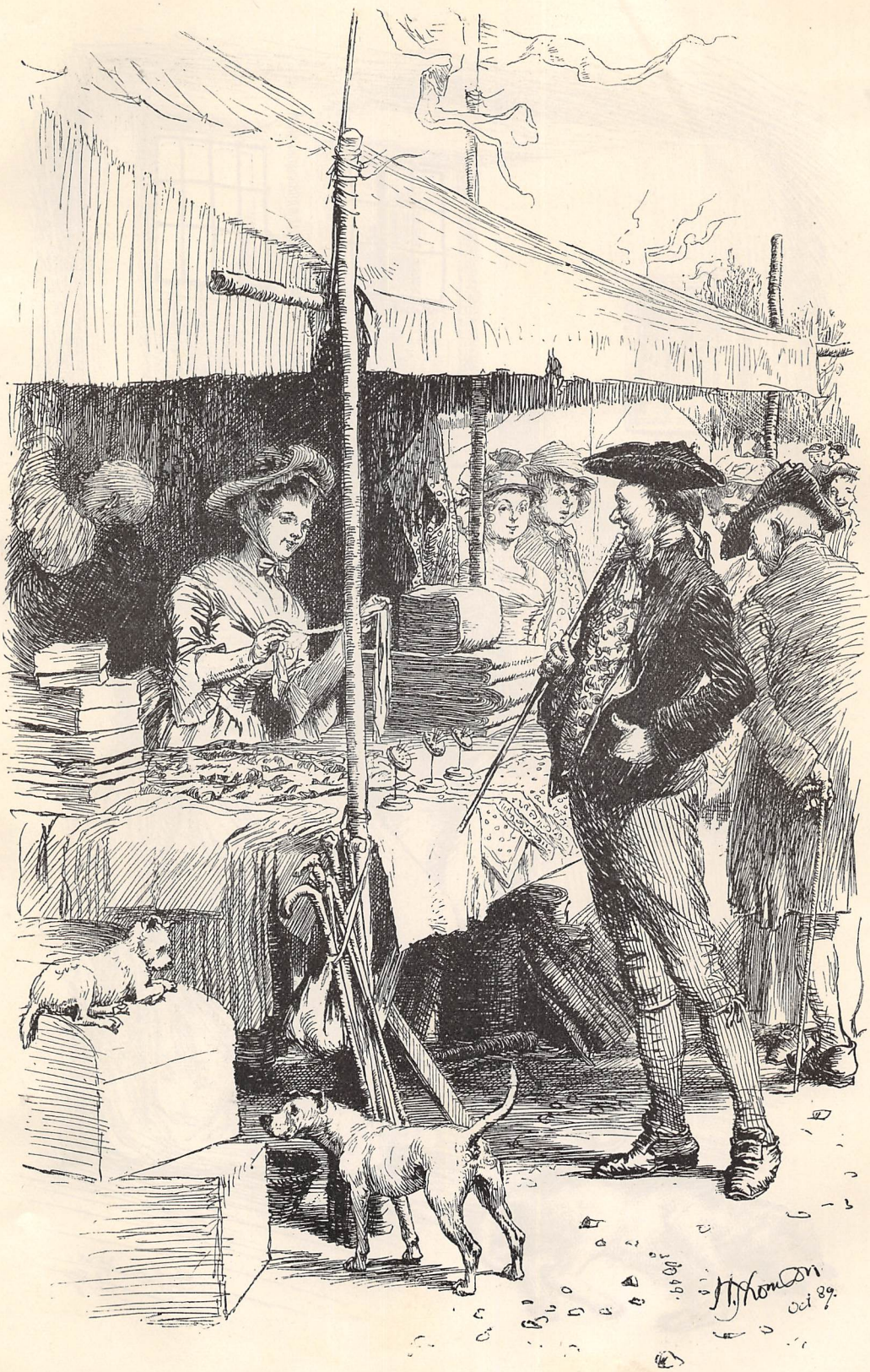
If our girls like to test the thoroughness of their mental achievements by going in for examinations and competitions, or otherwise entering the lists as candidates for public distinction in ways which would have horrified the retiring timidity of their ancestresses, by all means let them do so ; no harm will come of it in the long run. The average of our women are certainly better educated than they were thirty or forty years ago, and I am glad to see that so satisfactory an improvement shows no signs of retrogression. In all directions the level is rising ; so much the better, even though it has the effect of diminishing the number of brilliant exceptions. I would only ask that side by side with this new enthusiasm girls should retain the wholesome, old-fashioned belief that the experience of their mothers is still necessary and valuable as a guide through the intricacies of life, and that mothers should beware of letting slip from their hands the reins of authority with which Divine providence has intrusted them. Let us take care lest we crush the young spirit on its first eager outlook upon life ; let us be careful to cherish in our daughters the love of home and its tranquil joys, to encourage in them the taste for sober and unsensational reading, and for those regular, though perhaps seemingly less attractive, womanly occupations which might otherwise suffer by the claims of new and more exciting outside interests. They will remember all this, and thank us for it when, in the heat and burden of the day, their first energy and enthusiasm have cooled ; more than one among our daughters will then perhaps, looking back over her past life, recall gratefully her mother's gentle warnings as she murmurs to herself, "Ah, yes, I understand it better now!"

Oh! dear! what can the matter be?
Dear! dear! what can the matter be?
Oh! dear! what can the matter be?
Johnny's so long at the fair.

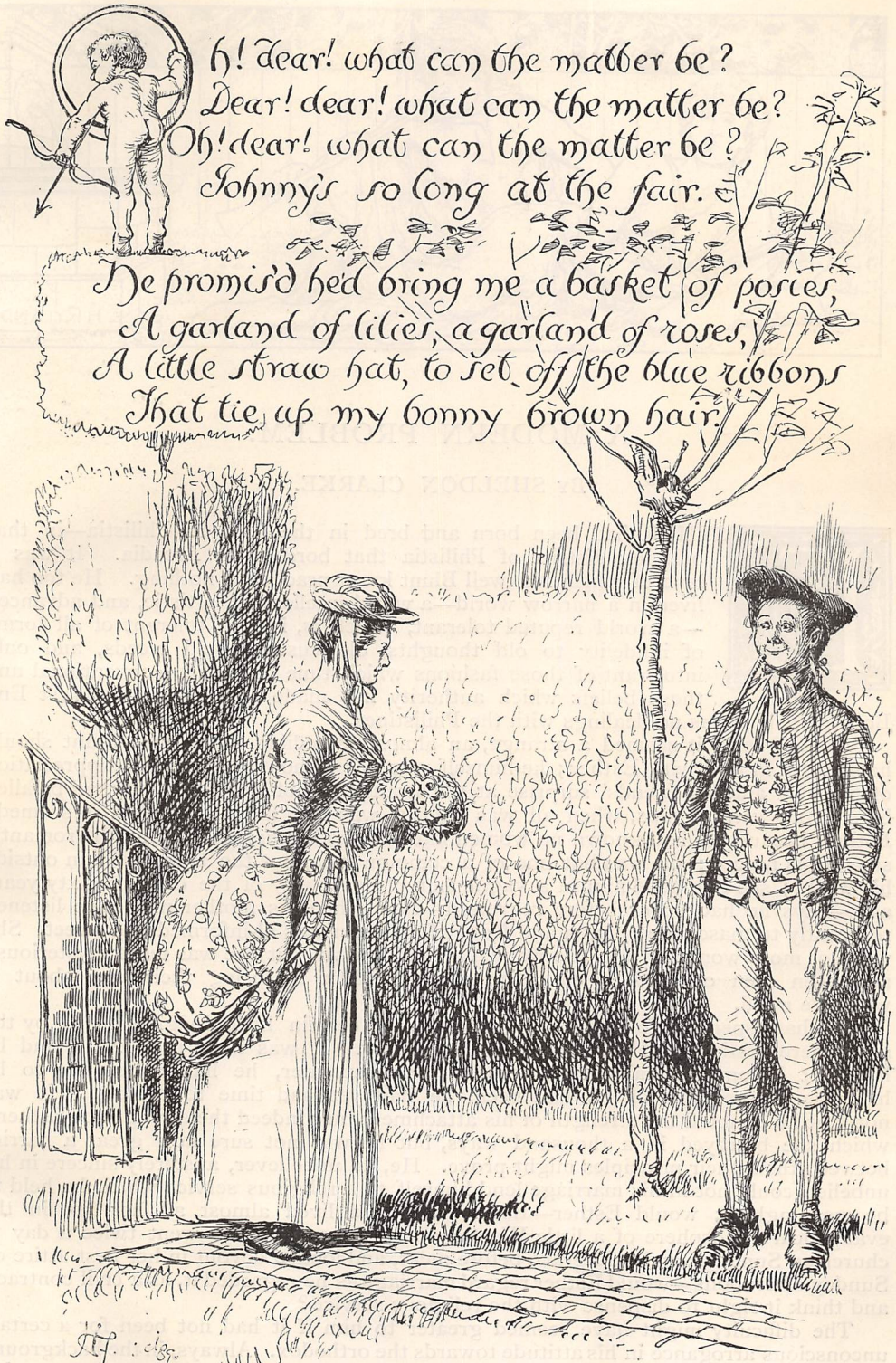
He promis'd he'd buy me a fairing should please me,
And then for a kiss, Oh! he vow'd he would teaze me;
He promis'd he'd bring me a bunch of blue ribbons
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

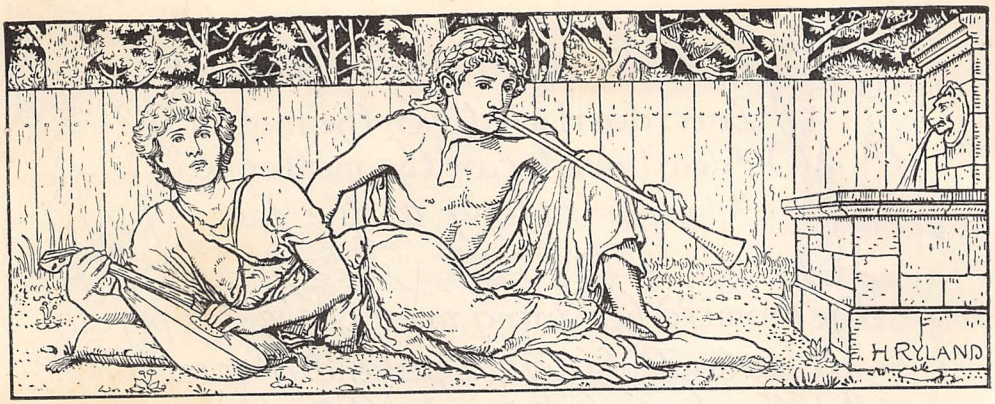
At the Fair

H. Thomson Oct 89.



C.H. Thomson Oct. 89


Oh! dear! what can the matter be?
Dear! dear! what can the matter be?
Oh! dear! what can the matter be?
Johnny's so long at the fair.
He promis'd he'd bring me a basket of posies,
A garland of lilies, a garland of roses,
A little straw hat, to set off the blue ribbons
That tie up my bonny brown hair.



A MODERN PROBLEM.

By SHELDON CLARKE.

ESTHER had been born and bred in the land of Philistia—in that outlying district of Philistia that borders on Arcadia. It was a land of which Maxwell Blunt knew practically nothing. He too had lived in a narrow world—a world intellectual, artistic, and advanced —a world reputed tolerant, which is, indeed, tolerant of all forms of infidelity to old thoughts, old customs, old creeds, and only intolerant of those fashions which time has made conventional and those beliefs which authority has made respectable—a West End Bohemia which has no dealings with the Philistines.

To his friends it seemed a strange, an almost incredible thing, that Blunt should have fallen in love with Esther; he himself was not without a humorous appreciation of his own and his friends' surprise at the strangeness of the thing that had befallen him. And yet, perhaps, when all was said, it was less surprising than it seemed; Esther, because he had known no women like her, had struck the poetic, the romantic side of his nature; she was but one of a common type, but the type had lain outside his world; she reminded him in a vague but pleasant way of the days of sixty years ago—days he had never before regretted—days when his mother may have listened reverently to masculine opinion and Nancy Lammeter was ill-informed and sweet. She was not more womanly than the women he had known, but she was more mysterious; and even men of modern education find a charm in losing their way about a woman's mind.

He had spent a fortnight in August in a certain little lodging-house by the sea where Esther and her mother were staying. It was there that Esther and he had first become acquainted; there, a fortnight later, he had asked her to be his wife. Precipitate as he had been, he had yet had time to hesitate. It was not that he doubted the strength of his attachment, nor indeed the strength of Esther's which she betrayed in a thousand ways, but he was not sure how great a barrier between them their principles might prove. He, an unbeliever, austerely sincere in his unbelief, could not in his marriage lend himself to a religious service which he held to be meaningless; would Esther—Esther who had lived almost all her life in the evangelical atmosphere of a little West-country parsonage, who went twice a day to church on Sundays, and said grace before meat, and looked devout in her best attire on Sunday afternoons—would Esther regard marriage as he regarded it, as a civil contract, and think it right to dispense with the religious service?

The difficulty might have seemed greater to him if it had not been for a certain unconscious arrogance in his attitude towards the orthodox. Always, in the background of his mind, though he would have been slow to admit it, there dwelt the assumption that all the orthodox were more or less conscious of a folly in their faith—conscious, if they would but tell the truth to themselves, that they held fast to their faith only

through some mental or moral slothfulness or insincerity. Esther's religion seemed to him purely conventional—and in this particular case he was little at fault; her faith had no basis either in logical reasoning or strong emotion, but in those religious observances to which she had all her life been used. He could not regard her faith with entire seriousness; he could not bring himself to see in it an insuperable barrier between himself and her. But that it *might* be a barrier he had tried gently and tentatively to suggest to her during that second week of their intimacy before he asked her to be his wife; and any doubt he had had she herself had removed, shyly but emphatically, very eagerly. Before he had asked his question he was sure, quite sure, about her answer. She was eager to apologize for all that he found amiss in her—she was ready to agree to all that he desired. He overlooked one danger: that belief, in a mind imperfectly logical, is not easily uprooted by logical reasoning never for a moment struck him; he was pleased but scarcely astonished at the easy conversion he had made.

Early in September Esther and he were married, and in October they were at home in London.

They had been at home a week, and in that week Blunt's friends had flocked quickly to see his wife and had gone away to talk of her. Some had called her attractive and some had called her foolish, but those who called her foolish half repented of their judgment. "After all," they added, "she was not pretentious; she was a simple little thing, Blunt might mould her as he would." Intellectual superiority was mollified by graceful deference, and to "advanced" minds her simplicity was new and *naïve* and in itself a charm. Although it was generally understood that Blunt had blundered in his choice, it was allowed that he had shown taste and discrimination in his blunder. His wife would do.

A week ago Blunt had brought Esther home from their honeymoon. This October evening was the first evening she had been left alone. She was making good use of her leisure moments. She was reading, not idly for pleasure, but intently with earnest purpose. She sat within the circle of the lamplight at a little table, and bent over a book of poems, never reading a poem straight through, but glancing at the titles, committing them to memory, and then reading twice or thrice those passages which some more intellectual reader had thought noteworthy and had marked with pencil. It was foolish, when her husband and his friends talked familiarly of this and that, to be doubtful whether it was poem or prose, drama, philosophy, or theology. And a scored book was, indeed, a find! What Maxwell or his friends had pencilled it was safe to admire. It was dull work this hurriedly formed acquaintanceship with great authors, but Esther was seldom impatient, it was not her way.

Esther Blunt was a young woman, scarcely twenty. She was country-bred, but had no country awkwardness and shyness. Her slender figure was graceful, her head well-poised, and her grey eyes, beneath their level brows, looked out frankly and confidingly, with the suspicion of a smile at those to whom she spoke. Her pretty straight forehead was not intellectual, perhaps, but her golden hair waved back from it with a faultless ripple. If she was not often witty, her smile when she spoke was gently humorous; her voice too was pleasant, mellow, and well-modulated, and she had a graceful habit of making pleasing reverential speeches with an air of inevitability.

As footsteps ascended the stairs Esther sat upright, suddenly attentive. She shut up her book and put it aside, a dead poet, like the Bible, was part of an education and therefore an unseemly book for a caller to find in one's hands. A caller was coming now. The servant tapped gently at the door and ushered in an unexpected visitor, a tall thin old clergyman in evangelical coat and tie.

Esther rose up quickly. It was not often that her sweet and gracious self-possession was ruffled, but her glance was startled, her manner a little confused.

"Uncle William!" she exclaimed as she went forward with outstretched hands, "how good of you, how *very* sweet of you, to come to see me!" There was just a little effort and embarrassment in her cheerful tone, but she atoned for the effort by additional emphasis in her welcome. "How very good! And when did you come to London? How did you find me out? Come to the fire, uncle; this is the easiest chair. Is it cold out? London, it seems to me, is always cold, and this easterly wind is trying. Max will be so sorry to have missed you—"

"I came to see *you*, Esther," said the old man simply; but the simple words had a severe significance. "We came to London last night—your aunt and I."

"And you never wrote!" said Esther in a tone of reproach that did not deceive her hearer into believing that she much regretted his neglect. "We should have been so glad to have you! And where is Aunt Mary? How strange it seems—and natural—to see you again! And why didn't Aunt Mary come too?"

"It was my wish to see you and to speak to you first, alone," said the old man gravely and precisely. "There were one or two things, Esther, that I felt it my duty to say to you. I could not rest until I had performed that duty. I came to London purposely to seek you out and say those things."

"Don't scold me to-night, Uncle William. You think me a naughty child, I know—and I am naughty—yes, I confess it. I'm sorry, you see, so we won't begin with the scolding at once. I have not seen you for such ages! and I'm so *glad* to see a familiar face again!"

"Is that the truth?" said the old man quietly, with a searching look.

Esther's pretty upturned face flushed slightly; her eyes fell. "It is true that I am glad," she said in a tone of less demonstrative delight. "I often think I should like to see people. They seem such a long way away—the people I have always known."

The old man said nothing. He sat upright in his lounging chair, looking sorrowfully at Esther, and shaking his head slowly and sagely, with a motion that said more clearly than words could have spoken—"All this I foresaw—this and more regret is in store. Already in these few short weeks you begin to look back longingly on the quiet, godly life you willingly abandoned. Poor child! poor child!"

Esther caught the unspoken thought. "Not that I am not happy," she said hastily. "I am very, *very* happy."

"Happy in a marriage God has not blessed—a marriage on which God's blessing was never asked, Esther?" said the old man reprovingly.

"Uncle, you—it is difficult for you to understand," said Esther, not raising her eyes to the stern, sorrowful face before her. "You mean that we were not married in church—and that is true. Max—Max did not think that wicked. He thinks—differently—differently from you and church people about things. The religious service meant nothing, he said, to him."

"And to you?—nothing too?"

Esther sat like a reproved and guilty child, and was silent. Her fingers were busy playing nervously with the soft silken girdle which was loose about her waist, and she was careful not to meet her uncle's glance. She had often in imagination been through some such interview as this; but in the imaginary interviews she had behaved with a self-possession that had made all things easy, and in the real interview her gracious ease of manner had entirely forsaken her. She felt and looked like a culprit. The teaching of her girlhood still clung to her; her intellect had never questioned any part of that teaching. It was all real—all true to her, but she had set it aside because it stood in the way of her happiness. She could not justify herself. At an inopportune moment, too, she remembered all that she owed to her uncle: that for sixteen years she had been as his adopted child; that for sixteen years—years of poverty and misfortune for her parents—he had given her food and clothing and house-room, and had given the gifts lovingly, ungrudgingly: remembered too, with unwelcome distinctness, how churlishly she had requited him. She had kept her engagement a secret from him because she had known that he must inevitably disapprove; she had sent him tidings of the marriage only when the marriage was over, and then had spoken vaguely about her husband and herself, and had slurred over the details which would offend his orthodox prejudices. He might justly reproach her.

"Esther," he said after a minute, steadying his voice, which trembled a little as he began to speak, "I want to understand. They tell me that you have cast away the truth from you, that you have married a husband who denies God, whose morality is social expediency, to whom religion is a mockery, and that you have accepted his doctrine of infidelity. Is this true?"

"I do not know, Uncle—it is true that I do not know. I—I do not think that I am like that—like you say—not so bad. I—I am not like Max. There isn't anything that I disbelieve—I believe in it all."

"Believe in what, Esther?"

"In everything—quite everything—God and the Catechism and the Bible and what you used to say. I *do* believe—in my *heart* I believe."

"And with your *lips* you mock at sacred things? This is what they have told me, Esther."

There was silence for a minute, whilst the girl sat looking down, nervously touching her pretty dress and pinching it into little imaginary tucks and plaits that left creases in the soft silk.

"They tell me," continued the old man steadily, "that you have made God's day into a day of social festivity——"

"Even—even Christians do that," said Esther hastily. "*Some* Christians. Not—not the good ones—but those who go to the High Churches. And some of those—*some* of them—are good."

"You speak like a child, Esther," said the old man, in a tone that was resolutely patient and forbearing, and sighing a little as he spoke. "I read my Bible—I read God's commands written plainly there. 'See that thou keep holy the Sabbath day.' Is the command clear? Are we absolved from the law because fellow-mortals, fellow-sinners, those from whom the light is withheld, see fit to break the law? Shall we be held guiltless—we who have the light?"

"No, no—I know," said Esther in a low tone deprecatingly.

"They tell me other things," continued the old man, sighing again; "they tell me that your husband mocks at the thought of entering God's house and that you join in his foolish laughter."

"No, I do not laugh—I do not think that I ever laugh," said the girl quickly.

"But do you go to church, Esther? Regularly, in spite of your husband, do you go?"

"No. I know that it is wicked. I *do* know it. Don't scold me, Uncle William, I *do* know it. There are heaps of things that I shall never think are right. Max thinks them so and other people do. But I—I shall always know that what the Bible and the Prayer Book say are *really* the right things. Don't scold me, Uncle."

"You are afraid of my anger, Esther, and *my* anger is a little thing."

Esther made a lame attempt to turn aside his thoughts from herself. "Where are you staying?" she asked. "And how is Aunt Mary? You have told me nothing about Aunt Mary yet."

"Aunt Mary is ailing. And the journey up has tired her. I must not leave her long this evening; I promised I would get back quickly. All this has troubled her—troubled her very grievously—as it has troubled me. I had not done my talk with you, Esther. But there is not time to-night to begin all that I have to say. I must see you again."

"Yes, another day," said Esther with a little half-sigh of relief.

"There is only to-morrow. We must go back on Saturday; there was no one who could take my services for me. I must come to you to-morrow. Or you shall come to me, yes, that will be the better plan; then we can talk over this subject gravely together, without your husband's presence. We never thought, child, when we let you go away from us, that such dangers, such temptations as these lay before you. If we let you go reluctantly we were yet hopeful for you; we knew how carefully we had brought you up, we believed that you held your principles firmly, that you—— I am not reproaching you, Esther."

Esther's lips were quivering; stern words or tones always made her weep; her tears fell fast. There was silence for some minutes in the room; then the old man rose to go.

"You will come to us to-morrow?" he said.

"Yes."

"Let me write down the address. It is a private hotel and fairly quiet. I stayed there some years ago when I was in London last. Have you a pen?"

Esther, still weeping a little, brought pen and paper and stood by whilst her uncle wrote.

"You will come early, Esther?"

"Yes, Uncle. I—I will try."

"If you are not there by—we will say twelve—we will not wait any longer; in that case we will come to you."

"Yes, Uncle."

"Esther, think—try to think seriously to-night of your position. You are losing your soul, you are casting away your salvation; it is not a light thing this which you are doing."

"No, no—I know."

"Good-night, my child."

"Good-night," said Esther tremulously.

She sat down on a low chair away from the light of the lamp and the fire, and covered her face with her hands and tried not to cry again. She was glad when the street door shut and she knew that her uncle was gone. He had put into words what she never cared to think of, what she already knew and wished to lose sight of and forget. She had known she was wicked, but she had meant not to care. She could be happy when she did not care. Why had he come to make her remember?

She was frightened at the thought of to-morrow's interview. Uncle William was always so right, all that he said was so true; she was afraid of his truths put authoritatively. She had cast aside the teaching of her girlhood, but she had cast it aside, not because she had outgrown the creed, not because doubts perplexed her, but because her husband smiled at it, because she longed to stand well in his eyes. She had been content to forget her religion, as she had been content to forget all else, in love for her husband, in need of his approval. But deep down in her heart there had always been a vague, uneasy feeling that the life she was leading, this godless, serviceless, churchless life was sinful; that she was losing her soul, casting away her hope of salvation, and that if she loved her husband less, the thought would trouble her. Now Uncle William had come to save her. If he was very firm, very authoritative, he might do it; and she did not want him to do it. Here lay temptation and wickedness; but here too lay happiness. She would not be saved from happiness. Yet, if Uncle William reasoned with her, questioned her, what could she say? What could she answer. She could not say, "I have resolved to lose my soul, I have counted the cost and am content to pay it. I am twenty now, and some women live for seventy and eighty years. Fifty years last a long while; and all those fifty years I will be happy." She would not dare to say that; yet what else would she find to say?

Half an hour later, when Blunt returned and came up stairs to the drawing-room, he found Esther standing dreamily before the fire, looking down with a sad abstracted glance into the hollow coal caverns before her. She turned slowly and smiled to greet him, but the abstracted look in her eyes did not altogether pass with the smile. He came to her side, and stood looking down at her tenderly yet humorously.

"Dreaming, Estie?"

"No," said Esther, quickly shaking off her abstraction. "I was only thinking; I had been reading; I was only thinking for a moment."

She spoke as hastily and apologetically as though reflection were a sin. Blunt laughed a little. "They were thoughts of grave moment," he said. "What were they about?"

"No—they were about nothing," said Esther, her colour deepening, but her lips smiling reassuringly. "Was the meeting dull, Max? Did the speakers shout much? And were the poor people very—very nasty—dirty, I mean?"

Blunt's grey eyes twinkled again for a moment, but grew thoughtful presently. He looked away from Esther, and began slowly to poke the dull coals together and to watch them as they gradually grew bright. He did it absently. Half his thoughts were still at the Socialist meeting from which he had come; with half his mind he was vaguely yet very tolerantly fretting against Esther's last question. "And were the poor people very dirty?" The question irritated him even while he smiled at and forgave it. What was it in Esther that now and then dictated such a speech? In another woman it must have been some lack, some hardness. In Esther it was less a fault, perhaps, than a certain decorousness of mind that exalted all things orderly. Still, he was conscious of the need of tolerance and indulgence when she made such a speech as this.

Blunt was twelve years older than Esther, and looked indeed much more than that. He was a strongly-built man, with well-developed muscles and broad shoulders that had little of the student's stoop; his grey eyes had a quick, keen, direct way of glancing, his tone was prompt, his mouth gently humorous. As he put his hands now on Esther's shoulders and looked down at her, he smiled in a quizzical, tender way, and spoke half banteringly, half reprovingly, an effective way in which to offer precepts to a youthful mind.

"So brand-new broadcloth is still the badge of all the virtues, Esther?"

Esther looked aside at him with a quick, questioning glance.

"You're laughing at me, Max," she said accusingly, but a little doubtfully.

"Am I?"

"Yes. I do not mind your laughing at me."

Nevertheless her eyes looked a little reproachful, a little troubled. And Blunt, catching the troubled expression, became grave at once.

"I'm not laughing at you, Estie. Indeed, I am very serious. I want you to forget some of those old prejudices of yours in favour of good hats and coats. You're a Socialist's wife, dear: a Socialist's wife must feel the human hearts and the human needs beneath fustian as well as broadcloth. I want you to get over those prejudices of yours against the poor."

Esther's eyes reproached him and, at the same time, wondered at him.

"Prejudices! Max! It is you who have prejudices. At home I was good to the poor people always—I liked being good to them. It's you who won't let me do things here. I used to have a district, to go and call, and to give them tea, and tickets for coal and bread, and sometimes wine if the doctor ordered it—and I liked it. The people were so grateful! and I liked it—I liked to be kind and to do good. It's you who won't let me do it."

He smoothed her hair with his hand playfully but caressingly.

"I won't let you pauperize the poor, Esther. Don't you understand, dear?"

"No, I don't understand," said Esther resignedly, with a little sigh. "But it doesn't matter. I used to like doing good at home—but I don't care so much about it now. Don't worry, Max—I'm very happy."

He sighed, but checked the sigh, and moved across the room in search of a book he had been reading. Esther sat down again in her low chair beside the table, and rested her elbow on the chair's cushioned arm, and put down her cheek pensively against her hand. Her thoughts had returned again to the interview with Uncle William; she was oppressed with the remembrance that to-morrow held another such interview in store. And what should she say to Max? Would he come with her to-morrow? Did she wish him to come with her? There was always a sense of safety, of protection, in his presence, and she shrank from being left alone with Uncle William and Aunt Mary; she was afraid of what they would say—afraid of their reproaches, afraid of their arguments, and afraid of what she herself might be brought to promise. If Max were there— And yet—did she want Max to be there? She would not like, not quite like, Max to hear Uncle William and Aunt Mary talk: they were so different from any of the people here in London, any of the people whom Max knew; and what would he think of them? Uncle William had such a clergyman manner, and Aunt Mary—Aunt Mary was very good, very kind, but—no, she could not bear that Max should meet them.

Blunt had found his book, with a paper-knife marking the page where he had left off reading. He brought it to the table beside Esther, and drew a chair close up, beneath the shaded lamp.

"It was a long meeting," said he, cutting the uncut pages with a careful hand. "Were you lonely, Estie?"

"Part of the time," said Esther, rousing herself from her thoughts and sighing. "Whilst I was thinking of you I was very lonely—so I didn't think of you—I read instead."

"So I am not a companionable thought?" he questioned smiling.

"When you're away," confessed Esther, "I cannot bear to think of you. It's true, Max—I try not to think of you at all; when I think of you, I ache so for you to come back again!"

The smile with which he regarded her was not altogether merry.

"Suppose we were parted for longer than an evening?" he questioned after a moment, half banteringly, half gently—"Suppose I was forced to go on some far journey, suppose I died, would you never think of me because the thought would be so painful?"

He regretted the question even before he had finished asking it. The glance of childish terror and womanly passion that Esther shot at him made him lean forward quickly and take her two hands protectingly and tenderly in his.

"I couldn't bear it, Max," she said with slow, quiet passion. "I couldn't bear it! I shouldn't think of you—I should try hard, hard, with all my might, never

to think of you. Perhaps I could bear it then—I could never bear it else. Max, you're making me cry! Why should we talk of dreadful things!—I can't bear it, Max."

He bent forward, still holding her hands firmly in his, spoke to her tenderly, then laughed at her, and soothed her. In a minute she was smiling back at him contentedly again.

"You will need to banish me from your thoughts all day to-morrow, Estie," he told her after a while with a half-tender, half-twinkling glance. "I must go away early—and I shall be away till late."

"Going away! Where, Max?"

"I must run down into Cambridgeshire to see an old friend who is ill. Forrester—you have heard me speak of Forrester. He wants to see me. I have telegraphed to-night to say that I will come."

Esther was looking at him in an eager, petitioning, startled way; her lip was quivering; her heart had suddenly grown cold with a sense of loneliness. Ten minutes ago she had been telling herself that she could not bear that Max should come with her to-morrow. Now that his coming with her was no longer possible, it seemed to her suddenly that she had been depending all along on the protection of his presence.

"*Must* you go?" she asked.

"I'm afraid I must, Esther," he returned in a decided tone. Then his lips relaxed. "You wouldn't have me neglect an old friend for a young wife, would you?"

She paused a moment, looking at him still with a tragic glance.

"Max, don't go," she cried. "Don't go away to-morrow. I want you to come with me—I can't go alone. Uncle William is here in London, and Aunt Mary—I didn't tell you. They have come to London to see me. Uncle William came here this evening—I never knew he was coming—it frightened me. And to-morrow I have to go and see them——"

"I wish I could come too. It can't be managed, Estie—I'll see them on Sunday. You must ask them to dinner on Sunday. Or, stay, will they take kindly to our Sunday afternoons? Let me see—on Saturday we are going out. Ask them on Monday, Esther."

"But they will only be here to-morrow; they are going home again on Saturday."

Blunt sat silent for a minute; he was looking thoughtfully before him, evidently weighing conflicting duties.

"Forrester seems to want very much to see me," he said somewhat waveringly.

And Esther was inconsistent. At the first sign of his yielding to her entreaty all her longing for his protection fled. She dreaded that Max should come even more than she dreaded that he should not come.

"Oh, I will go alone," she said hastily. "I daresay they will like to see me alone—like it better."

Blunt agreed readily with this solution of the difficulty. "You must make my apologies, Estie," he said cheerfully. "And I will try to get back early. But persuade them if you can to stay."

Esther was silent, but she smiled acquiescingly. She would not persuade them to stay; and yet, as Max settled himself to read and she sat quiet with her thoughts, her heart was sore with a sense of remorse for her own ingratitude. The room was very quiet; in the quietness it seemed to her that she could almost hear Aunt Mary's voice, with its soft, West-country accent—that accent which she would not quite like Max to hear—gently chiding her. She moved from her chair, and seated herself on a low stool before the fire. The fire burnt low; a cinder fell. And looking before her, one elbow on her knee, her chin upon her back-turned palm, Esther had a vision. She was a child again—at home, at the parsonage—sitting dreaming on a little stool at Aunt Mary's feet; Aunt Mary's slow gentle fingers were busy with her hair, curling it up in papers for the night—a long, laborious, nightly task. How far away those days were! —days of curl-papers, of ugly, ill-made frocks, of Mangnall's Questions, and Sunday School, and grace before meat. With what painstaking, slowly-moving, tender fingers Aunt Mary, night after night, had been used to twist up all that troublesome wealth of hair in its paper prisons! And what stiff hideous little curls had unwound themselves next day to delight Aunt Mary's heart! The remembrance provoked

a smile, but with the smile came a sudden mist of tears. She put up her hand hastily, to brush the tears away.

At that moment Blunt raised his eyes from his book.

"What is the matter, Esther?" he asked gravely in a tone of consternation.

She came and knelt beside his chair, putting her cheek against his arm in a caressing way; her tears were gone, her eyes as she raised them to his were smiling merrily.

"I was thinking of what I was like when I was a little girl, Max," she said in her soft, sweet, slow voice. "I was such a funny little girl—with such fat bunchy curls! —I wore my hair in curls in those days—so funny, Max! But I was good, too—very good. You wouldn't believe it, would you?"

"Yes."

"Ah, you say that to please me. But I was really good in those days, Max—really—truly! You've no idea how many prayers I used to say!—yards and yards of prayers, even when I was late for breakfast and even when the nights were cold."

Her tone was light, flippant, and yet pathetic.

"I don't say many prayers nowadays, do I, Max?" she added.

* * * * * * *

In one of the streets that lie between the Embankment and the Strand is a private hotel of respectable repute. Here, in an upstairs room, in the dusk of the October afternoon, Esther and Aunt Mary sat alone together. Uncle William, obeying the silent petition of his wife's gentle, sorrowful glance, had gone quietly away; but, left alone, the two women had sat for many minutes in unbroken silence, holding each other's hands, but not looking at each other, gazing straight before them with unseeing eyes. Aunt Mary's thin, nervous, sensitive face wore a strained, over-eager, over-weary expression: Esther too looked over-wrought; her face was very pale, her eyes looked out from between dark, heavy lids that betrayed the fact that she had been weeping all the day.

It was Aunt Mary who broke the silence. She spoke almost in a whisper.

"Esther! Esther!" she cried yearningly, with infinite tenderness, infinite pity in her slow, soft tone. "Oh, Esther—my dear!—my dear!"

Esther's pale lips quivered; the tears overflowed again. She made no movement to wipe the tears away: she looked out before her, through her tears, with a fixed, hopeless, helpless glance.

"You've promised us, dear," said Aunt Mary in that soft, lingering, West-country tone that gives the simplest speech a caressing meaning. "I'm going back home, with a light heart—a great burden off my heart. Oh, I thank God, my dear, you've promised."

Esther turned her face and raised her eyes with a yearning, loving glance. The simple, unquestioning faith in her promise which Aunt Mary's words and voice expressed, touched some chord of deep feeling—made her heart leap forward in a passion of childish gratitude, in a tremulous need to reach back to that serener, better life which once she had known, which she had almost forgotten until, from Aunt Mary's gentle eyes, it had flashed back upon her.

"If I had never gone away—never gone away from you," she cried brokenly, "I should have been good always—if I'd never gone away. At home it was different. No one was very good at home—no one cared. And then—then I met Max—and I loved him so!"

This speech was not coherent; but Aunt Mary understood.

"*I* was to blame," she sighed, in thoughtful, sorrowful self-reproach. "I let you depend too much on me, and my help failed you. That's the way with human help; we can't carry it with us where we go. The only help that's any good to us—any good in hard times, times of temptation—that's never failing—isn't human help, dear."

"I know," said Esther, falling naturally into her aunt's reverent tone. "I know."

"You'll seek that help now. Oh, the comfort, dear, of knowing that we've but to seek and 't will be given us—help, strength, courage for all that may befall us! You will pray for strength, Esther, to resist temptation, to reason with him—your husband, who in God's sight is not your husband, no more your husband than a stranger in the streets,—who is bound to you, but bound to you how, Esther?—carnally, by no holy

tie. Esther, my child, you will pray for strength to guide him; you will plead with him, pray for him: he must make you his wife in the sight of God as well as in the sight of men."

Again for a long while there was silence in the room. The rumble and roar of the Strand came borne down the little street, a loud, unceasing murmur, which the two women, both country-bred, sat listening to half absently, half with some vague sense of worry.

"London is so wicked!" said Esther presently, with a little shiver.

"Yes. Poor child! it's a strange new world for you."

"Things used to be so easy," cried Esther regretfully; "so easy! Oh, Aunt Mary, I wish I were a child again! I wish I could come back with you and be nice again as I used to be. Seeing you and Uncle William has been so—so strange—so natural. You are so good. No one else is very good—no one here. I believe I was getting wicked too, before you came. I was getting not to mind; but I *do* mind—when I am with *you* I mind."

"But when I am gone, dear? Esther, you will not slip back again?"

"No. No." The answer was resolute, so resolute as almost to imply a doubt.

"Before you came," continued Esther, "I thought I was happy. But I'm not happy—I'm not. Things are such a rush, so—so unhomely; people are so clever, and I'm not clever like the rest. I try to be, and I can't be. It's so nice to be with you! You don't want me to be clever; you don't want me to pretend. I used to be happier with you, Aunt Mary; not in the same way, but happier—happier really. I don't think I'm happy now—I don't know—I'm not sure. I'm happy in such a strange way—not a good way; no, not a good way!"

"No, that could not be."

But Aunt Mary's voice came very faintly. The look of extreme fatigue on the thin, fragile face struck Esther with a sudden sense of compunction.

"I will go away, Aunt Mary. I have tired you out. I am nothing but a trouble to you."

"You are very dear to me," returned Aunt Mary, with a wistful little smile, caressing the slender, pretty hand that lay in hers, then slowly releasing it. "Yes, dear, you shall go now. You want to be alone a while before you meet your husband. He'll not be home until late, you think?"

"N—no."

"I wish Uncle William could have seen him. We leave so early in the morning. But he'll write to him, and I shall write. And if there's any trouble, any difficulty, dear, you must send for us. You've promised that."

"Oh, yes, I promise," said Esther hastily.

As she parted from her aunt and went down the gloomy staircase and out into the street, she was oppressed with a strange feeling of home-sickness and heart-sickness. She was tired, all her nerves were overstrung, and the restfulness, the even tenor of her old life, seemed a greater good than anything her new life offered. The very intensity of the new life she had been leading seemed for the moment a weariness. She was going home to Max. For the first time since her marriage her heart sank at the thought of meeting him. She had promised to talk seriously to him about serious things. She felt sick with fright at the task. Max would not understand; and how was she to make him understand? And if he understood, he would perceive that she had misled him about her own feelings and beliefs. And a deception was a thing which Max would be so hard on! If only Max were different!

But as she passed into the region of gaslight and wheels and voices, and walked on quickly, her weariness lifted a little, and the noise and light of the streets ceased to jar upon her and began to excite her. London was not good like the country; but the country had been dull. She remembered now how the days had crept along. She had never laughed very gaily in those days; her pulses had not beat quick; her steps had known no need to walk unstaidly. She had only half lived. Her spirits had always, in those days, been a little dull; and now they had grown dull again since Uncle William and Aunt Mary had come to London. She sighed impatiently, trying to shake off the weight that oppressed her. Every minute, as she escaped further from Aunt Mary's gentle presence and pensive influence, her heart hardened against Aunt Mary. Why should Aunt Mary interfere? Why couldn't she let her be happy? Why had she come to London to try to make her regret the old torpid, tedious life she had

left behind—which she was *glad* she had left behind? Yes, she was *glad*. She loved Max; and she was happy—and she *would* be happy!

She did not admit to herself that she meant to break the promises that had been wrung from her to-day. She sat before the fire and waited for Max to come, and she took up a novel because her thoughts were importunate.

It was hours later when Max drew her down on the sofa beside him, kissed her, and put his arm around her, that she suddenly faced her own decision. With a sort of fierce rebellion she pushed her promises away from her. She could not keep them! She would not keep them!

"Now, Estie, tell me all about the day's doings," he commanded.

"No, no, you are tired, Max. Besides, there is nothing to tell. Nothing at all interesting."

"What had Aunt Mary to say to you?"

"Oh! we talked. Max, dear, are you tired?—very tired? You have had such a long day."

He smiled at her solicitude; but it pleased him—he liked these womanly tones and womanly ways of hers, even her womanly way of worrying. He was beguiled into talking of himself and forgot to question her further about her visit.

"But I'm sorry I missed seeing your uncle and aunt, Esther," he said carelessly a little later in the evening.

"Oh, yes, so am I," said Esther, with somewhat excessive regret. "It was *such* a pity!"

"Well, they'll be in town again, I daresay, soon," he added, in a cheery absent-minded tone.

To him this visit to London was a very simple, natural, everyday affair; and Esther did not undeceive him. Nearly a fortnight passed before he again reverted to the subject.

He came into the breakfast-room one morning, about a fortnight later, to find Esther standing before the fire. She held a sheet of note-paper and an open envelope in her hand as the door opened, and she hastily threw both away from her into the grate. He did not consciously observe the action. She had a bright pretty flush of colour in her cheeks as she turned to meet him.

"Estie," said he reflectively as he drew her back to her place on the rug, imprisoning both her hands in one of his whilst he held out his other hand to the welcome blaze, "I have just been thinking—you must write to Uncle William and tell him that when next he comes to town he must come and stay with us. Would he come?"

"I don't know, Max."

"He disapproves, I daresay, of some of our views, and we disapprove of some of his. So we are quits. If we can put up with him, he ought to be able to put up with us. Invite him at all events, Estie."

He stooped in an absent way as he spoke and picked up the half-burnt envelope that had balanced itself for a minute on the topmost bar of the grate and then had fallen into the fender. He glanced at it absently as he held it in his hand; and Esther, standing beside him, caught her breath for a moment, grew red, then white, and stood with her eyes riveted on his face as though in dreadful expectation.

The envelope was addressed in an old-fashioned, cramped hand that struck Blunt as unfamiliar. In a very vague and half abstracted way, whilst he went on talking, he tried to remember his correspondent. It was his own name that the envelope bore, but he did not remember the letter it had contained. He glanced abstractedly at the postmark; it was singed, and he could not decipher it. Accepting his forgetfulness, he carelessly threw down the envelope again into the flames.

There was something strangely excited in the way in which Esther suddenly clasped her hands about his arm and nestled her head against his shoulder.

"Max!—Max!—Max!" she cried softly.

"What is it, Estie?" he questioned with a gentle smile

"Nothing. Only I love you, Max."

"Just discovered that, Estie?" he asked teasingly. But he stooped and kissed her.

October passed and part of November. Maxwell Blunt's marriage had ceased to be a matter of engrossing interest to his friends. At first they had conceded that Esther, though her education had been antiquated and laughably insufficient, would

possibly develop ; there was promise in her attentive way of listening ; she was very silent, but she was silent with an air of intelligence ; she smiled at the right times and smiled quickly and appreciatively ; she was grave when gravity was commendable. But it was the *intention* of the speaker rather than his *meaning* that Esther was quick to catch at ; and gradually this came to be understood about her. Blunt's friends began to alter their tone in speaking of her. They summed up her faults and virtues tersely, in a very final way. "Pretty—but stupid," said the women ; "Stupid—but pretty," said the men, who spoke with more indulgence ; but in both verdicts there was something of weariness and indifference—that weariness and indifference of the modern mind for settled problems which no longer admit of speculation.

But to Blunt, Esther had become more perplexing. Two or three times lately some incautious speech of hers had set him thinking in a puzzled and troubled way.

"You are always writing, Max," she had said one day, putting her hand on his shoulder and bending over him, whilst she spoke in a tender, expostulating tone. "Do you make a great deal of money, Max, by what you write?"

He had turned to look at her with a sudden and comical smile. "My pen will never make my fortune," he replied. "My views you know, dear, are still something of an impropriety—in print."

"Can't you keep your views out?" she asked doubtfully and a trifle anxiously.

"Unfortunately I have a moral sense," he returned in a teasing tone.

"But—do you lose money by it?"

He laughed quickly. And yet there was something besides laughter in his grey eyes as his brows contracted and he glanced up at her.

"Does that seem such a supreme virtue?" he inquired.

She looked as puzzled as he but less amused. Esther never loved a joke against herself, and it was clear that Max was poking fun at her.

"No," she said doubtfully and a little crossly. "Only I don't understand. It's very difficult to understand. It's not so much that I'm dense as that you're strange, Max. You make such a fuss about little things ; and about bigger things you're really not good at all."

"Why, Esther!" he cried still smiling, yet wondering ; "this is a grave attack. What 'bigger things' am I 'not good' about?"

But Esther would not explain herself. And the unfinished piece of work on his desk was more interesting to him at this moment than an analysis of his own moral character ; so he smiled at her with careless good humour and let her escape.

And yet more than once her words recurred to him teasingly :—"Can't you keep your views out?" "Do you lose money by it?" "You make such a fuss about little things!" Both the words themselves and the slight thread of impatience and irritation in Esther's voice as she had spoken the words jarred upon him.

The winter was advancing with rapid strides and Max, it seemed to Esther, grew busier every week. Working-men's meetings, working-men's claims, working-men's woes seemed to fill all his thoughts.

"I'm sick of the very name of the working man, Max," she cried pettishly one evening as he was preparing to go out. She looked at him a little timorously as she spoke and repented of the pettish tone in which she had begun, ending with a half-humorous smile, as one who makes a childish speech for the amusement of her hearer.

"It's so cold out," she added feelingly. "Need you go?"

"I must."

She stood in the doorway of the dining-room watching him as he took his great-coat from the peg. Her glance was half-wistful, half-resentful.

"I don't believe you care for me—really—much," said she.

He only glanced at her in answer. The glance was amused and by no means sentimental, but it made Esther's eyes shine softly and her heart leap with delightful content.

"But you are so interested in other things and other people!" she complained. "Quite as interested, I believe, as before you married me."

"Well, yes, I think so—quite." Then suddenly he grew grave. He moved a step or two across the tiny hall and stood close to her, putting his hands on her shoulders and constraining her to look up at him. "You would not wish my love for you to be

an evil thing in my life, Estie? Our love ought to widen our interests, not crowd out the interests we had before."

"I never think of any one but you," said Esther in an obstinate little voice. "I don't want to. And I couldn't if I wanted! Do you mean that you would like it if I cared less for you?"

"I mean nothing so foolish."

"If you wanted me to stay at home with you instead of going out to a troublesome, noisy, dirty meeting on a night like this, I should stay. I should stay whatever happened—and I shouldn't care. All the working men in England might be there—and I shouldn't care a bit. They might all be out of work—all starve—every one in the world might starve! As long as you wanted me, Max, I shouldn't care—I should be happy quite."

But something in Max's eyes sobered her and frightened her.

"It shows how much I love you, Max," she added hastily with a little uneasy laugh.

He took his hands from her shoulders, and turned away with a grave quiet face.

"Do you expect me to be pleased at such a proof of devotion?" he asked.

"Max, you're cross! And I don't mean it," cried Esther eagerly. "Only I'm so lonely when you go out and leave me at home alone. It makes me hate the meetings."

"Come with me. I'll wait."

"Can you sit by me?"

"No. But the meeting will interest you."

Esther wavered for the moment. Her fancy rapidly conjured up two pictures—the cold draughty hall to which Max was going, and the cosy drawing-room upstairs, with its low soft chair drawn close to the fire, and its shaded lamp on a low table, and its unread novel waiting for her.

"If I could be with you I would come," said she. "But you'll be miles away on the platform and I shall be in the hall; and the benches are so dusty—and it's such a cold night, Max—and the men smell so of tobacco—and they're not always quite polite."

"Very well—that's enough—don't come," said Max briefly, in a tone of almost rough impatience. And he went away without bidding her good-bye.

His ungentle tone dwelt in Esther's memory long after he was gone, even after she was seated cosily in the soft chair before the blazing fire with her novel in her hand. Max had been cross to-night! displeased with her. Somehow Max was always displeased when she spoke quite truthfully.

A sense of injustice fretted her. What right had Max to catch her up so sharply on small points of trivial importance, to speak and look so disapprovingly. She had far greater cause to take *him* to task. She had said nothing so very shocking—nothing *wicked* like some of the dreadfully irreligious things which Max sometimes said. It was very natural and reasonable to object to a cold and dirty room and rough men in dirty clothes. She had not even said that she disliked poor people. Max knew that, when she was a girl at home, she had gone about amongst them and been kind to them, and even now was much more ready than he to give money to beggars, provided that the beggars asked nicely and respectfully. Even if she had confessed that she disliked them, surely to dislike poor people was far less sinful than not to believe in God and never to go to church. Even *good* people—even some clergymen's wives and district visitors—sometimes shrank from the duty of going much amongst the poor, into ill-smelling lanes and alleys, into houses where their dresses got soiled around the hem and they feared to sit down upon the chairs, and only conquered their aversion because they were leading good lives and were anxious even in little things to do their duty. But for Max's sake she had given up leading a good life, and why should she any longer make an effort about little things of comparative unimportance? She wasn't good!—as long as she lived with Max as she was living now and never went to church and was never "religious," she *couldn't* be good, and why should she trouble about lesser duties? Why should she make an effort to be self-denying, to like things that she disliked and to do things that she hated doing? What did all that matter? It was Max's fault!—and Max ought to understand!

Max never seemed to blame himself! He never seemed to guess for a moment how great a sacrifice she had made for him! She was giving up everything—and Max would never know.

Her heart was swelling with a sense of injustice and ingratitude ; hot resentful tears filled her eyes. In a mechanical way she drew from the pocket of her gown half a dozen somewhat crumpled letters and glanced at them. Her tears fell fast. She opened one letter and began to read it ; but the written words stabbed her like a knife ; she winced, then hastily she put all the letters back into her pocket.

They were letters from Uncle William—letters which had come to her during the last few weeks. And she had left them all unanswered. But the sight of them, the mere thought of them, made her heart contract painfully. What had Uncle William and Aunt Mary thought of her silence ? Did they understand, what she sorrowfully hoped they would understand, that she wished them to cease to write to her, to cease to interfere with her, that she wished to shake her life free from theirs ? Did they think her ungrateful ? Did Aunt Mary think her unkind ? She could not bear to seem unkind !

Every letter had spoken of Aunt Mary's failing health. The last letter, received yesterday, had been very brief, rather cold and formal, and very grave. It had told her merely that Aunt Mary was ill, that the illness was serious, that she had been asking for Esther ; and it begged her, in a few stiff yet urgent words, to come at once.

She had said nothing to Max. She had left the letter unanswered like the rest. She could not go. If she went, Max would almost certainly come with her ; and Max must not meet Uncle William—must never meet him. It frightened her sometimes, when she let her thoughts dwell upon it, to remember how important it was that Uncle William and Max should never meet. She had done—very rashly, very foolishly—a thing which Max with his stern views of honour would never forgive her for having done. When Uncle William had returned home from London he had written to her husband and coming down earlier than Max one morning, she had found the unopened letter and had recognized the well-known old-fashioned, cramped hand ; and impulsively seized with sudden fear and without weighing all the difficulties which her own action might entail, she had taken the letter and destroyed it. She had always shrunk from the thought of a meeting between Max and her uncle, but now the fear of such a meeting had become a panic. Her dearest wish now—and yet it was a wish that hurt her keenly—was that Uncle William would never forgive her ingratitude, that in his anger he would harden his heart against her, cast her off, make no further effort to save her.

It was very quiet out of doors. Esther heard some one run quickly up the stone steps ; then the door-bell rang. A minute later a servant entered the room, and Esther turned her head. She moved quickly from her chair as she saw the telegram she was bringing her, and took it and turned away. With trembling fingers she tore open the flimsy envelope and read the message.

"No, no answer," she said sharply, yet in a dazed way, to the servant who stood waiting.

The drawing-room door shut, the street-door shut, then the house was still again, Esther stood looking down at the telegram in her hand, not consciously reading it.

"*Aunt Mary is dying*," it ran. "*She has been asking for you all day. Come at once.*"

For many minutes she stood very quiet. She was making no resolution, either to go or not to go ; she was not thinking at all of Aunt Mary's illness ; she was thinking inconsequently, with a strange heart-ache, of some long-ago childish illness of her own. She remembered lying in bed, very still and weak, and opening her eyes to see Aunt Mary sitting sewing by her side ; Aunt Mary had smiled in a gentle way, and the fire in the grate had made little crackling noises in the silence, and the wintry sunshine had just touched the curtains of the window, and the top branches of the elm-tree in the garden had swayed with a sleepy sort of movement across the pale blue sky, and watching it she had fallen asleep again.

A step on the stairs broke sharply in upon her thoughts. Esther started. Instinctively she crumpled up the telegram until it was hidden in her hand ; she put both her hands behind her as Max entered the room.

Her face was very pale, but her eyes were shining with strange excitement. She pretended to be at ease, and Max pretended to notice nothing. Her strange excited manner, her restlessness, her absent-mindedness, did not perplex him in the least ; he had started an entirely satisfactory theory which accounted for her mood. Esther, he thought, had been reflecting on the conversation they had had

together earlier this evening, and was terribly ashamed now of her foolish speeches and eager to forget them herself and to make him forget them. She asked him questions, but looked distraught whilst he answered her. Presently they went downstairs to supper. All through the meal her excited embarrassment lasted ; her voice was unnaturally crisp and expressionless ; her eagerness to hear about the meeting was excessive, yet she did not listen whilst he talked about it, but interrupted him with little ejaculations of distress at his appetite and with many inconsequent eager questions —"Was it a cold night out of doors?—Did he fancy that the lamp was burning badly?"—and "Why was the salad-bowl which stood on scarlet lobster legs 'false art'?" But his theory accounted for everything. And it was a theory which pleased him.

Blunt was busy during the next few days, and was less observant than he might have been of Esther's looks and manner. Her odd manner lasted. She was easily startled ; the most everyday sounds—a quick step on the pavement, the front-bell—would bring the swift colour rushing to her cheeks. When a door opened or shut she looked round in a frightened way. When a letter was brought to Max she sat and watched him almost breathlessly until, having read it, he began to talk again.

It was nearly a fortnight later, a cold, grey afternoon, the ground dry underfoot, but the dark clouds gathering overhead. Maxwell Blunt, returning home that afternoon, came face to face, at the foot of his own door-steps, with a stranger whose destination was evidently the same as his. The stranger was an old man, a clergyman. His hat had a broad hatband, and the newness of the hatband bespoke a recent loss. There was something pathetic in the thin, stiff, unbending figure that, in spite of its upright attitude and carefully firm steps, somehow suggested declining strength.

"Maxwell Blunt?" said the old man more in stern accusation than in question.

"I am Maxwell Blunt." Blunt's glance was courteous but interrogative.

"I am Esther's uncle," explained the old man, still in a tone of severity. "I have come to London in order to see you."

Blunt successfully hid a feeling of surprise. "I am glad to see you," said he, simply and heartily, holding out his hand.

"I am sorry to refuse to shake hands with you, sir," said the old man, with a direct glance. "I hope I misjudge you. If so, I will ask your pardon. I was coming to your house, but if you will come back with me to my hotel we shall talk more freely."

The short winter afternoon was over when, two hours later, Maxwell Blunt returned home. He had been walking swiftly, but as he drew near home he slackened his pace, looing thoughtfully before him into vacancy. There was a troubled, perplexed expression in his eyes ; his brows were puckered in a puzzled frown.

He reached his own door, but he looked at it irresolutely, then slowly passed the house. He was not quite ready to see Esther yet. He felt bewildered ; he must try to spy out daylight through this fog of bewilderment.

Esther a Christian—only false to the faith of her girlhood, not unbelieving! He set that accusation aside with scarcely a second thought. It was a natural enough error for an old clergyman to make : to Esther's uncle all men were in their souls convinced of God's existence, though some for pleasure's sake denied Him. Blunt's mouth relaxed into a faint grave smile at the reflection. It was not this accusation that troubled him or puzzled him. But—was it possible, just possible, that Esther was at fault in other ways? Could it be true that she had received news of her aunt's illness, and yet had said nothing to him? Letters did not often miscarry, and Uncle William, according to his own account, had written not once, nor twice, nor thrice. And yet, *one* letter at least *must* have miscarried—a letter written to Blunt himself and which he had certainly never seen. Or was it that the old man's brain was clouded with grief and that he imagined letters which he had not written?—that was a far more feasible idea than the idea of Esther's cruelty and ingratitude. Ungrateful? If half the old man said was true, she had been *basely*—no! *impossibly*—ungrateful. 'Impossibly' was the word. Esther—his tender-hearted, loving, womanly Esther—receive a summons to her aunt's death-bed, and ignore the petition!—the idea was impossible, inconceivable, an idea to smile at. He was almost vexed with himself for allowing it to anger him.

He turned to walk back. What should he say to Esther? He must break to her the news of her aunt's death : he must break it gently. Esther had lived longer with

this uncle and aunt than he had ever quite understood; she had been more to them than he had ever clearly realized until to-day. In a vague way he felt that Esther had been too silent about them; the idea had occurred to him that there must be *purpose* in her reticence, but he did not dwell upon the thought. He let himself into the house, stopped in the hall to hang his hat and great-coat on their peg, then went gravely up stairs to Esther in the drawing-room.

The room was warm and well lighted; and Esther was lying on a little sofa drawn near the fire. She raised herself on her elbow, and smiled as the door opened. But as she caught sight of Max, the smile died, her face paled, and she sat upright, looking anxiously at him with scared, questioning eyes.

"What is it?" she asked sharply.

He came across the room in silence and stood near her.

"Esther," he said, in a grave, quiet voice, looking down at her as he spoke, "I have seen your uncle William this afternoon."

Her face was upraised, her eyes were looking into his; and for a moment they still looked at him. There was fear—fear that was almost horror—in their glance.

A moment ago he had believed in her unfalteringly. But that moment's glance was a revelation. He knew—and knew beyond the shadow of a doubt—that part of the story he had heard was true.

"Did he—did he talk to you?" she asked.

"Yes. I see that I need not tell you what he said to me," he returned in a slow and steady voice.

Her face was quivering pitifully; she turned it half away. She was making a great effort to be self-controlled. He stood quite silent, watching her.

"Esther," said he at last, with painful quietness—and even to himself his voice sounded cold and hard—"why did you never tell me of your aunt's illness?"

The tone said more than the words There was but one thought rushing wildly through Esther's brain. Max had heard!—heard everything!—and how could she turn away his wrath?

"She sent for you, and you refused to go to her! Esther, I cannot understand you."

She gave a little sharp cry of pain. "Max, Max! Don't be angry with me!" she pleaded. "If you're angry with me, Max, I can't bear it!—oh, I can't bear it!—I can't bear it!"

Her eyes were full of tears. Through her tears she looked at him with passionate, humble entreaty.

"And it was for your sake—for your sake!" she cried brokenly, after a minute. Her tone was very frightened, very humble—and yet it somehow conveyed a suggestion of resentment and reproach.

"For my sake? I don't understand. Try to be quiet, Esther, and explain to me."

Her eyes were still petitioning him to look kindly at her. He still looked back at her gravely, with no softening glance. She could bear it no longer. She took his hand which rested on the back of the sofa, and kissed it again and again passionately, crying all the while, then put down her cheek against it and cried more passionately and hopelessly than ever.

"Everything has been for your sake—everything," said she, raising her head at last, and looking up at him almost fiercely. "Only because I have loved you so, Max—only because I have loved you so!"

In spite of himself he was touched. He was a little frightened too at the wildness of her distress. Seating himself on the sofa beside her, he looked more gently at her; and her anxious eyes, watching his face, were quick to read the kindlier expression. Her weeping grew less passionate.

"I *did* want to see Aunt Mary," she protested. "I longed to see her. I couldn't bear her to think me cruel. And I can never tell her now—never make it up to her; and when I'm alone I keep thinking of it. It makes me cry to think of it. I can never tell her that I didn't mean it! And I loved her—I did love her, Max; and no one else was ever so good to me. When I was a little thing she was so good—so good! And I couldn't go, though she sent for me. She wanted me, and I couldn't go—and I was wretched all the while. I hoped she would die soon, and not know that I wouldn't come. Oh, I've been so unhappy, Max! I've tried not to think of her—tried and tried—all these dreadful days! And you never knew, Max—you never cared. And all the time it was for *you* I did it; for *your* sake—all for your sake!"

Again and again Esther had used this same excuse. It bewildered him. "What do you mean by that, Esther?" he demanded, striving and failing to speak patiently. "For *my* sake?—how can it be for my sake?"

"I loved you so, Max! I couldn't give you up! And they wanted to make me promise! I knew if I went she would make me promise. And I couldn't do it."

"They wanted you to promise to leave me?" he questioned, slowly taking in the idea. "They hoped to re-convert you? They thought, I suppose, that your new opinions were all learnt from me——"

"Aunt Mary talked to me when she was in London," Esther went on, scarcely heeding him. "She made me promise then. Don't be angry, Max; I promised, but I didn't mean it—I never meant it! But they wanted to talk to me again. I knew it. And Aunt Mary was always so good; and when I was with her she made me good too. And I was afraid—afraid of being good."

Even now he scarcely took in the full meaning of her words. Yet something seemed to tighten round his heart as he listened to her. He sat silent, striving with himself to hear her patiently.

"Max, don't you see? Oh, Max, you mustn't think me cruel. If I was cruel I didn't want to be. I couldn't help it: and I was sorry all the while. But if I'd gone back—gone home where every one is so good, where Aunt Mary would have talked to me (and Aunt Mary was dying, Max), I should have promised—I know I should have promised to be good too. And I don't want to be good; I only want to be happy and stay with you."

"Esther, I cannot understand this trouble. Cannot you be good here?"

She was silent. She looked full at him; then shook her head a little.

"Do *I* prevent you from being good?" he pursued, his voice grown very gentle, unnaturally patient. "How? Try to tell me, Esther."

Her eyes were looking at him wonderingly, with faint reproach.

"How can I be good whilst I live with you?" she asked, no passion any longer in her tone.

"I prevent you?"

"Max, I don't mind," she told him eagerly. "I knew it was wicked what we did; I always knew. It wasn't a right marriage; no clergyman married us. You said you didn't believe in that; but it was wicked, I knew—*really* it was wicked!—— Max, what is it? what have I said? I wasn't reproaching you, Max. You didn't think I was reproaching you?"

Whether Esther was reproaching him or not reproaching him was a very little thing; he scarcely heeded her assurance. He had folded his arms and was sitting, with his head slightly bent, his shoulders stooping a little, looking straight before him. Esther, as she glanced at him, somehow understood that his grave silence was no longer the silence of anger. She twined her hands about his shoulder, and looked at him comfortingly, beseechingly.

"You thought I was reproaching you, Max; I wasn't. We're not good but what does it matter? I don't think about things—I don't mind. I'm happy—happy—quite."

He sat silent. Every word of Esther's smote him; his spirit groaned as he realized the burden of his own responsibility. In a moment's terrible insight he saw the thing that he had done. Heedlessly, arrogantly, he had tempted Esther to ignore all that she held most sacred, to sin against all that she knew of right. Her faith had been illogical, perhaps—a poor thing, an entirely conventional thing; but her conventional religion had been bound up inseparably with all her ideas of truth and duty. He had never touched her faith—if he had been less arrogant he must have perceived that long ago; he had only taught her to be false to it. He had played with a conscience and destroyed it!

He faced the evil he had wrought. The sense of his own responsibility overwhelmed him.

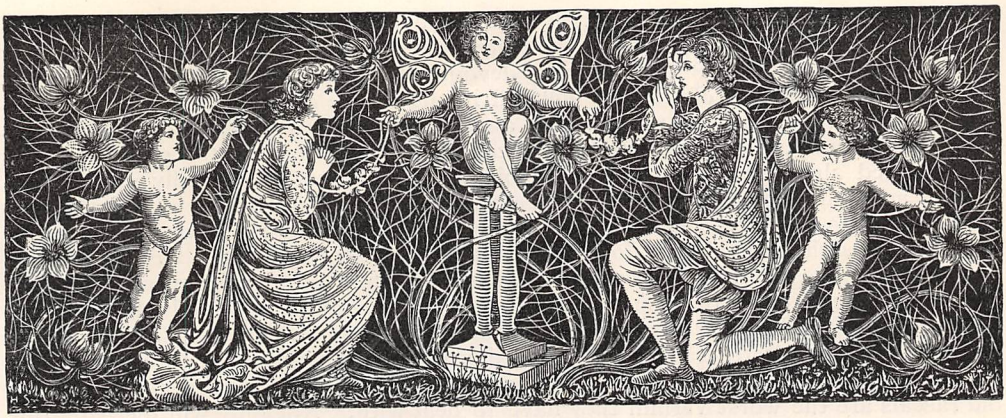
YULE-TIDE.

By P. SHAW JEFFREY.

Come, all good folks, in roundelay
Upraise a joyful stave,
As best may serve this Christmas day,
For gallant and for knave.
The churlish wind his course hath sped
Through bracken and through brier,
And vagrants all are ill bested
That lack a winter's fire.
So lip the bowl, each thirsty soul,
And pledge in brimming toast
The eyes we love all eyes above,
While winter rules the roast.

The drift is out both east and west,
By moor, and brake, and fell,
Then speed the revels with the best,
And craft and care dispel.
With ale and spice the beaker fill
To keep old friends in mind,
And bid to-morrow's bode of ill
Go whistle down the wind.
Then hands about in laughing rout
Beside the blazing Yule,
And foot it light in gay despite
Of greybeard winter's rule.

So here's a health, stout gossips all,
To simple men and true;
And let false rogues both great and small
Their evil deeds eschew.
May no light word of ill intent
Invade your wonted cheer,
For Yule-tide well and wisely spent
Shall bring a brave New Year.
Come, sing we then, good gentlemen,
A gladsome roundelay.
For mirth is right for Christmas night,
Which none shall dare gainsay.



POACHERS FURRED AND FEATHERED.

By G. E. LODGE.

NO one can expect to be a successful preserver of game who does not make it his business to keep in check the various depredators to which game is invariably exposed. A well-stocked preserve is always attractive to the poaching fraternity, and raids of one kind or another may certainly be expected, and must as certainly be guarded against. But there are poachers and poachers. With the gentry who appear occasionally at Petty Sessions and the Courts of Assize this paper has nothing to do: its exclusive business is with the far more interesting poachers in feathers, and the poachers in fur, to which is applied the generic title of "vermin," and which are the natural enemies of game of every sort and description. To keep these enemies down is one of the chief duties of the gamekeeper, and it must be confessed that, as a general rule, he enters upon this part of his work with a right good will. In his zeal to show a good head of game on his master's manor, he ruthlessly traps, snares, shoots, and otherwise destroys everything that seems likely to interfere with this, the laudable object of his ambition. This habit of indiscriminate destruction grows by indulgence, and to this cause is due the now almost total extinction of many birds of prey, which are not only beautiful in themselves, but so far from being in any degree prejudicial to the existence of game on a gentleman's estate, are absolutely serviceable in the good work they do by following the instincts of their nature in destroying other foes to game far more mischievous than themselves. But the average gamekeeper is very slow to take in new impressions, being perfectly content to believe in the old traditions about hawks, owls, *et hoc genus omne*, which he has inherited from his forefathers in the craft. Many keepers are not even able to distinguish hawks in their various stages of plumage, and as for watching carefully to see what they principally feed upon, nothing is farther from their thoughts or intentions. A hawk is a hawk, and as such they are content to leave him; an owl is an owl, and nothing more; and so all such "vermin" are nailed up in triumph on the walls of their outhouses, or are suspended by the neck between two trees at the end of one of the sides of the plantation.

It is unfortunately true that some hawks must perforce be killed, particularly sparrowhawks, as they doubtless do a certain amount of mischief. The goshawk would certainly be a dire depredator if he were found in these parts. But for many years now he has been practically extinct as far as the British Isles are concerned. Now and again a straggler from the Continent turns up; but these visits are so few and far between that the game preserver need be in no fear of molestation from this quarter. But kestrels, hobbies, merlins, and even peregrines, do comparatively little harm, in fact hardly any at all, in proportion to the good with which they may be fairly

credited. Kestrels feed almost entirely on mice, and do not disdain a meal of young rats, by day; while the owls take up the same hunt by night. Is the price of a young partridge which the kestrel occasionally devours, too much to pay for the thousands of mice which each pair of kestrels will kill in the course of a year? Hobbies again feed largely on insects and small birds, and therefore need not be molested by the keeper. Merlins are too small to do any considerable damage on the grouse moors, as they feed almost entirely upon small birds. Peregrines undoubtedly attack both grouse and partridges, but when one remembers that these hawks invariably take their quarry on the wing, and that the quarry is not likely to rise when a peregrine is anywhere in sight—they lie so close in fact, that it is often difficult to flush them with dogs when a peregrine is "waiting on"—we may be sure that they have comparatively few chances of feeding on game. But on the other hand they certainly do kill many of the special enemies of grouse, such as hooded crows, which are notorious egg-stealers; and the destruction of one hooded crow probably means the preservation of several coveys of grouse. Every keeper and game preserver knows that these cunning old rascals are the worst vermin they have to deal with. Not only will the peregrine kill these crows, but his very presence on the moor during the nesting season will serve to keep them at a distance; indeed, they stand in wholesome dread of the falcon "towering in her pride of place," knowing too well the effect of the "shut in," and the mighty headlong "stoop" that invariably follows. Some sportsmen even affirm that peregrines serve in a great measure to check grouse disease by killing off the weak and sickly birds, and so preventing the spread of the disease. This may be so to a certain extent, though more probably by chance than design, for a peregrine will by no means invariably choose out the weakest bird in the covey, but will frequently single out the one that seems to us to be the strongest bird and the most difficult "flight." Often, indeed, the first bird that rises, probably an old cock, is marked out and cut down; and herein good is undoubtedly done, as old cock partridges and grouse, late in the season, should be killed down as much as possible, treated in fact as mischievous vermin, as they spoil breeding prospects.

It is much to be regretted that so many sportsmen do not combine a love of natural history with their love of sport. The majority of them however would rather kill a few more brace of grouse every year, than be the proud possessors of a pair of peregrines on their moors. They rejoice to hear that a peregrine has been shot or trapped, and when they see the noblest bird that ever flew nailed up to the keeper's lodge as a felon, they congratulate themselves that their game record for the ensuing season will probably be the heavier by a few brace of grouse.

In common fairness, however, certain allowances must be made. When a man pays for his moor at something like the rate of a sovereign for every brace of grouse he shoots, it is only natural that he should view with some little jealousy the presence of a pair of peregrines whose devastations on the moor may upset all his calculations and disappoint his fondest hopes. But, still, let him fairly look at both sides of the question. The peregrines will certainly cost a few pounds per year for grouse killed, but, as a set off, they will have destroyed or frightened away such a number of crows as to far more than compensate the owner of the moor for the grouse killed by the hawks. Let him also remember that the noble sport of falconry flourishes much more than is generally supposed, and that the difficulty of obtaining peregrines is increased every year by the general slaughter of British peregrines, both as "vermin" and as specimens for collections. Uninjured peregrines are worth two or three pounds apiece, and young ones taken from the nest when fully fledged, command a ready sale at a sovereign or thirty shillings each. So if the peregrines must be got rid of, instead of giving his keepers orders to shoot and trap these birds, let the owner of the moor instruct his men to snare the hawks, and so take them uninjured, thus allowing his brother sportsmen of the "hood and leash" to benefit by his clemency. Peregrines are easily snared when found on any quarry that they may have killed. Do not disturb the hawk at first, but let him eat away until he has had "half a crop." Then frighten him so that he leaves the remainder of his quarry—which peg down in the centre of a bow-net. The hawk is certain to come back to finish his meal sooner or later, and will then easily be caught in the bow-net, which is pulled over him by means of a long and strong string worked by a man in ambush. A live pigeon will attract these hawks, when not found on quarry killed by themselves. But they will never be attracted by a dead bait, unless they themselves have killed it. Sparrowhawks may

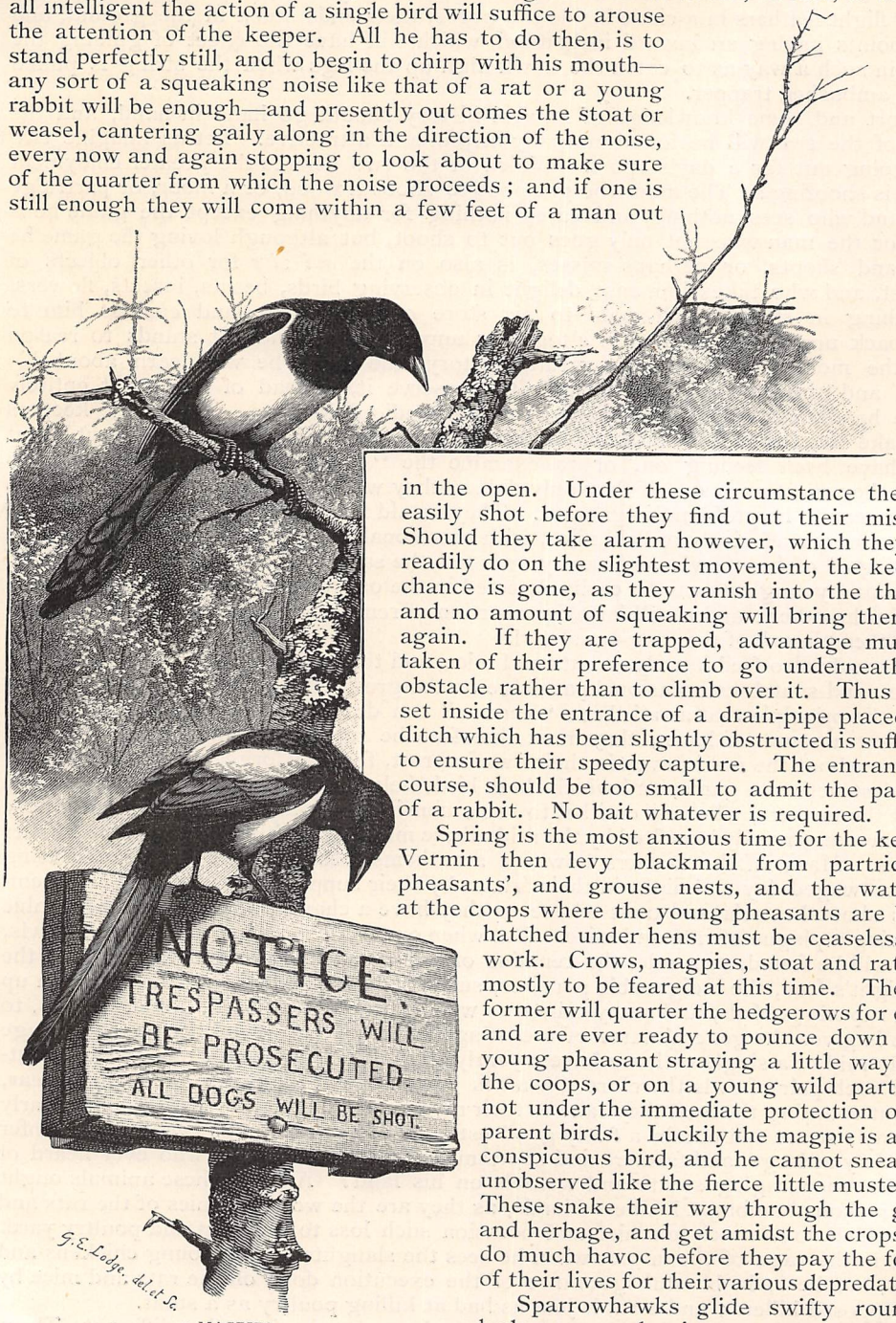
be snared in the same way. Another method, when bow-nets are not handy, is to arrange a running noose round the pegged-down quarry. Then arrange some of the strong flight feathers in a circle inside the noose, their ends stuck in the ground, and their points having an inward inclination, which will have the effect of guiding the noose in such a way as to catch the hawk high up the legs when the string is pulled by the ambushed trapper.

Sport and some knowledge of natural history should go hand in hand, and the union of the two will be found mutually helpful and attractive. Let us imagine two men going out for a day's sport. Which of the two derives the greater enjoyment from his shooting? The man who goes out to shoot a wood, or a moor, or partridge land, and who sees nothing, and cares nothing for anything except the game he is after, or the man who not only goes out to shoot, but although loving the game he sees, and shoots, or perhaps misses, is also on the *qui vive* for other objects of interest, and who takes immense delight in observing birds, beasts, insects, flowers, everything in short which adds to his store of knowledge, and enables him to look back upon the day as not altogether unprofitably spent. It stands to reason that the more a man studies natural history, the more he will learn about his game, and the better he will be able to preserve it, instead of leaving it entirely in the hands of, very often, ignorant and prejudiced keepers. Very few keepers will take the trouble to dissect the hawks and owls they kill to find out what they have been feeding on, or to examine the "castings" from under the trees where they roost or nest. If they only did so, they would learn many things of which they appear to be profoundly ignorant. They would find "castings" of kestrels composed almost exclusively of field mice, with occasionally the skull of a small bird. The "castings" of barn owls and tawny owls tell the same tale, though the presence of shrews and young rats can be easily detected in the one, and a larger quantity of small birds in the other; and a still larger proportion of remains of small birds will be found in the "castings" of the long-eared owl.

Buzzards also feed largely on rats and mice, and they probably also kill a few young rabbits, and snatch an occasional partridge on the ground. Game preservers evidently go on the principle that as all these "vermin" can do no good, and may probably do a certain amount of harm, they must therefore be ruthlessly annihilated. But here they overshoot the mark, even in their own interest, for they forget the rats, which are most destructive to game, and which these birds help to keep down; and they entirely forget the farmers, who are entitled to some consideration at their hands, and whose crops are enormously benefited by the raids these mice-eating birds make on the smaller rodents. Many of the farmers however are themselves ignorant of the unceasing warfare waged day and night in their favour by their supposed enemies. They themselves shoot kestrels and owls whenever they have a chance, and then they grumble at having a plague of rats and mice. But when one examines the "castings" of owls, there will be found, as a rule, the remains of five or six mice as the net result of the last night's feed, the indigestible portions, such as the fur and bones, being thrown up by all rapacious birds, and many others as well, in the form of hard, oblong pellets, to which is given the general name of "castings." If we take five mice as the average nightly raid of a single owl, we have a yearly total of 1,825 mice for one owl's subsistence: each pair of owls therefore consumes 3,650 mice in the course of a single year, without counting the food they take to their ravenous youngsters. Kestrels kill nearly as many; so we can obtain a fairly good estimate of the enormous benefit they confer on society at large, and farmers and sportsmen in particular. But who ever heard of a farmer encouraging stoats and weasels on his land? And yet these animals ought to be reckoned amongst his best friends, as they are the worst enemies of the rats and mice which do so much mischief and occasion such loss to the farm and poultry yard. Great is the rage of the farmer when he sees the slaughter of his young chickens and ducks, but he is in blissful ignorance of the execution done on the rats and mice by the supposed killers; and a rat is just as bad at killing poultry as a stoat.

Where however game is strictly preserved, the matter is altogether different. These little carnivorous animals are too deadly in their dealings with game, both feathered and furred, and are too fond of the eggs of partridges and pheasants to be permitted to live. Let justice therefore take its course, and let them die the death they have merited at the keeper's hands. Luckily they are very easily destroyed, either in traps or by guns. A weasel or a stoat once seen by a keeper on his rounds is very easily

shot. The presence of one of these animals will often be announced by a mob of small birds as they flit anxiously about, uttering their alarm notes; in fact, if he is at all intelligent the action of a single bird will suffice to arouse the attention of the keeper. All he has to do then, is to stand perfectly still, and to begin to chirp with his mouth—any sort of a squeaking noise like that of a rat or a young rabbit will be enough—and presently out comes the stoat or weasel, cantering gaily along in the direction of the noise, every now and again stopping to look about to make sure of the quarter from which the noise proceeds; and if one is still enough they will come within a few feet of a man out in the open. Under these circumstance they are easily shot before they find out their mistake. Should they take alarm however, which they will readily do on the slightest movement, the keeper's chance is gone, as they vanish into the thicket, and no amount of squeaking will bring them out again. If they are trapped, advantage must be taken of their preference to go underneath any obstacle rather than to climb over it. Thus a gin set inside the entrance of a drain-pipe placed in a ditch which has been slightly obstructed is sufficient to ensure their speedy capture. The entrance, of course, should be too small to admit the passage of a rabbit. No bait whatever is required.



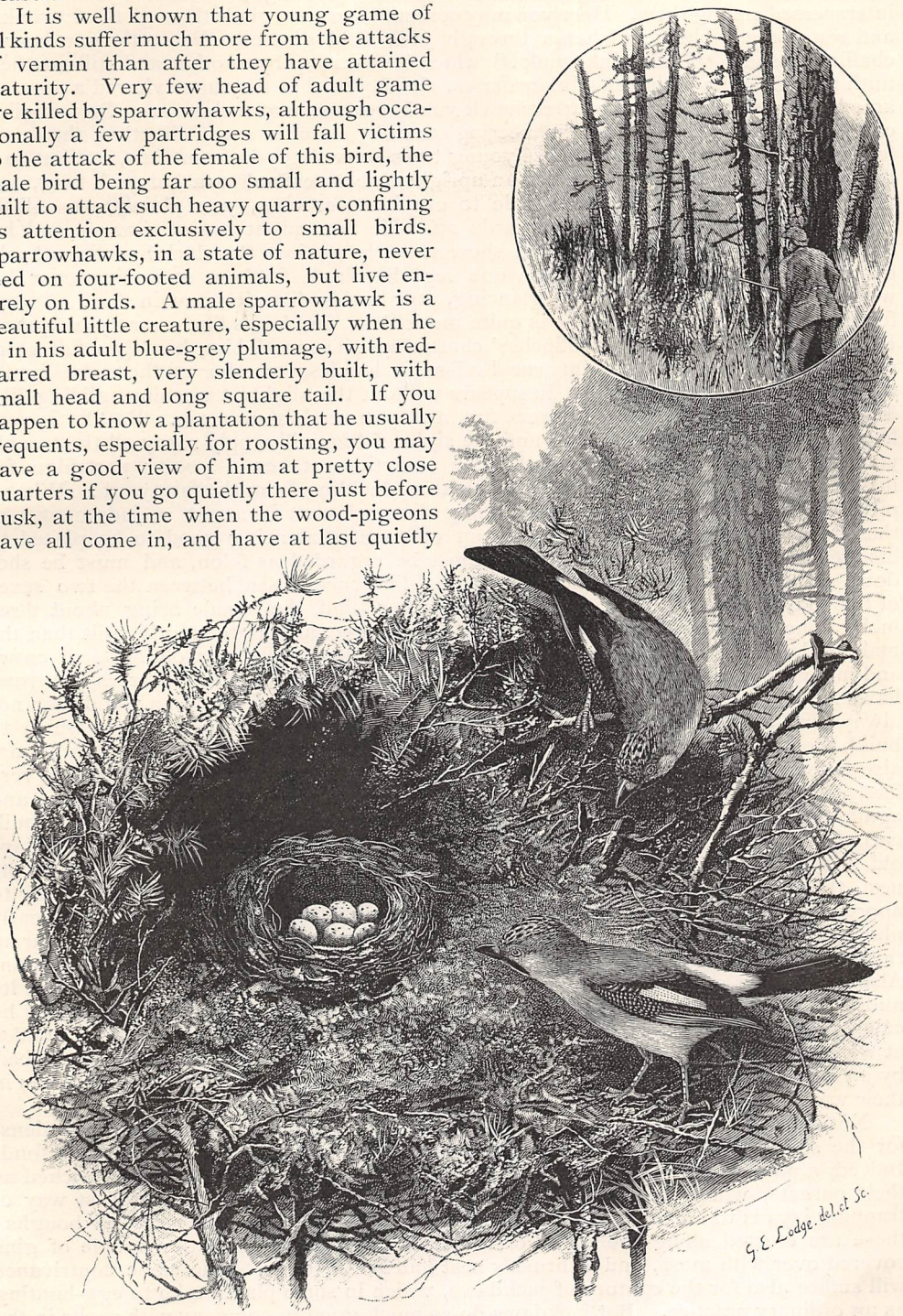
MAGPIES.

Spring is the most anxious time for the keeper. Vermin then levy blackmail from partridges', pheasants', and grouse nests, and the watchers at the coops where the young pheasants are being hatched under hens must be ceaselessly at work. Crows, magpies, stoat and rats are mostly to be feared at this time. The two former will quarter the hedgerows for eggs, and are ever ready to pounce down on a young pheasant straying a little way from the coops, or on a young wild partridge not under the immediate protection of the parent birds. Luckily the magpie is a very conspicuous bird, and he cannot sneak up unobserved like the fierce little mustelidæ. These snake their way through the grass and herbage, and get amidst the crops and do much havoc before they pay the forfeit of their lives for their various depredations.

Sparrowhawks glide swifty round a hedgerow, and seize a young partridge, and are away with their booty almost before the astonished old birds have time to realize what has happened, and to get out their alarm note. Among the coops should be thrown down plenty of bushy branches, under which young pheasants can seek safety from their winged foes, and at night time, of course, every coop should be shut up with its proper complement

of young birds, and so housed safely from the raids of stoats, and rats and weasels.

It is well known that young game of all kinds suffer much more from the attacks of vermin than after they have attained maturity. Very few head of adult game are killed by sparrowhawks, although occasionally a few partridges will fall victims to the attack of the female of this bird, the male bird being far too small and lightly built to attack such heavy quarry, confining its attention exclusively to small birds. Sparrowhawks, in a state of nature, never feed on four-footed animals, but live entirely on birds. A male sparrowhawk is a beautiful little creature, especially when he is in his adult blue-grey plumage, with red-barred breast, very slenderly built, with small head and long square tail. If you happen to know a plantation that he usually frequents, especially for roosting, you may have a good view of him at pretty close quarters if you go quietly there just before dusk, at the time when the wood-pigeons have all come in, and have at last quietly



A JAY TRAP.

settled down after many flappings from one tree to another, before making up their minds where finally to roost. The pheasants have all gone crowing up to their

perches in the spruce firs, and most things are silent and still. You take your post in a dense thicket of young spruce firs, about twenty feet high, with some young ashes interspersed among them. Here you may command an open glade through the fir trunks, and watch the rabbits and hares through your field glasses. Presently you hear a chaffinch's sharp "Pink, pink, pink!" which is taken up by another and still another, until there is quite a chorus of alarm cries. It may be that they have viewed a stoat or an owl, or possibly the very sparrowhawk you have come expressly to see. So you glide cautiously among the tree trunks, peering carefully about in every direction, the dense foliage growing low down on these young trees screening you from view, until at last through a thicket of twigs you see an upright object perched on a bare ash twig, and after manœuvring the twigs a little to get a better view, you plainly see a little sparrowhawk not more than ten yards off. He is straight breast view on, and his white and red-barred breast feathers show strongly against the dark fir-foliage background. He sits bolt upright, on one leg, his flank feathers streaming over his wings, and his bright yellow eye glancing, now in this direction now in that. Except for the movement of his head he is quite motionless, and looks like a sentry on guard. He takes no notice of the chaffinches' chattering all around him, having a full crop, very likely the result of a dainty meal off some luckless member of the same family not an hour ago. Presently he disappears without the slightest warning, gliding like a flash through the thicket of spruce firs, and you see him no more. But he is very handsome at such close quarters, and the sight of him will amply repay all the trouble you have taken. What a pity that he sometimes takes a young partridge for his breakfast, and more frequently a chick or duckling from the farmyard! What a pity, too, that he can offer no extenuating circumstances in arrest of judgment, and that he cannot point out a single atom of counterbalancing good to be placed to his credit! It is sad to think that he must be regarded as felon, and must be shot down and trapped whenever met with. The difference in size between the two sexes of this hawk is more apparent than in any other kind, the female being about three inches longer and more than proportionately stronger, and more stoutly built than the male bird. Unlike hobbies and kestrels, which always utilize the old nests of crows and magpies, unless when kestrels build in rocks or ruins, or holes of trees, sparrowhawks invariably build nests for themselves. This nest is always in a wood, but not always in the thickest part of it, as sometimes they will choose a tree in which to build, alongside of an open ride. They are fond of building in larches. Scotch firs are also favourite trees of theirs, and so are oaks. A plantation of young oaks is a very likely place in which to find a sparrowhawk's nest, generally half way up the tree and against the trunk; the nest itself is generally of a fair size and almost flat, built entirely of twigs The young birds show the difference of sex when only a few days old, the females being much larger than the males. If the old female is killed at the nest, the male will continue to feed the young ones for a time, but will be too shy to approach the nest and tear up the food for his youngsters. But he will drop neatly plucked birds into the nest from above; and if the young ones are too small to tear up the food for themselves they will inevitably come to an untimely end from starvation. Also if the eggs are taken, the birds will return to the nest, and if a trap be set in its midst they will pretty certainly be caught. And curiously enough they will often be caught round the head, which shows that they must grope about in the nest in wonder at what may have become of their treasured eggs. Their nests are sometimes robbed by jays, who are great egg-stealers, and will take any egg or young bird that comes in their way.

Not only are jays great egg-stealers, but they pay frequent visits to kitchen gardens, for the sake of the peas they hope to find therein, and of peas they are very fond. Indeed, a pair of old jays and four or five young ones, almost as big and wicked as their parents, will create not a little havoc amongst the peas. The easiest way of trapping jays is to make a little platform of sticks partly arched over with fir boughs; these are erected along the edges of the rides in a plantation, with a couple of gins covered over with moss, and a thrush's nest half full of eggs. The same contrivance will suffice also for the capture of jackdaws, which in some places take to egg-hunting as an ordinary practice. But jackdaws do so much good in company with rooks in the fields, that it is generally a mistake to kill them down. Rooks too, in some places, are great poachers, and are as much addicted to egg-stealing as any old carrion crow or magpie, and may be often seen hunting up and down the hedgerows for partridges' nests.

Hooded and carrion crows are best caught in gins placed round some carrion—a dead cat, or rabbit, or some kindred dainty. The traps must be carefully concealed, according to the nature of the ground, either with a thin sprinkling of grass or moss, or a little earth. In these traps an old rook will not unfrequently be found, plainly showing that the rook is by no means averse to a flesh diet, even when it is a little "gamey." Another good bait for these birds is a hen's egg, placed in a conspicuous place—if in shallow water so much the better—as a little pathway from the dry land can be easily made leading up to the bait, and a trap set at the end of it. Poisoned bait is also in occasional request, but there is a certain amount of danger attached to this method of destruction, as dogs or foxes, even if they cannot get at the poisoned bait, may consume the dead bodies of the victims, and so get the poison into their system, and thus come to an untimely and inglorious end. Traps and snares are much better for the purpose than either poison or guns. The former are silent and safe as regards other animals; the latter are dangerous and disturbing to the coverts. It is easy

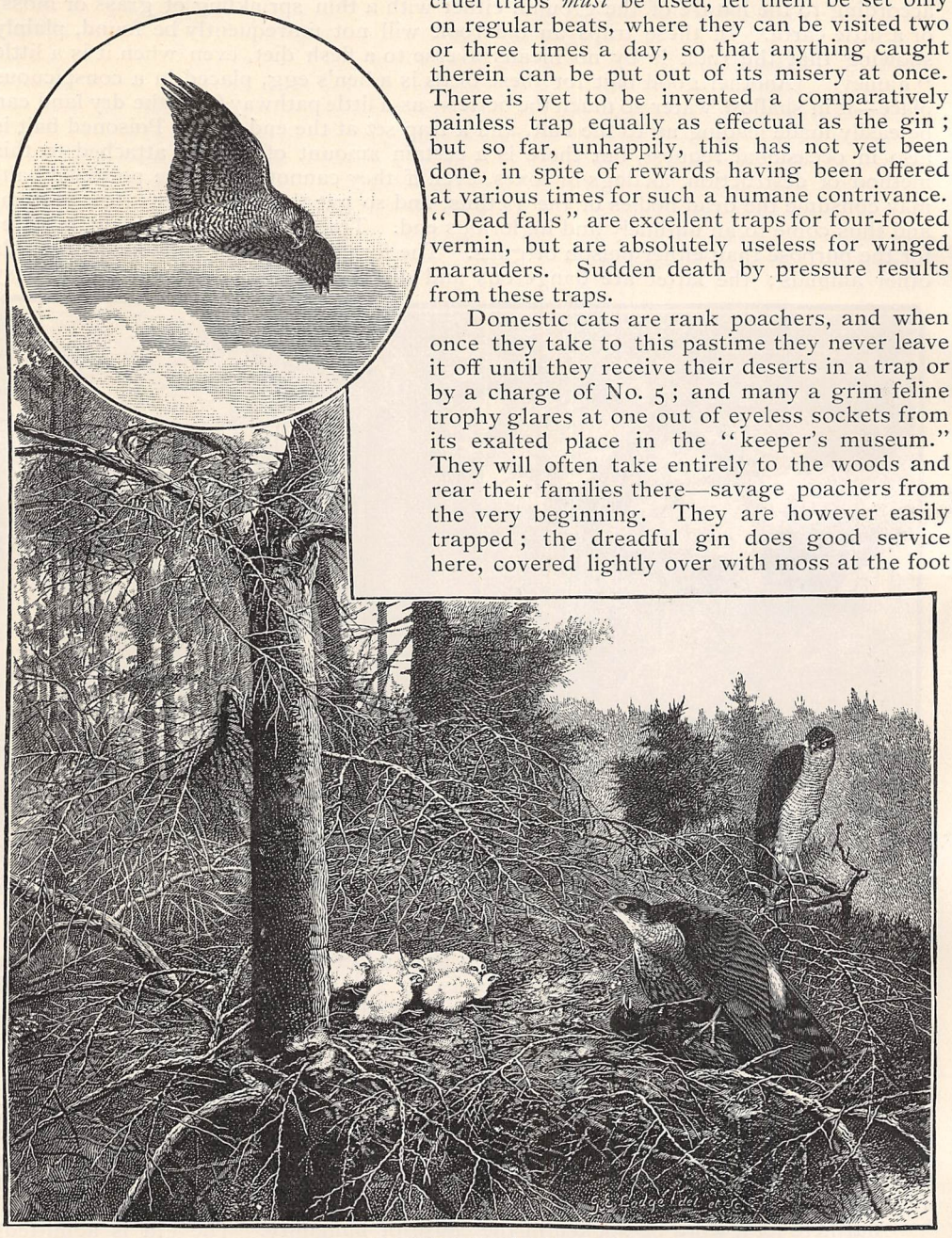
TAWNY OWLS' NEST.

enough to lie in wait in the coverts with a gun, and to shoot jays, and magpies, and hawks as they come in to roost, but the noise of a gun disturbs the coverts, especially when the birds are nesting. A keeper who puts his chief trust in traps and snares to keep the vermin down is worth more than the man who is incessantly blazing away in the coverts at all times, in season and out of season. Trapping is a very difficult business, and not easily acquired by many people. But some keepers are very proficient in the art, and there is certainly great sport to be obtained by a clever trapper. Not only must he be well versed in all sorts and conditions of traps and snares, but he must also be well acquainted with the habits and customs of the animal he wishes to secure, and this of course implies a close observance of nature which always carries with it its own reward.

And here let a word be spoken in the cause of humanity. The gin is admittedly the most effectual all-round trap. It is also admittedly the most cruel. It is in fact a most barbarous engine of destruction, and therefore when used the game preserver should insist upon his keeper only setting these traps in such places as he can visit frequently. Too often the keeper has everything his own way in regard to trapping, and will set lots of gins in all directions, and will satisfy himself with visiting them two or three times only in the course of a week—sometimes less frequently still. The consequence is that any unfortunate creature that may be caught, no matter how much it may deserve death, dies in an altogether unnecessary excess of pain and torture,

after having lingered in acute agony for, perhaps, several days, until hunger and thirst, combined with physical exhaustion, put a tardy end to its sufferings. If, then, these cruel traps *must* be used, let them be set only on regular beats, where they can be visited two or three times a day, so that anything caught therein can be put out of its misery at once. There is yet to be invented a comparatively painless trap equally as effectual as the gin; but so far, unhappily, this has not yet been done, in spite of rewards having been offered at various times for such a humane contrivance. "Dead falls" are excellent traps for four-footed vermin, but are absolutely useless for winged marauders. Sudden death by pressure results from these traps.

Domestic cats are rank poachers, and when once they take to this pastime they never leave it off until they receive their deserts in a trap or by a charge of No. 5; and many a grim feline trophy glares at one out of eyeless sockets from its exalted place in the "keeper's museum." They will often take entirely to the woods and rear their families there—savage poachers from the very beginning. They are however easily trapped; the dreadful gin does good service here, covered lightly over with moss at the foot



SPARROWHAWKS' NEST.

of some tree and in front of a newly-killed rabbit, which has been cut open, the bait and trap being almost surrounded by a little *zareba* of twigs stuck in the ground, so that the cat may walk into the trap set just inside the entrance. A charge of shot from the keeper's gun as he goes his early rounds will put a speedy end to the poaching cat. Many an old dame has wondered what has become of "pussy" that was purring so comfortably in front of the fire the last time she was seen, and looking

so contentedly innocent that the old lady can never be got to believe in the real ferocity of its nature. Would she recognize one of those grinning skulls as belonging to "pussy"? No, no; especially as she has always vehemently affirmed that, whatever might be said of others, *her* cat never poached. So it comes about that many a cat pays the death penalty for indulging its sporting instincts, and it is quite possible that a guileless pussy—if indeed there be such a thing—may be occasionally sacrificed if found out of bounds or in bad company. In the spring-time cats are especially mischievous, and unless the place is well trapped, many a sitting partridge will be taken, and a whole covey will be consequently lost. It is quite heartrending sometimes to come across partridge nests in the hedgerows, and to find what havoc has been committed by vermin. One nest of eighteen eggs, within a few days of hatching, will be found tenantless. The eggs are there all right, but alas! instead of the old hen-bird sitting comfortably upon them, a mass of feathers close by tells at once that a poaching cat has surprised the bird and made a meal on the spot. Another lot of fourteen eggs will be found eaten by rats, a third harried by crows or magpies, and so on, until the wonder is that there are any partridges left to afford sport for the ensuing season, especially if, as is frequently the case, inclement weather sets in at hatching time, and destroys or retards the appearance of that insect life which is so essential to the existence of young game birds; and so the broods that escape the vermin succumb to starvation through bad weather, or get drowned in the ditches and furrows which hold rain-water, the old hens, weak from sitting, very often coming to grief with their broods. The first of September, when it comes round, often has a woeful tale to tell; single birds, pairs, and small coveys showing how much the partridges have had to contend with during the early summer time.

Luckily for our English game preserves that thorough rascal, the hooded crow, only visits us in the autumn, leaving us again before the nesting season begins. On the Scotch moors however he is there all the year round. His black relative, the carrion crow, every whit as big a rascal, is with us always. In many places this bird is quite rare, but where he does flourish, there let the keepers look out for their eggs and young game. Young rabbits also, and leverets he will successfully attack, and water-fowl are especially subject to his raids. He prowls about over the marshes and fens, and woe betide the duck's nest on which he casts his evil eye; every egg will disappear and the young ducklings as well, unless they can hide in the thickets of reeds where their nests are mostly found. This marauder must be killed at all hazards. A dozen sparrowhawks will do less damage to game in a single season than one solitary crow. Eggs or carrion are the most attractive bait for him, and he must on no account be spared. He usually builds in a high tree in the middle of a wood, but sometimes a nest of this bird will be found on a comparatively small tree in a hedgerow, in open country. But he should never be allowed to nest at all. Lie in wait for him and shoot him at the nest, if you can't get at him in any other way. He will also, with the magpie, rob the farmyard of young chickens and ducks. A good way to get a shot at this kind of vermin is to tether either an owl or a cat under a tree in the open, while you snugly entrench yourself within easy shot, taking care to be well hidden. Magpies are often trapped at their old nests, which they visit early in the spring; but the worst of this plan is that you are just as likely to trap the useful kestrel, who takes possession of the nests of crows and magpies with the laudable intention of bringing up his own family therein. Kestrels prefer laying their eggs, if possible, on rocks or in ruins, and occasionally they will lay in holes of trees, much more rarely in straw-stacks, and then only in very open country where other available nesting sites are not to be had.

It is a beautiful sight to watch a kestrel hovering over a stubble, balancing itself by shivering wings and wide open tail, while it scans the ground beneath for prey. In this way it will stop and hover several times over one field, and having, as it were, beaten that ground thoroughly, it will fly off to another, and there repeat operations until it spies a mouse or a shrew, when down it comes, seizes the hapless little rodent and flies off to eat him at his leisure—an operation generally performed upon the ground.

Hobbies, when undisturbed, will return year after year to the same wood, in which to bring up their young in an old crow's or magpie's nest up some large oak. These rare and very beautiful birds should never be shot. They seem to feed mostly—some say almost entirely—upon insects. Unfortunately, few keepers are able to distinguish different kinds of hawks on the wing, and even when they do they are just as prone to

shoot a harmless hobby, kestrel, or merlin, as the more destructive sparrowhawk. Hobbies are peculiarly graceful on the wing, having very long narrow wings, so long, in fact, that when closed when the bird is perched, they reach beyond the tips of the tail-feathers. Very lovely are these little hawks as they soar about in the sun over a wood in which they have their nest, almost swift-like in shape, but of course on a considerably larger scale. Many writers have likened the hobby to a miniature peregrine, but in truth there is not the slightest resemblance between them, either in colour or in shape. A merlin, in its first plumage, is much more like a miniature peregrine, especially when seen in front. Hobbies leave us in the autumn, coming back again in the spring to breed.

Merlins, on the grouse moors, always lay their eggs on the ground, and bring up their young on small birds among the heather. During the summer months they are seldom or never found south of the grouse moors where they breed, but on the approach of cold weather they migrate southwards, and being strangers and hawks, they find few friends; no hospitality is shown them, but they are shot down as if their whole life had been an unbroken career of unmitigated poaching, than which nothing is further from the reality. These little hawks are great favourites with falconers—a class of sportsmen largely on the increase at the present day—

STOATS.

and after the lark season is over, about the end of September, their jesses are cut off, and the hawks are allowed to go free. But of these, probably more than ninety per cent. meet their death at the hands of the unthinking keeper or the prejudiced sportsman. Thus do men rest satisfied with old traditions, and will not trouble themselves to find out fresh facts for themselves.

Other vermin of lower grade are hedgehogs, and they very seldom meet with any mercy from the gamekeeper. They have a bad name as egg-stealers, and some go so far as to aver that they kill the young partridges and pheasants as well as suck their eggs, and so the poor little beast is generally sacrificed. When he is trapped he utters most heartrending squeals, very much like a baby at his christening. Traps indeed are never set for hedgehogs, but they are sometimes caught in traps set for other vermin. They are particularly helpless, and have no means of getting out of the keeper's way. They can neither run fast nor have they the knack of disappearing suddenly down a friendly burrow. Their only resource when found, as they often are by the dogs, or when they betray their whereabouts by rustling along on their evening prowl, is to roll themselves up tight and keep still. But, alas! for poor old hedgehog, his array of bristling spines is no proof against a keeper's hobnailed boot, and accordingly he is summarily despatched.

All sorts of things are at times caught in the traps set for vermin. A long-eared owl has been caught in a trap baited with eggs, and immediately the conclusion was jumped at that owls were egg-stealers! What more proof could be wanted to satisfy the ignorant keeper? Here are the eggs, here is the owl! A bullfinch has also been caught in a similar way: but even the keeper would hardly go so far as to assert that the bullfinch as well as the owl was after the eggs, although the proof was just as strong. No! but the owl is always suspected of poaching proclivities. and so no quarter must be shown him. Scanty evidence will quite suffice.

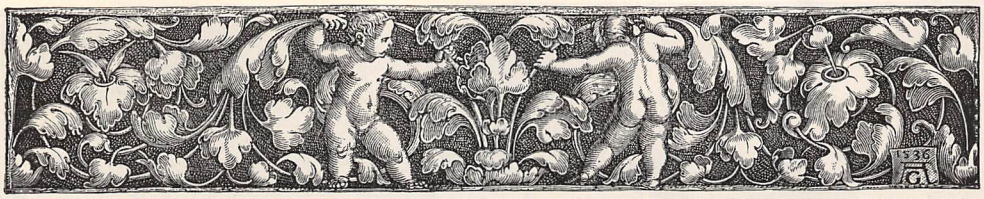
Long-eared owls are residents with us all the year round, and lay their eggs in old nests, very often in old squirrel's drays; in such nests will often be found freshly-killed young rats, field mice, and small birds, which they surprise and pounce on while at roost. Comical and fierce little fellows are these young owls, all covered with down, with black faces and round yellow eyes, with always a very astonished expression on their countenances. At an early age these owls spread out their wings over their backs, and snap their beaks, and hiss, and roll their eyes, and blink in the most approved fashion on being looked at by such a stranger as a specimen of the noble genus *homo*. Young game are either too safely shut up in their coops, or those that are wild are too snugly ensconced under their parents' feathers, to be molested by owls. A very small rabbit, indeed, stands in some danger, but the foxes are allowed as many rabbits as they like, as a reward for the sport they give us in the field; so why should an occasional young rabbit be grudged to an owl in return for the enormous quantity of rats and mice which he regularly consumes?

The short-eared owl, commonly called the woodcock owl, on account of his appearance here at the same time with the woodcocks, only comes to us for the winter. He is frequently flushed out of turnip fields, while partridge shooting, or from the sandhills on the east coast, when he first arrives. He is a very handsome bird with a smaller head than most other owls, and has frequently been seen flying in sunshine, evidently in search of prey. Tawny owls, also called brown and wood-owls, breed in hollow trees, and occasionally in open nests, such as those of old crows in fir trees, while barn-owls never lay their eggs anywhere but in darkness. A hollow tree, holes in ruins, rocks, or even houses and barns, are the places where they bring up their grotesque-looking brood. They have sometimes been found sitting on seven eggs, but five is the usual number. The old birds may often be caught by climbing noiselessly up to a hole which they are known to frequent. The roosting holes may easily be discovered by the accumulation of castings found on the ground beneath the tree. Examine these pellets carefully, and you will find each composed of five or six mice or shrews, the skulls generally entire. But when you have caught your owl, be satisfied with yourself and do him no harm, but look upon him as a quaint, friendly fellow, and let him go in peace.

Squirrels are often condemned as rank poachers, and consequently are in many places mercilessly killed down. They have indeed a bad habit of robbing small birds of their eggs and young, but that they will also extend their bird-nesting propensities in the direction of game has never been clearly proved. In districts where young plantations abound they do much damage by nibbling off the top shoots of the fir trees. In the spring too, they are much addicted to nibbling off the young shoots of chestnut trees for the sake of the dainty morsel from which the leaves spring, leaving the young leaves strewn in profusion on the ground. They also strip bark from the spruce firs, sometimes to a grievous and unsightly extent. They are frequently

"mobbed" by little birds, and they have sometimes been seen disputing savagely with jackdaws at the entrance of the latter's nest-hole, evidently with the object of dining off the jackdaw's eggs. Every one, however, appreciates the beauty and graceful actions of these little animals, and as their villainy hardly extends beyond damaging trees, they are most frequently and properly left in peace. If their nest has been disturbed by any intruder, they have a curious habit of removing all their young ones to another hiding place in an incredibly short space of time.

In the summer time the woods and hedgerows are full of leaf, and rank with all kinds of vegetation, so that it is comparatively easy for our furred and feathered friends to hide themselves from their numerous foes, and as they are then busy with their family duties, it behoves them to be very quiet and wily so as not to betray their nests to the ever-watchful keeper. In this way many of them escape the various dangers which surround them from all quarters, and young sparrowhawks, and magpies, and various other poaching birds, manage to make a good start in life, and in course of time to bring up numerous families of their own. Indeed it is marvellous how any of them contrive to succeed in the struggle for existence, for there is scarcely a district that is not strictly preserved, and therefore carefully watched over and guarded by keepers. But in spite of all precautions taken to keep them down, the race of vermin, somehow or other, manages to thrive and abound. The jay, for instance, has few friends, because though he chiefly lives on acorns, beechmast, &c., he is known to be partial to pheasants' eggs, and the keeper accordingly has his eye upon him. A troop of big young jays may often be seen flying to a densely-foliaged elm, in a hedgerow, just outside a plantation. It is the easiest thing in the world to get under the tree without being observed by the jays, and you would be amply rewarded for your pains. You will hear them at first talking to one another in a low key, though you may not be able to see a single feather. Presently perhaps one of them sees you before you discover him. He at once gives a very low alarm note, and straightway they are all perfectly silent and still, and will so remain until you are quite sure that they must all have flown away; but after half an hour's perfect silence you will hear one of them venturing once more to talk to his neighbour in a low voice, and then a second will hop on to another twig, and soon you may perhaps catch a glimpse of part of another and fire at the spot where you deem its body ought to be. Whether or not you succeed in hitting your bird, the whole troop will fly back into the plantation, and there you had better leave them, and not disturb the covert by shooting again. It is just possible for you to secure another with your second barrel as they fly back to the wood, but in all probability the foliage will be too thick for you to clear it in time.



AT THE CLOSE OF A YEAR.

THE years have been fashion'd by man; the work of his meddlesome hand;—
The landmarks he sets by the way that his blundering feet have trod,—
He has parcelled, and weigh'd, and appraised each pitiful atom of sand,
And mapped out, and measured, and reckoned, the gift of an infinite God.

So the breath of our lips, as we breathe it, is ever oppress'd by a fear;—
"How many heart-beatings more ere the sum of our days shall be told? . . .
Are the sands already run down? . . . Have we come to the end of the year?
Then those others are nearer at hand that must number our lot with the old!"

All the same old symbols and sayings as when we were careless and young! . . .
The new-born babe with his garland;—the grey-beard, wan, with his wings;—
All the well-known words to be said,—all the well-known songs to be sung,—
The symbols, and sayings, and songs, that have turn'd to such sorrowful things!

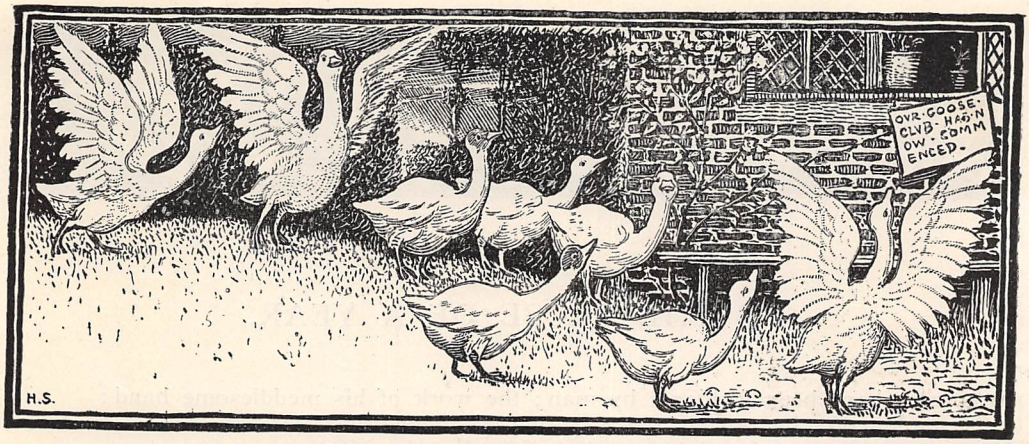
But the well-known friend at the board? . . Ah, there is his empty chair! . .
So for us can the carols seem blithe, or the new year worthy his crown? . .
Ah, ye makers and marrers of Time! ten thousand-fold better it were
To have left us in peace till the end, with our days neither number'd nor known!

For why, when our hearts may be brighten'd by Fancy, Affection, or Trust,
Should we say, "We are old by the years, so our days of rejoicing are done"?
And be no more esteemed in the land than those Indians with pitcher and crust
That are led out to wait for their doom in the wilderness under the sun?

The reproach of a year cometh not of an Autumn mellow with prime,
Of the bough bent down by the fruit,—of the husk thresh'd clear by the flail;—
But of barren and profitless Spring, like a Winter mistaken in time,
When the canker-worm gnaws at the root, and the blossom is strewn in the gale.

So, altho' the Preacher hath said that our journey is only a span,
I will not be cast down by the way at these records of perch, pole, and rod,—
Our years may be many or few, they are mark'd out and measured by man,
Let us count by the years of the heart, for the heart has been fashioned by God.

VIOLET FANE.



THE GOLDEN DACHSHUNDS.[1]

[A STORY FOR CHILDREN.]

By MARY VERNON.

FAR away, in a country where the sun always shines, and the roses and lilies grow wild all the year in the lanes and the fields, there is an old castle standing in the middle of a dark, cool wood. The castle gardens are full of flowers, too, there are long shady walks under grand old cedar trees, and the red brick walls are covered with golden apricots and rosy peaches. Then the gardens are full of happy little birds, who fly about and build their nests, and sing in the sunshine, and feed on peaches and cherries, with no fear of being suddenly surprised by a stealthy and hungry old cat—for in this country there are no cats!

The smooth green velvet lawn slopes away down to a lake, where downy white swans are swimming lazily about, only stopping now and then to look at themselves in the shining water—which is the swans' looking-glass—and see if any of their soft little feathers have been blown about by the breeze. For one of the first things that they were taught by their mother when they were quite little was to be tidy. "Nothing looks so bad as a rumpled, untidy swan," she said, as she taught them to smooth their little grey feathers, for baby swans are not white, but grey, as every one knows who has read the story of *The Ugly Duckling*. Dotted about in the middle of the lake were many islands, and on these islands lived the "whispering trees." All day they were quiet and listened to the birds singing above them, and the water lapping on the shore of the island below them; but in the evening when the birds had gone to bed, and the warm wind came up from his home in the south to lull them to sleep, the trees began to whisper very gently to each other; they would not wake up the tired little birds, and so they only whispered softly all night till the morning came, and the birds woke up, and then the "whispering trees" listened again.

Some people call the "whispering trees" birches, and do not seem to know that they talk to each other, but then perhaps these people have not been out in the woods when the sun has gone away, and the birds have gone to sleep, and so of course they cannot have heard their quiet voices.

But who can live in this beautiful old castle, for there are no voices to be heard, and there are no people walking about in the gardens, or feeding the swans in the lake? And yet the castle is not empty, there are footsteps now and then; yes, and a scampering and rushing about, and a sound of many little feet pattering up and down stairs, and in and out of the wide halls and stately rooms where lords and ladies might have feasted and danced in the days of old. I will tell you.

[1] The following fancy was suggested by the fact that the Princess H—— kept for years in a remote forest of Germany a kind of Paradise for dogs of the "Golden Dachshund" breed. If it comforts any child who has lost a pet by turning its mind to a harmless dream about it, the writer will have gained her object.

A lovely princess lives here, and this castle in the wood is the home of the golden dachshunds.

Here in this delightful castle they live and enjoy themselves; they bask in the sunshine, and swim in the lake, and lie sleeping on the velvet lawn, and have nothing to do all day but to obey and to serve their mistress, the lovely Princess Goldena, or the golden princess, as she is called. To wait on their princess is the greatest happiness these golden dachshunds can have.

Now this princess has no lords and ladies-in-waiting as other princesses have, for her golden dachshunds do everything for her. Some keep watch in her room all night so that nothing may disturb her, and when she wakes others bring her to eat gold and silver fish which they have caught for her in the lake while she was sleeping. When the birds fly to her window, and call to her to come out and be happy with them in the woods, two of her faithful little attendants scamper off to the stables, and soon a golden car draws up before the great white marble steps of the castle, and in this the princess is drawn by sixteen little golden steeds, harnessed with silken chains, all through the woods, while the birds sing to welcome her, and the flowers lift up their heads to see her pass by.

Then when she comes at last, down to the shore of the lake, a boat is waiting for her, a boat with golden sails, and lined with soft cushions made with the feathers and down brought to her by the swans.

Away over the blue water she sails to the islands to visit the swans in their snug nests hidden under the willows and the "whispering trees," till presently the sun steals away over the distant hill, and then she bids them good-night, and sails home again in the evening light. And now the breeze is fresh and chill, but the princess does not feel the cold, for the four-footed pages who went with her to the islands now crowd about her, and lie on her feet, till she seems to be covered quite up with a warm golden fur rug.

And so they reach the castle once more. And day after day passes away, and year after year, and every year the golden princess has a larger train of golden dachshunds around her.

* * * * *

She had long fair hair and blue eyes, and her name was Lenchen. She lived a long way off, in an old town in Germany where her father had lived when he was a little boy, and *his* father before him. Lenchen generally found it quite difficult to believe that "Grosspapa," as she called him (and which is the German for grandpapa), had ever been a little boy; he looked so old and so tired and bent, and his kind old face was quite wrinkled. Only sometimes in the summer evenings before supper, when Lenchen and he were all alone, and Lenchen was curled up on the wide red-cushioned window seat watching the sun go away to bed behind the hills opposite her home, Grosspapa would begin to play on the piano. When that happened Lenchen had to leave her perch, and come and sit quite close to him, so as to hear everything, for she loved music as much as he did. Then it was when Grosspapa was playing that his face quite lost the "tired" look Lenchen knew so well, and one of the things she liked so much, at these times, was to see him beginning to look less old. "If Grosspapa would only play always and never stop," she said one day to her mother, "at last I could see just what he was like when he was a little boy." But that time never came, for when the lamp was lit Grosspapa always stopped playing, and then Lenchen had to say good-night, and go to bed, so as to be ready to start early to school the next morning. For though she was only nine years old, she had to work very hard at her lessons, for if she did not get good marks, mother told her, the Christ Child would bring her no presents on Christmas Eve. All through the year, summer and winter, she had to be at school by eight o'clock. In the summer she did not mind at all, it was so cool and fresh, but in the dark winter, when all the ground was white with snow, it really was very hard to turn out of her warm bed into the cold. But Lenchen never grumbled. She drank her hot coffee, and ate her roll of bread, which Lisbeth, the nurse, always had waiting for her as soon as she was dressed, and then off she started in her little red cloak and black velvet bonnet. Over her shoulder she had her satchel of books, and in her hand a little basket with a cake and an apple or orange for lunch—altogether she looked just like little Red Riding Hood going to visit her grandmother. She came home to dinner, and if she learnt her afternoon lessons quickly and well, she had a reward; and this reward was a

music lesson with Grosspapa, who enjoyed teaching just as much as Lenchen enjoyed learning.

The winter she was nine years old was a very long and a very cold one. March came and still the snow was on the ground, and still Lenchen and her little friends spent all their half holidays skating, and father had to go out to see his patients (for he was a doctor) in a sledge instead of a carriage. At last Easter came, and with Easter came the spring and a few days holiday for Lenchen. On Easter Monday, as they all sat at breakfast, looking out at the river sparkling in the sunshine, Grosspapa suddenly said, "Lenchen, shall we go to-day into the country?" She could hardly say "yes," she was so happy. To eat any more breakfast was quite impossible, and in a few minutes they started, just Grosspapa and Lenchen, for mother could not leave baby by himself, and father could not leave all the poor people who were ill, to go and have a holiday in the country.

So they walked down to the river, for the delightful thing about this journey was that they did not have to go in a train but in a boat. When they got to the piers there were three or four steamers waiting, on to which people were crowding; some were going up the river to the country, and some down to another large town not far off. Grosspapa chose one of the first, and they soon were settled in a snug sunny corner where he was sheltered from the wind, and where Lenchen could watch the blue water dashing up against the side of the boat.

It would take too long to tell you all about that lovely morning. How Lenchen did enjoy herself! Soon after they had started she began to be very hungry, and reminded Grosspapa of how little breakfast she had eaten. "To be sure," he said, "we must have a second breakfast." And soon a breakfast, very unlike what Lenchen had every morning, made its appearance. Chocolate, cakes, and all sorts of good things were brought on a little round table, and they had a regular feast in their sunny corner.

All this time the houses had been gradually growing more and more distant, and now Lenchen could see very little except the spire of the Cathedral which looked so white standing up against the blue sky. They were really in the country, and she clapped her hands with delight as she saw the green grass, and the baby lambs frisking about in the sunshine. The boat stopped at a little village called Haide, and Grosspapa and Lenchen got out at the wooden pier, and started off for the wood where they were to have their picnic dinner, and hunt for flowers to take home to mother.

But the flowers seemed afraid to come out, for fear that the snow and the cold would come back again, and so, though they wandered far into the wood, Lenchen had a very few little buds at the bottom of her basket.

All this time dark heavy clouds had been coming up over the blue sky, and by and by great drops of rain began to fall, and far away there was a growl of thunder among the hills. Lenchen began to feel frightened, and Grosspapa looked about to see where they could take shelter from the storm. The first thing to do was to get out of the wood, lest the lightning should strike the trees, but even when they had done this they were not much better off, for there was no house, no cottage, not even a wood-shed within sight, and no boat would pass by until five o'clock.

At last after walking for some minutes Grosspapa spied out a gipsy caravan, standing on a kind of open common, and taking Lenchen by the hand he went straight towards it, for the rain was now coming down in torrents, and the lightning began to flash, and the rolling of the thunder to come very near.

The door of the caravan was shut, and the horses which had, Grosspapa thought, been taken out were most likely enjoying their dinner near by in spite of the storm, but there was no one to be seen and there was no sound in the caravan. Grosspapa went up the three little steps, and knocked at the door, there was no answer; so as poor little Lenchen was really getting very wet and cold, he turned the handle, opened the door, and lifted her in—into a more charming caravan than had ever been seen before. On each side there were three little lattice windows, over which were drawn golden silk curtains, which at first made it rather difficult to see what else there was to be seen. But Lenchen soon found out that she was standing on a soft golden-coloured rug, and all round the sides of the caravan were little golden baskets, each lined with a woolly rug. But who were these baskets meant for, and to whom did this beautiful caravan belong? Lenchen asked Grosspapa with wide-open surprised eyes, but he only shook his head, he was as puzzled as she was.

But they were under shelter, and sitting down on the soft cushions which made a sofa at one end of the caravan, they waited very contentedly till the rain should be over.

At last when the sun began to shine in through the golden curtains, Grosspapa took up his hat and went out to try and discover the owners of this fairy-like caravan, leaving Lenchen asleep on the golden cushions quite tired out with her long walk.

* * * * *

Once in every month the Golden Princess leaves her castle, and her sunny gardens, and downy swans, and comes into our world to find any golden dachshunds who are ready to go with her to this far-off country. She journeys about in a fairy caravan in which are about twenty little golden baskets. When she leaves the castle these baskets are empty, for she goes quite alone, but when she comes back, there is curled up in every basket, and sound asleep, a golden dachshund.

If, during her travels, she sees any of her four-footed favourites who are too old or too ill to enjoy their lives any more, or who have not happy homes, or are beaten or starved by cruel masters or mistresses, she whispers a word in their ears (and no one can see her or hear her except the dachshunds) and then they at once fall asleep, and so soundly do they sleep that they know nothing more till they open their eyes as the carriage stops before the marble steps of the castle.

And when they wake they have quite forgotten that they were ever old or ill, or unhappy, and so they begin a new life, as so many others have done and will do, in this home of the golden dachshunds.

* * * * *

Now Lenchen had not been asleep very long when the door gently opened, and in came the Golden Princess carrying in her arms a poor little dachs who had been run over by a tramcar, and who was so much hurt that he never would be well again till he reached the fairy castle. After her came many wistful-faced doggies—some so hungry-looking and thin, some so old, and some so uncared-for and grubby, that only here and there, where the rain had washed their coats a little, could you see that they really were golden dachshunds at all. In they all came, and lay down quite tired in their little soft beds, and fell asleep, all except the baby one, and he lay quite still on the princess's lap.

Then the caravan began to glide smoothly along, and the fresh, cool air blowing in at the open windows woke Lenchen, who opened her eyes, and looked up into the princess's face as she sat by her side. She was not frightened—no one could have been frightened of the golden-haired princess—she was not even startled, but she was surprised, and what was it that had surprised her? Was it finding herself in this fairy car gliding away through the air without Grosspapa, and alone with this beautiful lady? No, it *was* very surprising, no doubt, but that was not what surprised Lenchen so much that for a few minutes she really did not know whether she was asleep or awake. What was it then? Well, the strange thing was this. On the lady's lap lay Kaiser, her own Kaiser, the little golden dachshund that father had given her a few months ago, on her birthday. Lenchen had never had anything given to her that she loved so well as Kaiser; he was so much nicer than dolls, and he loved her too so much, and followed her everywhere. One day he even ran after her to school, and owing to him she got a bad mark; for as he was too young to find his way home again by himself Lenchen had to take him back, and shut him up in the nursery, and though she ran as fast as she could, yet lessons had begun at least a quarter of an hour when she got back, and Fräulein not only gave her a bad mark for being late, but also a long piece of poetry to learn after school hours. Kaiser and Lenchen learnt the poetry that afternoon sitting together before the nursery fire, and Kaiser never could make out why he had to wait so long that day for his afternoon romp.

How had this strange lady got Kaiser, and why was it that he did not move or open his eyes when Lenchen spoke to him? She had a stream of questions to ask, and began at once without feeling a bit shy. The princess could not answer all these questions; indeed Lenchen did not stop for one moment between each one, till at last she was tired out, and then looking up at the princess with her eyes full of tears, she came back to what had puzzled her so much at first, and asked once again, How had she got Kaiser, and why would he not speak to her—his little mistress? Then the princess—all the time stroking very gently Kaiser's little golden head—said, "Hush! by and by I will tell you, but now you too are tired, and must rest a while till we

come to my home. When we are there I will tell you all you want to know." Lenchen's face brightened when she heard these words, and as she was really tired she gladly laid down her golden head on the princess's knee. She almost forgot, she was so snug, that she was not at home with mother; and soon, with one of Kaiser's little crooked paws held tightly in her hand, she fell sound asleep.

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When she next opened her eyes, the caravan was no more gliding along, but had stopped at the bottom of a flight of marble steps leading up into a cool marble hall, in the middle of which was a splashing fountain; Lenchen could just see the water falling and glistening between the leaves of the palms and ferns which were growing all around it. The princess was standing at the top of the marble steps still holding Kaiser in her arms, while at her feet lay the other dogs Lenchen had seen in the baskets in the caravan, and round her was a great crowd of expectant-looking dachshunds, how many Lenchen could not at all guess, but she noticed that they were all golden—"all Kaisers," she said to herself. She stood watching eagerly at the door of the caravan; all at once the princess blew a little golden whistle, and suddenly from every direction—from the stables, from the woods, from the lawns, and from the distant lake, more and more dachshunds appeared, some trotting demurely along, some cantering and frisking, and all looking well-cared-for and happy, and delighted to have their mistress come back to them once again. Then the princess stooped down and whispered something to the new arrivals, and now Lenchen looked still more eagerly to see what would happen next. Kaiser and all the other twenty poor little grubby dogs opened their tired eyes, and suddenly they seemed to realize where they were, and then in a moment how different they looked! After stretching themselves after their long sleep, they scampered down the marble steps and off over the green lawns, where Lenchen could see them rolling and gambolling with their new companions in the sunshine, till at last she could no longer tell one from the other—no, not even Kaiser, as they gradually disappeared in the far-off fields, golden with buttercups and cowslips.

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Then the princess beckoned to Lenchen, and, taking her by the hand, they walked up and down on the soft green lawn, under the shady cedar trees, where the birds were twittering as they put their little ones to bed. And then it was that the princess told her all she wanted to know, and how it was that she came to have Kaiser and all the other golden doggies in her castle; and when she had heard the story—of how her little dachs had followed her out that morning, how he had lost himself, and at last had been run over by a tramcar, and so much hurt that he must have been a poor little crippled dog all his life, or even died, if the princess had not known of him and brought him with her to this far-off place, where he would at once be well again—when she heard all this, Lenchen, though her eyes were full of tears, only begged that the Princess would "keep Kaiser always in this lovely castle where he was so happy." As she spoke there was a scampering of feet behind them, and looking round Lenchen saw Kaiser, prettier than ever after a swim in the blue lake, and so different from the poor little ill dog who had lain so long and so quietly on the princess's lap that she felt more sure than ever that she would rather leave him here than take him home with her. So they gave each other a good-bye kiss.

* * * * * * *

It was quite late that night before Grosspapa and Lenchen got home. The storm had delayed the boats, and mother was beginning to wonder what had become of them; she was feeling unhappy too, because she had something very sad to tell her little girl that night. She waited till Lenchen was in bed, and then she came and sat down by her, and putting her arms round her, told her how poor little Kaiser had strayed away and had been run over in the street just outside his home.

"Dear, don't cry," said mother, trying to comfort her. "You must remember——"

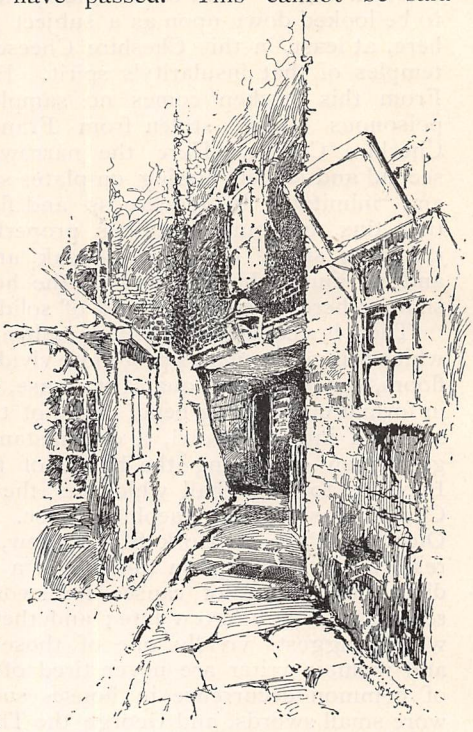
Lenchen looked up, and mother was surprised to see her smile through her tears. "Yes," she said, "I do remember. I asked her to keep him always; he likes the castle so much better, and she told me it was 'The Home of the Golden Dachshunds.'" Mother did not say anything more, but she sat there till Lenchen had wandered far away into dreamland.

A Storied Tavern.

By W. OUTRAM TRISTRAM.

Illustrated by HERBERT RAILTON.

THE roar of Fleet Street comes mellowed to it through a covered way under which Personages have passed. This cannot be said of every covered way in London; but then every covered way does not lead to a house of entertainment at whose well-worn tables Johnson has sat and Boswell has twaddled. As becomes the simplicity of real greatness, there is no parade in this approach. Unadorned by directions designed to raise false hopes, unprofaned by picture posters of the latest melodramatic successes, leading only from the bustle of a thronged street into a quiet alley, this passage passes straight to its purpose; and on emerging from it the tavern door smiles invitingly on the right hand side.



APPROACH IN THREE FALCON COURT.

It smiles with a grave and decorous invitation, as becomes a house whose conduct has long risen above the realms of criticism, whose assured fortunes solicit no stranger's purse, whose stout is of the real genuine stunning, and whose chops are *chefs d'œuvre*. Face to face with the Old Cheshire Cheese, the connoisseur in taverns feels soothed. No architectural prodigies take away the breath. No copper sign of ornate workmanship swings above the entrance clamorously claiming notice. No projecting gables peer upon the alley to divert intending feeders from that calm consideration of chops essential to their assimilation, by suggestions of that disquieting atmosphere of treason and intrigue, of midnight meetings and Jesuits in counsel, which Tudor remnants in London invariably evoke. No! The imagination is unfired here, and the inner man remains at rest. All is staid, unadorned, and wholesome in this exterior, like the fare proffered within.

The entrance to this unpretentious eating house is of Georgian proportions.

Strait is the gate and narrow is the way, and no bemedalled commissionaires stand on guard. But down the passage come savours of surpassing fragrance; the rattle of knives and forks is heard from the dining-room, accompanied by loud laughter; plates are clashed together by practised hands who have no fear of a chip before their eyes, and above all the monotonous voice of the waiter rises eternally, bawling incessant orders up the stairs to the cook. His cry, like all great utterances, needs studying, like a code of signalling or the language of heraldry; but it sounds as strangely at first in the new visitor's unpractised ear as might some old-world curse or incantation heard on an oak staircase.

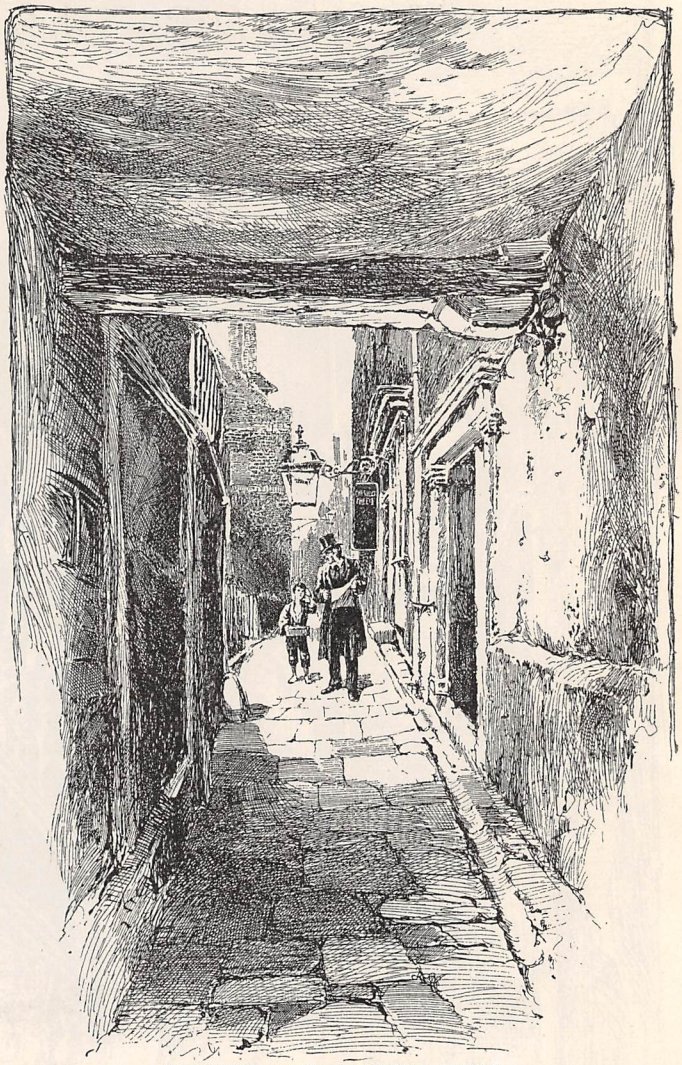
"Cook"—thus this paean proceeds—"one mut and two kids to follow; stewed cheese; two muts to follow; one steak, well done; one steak, underdone; steak and shalot; one sos and mashed potatoes; separate sos; one mut and two sos to follow. Cook a single mut and two followers down together."

Curiosity compels one to penetrate these mysteries. We enter the Cheshire Cheese. The house's character stands at once revealed in the narrow passage running straight through into a yard beyond, from which left and right open two rooms, one larger than the other, but each devoted to dining, and each furnished in the same way. From everything which meets the eye the true atmosphere of the old tavern breathes; from the sawdust or sand on the floor to the heavily timbered windows, the low planked ceiling, the huge projecting fire-place with a great copper boiler always on the simmer, the high, stiff-backed settles which box off the guests, the solitary picture of a great departed waiter. Far, far from this decorous simplicity are banished all the new-fangled ideas of the fashionable restaurants now in vogue, with their garishness and their glitter, and their third-rate frescoes, and their supercilious waiters of foreign origin, fitted neither by temperament nor understanding to minister to a true Briton's whetted wants. With our insularity rapidly departing, however, and already beginning to be looked down upon as a subject for shame, this perhaps does not matter. But here, at least, in this Cheshire Cheese may be seen by the curious one of the few last temples of that insularity's spirit. Here is no home for kickshaws and cigarettes. From this kitchen comes no sample of fashionable culinary art, that "Art with poisonous honey stolen from France." Nothing of that kind obtains at the Cheshire Cheese. Here the narrowed kingdom lies of point steaks turned to a second and served hissing on plates supernaturally hot, of chops gargantuan in size and inimitable in tenderness and flavour, of cheese bubbling sympathetically in tiny tins, of floury potatoes properly cooked, of tankards of Salt's beer, of extra creaming stout, of a rump-steak and oyster pudding served on Saturdays only, and so much the specialty of the house that I must deal with it hereafter. All smacks here of that England of solid comfort, and solid plenty.

There is a collection of useful implements of inebriety in the bar of the Cheshire Cheese, which brings the place's past more vividly perhaps before one than any view of its sanded floors, low ceilings, or quaint staircase, disappearing suddenly from the entrance passage in formal but inviting bend. One of the punch-ladles has a William the Third guinea soldered into the bowl, a circumstance which evokes visions at once of big-wigged gentlemen discussing the battle of the Boyne, or that elaborate march-past from Brixham to Whitehall which set the seal to the Great Revolution. The Cheshire Cheese was never a Jacobite house. That distinction is especially attached to the Old Blue Posts in Cork Street, now, as far as its original form is concerned, but a restoration standing on the site of a memory. But without the animus of Jacobite discussion plenty of causes for sword drawing were to be found under a tavern roof as the night grew late; and there is a room up stairs in the Cheshire Cheese which suggests vividly one of those battle pieces in convivial life which novelist and memoir writer are never tired of describing, and which were no doubt matters of common occurrence in houses such as this, when gentlemen drank deeply and wore small swords, and George the Third was king. One may imagine in this room, the fire burning low, the candle, put on a chair, spluttering and casting uncertain shadows, and two red faced gentlemen in a breathing state lunging at each other across the table; while the drawer listens outside the door with his ear to the keyhole, anxiously awaiting the first groan which will warrant his intrusion, and the chamber-maid presses both hands to her ears hysterically to shut out the clash of steel. Such an arrangement as this was often had recourse to by gentlemen excitedly anxious to settle a difference, and wishing to save themselves the trouble of a walk to

Tothill Fields. The Cheshire Cheese has, I make no doubt, many such an incident stored among its eighteenth century experiences.

A later period of the house's history is more practically reflected in the picture of the great departed waiter which I have already referred to, and which hangs in solemn state sole ornament of the dining-room's mellowed walls. Here the very spirit of the tavern of 1800 is caught to perfection. Grave, pompous, filled himself with good cheer, and the reputation of the house which it is his privilege to serve, this head waiter long defunct prepares to uncork a bottle of the house's choicest wine. Inspired by the solemnity of the moment his pose is almost heroic: he wears knee breeches and stockings; and the corkscrew about to be applied to a cork beyond suspicion is turned upwards to an attentive heaven. His head is bent reverently, and his feet are in the first position Below this august discloser of a classic cellar's treasure, the guest of the house sits with head bent expectant: it is clear that he is no neophyte; he is at ease in his inn, his beaver hat and gloves have been thrown carelessly on a chair; his coiffure is worthy of George the Fourth, and his attitude is that of confident anticipation. He is a judge of good wine; he is aware that this waiter would not stoop to deceive. The background of this painting, carefully copied from a section of the room, lends an additional value to the theme—makes it not so much a portrait of a celebrated waiter as another vivid impression of the tavern's past.



ENTRANCE IN WINE OFFICE COURT.

Such strike me as being the most salient features of the house itself. Of its great guests in the past a list might be made, to judge from suggestions given me, equalling in length some of those amazing petitions which are offered on stray occasions to the consideration of an astounded House of Commons. The catalogue of the ships would be a comedy to it. For it must be remembered that the Cheese has stood where it now stands for considerably over two hundred years (three centuries is claimed for it by its more ardent devotees), and situate as it is in what has been always more or less a literary quarter of London, its sanded floors have been trod no doubt in all periods by distinguished literary feet. But to suggest that Shakespeare ate here is I think a mistake. I have no doubt that he may have done so, may have strolled in for a chop in the intervals of rehearsing some masterpiece at the Blackfriars Theatre in Playhouse Yard; but so many great men have feasted here after him, that as a feeder his impres-

sion is faint. The belief too that the left hand dining-room was in Herrick's mind when he apostrophized rare Ben Jonson in lines that most people know by heart, is founded,

THE ENTRANCE HALL.

I fear, on a corrupt reading of a famous passage, though the Cheese in this instance may be perhaps allowed the benefit of a doubt.

But with these doubtful celebrities subtracted the house's roll of famous visitors remains sufficiently full. Voltaire was certainly here; Bolingbroke in this place

cracked many a bottle of Burgundy ; and Congreve's wit flashed wine inspired, while Pope, sickly and intolerant of tobacco smoke, suffered under these low roofs I doubt not many a headache. But it is of its distinguished visitors of later days that the Cheshire Cheese as it now stands reminds one most fully. Johnson, Garrick, Goldsmith, and Chatterton were undoubted frequenters. Many a time the great Samuel, turning heavily in his accustomed seat and beset by some pert sailing pinnace, brought, like a galleon manœuvring, his ponderous artillery to bear. Goldsmith lived at No. 6 Wine Office Court, where he wrote or partly wrote the *Vicar of Wakefield*, his fagging inspiration possibly gaining assistance from the tavern's famed Madeira.

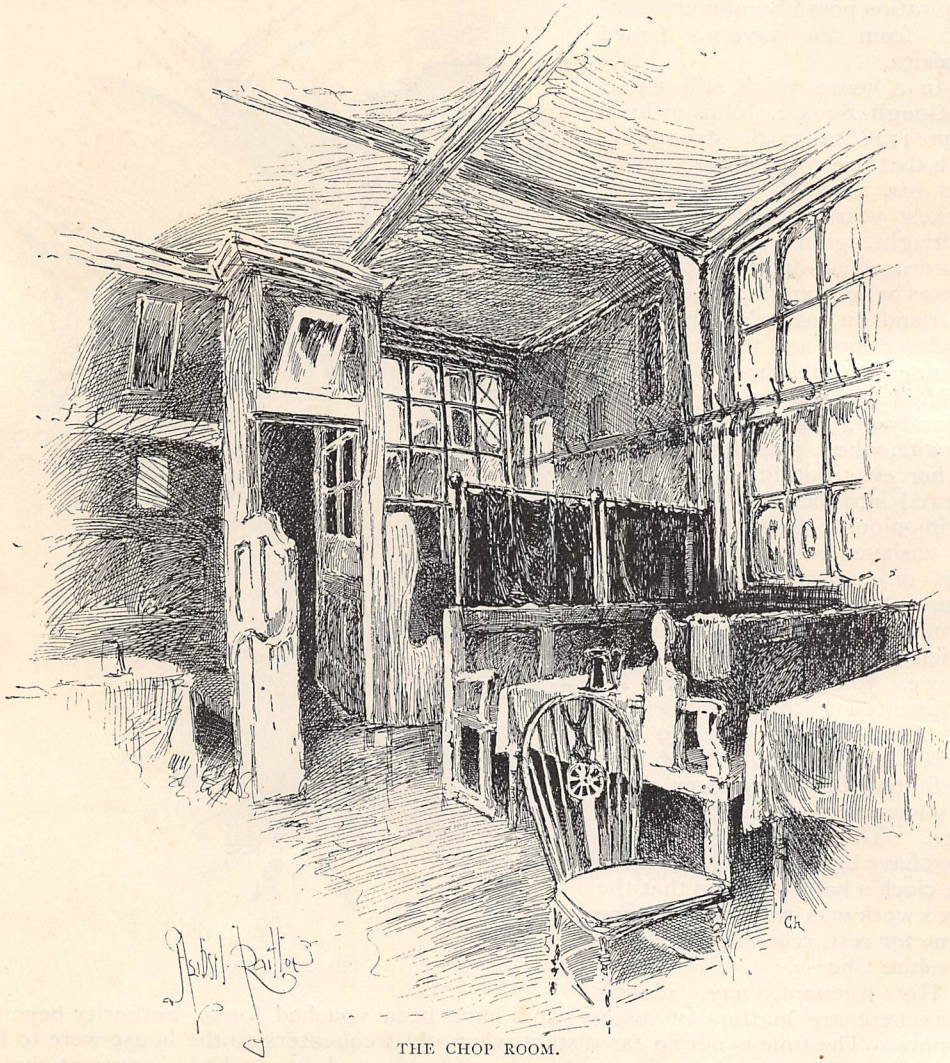
In a house which still stands in Gough Square, Johnson lived from 1748 to 1758, struggling, with that heavy pertinacity which was his, through some of the darkest years of his life. Here he fought against such engaging and diversified deterrents to success as hypochondria, the coldness of friends, a patron's impertinent condescension and the vacillating opinions of publishers. Here he suffered an added and for a time a paralyzing blow in the death of his wife, whose plainness the eyes of her ever faithful lover transfigured into beauty, and whose acrimonious bickerings seemed to his enslaved senses the outpourings of a disposition singularly temperate and serene. Here through all these difficulties, which would have killed a lesser nature, Johnson worked. He commenced both the *Idler* and the *Rambler*, and put the first stroke of the pen to that long meditated dictionary, now voted so uncommonly faulty and out of date. This struggling author must have beenglad, I think, when the clock's hand told him that the day's work was over, and the time come for rest, relaxation, and the Cheshire Cheese.

THE STAIRWAY.

His frequent, nay, nightly visits here are matters of history, and have been vouched for on authority beyond dispute. The time is not so far distant when old frequenters to the house were to be found who had drunk and eaten with men whom Johnson had conversationally annihilated, and who recalled the circumstance with an extreme clearness of recollection. A recollection this, which joined the record of two generations of the tavern's great visitors. And the second generation offered names not unworthy to compare with the first, such notabilities as these figuring in the list, Dickens, Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks, Tom Taylor, John Forster, Sir Alexander Cockburn, Professor Aytoun, Tom Hood, Andrew Halliday and Charles Mathews.

So much for its departed guests, who I doubt not linger still about their favourite haunt, impalpable presences in bag-wigs, and full-bottomed coats, and more modern garments, now equally out of fashion, misanthropically eying the present proprietors of their once favourite seats, full of a ghostly contempt for the wit combats of the

moderns ; stern critics to whose gibes the old walls return no echo, transparent topers whose formal footsteps leave no print on the classic sand. Of the moderns who now sit in the seats of their literary ancestors much remains to be written in that fulness of time which comes to all great men when life ceases, and the biographer seizes his pen. Meanwhile some of the chiefest of our journalistic lights of to-day are to be seen at the Cheese. "Brain Street" is just round the corner with its score of great offices of great organs of public opinion, and hither in the intervals of dictating the policy of nations, rush scores of our young literary giants in quest of chops as a rule, and on Saturdays

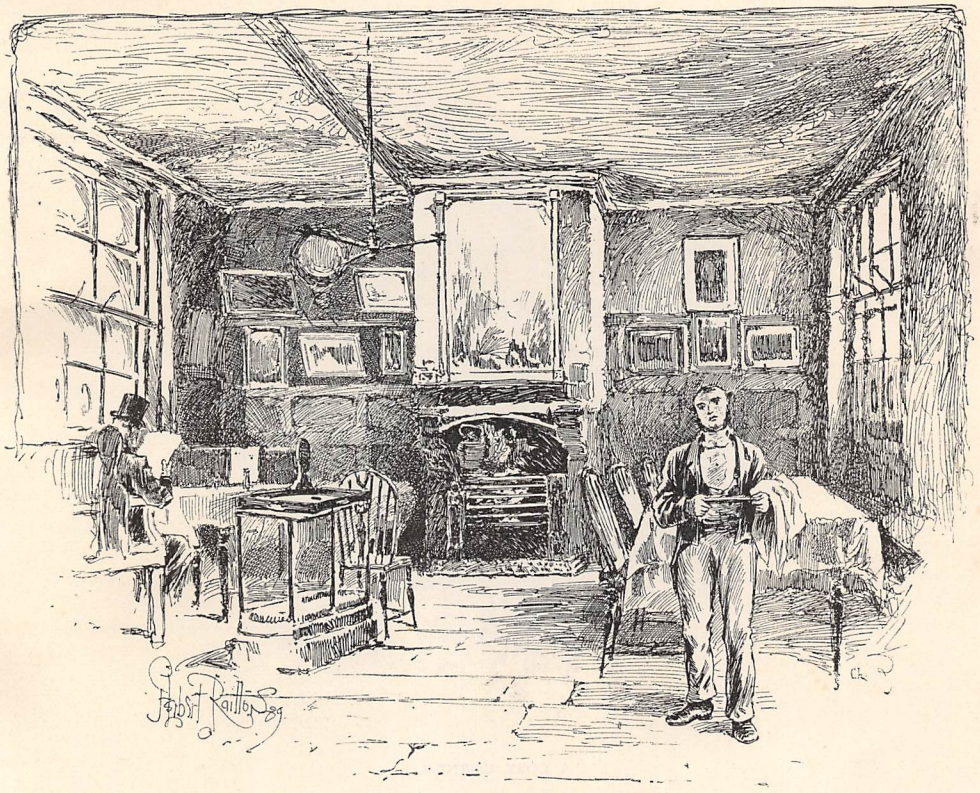


THE CHOP ROOM.

of beefsteak and oyster pudding. This is the day of days on which to see these lions feed. The room is crowded. On every pale brow expectation sits plumed. A casual intruder, little knowing, calls for a chop. Derision is clearly marked in the waiter's ordering tones, and *habitués* smile at each other pityingly. Then in the midst of a reverent hush, by the hands of three waiters up-borne, the sacred pudding appears ! Its size is prodigious. It smokes upon the board—standing immediately under the picture of the departed waiter. The tavern's courteous and genial proprietor prepares to play the part of high priest. No unseemly hurry marks his performance of his august office. He glances round calmly, then slowly raises the sacrificial knife and plunges it into the pudding A suppressed murmur of satisfaction rises. Ambrosial essences ascend.

The secret of this great masterpiece's component parts remains locked in the heart of the proprietor, a sacred trust for ever. It is essentially a mystery of the house. Proprietor hands it on to proprietor, and he to his heirs executors or assigns, but it never leaves the Cheshire Cheese ; and however much habitual consumers may believe that they have sounded the depths of its mystery, talking glibly of rump steak and oysters, they know well in their heart of hearts that there is a hidden something lurking under that shield of paste which defies analysis and remains cookery's unknown factor. How many brilliant articles and searching criticisms has not this pudding inspired?

Not that journalists and critics are the sole specimens of the literary guild who enjoy the good things provided by this unassuming old place of entertainment, which



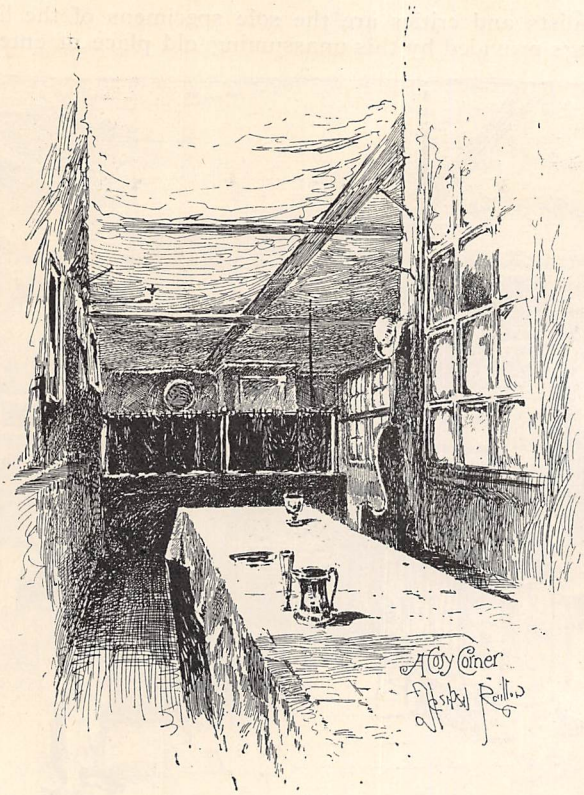
THE CHOP ROOM FIREPLACE.

has kept its hospitable doors open in Wine Office Court for over two centuries. Authors and actors are seen sometimes at its bar ; and at regular intervals a smart brougham drawn up at the entrance of the narrow passage from Fleet Street signals that one of the most successful of our modern dramatists is refreshing the inner man. Others of almost equal standing may be seen here at times, too, discussing a rival's latest success or failure, with all that wealth of detail appropriate to the occasion, and recuperating exhausted nature after the unsettling excitements of a first night.

But everywhere a general feeling of fraternity prevails—proper to time-stained walls which have listened unmoved to the literary bickerings of two hundred years, and which will continue, all must hope, to do the same impartial office for the benefit of a future generation ; when the works, and the successes, and the failures, and the quite immaterial hopes and despondencies of the present, will be matter for casual comment of stray antiquaries, who have unearthed back numbers of comic journals in the Print Room at the British Museum.

That the future of such an historic tavern as this Cheshire Cheese is safe, is a hope reasonably to be relied upon. Its *clientèle* is compact and faithful ; its sequestered site, out of any possible main line of improvement, guarantees it against the deplorable fate

which overtook its great rival and prototype. The Cock perished to make way for a more imposing structure. A fact which posterity may have cause to dwell upon. No further such improvements, we trust, are meditated in this part of Fleet Street. Long may the ripe Old Cheshire Cheese stand! In its independence and simplicity, in the flavour of the fireside which lurks about it, it is symbolical of the best and strongest side of our hospitable life. No false note of entertainment rings here. In an age of imitations transplanted to an uncongenial soil this old house glories in its originality still. It is a tavern, and not a restaurant. It is English.



A COSY CORNER.

CHURCH SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

By the HON. EDWARD PIERSON THESIGER, C.B.

RATHER more than a hundred years ago a pious layman of the city of Gloucester sowed a seed, of which it may with truth be said, that when it had grown it became "greater than all herbs and shooteth out great branches." When we know that in Great Britain alone there are more than 6,000,000 children in attendance at the Sunday-schools, that is to say 1,000,000 in excess of the number of children attending in our day-schools, notwithstanding the fact that attendance at the former is voluntary while at the latter it is, or is supposed to be, compulsory; when we consider that Sunday after Sunday there are more than 600,000 men and women who without fee or reward cheerfully give their services as teachers of this vast body of children we may fairly say that no modern institution has made so rapid a progress in a few years as that of Sunday-schools. And the Sunday-school system has not been confined to Great Britain: in America, in Australia, in Canada, wherever indeed the English language is spoken, Sunday-schools have been established and flourish, so that it has been computed that throughout the world there cannot be less than 1,500,000 teachers and 12,000,000 scholars; the seed has become a great tree and has shot out great branches which have filled the whole earth. I doubt whether Robert Raikes, when he opened his first Sunday-school in St. Catherine-street, Gloucester, with a staff of four teachers, realized what a tremendous work he was commencing. It is true no doubt that he did not intend to be satisfied, as others had been before him, with a mere isolated effort in his own city, and it is for this reason that we regard him, and rightly regard him, I think, as the founder of the Sunday-school system. Long before the time of Raikes, holy and earnest persons had been in the habit of gathering children together on the Lord's Day and giving them religious instruction. Individual efforts had been made from time to time by Roman Catholics, Nonconformists, Church of England clergymen and laymen to encourage a more devout observance of Sunday by collecting together the children in their districts to teach them the truths of the Gospel. Mr. Townshend Meyer who has carefully studied the early history of Sunday-schools gives the following striking description of some of the early pioneers of the movement:—

"A striking and dramatically contrasted group is made by these early founders of Sunday-schools. The Cardinal Archbishop of Milan (Cardinal Borromeo) a prince of the Roman Church, yet all his life 'the bold opponent of her enormous abuses" as severe in self-denial as munificent in charity; Alleine, the ascetic, tender-hearted Nonconformist, the fire of whose zeal stimulated a weak body to fatal over-work; the beautiful, witty, accomplished, yet 'perverse' young widow, Mrs. Boevey, glittering in her white and silver raiment; the learned Unitarian enthusiast, Lindsey, long struggling between ties of family and associations which bound him to the Establishment as Vicar of Catterick, and chaplain to his godfather the Earl of Huntingdon, and stings of conscience which told him he was no longer her consistent servant; the quiet, gentle young Methodist, Ha... Ball, with her peaceful home and orderly ways; and lastly, old weaver Jemmy, toil-battered, shrewd and kindly, clattering his brazen pestle and mortar to call his troupe of ragged urchins about him—all in their several modes and districts paving the way for the good work to be done by the prosperous, practical, Gloucester printer, with the aid of his modest clerical colleague, the late Berkshire curate, and some time master of King's School in the cathedral city."

It would be easy to multiply the names of men and women who, before the time of Raikes, had been moved to gather together the children in their parish or neighbourhood into what might very fairly be called a Sunday-school class in order to train them in religious knowledge; but the essential difference between these efforts and that of Robert Raikes consists in this, that all those who preceded him in the work were content with establishing schools in their own neighbourhood and took no steps to induce others to adopt the system, while Raikes, not content with his own individual work in the city of Gloucester, took every opportunity of urging the adoption of the practice far and wide, and never ceased his advocacy till the scheme was generally adopted throughout the land. As has been well said by Mr. Alfred Gregory in his biography of Robert Raikes: "From cottager to king, all learned of the new institution through Robert Raikes. He raised Sunday teaching from a fortuitous rarity into a universal system. He found the practice local: he made it national." To effect this object he possessed singular advantages. His father was the proprietor of the *Gloucester Journal*, one of the oldest newspapers extant, and being a philanthropist as well as a journalist delighted to make his journal the organ of every good cause. The son, who became editor of the newspaper at the early age of twenty-two, made full use of these advantages. He used its pages to recommend his new scheme throughout the length and breadth of the land, and the movement, which had before only been heard of in a few remote villages or provincial towns, soon began to spread and establish itself as an essential part of the parochial system. In attributing however to Mr. Raikes the credit of having created the Sunday-school system it would be unfair not to remark that he was greatly assisted in his work by a Church of England clergyman, the Rev. Thomas Stock, who was at that time head-master of the Gloucester Cathedral-school.

We should however be quite wrong if we were to regard the Sunday-schools which were established a century ago as analogous in all respects to those of the present day. Those were days when the blessings of compulsory education were unthought of, and when in many districts no provision whatever was made for any secular education at all; so that in estimating the work which Sunday-schools have achieved, we ought not to lose sight of the influence which they have exercised on the spread of primary education throughout England. It is no doubt true that the chief motive which influenced Raikes in establishing Sunday-schools in the city of Gloucester was pity for the degraded moral condition of the children of the poorer classes, and an earnest desire to bring religious influence to bear upon them to elevate them to a higher moral standard, but in doing this he must have found the secular knowledge of these children at so low a point that he was compelled to do something to strengthen their minds and intelligence if he were to have any hope of appealing successfully to their consciences. In addition therefore to the religious teaching which was given to the children as its main purpose, the imparting of a knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic, subjects now relegated to the Day-school, were regarded as a scarcely less important work of the Sunday-school. Another point in which the early Sunday-schools differed from those of the present day was that the services of the teachers were not given, as is almost, if not quite, without exception the case at the present time, gratuitously, but were rewarded by a small payment; and it will give some idea of the vastness of the organization of the Sunday-school system in these days to learn that it would require an income of £1,300,000 each year to pay the whole of the teachers engaged in the work, if they only received each of them the moderate remuneration of one shilling each Sunday for their services, as in the earliest days of the establishment of the system.

I feel that I shall not carry with me the concurrence of the most earnest advocates of the Sunday-school system when I say that it is, has always been, and still continues to be, my opinion, that in an ideal state of Church life, Sunday-schools ought not to be a necessary part of parochial organization. If all parents, guardians, and god-parents did their duty, religious instruction would be imparted to the children in their own homes, and there would be no idea of delegating this responsibility to others.

Sunday-schools are, then, in my opinion, only a substitute for home-teaching. The question is perhaps only of academic interest, for it must be admitted that these responsibilities are even among what are called the upper classes, very generally neglected, and among the poorer classes, possibly to a great extent owing to the existence of Sunday-schools, almost wholly ignored. The main purpose then of

Sunday-schools is to take the place of the parent, and in the words of the Baptismal Service to see that the children "be virtuously brought up to lead a godly and a Christian life," and "be taught what a solemn vow promise and profession," they made through their god-parents at their baptism. It will be seen, that from my point of view, though the Sunday-school fulfils duties which might and should be performed by the parent, it does not in any way usurp the functions of the parish clergyman. He has a responsibility in regard to the children of his congregation as well as towards its adult members, the chief one being that which was laid upon him after the Reformation, that he should "diligently upon Sundays and holydays, after the second lesson at evening prayer, instruct and examine so many children of his parish sent unto him as he should think convenient in some part of their Catechism." The Sunday-school does not relieve him of this responsibility, but rather makes the efficient exercise of it possible, for it supplies the children with the religious knowledge on which his periodical instruction and examination may be based. It would be quite unfair to say that the establishment of Sunday-schools has had the effect of superseding the practice of catechising. On the contrary the revival of children's services in the Church of England has been coincident with the increase of efficiency in Sunday-schools, and has been due in no small measure to the prompting of persons interested in Sunday-school work.

It being admitted that it is the function of the Sunday-school to supply the religious teaching which a careful mother would wish to impart to her own child there will be no difficulty in determining the course of instruction which should be followed in our Church Sunday-schools. Most children spend from eight to ten years of their life there, and in that time it should be possible to teach them the principal events of the Old Testament, to enable them thoroughly to know and understand the teaching of the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles, to encourage them to a private study of the Bible, and to implant in their minds an assurance that it is the word of God.

It is in short her first duty to see that the children are trained up to be *Christians*. But her duty does not stop here. The days are long past when there was one undivided Church throughout the world, and however unwilling we may be to magnify the differences which divide the Church of England from the Roman Catholic Church, on the one hand, and from the various Nonconformist sects on the other, however tolerant we may be of those who think differently to ourselves in matters of doctrine, we must not fear to state that it is the duty of a Church Sunday-school to teach to the children under her care most clearly and distinctly the doctrines of her Church, and enable them to answer the question which many, who ought to know better, are unable to answer, "Why am I a Churchman?" And for this purpose the Prayer-Book has provided a manual of instruction which ought to be known through and through by every child who has passed through a Church Sunday-school. In her Catechism she puts forth in the clearest and yet simplest forms the truth with regard to the two sacraments, she points out how the cardinal doctrines of the Gospel are taught in the Apostles' Creed, and that the Lord's Prayer contains a manual of prayer applicable to all the circumstances of the Christian life.

It may not be a *complete* exposition of Church doctrine, there may be other points with which, in view of the controversies of the present day, it may be regretted that its compilers did not deal, and the Lower House of the Convocation of Canterbury has endeavoured quite lately to supply some of these omissions, but it speaks much for the respect with which this old manual of instruction is regarded that the Church at large has hesitated to endanger its position by adding to it any statements which might be looked upon by any school of thought in the Church as controversial.

This then is the purpose of a Church Sunday-school, so to instruct the children in Church doctrine that they may all come to confirmation, and, becoming regular and intelligent communicants, may grow into full members of the Church; then to give them such a knowledge of Bible history, such an interest in religious matters as may encourage them, when they grow up to become themselves active Church workers, and lastly, so to influence their hearts and minds that they may live sober, righteous, and godly lives amid the temptations of this evil world.

What machinery then has the Sunday-school for accomplishing this purpose? What ought the organization to be by which this object is to be attained? It is of primary importance that the Sunday-school should be not only under the nominal headship, but under the constant and earnest supervision, of the Incumbent of the parish. On him must rest the responsibility of selecting the course of instruction to be given, he

should himself choose the teachers, and by gathering them together at periodical instruction classes, so imbue them with a knowledge of his own views of Church doctrine that they may be able to pass on this knowledge to their scholars, and so train them up to be loyal members of his congregation when they have passed out of the Sunday-school. He should have a thorough knowledge of the lines on which the school is worked and by frequent visits to the school see that it is being carried on in accordance with his wishes. However tempting it may be to the overworked town Incumbent to delegate this work to one of his assistant curates, he should resist the temptation. It can never be too often pointed out that the future of a country depends upon its children, and so a clergyman, if he wishes in years to come to do an effective work in his parish, must gain the respect and affection of the children in his Sunday-school, that they, when they grow up, may become constant worshippers in his church and earnest fellow workers with him in the parish. But having gained this general knowledge of the working of the school, having laid down the line of teaching to be given there he may wisely leave the details of organization to another; and the paramount necessity for a thoroughly efficient Sunday-school is a good superintendent. Teachers may possibly be manufactured, but superintendents must be heaven born. They must have qualities of a very high order perfectly to fulfil the duties of their position. Like a general they have to command men, and so must have the power of extorting obedience from those working under them; but it must be a cheerful and willing obedience founded on respect for the character of the commander and confidence in the wisdom and justice of his commands. Their whole heart must be in the work; they must be the trusted friends of all the teachers; they should be personally acquainted with all the children. Every detail connected with the management of the school should be settled by them, after consultation with, though not necessarily in accordance with the wishes of, the teachers in their school. A superintendent should never be absent from the school, except from illness or during the few weeks' holidays which he may allow himself during the year, when he should see that an efficient deputy is there in his place; his whole heart should I say, be in the work, it should be his one interest, his hobby if you will, and therefore this work can best be done by a layman, and not by a clergyman who must necessarily have other parochial duties to share his interest.

The ideal is a high one, but the matter is one of supreme importance. A strong superintendent makes a disciplined and efficient Sunday-school; the best staff of teachers will fail if their chief is weak. I have dwelt rather strongly on this point, because if the organization of a school (which depends mainly on the superintendent) is satisfactory, everything else will fall naturally into its place and work smoothly. The teachers will be influenced by the example of regularity and punctuality, the children will acquire habits of discipline and attention and the wheels of the machine will work smoothly. In every school there should be a teacher for every ten children at the most—eight is better. Subject to the general rules of the school teachers should be allowed perfect independence in the management of their class, and should be considered wholly responsible for its discipline. Except in very exceptional cases the superintendent should not interfere between the teachers and their class; all directions by him to the children should be given through the teacher. There ought to be a regular course of lessons, selected by the Incumbent of the parish, and so arranged as to cover in a course of years the whole range of Scripture and Church teaching of which I have before spoken, and this course of lessons must be the basis on which the instruction of each teacher to the children must be founded; but the mode in which the instruction is given may, subject to its being in conformity with the doctrinal views taught in the parish church, be left to the discretion of each individual teacher. One will prefer the catechetical mode of teaching, another may have a greater gift for imparting instruction in the form of an address. Though I am myself a strong believer in the superiority as a rule of the former mode, the intellects of the children being sharpened, their interest excited, their attention maintained, the teaching being, as it were, drawn out of themselves by means of questions and answers; still there are teachers who can keep a class in enwrapped interest by putting their lesson into the form of a narrative, who would fail altogether if they attempted the catechetical mode. The children should be encouraged to learn something by heart during the week to say to their teacher on the Sunday—the Collect for the day, a portion of the Epistle or Gospel, a few verses of a hymn—and marks should be given for these lessons as well as for punctuality of attendance and for conduct; and, where prizes are given in a school,

as will probably usually be the case, every child who attains a certain standard should be entitled to receive one. It is, to my thinking, a mistake to give a fixed number of prizes to each class, irrespective of the degree of proficiency and regularity of attendance attained by the children of that class. The more satisfactory plan is to give every child an opportunity of gaining a reward if they are so minded.

In one school with which I am acquainted a special distinction in the shape of a medal is given to every child who is not absent from the Sunday-school once during the year, that is, attends 104 times, and so successful has this plan been in encouraging a regular attendance that, while in a school of 200 boys, the distinction was, during the first year after its inauguration, only gained by three boys, this number has steadily increased year by year, until seven years later it was obtained by no less than fifty, or a quarter of the whole school. A boy obtaining this reward for the second time receives a bar, like that placed on the ribbon of a soldier's war medal, and I know one boy who possesses a medal and six bars, which shows that during the whole seven years of which I have been speaking, he has not been absent on a single occasion from the Sunday-school.

A most important feature in connection with a well organized Sunday-school is the children's service. It is unfortunately the case that this is very commonly held in the school-building itself, in the same room in which the school itself is held. Although it may sometimes happen that there is no alternative, I would urge the extreme desirability of a great effort being made by every parish clergyman to hold these services in the church itself. It is very difficult to get the children to be really reverent in a room which is associated in their minds with the daily drudgery of learning the three Rs, and the Sunday-school has failed in one of its most elementary duties if it does not instil in the minds of its children a reverence for divine worship. Then over and above these weekly children's services, there should be once in the month a public catechizing of the children in church. It is by means of this that the Incumbent will keep in touch with the school, will be able to satisfy himself that the prescribed course of lessons is being rigidly adhered to, is being faithfully and effectively taught, and their meaning sufficiently grasped by the scholars as a whole.

These then are broadly the lines on which a Sunday-school may be effectively worked. It only remains to consider how far the Sunday-school system has fulfilled the intention of its founder. It is admitted by all who have had an opportunity of judging of its work that it has conferred benefits on the country which could have been conferred by no other organization. It has brought religious teaching within the reach of every child in England, it has supplemented the ministerial work of the parish priest by instructing under his superintendence the little ones of his flock, it has repaired the negligence of parents who have been too often indifferent with regard to the religious training of their children, and if we admit, as we are compelled to do, that, even after a century of work, much remains for it still to do, it is only a recognition of the fact that the Sunday-school is, after all, but a human organization, and lacking in the completeness and perfection which characterizes a divine institution. But year by year it is making good its deficiencies, and adapting itself more and more to the needs of the children committed to its care.

The courses of lessons published by the Church of England Sunday-school Institute and other Church societies are all that can be desired to assist the teachers in their responsible work; in many parishes normal classes are held to teach them how to teach; preparation classes are part of the machinery of every well-organized parish; and a vigorous effort is now being made to provide for a systematic visitation and inspection of Sunday-schools. All along the line there is energy, activity, and reality. Spurred on by the secularizing tendency of modern educational legislation, the Church of England is endeavouring by promoting the efficiency of her Sunday-schools to supply the want of that definite dogmatic religious teaching which is no longer permitted to be given in many of the day-schools of this country. The helpers in this work may not in all cases be highly-trained teachers, but their common motive for undertaking the work is the constraining love of Christ, and what is wanting in technical knowledge is made up for in enthusiasm, so that we cannot doubt that this great Sunday-school system inaugurated in such a humble spirit by Robert Raikes a century ago, is destined to do an even greater work in the future than it has accomplished in the past, and be an instrument in God's hands for preserving our dear motherland from the indifferentism, the agnosticism, the scepticism, and atheism which has stained the national life and marred the prosperity of some other nations.

The labours of THE·XII·MONTHS set out in NEW PICTURES & OLD PROVERBS

WISE SHEPHERDS say that the age of man LXXII years and that we liken but to one hole yeare for evermore we take six yeares to every month as JANUARY or FEBRUARY and so forth, for as the yeare changeth by the twelve months, into twelve sundry manners so doth a man change himself, twelve times in his life by twelve ages, and every age lasteth six yeare if so be that he live to LXXII. For three times six maketh eighteen & six times six maketh XXXVI And then is man at the best and also at the highest and twelve times six maketh LXXII & that is the age of a man.

HS. Here comes I, king Cuts and Scars · Right from the Turkish wars. The mummer

DECEMBER

Then cometh DECEMBER full of cold & with frost and snow & with great winds and stormy weather, that a man may not labour nor nought doe: the sun is then at the lowest that il may descend, then the trees & the earth is hid in snow, then it is good to hold them nie the fire, and to spend the goods that they gathered in summer. For then beginneth man's haire to wax white and gray and his body crooked and feeble, & then he loseth the perfect understanding, and that six yeares maketh him full LXXII yeare, and if he live any more, it is by his good guiding & dieting in his youth. Howbeit that a man may live till he be an hundred yeares of age & but there are but few that come thereto. — In DECEMBER keep yourself warm & sleep.

SNOW.

By REV. HARRY JONES

HERE is no lady who changes her dress and wears so many different colours as Mother Nature. I am not thinking of the sky with its clothing of crimson and gold, worn for an hour when the "star-spangled" robe of night is put off, or before it is put on. I make no count of summer blues or winter greys, nor when I look from the sky to the earth do I stop to notice the manifold contrast between the solid ground and the ever-shifting sea. Nor do I point to the different aspects of grass-clad zones, sandy deserts, and polar wastes. I now rather take, say, a few acres in a commonplace English county furnished with no mountains or lakes, and on its woods and fields I see an ever-changing vesture of green, yellow, brown (in many shades) broadly or minutely embroidered with every colour given by blossom and fruit. But I find perhaps the greatest change when these are all thrown off or hidden away and Nature suddenly appears in white. We seldom pause to ponder or even notice divers wholly new conditions of out-door life when the ground is covered with snow. As Emerson said about the shining of the stars, suppose it came once for one week in a hundred years, with what interest we should read of its last appearance, how eagerly we should look forward to its coming, how favoured we should think that generation in which it had appeared! Pause for a moment over the beauty and strangeness of this commonplace visitation. Then, in a day, the many-tinted earth not only becomes white, but so white that the accepted examples of whiteness lose their value, the wool of the whitest sheep becoming (in comparison with it) brown, and the feathers of the swan yellow. A white horse, which is so conspicuous a feature in the field, and looks so clean when led up to the door, reveals an amount of unsuspected dirtiness enough to bewilder the smartest groom, and the most carefully-bleached linen, if hung out to dry, immediately shames the laundress. Seen from a little distance, moreover, much colour loses its significance when surrounded with snow. The green branches of the fir, the brown leaves which still hang upon the oak and beech, the tiled or mossy roof of the cottage, the stained thatch of the stack, the hedges between the fields, the gates in the fence, all help to make the landscape simply black and white. Barring the blue of the sky and red of the setting sun, all colour is banished from the scene. The picture of a countryside, which showed a thousand tints before the flakes began to fall, might be faithfully drawn with pen and ink when Nature has once put on her robes of snow.

But if this soft covering hides much life, and makes a stillness of its own, it presently reveals a surprising abundance of movement. The seemingly deserted fields are, on examination, found to be marked with imprints of claws, far larger than might have been expected from the foot of the lark, finch or fieldfare, and they are also streaked with tracks of those who, though not lions, "seek their meat by night." The silent-footed hare leaves testimony to her passage, unconscious of its significance to the sportsman and the poacher, but the naturalist notes with interest the distances she will travel in search of toothsome food. The scuttling rabbit too has small idea of the mark which it leaves in the world, though it does not make such long business

journeys as its cousin. Indeed, the daylight sometimes shows such a complicated crossing of furry footsteps outside the burrow as to suggest that there could only have been a private dance on the bankside the night before. Then, too, the vermin life of thick hedgerows proclaims itself and bears witness to the wisdom of the farmer who cleans out his ditches in the late autumn with what some might think a superfluous expenditure of labour. But snow betrays the presence of the rat and his relations who have been left in the bankside, and who leave the mean footprints of their dark proceedings in its white tell-tale coverlet. To them indeed a deep and lasting fall sometimes brings unexpected gain, since hedge-birds then occasionally grow so feeble from want of food as to become easy prey. Poor little things! Their weak bills are no match for your frozen ground, even if they could reach through its thick covering. The trustful, or perhaps impudent, robin then finds many to share his confidence. At first they sit apart and make a pretence of putting on another coat by puffing themselves out; but a clean patch sprinkled with crumbs soon shows how hunger will make them all birds of a feather. There is a small party now waiting at such an oasis with timid, sidelong glances at my window, and trying to get the better of the traditional dread which makes them give a wide berth to the owner of the garden in which they have been bred and fed. Have they been told that some men, or boys, might trap them in their distress, or perhaps even sweep the patch again with treacherous sparrow-shot while they were thankfully filling their poor little crops? How is it, moreover, that only some of our more fragile birds have the wit to spend their winters abroad? The conditions of their life would appear to be much the same. They build on the same or contiguous trees. They all, at one time or another, seem to like some kind of fruit and seed. Most have the same jerky flight which must make a journey to, say, the north of Africa, difficult to several of our summer visitants. Those who remain are occasionally frozen to death. I can suppose that, say, the flycatcher sees good reason to flit from a country when its warmth-loving insects disappear and the butterfly is safely packed away as a chrysalis, but why should the thrush stay with us all the year while his brother the redwing goes north, mostly to Denmark and Sweden, to breed, and comes to us only in the winter? The blackbird again, who would make nothing of a trip to Barbary, resolutely sticks to the same garden copse or hedgerows, though sometimes he is starved into a little bunch of feathers and bones. And when snow comes the arrangements of all are seriously disturbed. But though our most fragile migratory birds hop with others about the same lawn all the summer, not one family has ever advised a delicate neighbour to spend Christmas at Algiers, or said where it has been on coming buoyantly back in the spring. Here is the hungry little crowd on the patch under my window, while half its circle of acquaintances are far away, warm and full. They seemed to have had plenty to say to one another for months, there has been no quarrel, they have sung in the same concerts and brought their children up in the same garden, they have basked in the same sunshine, drunk of the same water, and feared the same cat; nevertheless, though the air is free to all, and no passports are asked of any, they let half their friends depart and stay themselves, to run the chance of being bewildered with snow and killed with frost. The only home animals, excluding polar bears and reindeer, that seem at once to enjoy a snowfall are dogs. Cows and horses stand and look at it in silent perplexity, and I remember once nearly driving over a solitary hen lost in wonderment at what had turned the carriage-road white. There she stood with shoulders hunched up and eyes open, though their sense was so shut that I had to fray her away from the wheel. But the dog will circle gaily around his master, barking, snatching the fresh fallen snow up in his mouth, and altogether appreciating the new aspect of the world which it provides.

Much might be said about the very great part that glacier-forming snow has played in the history of the world, when regions far south of Denmark were as Greenland, and no ancestor of Dr. Nansen lived to make his fleeting tracks upon their wide and silent plains. But I think of what may be called the relics of those days which have such unique fascination for the jaded city worker. He yearns to leave the law court, the office, and the library, for those parts of Europe that still retain heights that lie above the snow line. The *névé* of Switzerland, even the sight of it, has not merely its undefined charm for the August-heated tourist. It not only finds room for the unhoused Alpine Club, but gives a retrospective hint, however imperfect, of the white solitude that once reigned over the fields and cities of Europe. It is but a surviving

scrap of the mighty lid of ice that once shut down all signs of life in the earth on which it lay. Its little glacial tongues that are now thrust towards Oberland valleys and Norwegian fiords are the last to tell of those groanings with which rough mountains were scraped smooth and mighty furrows scooped out of the solid rock. But how many summer visitants, with their knapsacks and suits of tweed, think of the ancient days when the sun rose and set upon a boundless surface of snow from which there was no return to Geneva and Charing Cross. Now, they say, the line of snow-producing temperature which irregularly crosses America gives only twelve average days of fall in the year at Paris against one hundred and seventy at St. Petersburg, but from all quarters come summer crowds to see and traverse the last scraps and leavings of the awful unpeopled epoch during which the tent of the North Pole stretched itself over a frozen Europe, and the snow never ceased to fall.

We may, however, still see some effect of the power of snow. It comes down with such innocent softness that we hardly realize its ability to rend branches off the strongest trees, stop all human intercourse by road or rail, and silence any message by the wire. It smothers the sheep of the farmer, imprisons the impatient traveller, countermands the march of armies, and dislocates the business of a nation. It can put a brake upon the train, and create a famine in the city. But against this may be set the good it does when it comes in moderation. Cold though it be, it lays a cloak of warmth upon the tender blade in the field, and keeps the frost from sucking its natural heat out of the soil. It has been found that while the mercury in the thermometer shows thirty-two degrees upon the surface of snow, it marks between forty and fifty upon that of the earth which it covers. However cold snow is such a sluggish conductor of heat that it preserves vegetation from that frost which makes the flake itself. And the good it does is not measured by the shelter which it thus gives to the produce of the soil. Indeed perhaps in its melting it confers its greatest benefits. Rain is precious, but it soon runs off the sloping field, and thus not merely often fails to irrigate but carries away with it that valuable uppermost layer which has been enriched and fertilized by the sun and air. And, worse than this, it sometimes washes off the manure which has been spread upon the field. But the slowly-melting snow soaks into the soil, taking down with it the natural and artificial helps to vegetation which the summer and the farmer have prepared against the coming crop. Snow is economized rain. This is true on a limited and a large scale. It is seen in what I have just said about the retention of the moisture on fields which might have been merely swept by water if it had come down in heavy showers, whereas their due moistening is effected by the slow melting of the snow. This moreover retains, and renders fully effective, whatever manure may have been laid upon them. Again, whereas rain runs off into the rivers which drain a country, melted snow percolates to the springs in the water-bearing strata which, without such a supply, would be in danger of exhaustion. We hear much about wasted rainfall, and reservoirs needed to retain it, and in fact the snow-flake is really a dammed-up rain drop which is kept till it is wanted, instead of being hurried out of the country. This is one way in which snow does good to man. It acts, however, on this same principle on a far larger scale, by providing huge stores of valuable moisture among mountains during the winter. These deposits of snow, when partially melted by the summer sun, supply rivers which would otherwise be injuriously shrunk in hot weather. Indeed, there are districts which would be sorely short of irrigation unless they were periodically flooded by the rivers which traverse them. And this flooding generally comes just at the time when it is most wanted, *i.e.*, after excessive heat which, so to speak, opens the valves of the great cisterns which have been charged during the winter in the high lands. We think of frozen meat and the like being brought from another hemisphere, and perhaps we fancy that this is something new in the economy of life, but in fact Nature has long stored up iced food for the hungry fields in the shape of mountain snow. The white peaks which the Alpine tourist sees are in fact the potential supplies of the hay and corn in the valleys. This might appear to be a somewhat needlessly forced arrangement since the same snow upon the level plain might seem to promise equal or better results ; but then it must be remembered that mountain peaks are, so to speak, to a certain extent, moisture-gatherers and bring more water to the fields below than would have reached them under other conditions. Moreover, the stream that comes down from above brings not only vivifying moisture, but some fertilizing matter which it has picked up by the way, and which it deposits where it comes to be of exceptional

use. This makes the soil of many valleys to be peculiarly rich and productive. It is well known that the sun and air do far more than mature the corn. They ripen also the ground. The plough turns up the soil not merely that seed may find an easier entrance into loosened earth, but that such earth as is only a few inches below the surface may be freshly exposed to the atmosphere and thus recover fresh power. Now when we consider that in a mountain-bordered valley crags are continually being disintegrated and sending down morsels to the fields from above, we see what snow does for the tiller of the soil. It is the snow that melts into the uppermost cracks of the crag which are thus ready to be split off and sent below when the moisture thus lodged has been swelled by the frost and made into a thousand wedges.

In thinking about the manifold uses of snow I might add, that though it mars all intercommunication in some regions, in others it provides the sole means for travel and transportation of goods. In the old days when the North-west provinces of Canada were a great hunting-ground, and furs were stored up at widely separated centres of "forts," it was not till the winter sledge came into work that the lonely huntsmen could communicate with one another or their distant employers. The sledge is not merely an inevitable substitute for the waggon but a vehicle capable of doing what the waggon cannot perform. Indeed in some countries much material cannot be moved till the snow comes. It is thus a carrier, and on a very large scale, as well as a fertilizer. Of course rivers faciliate intercommunication incalculably, but to refer to the old days of North-west Canada again, the mail there could not well start till the water in the rivers was frozen. Then the Indian postman set off with his bags of letters and the chief correspondence of the Hudson's Bay Company was successfully carried on. The snow-powdered flat surface of the streams made a roadway that gave a grip to the feet of the dogs and excellent sliding ground for the runners of the sledge. It is in the winter, too, that lumbering logs are dragged out of the woods over the slippery snow towards the river that shall at last float them down to the saw mill. Indeed as we look at what is done for man by snow we shall not forget to think of it as a carrier which enables the heaviest loads to be slipped towards their destination and the lightest traffic to be conducted with speed.

I have no doubt that much more might be said about the manifold utility of snow. It is prized, however, by many for far more than its severe usefulness. It provides entertainment. Is not sleighing a prime pastime in Russia, the United States, and the Dominion? What a leading part does the Toboggan fill in winter among the dwellers in those lands! What exceptionally impetuous and yet carefully prepared moments of enjoyment does it not afford, enabling the quietest and most correct to enjoy the fastest pleasure of life! Then, too, the snow-shoe clubs, or whatever they are called, indicate another feature of the recreation which is eagerly relished by those who consider themselves fortunate in being supplied with a sufficient fall of snow. With snow-shoes the sportsman can better follow some kinds of game, while those who are not thus bent may, and do, simply slide and travel about for the mere pleasure of sliding; not on ice but snow.

And, to look nearer home, how immediately the first fall is pounced upon by ten thousand boys as a rare and special vehicle of that pure delight which is felt in snow-balling. And the beauty of it is that this same material makes the rampart as well as the ammunition, *i.e.*, if the "fall" be enough to build a wall or fort as well as arm the garrison. Indeed I believe an ordinary honest boy would at once give "snow-balling" as the one supreme, distinguishable excellence associated with snow. For this perhaps he chiefly values its descent, although it may be admitted that the making of snow men comes second in his estimation of its worth, or usefulness. For primitive modelling is dear to many children. But the material is limited when it is wax, or hard (as wood), requiring patience to be shaped, or (being clay) so heavy (not to say dirty, which makes it repulsive to a boy) as to preclude the creation of none but statuettes. Moreover, under some of these conditions it involves the making of a mess within doors as well as of a model, and thus provoking remonstrance on the part of unappreciative seniors. Again, as with wax or sufficiently plastic and cohesive earth, the material is not always easy to be had. But when snow comes all the difficulties attached to the business are seen to vanish. There is abundant stuff with which to work. It is provided out of doors. It is clean, light, tenacious and white as Parian marble. The scale too, on which the artist can realize his desires is enlarged. And when all is done, and the approbation of an admiring domestic

world has been enjoyed by the talented designer, there is no fear of any disappointing change in general opinion. The favourable sentence has no opportunity of being reversed. The first gratifying impression is sure to survive, since the statue itself disappears before damaging second thoughts have time to arise. The triumphant realization of desire is reached, and its memory is for ever fresh and unimpaired. There is no fear lest the once successful result should be put aside as an attempt which cruel time pronounces to be unsuccessful, however well intentioned. It is not reckoned as merely indicative of undeveloped genius, since the deliberate critic is disarmed by the disappearance of what its talented possessor had produced. The figure grows rapidly under the artist's hands. A pipe is put into its mouth (I do not know why this cold statuary should be always associated with fire and smoke), and the verdict of a discerning public is no sooner challenged than it is given with approval. And, as I have said, its reversal is prohibited by the nature of the conditions under which it has been obtained. Even the dissolution of the realized dream is not without its recommendations, for the artist sees his conception melt with interest in its departure. He watches with new enjoyment to see which limb or feature will next drop off or become obliterated. Among the uses of snow we must not reckon as least the parenthetical pleasure it gives to thousands of boys.

I have said nothing of its "beauty," though this is the first light in which its very name suggests itself to many. The purity of its whiteness, not only provides the best known illustrations of innocence and perfect pardon, but is itself unique, as seen on the widest plain or in the smallest flake. What, in its way, can be more beautiful than its deposition on the branches of trees, and where can we find more grace than in the curves of a meadow drift, or the cornice which fringes some Alpine edge? Perhaps, however, its manifold and delicate beauty has been most appreciated in the crystals which go to make up a single flake. Their shapes are hardly less numerous than the gently-descending spots of white which fill the air when it falls. Those concerned in such investigations tell us that no less than a thousand differently shaped crystals have been already distinguished in snow. Each is perfectly symmetrical. Not one irregularly formed particle can be found among the countless items which are launched from above and come to us in a common fall of snow. Their delicate fabrics may presently be broken, but as they are sent forth each is complete in structure, and yet it would, I believe, be true to say that no two are precisely alike. Leaves, feathers, down, and endless minute forms of fitness delight those who peer into the crevices of creation, but there is a permanence in their use which does not appear in snow. The transitory nature of the crystals which help to form a single flake is perhaps the most significant witness to the generous beauty expended on what is called the world of insignificance.

In its power, its minuteness and width of beauty, in its influence in the world of men, on its past effects, and present often unappreciated usefulness, as well as in its dissimilarity to much that is common, there are few things which could well interest a thoughtful observer more than such an ordinary winter visitant as snow.

BY JAMES BAKER ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER CRANE

IN THE PELOPONNESUS

GREEK TRAVEL IS IN A TRANSITION STATE, AND IS FAST LOSING THE PLEASANT PRIMITIVE MODES OF RIDING ACROSS a roadless land, or driving over tracks that may not be termed roads. The days of the dragoman are fast being numbered, and ere long, alas! that it must be said, but too probably circular railway tours will be established to all the principal points of interest in Greece.

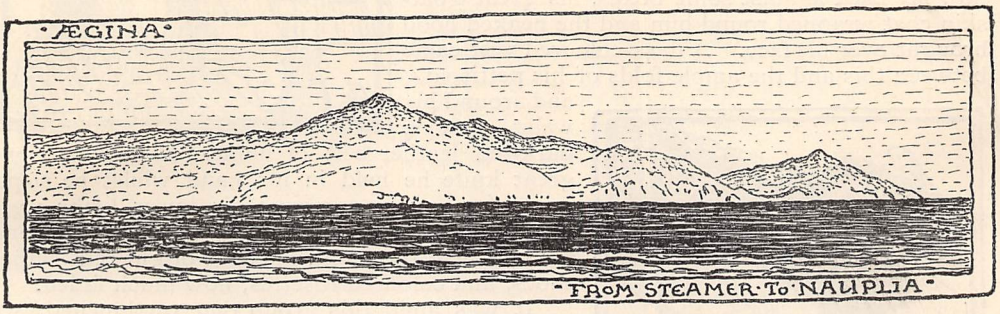
But not yet. There is still the charm of wild rough life. Mule-riding, and rough roadless driving, and life amidst a peasantry untouched by city taint, must still be enjoyed by those who would see Greece as she is; and although the rail now runs from Corinth to Nauplia, yet those who adopt this as their means of transit to Mykenæ and Tiryns lose half, nay, three-fourths, of the charm of a visit to these buried cities of a mythic past.

There is a pleasant compromise obtainable to those starting from Athens upon this journey, between riding or driving the entire distance, or wholly sacrificing the road and going by rail—a compromise that gives additional pleasure to the visit, and the preparatory rest of a glorious voyage amidst the isle-set Ægean Sea.

A cool fresh air was blowing in from Salamis ere the sun had yet climbed above Hymettus, to glint the Parthenon, as we drove

from Athens along the Piræus road to embark for Nauplia. The quay wall at the port was lined with pirogue-like boats of many a colour, and all draped with rugs and carpets of richly-blended hues. Into one of these we passed, to be pulled out to the little steamer that was already packed with human beings bent upon keeping Eastertide in their own homes. We soon steamed away out past the two little lighthouses and the tongue of land known as the site of the tomb of Themistocles. As we open up the little rocky isle off Salamis, half-a-dozen white-sailed boats are gently sailing into where the Persian boats lay when their king, awaiting on his rocky seat above them, their triumph, watched their defeat. We could well see as we sailed on the bit of a circle of rock from whence the whole strait could be seen; and very lovely now did it look just lit by the morning sun—the rippling blue sea and tiny wavelets, the distant hills in soft blue mist, and the nearer heights of that delicate grey, flecked by dark cloud-shadows.

We were soon nearing the island of Ægina, and looking out sharply for a glimpse of the famous temple of Athena, whose columns yet cap the heights beyond the town.



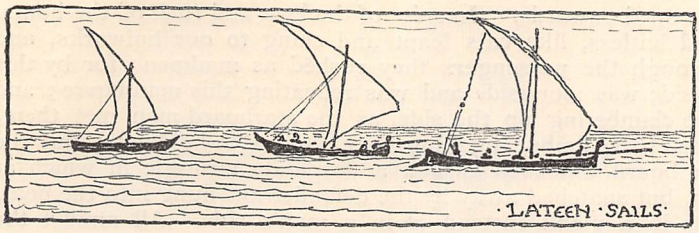
But our search for the pillared height was broken by a darting group of dolphins that were playing and leaping ahead of us, and we were glad for a little while to watch their gambols as their green and white bodies darted and rose and fell in the clear blue waters—waters from which one would not be surprised to see arise fair nereids or an aphrodite, for its crystal depths seemed a fitting home for beings of tenderness and love. The idea of Venus arising from the ocean is hardly to be grasped in northern seas, or in the deep purple, black lines of mid-ocean; but amid these Greek islands such a vision would seem but in harmony with the voluptuous nature of sea and isle and heaven. Here, as we neared Ægina, the reddish-brown rocky isles are seen floating in an emerald and purple-blue sea, that fringes them with strange colour, and then stretches away into the deepest blue. Away to the right were the snow-clad hills glowing pink in the sunlight.

As we sailed round the rocky yellow point of Ægina, with its little white lighthouse that the sun tinges with a pinkish hue, the whole broken-up steep shores of the Peloponnesus lay upon our right, and the straight channel ahead of us, excessively blue, is dotted with a swaying white lateen sail or two. We had caught ere reaching this point a glimpse of the pillars of Athena's temple, cleaving sharply the clear blue of the sky, and now we were watching the boats from the port pitch and leap in the sea, now a delicate green. The little town, so famous and powerful some 2,500 years ago, lay on the brown hill-side; the houses, white and square, and some yellow, hardly distinguishable from the yellow soil. A green circle of sloping heights now bright with spring foliage rose above them up to the rocky caps and peaks of varied shapes. We lay off the island long enough to watch the almost fierce activity of its boatmen, and to let our thoughts wander back into the days when Ægina was a power in the East, and her merchants traded far and wide; and the day of Salamis might have ended otherwise but for the bravery of her children. So crowded were the associations that swarmed into the mind that until now we had scarcely noticed the modern Greeks who so thickly swarmed on the deck of our steamer; but as we sailed away from this island we looked down from the bridge upon the strange and varied groups around us. The whole deck was occupied by people of every grade and most varied costume. Just beneath the bridge were crowded together a quantity of sheep, with long, merino-like hair; and looking after them was a shepherd or two in white petticoats and great hooded goat-skin coat. Other Greeks were seated about, wearing handkerchiefs

upon their heads, and vests and sashes of rival colours. One in white shirt-sleeves and spotless petticoats, wore a bright cardinal red sash, a vest that was dark grey in front, with blue pattern velvet, and the shoulder straps bound with yellow braiding. Another vest was of crimson velvet embroidered with yellow braiding. The women lay back upon the seats, their faces swathed in their coloured head-dresses, and many with the lower part of their face covered. One sailor perched upon the bulwarks formed a picturesque figure, with dark-red, half-fez, half-Scotch cap, a dark-blue shirt bound round the waist with a sea-green scarf, and bluish trousers. The shepherd had gone to sleep after attending to his sheep, and now lay back against some boxes, his great goat-skin coat wrapped round him and the peaked hood brought over his face. A dark-coloured vest came between this and the ample folds of his petticoats, and around his waist was a dark-red leather belt of numerous pockets; one great knife he held in his hand whilst he slept, ready for any emergency; his lower limbs were bound round with semi-white, tight gaiters, and his feet were shod with the once bright red leather shoes, and coloured rosettes, now much faded.

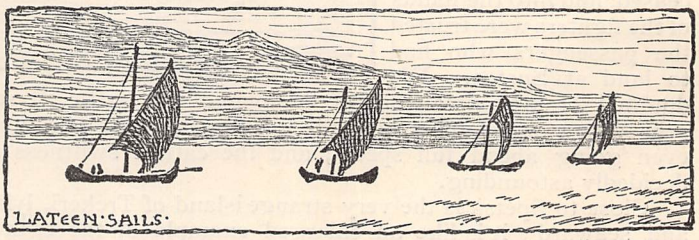
It was amid this group that we lunched, we heathen, amid the fasting Greeks, who looked on in silent wonderment at such a group in such a spot, only awaking to excitement and interest when a certain doctor of the party, who was a good amateur photographer, prepared to focus the table and the surrounding crowd; and few stranger photographs have ever been taken than this upon the Sefnos steamer just as we were running up to the rugged island of Hydra—a name that at once brings up the second labour of Hercules to the mind; but it was not here that the Hydra was slain, but at Nyli, not far from Argos, whither we are wending amid the swamps of Lerna; and modern writers strive to prove that this labour was the useful work of draining the swamps and making them fruitful instead of death-dealing; and surely the aid of the firebrands of Iolaos is suggestive of such a work.

When we again ascended the bridge, a point of advantage luckily retained for us, as we shortly proved, we found we were between Hydra and the mainland, and just running up to the little white town that was lying between the grey and black rocks; a few trees round it, or rather amidst it, between the houses, but all around dry, and arid, and hot. Ahead of us the blue sea was land-locked by dotted rocky isles and rising sloping grey headlands, and far ahead beyond these are the misty blue hills, vague yet defined, one little tiny pyramid of pink now overtopping all. As we came nearer, the town (which we could now see was of some size) went up the ravine, the

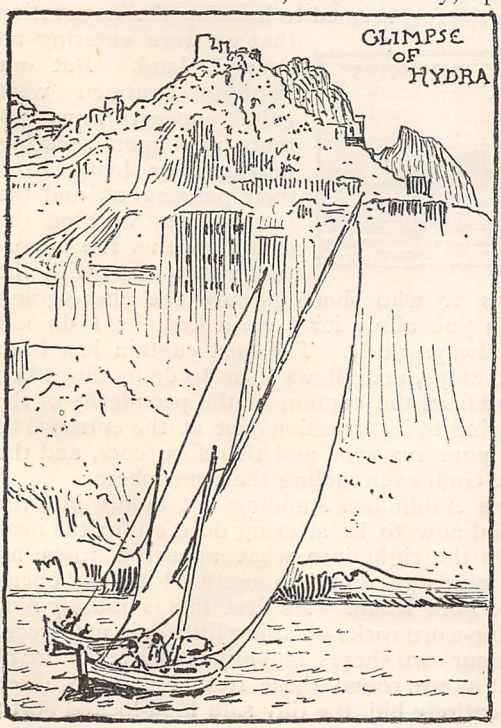


houses all white, but scored with many windows, and soon we saw, what had been quite hidden, the horseshoe-like harbour, all filled with shipping. A secure, snug, safe place, and a lovely bay with the houses creeping down on each side to the blue water's edge. An embattled wall ran round the town, and three or four martello-like towers were still standing and aided the wall-defence that crept up to the overhanging peaks above.

Our captain was a Hydriot, and so also was a lad of the ship's company who stood near us, and as we sailed away from the island the captain's family were at a window to greet him, and the lad borrowed our glasses to see his friends, who were waving to him from a balcony. The island is inhabited largely by Albanians, a population that seems to be the flower of Greece for daring and hardihood, either on the mountain-side or upon the sea. Their goat-like surety and activity upon their mountains, and their cat-like activity and daring upon their boats and sailing ships, make them a formidable foe in border warfare, as they amply proved in the war of freedom. As to their fierceness we had an example of that ere the day was over. The fact that their island was never occupied by the Turks is a standing proof of their bravery.

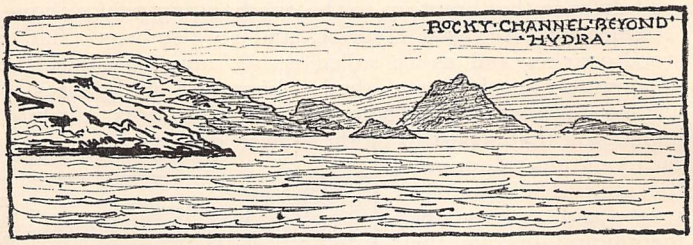


As we left Hydra, our outward path seemed blocked by curious rocky isles, with contorted irregular strata, covered on the south side by the grotesque form of the prickly pear. Peaked islets and bold bluffs formed a series of lava-locked bays, most blue and most beautiful; and far away, up one of these bays, we saw the sun lighting up two boats' sails, of just the hues Ægeus watched for; yearning for the one and dreading to catch sight of the other when awaiting the return of his son Theseus. The intense contrast of the two sails, the one a dark blackish red, the other glittering white, both some miles away from us, was very striking, and told how from afar in this clear atmosphere the difference could be noted.

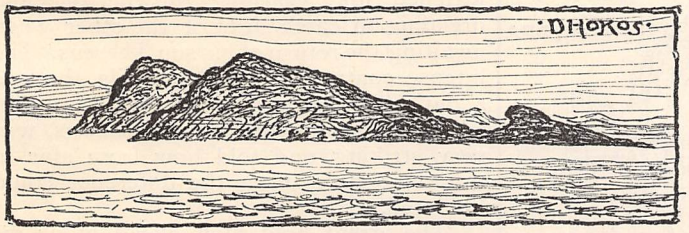


The great bold bluff ahead of us we found to be the island of Dhokos, and beyond this again we now sighted Spetsa. As we pass under the steep, precipitous, grey and reddish-brown cliffs of Dhokos, the sea is most strangely beautiful. The rock-brown, reflected in the sea upon which the sunlight is shining, forms a lovely, glittering, blue and amber sea: an effect of light that was extremely lovely. But our attention was reluctantly withdrawn from this wondrous effect, to watch two large sailors' fishing boats, that were just ahead and lying in our track. They each contained about eight men and seemed awaiting us, but we steamed on at full speed regardless of them; but as we neared them, the starboard boat, which was closest to

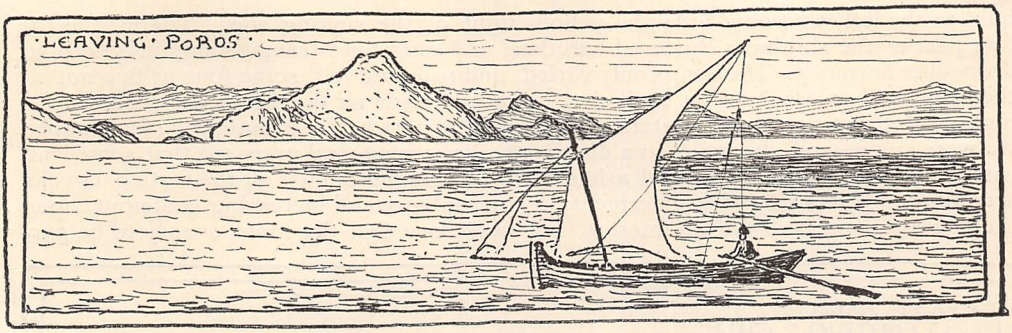
us, deftly hitched on as we sped onwards. In spite of the leap and rush of the boats, the fishermen, shoeless and hatless, like cats leapt and clung to our bulwarks, and scrambled on board. Through the passengers they rushed as madmen; for by this time the boat on the port-side was alongside and was repeating this manœuvre; and the fishermen in her were clambering up the side, as the starboard men met them, seized them by the throats, hair, limbs, anything that was catch-holdable; but the port-side men swarmed on board, and then ensued a desperate struggle in which at least one knife was drawn, but snatched away by the defender and flung into the boat, where it was left sticking in a plank instead of in a man's side. All amidst the passengers, who were hustled, and rushed here and there, the combatants fought on; some being nearly throttled, others losing a good deal of hair. After about six or seven minutes' fighting and shouting, some agreement seemed suddenly to arise, or the steamer slowing for the island stayed the battle; for the scrimmage ceased, and into the hands of the fighters were trusted the passengers who had to land at Spetsa. We doubted for some time what would come of this battle, it seemed so in earnest, and it proved how sixteen men armed in open boats could seize upon such a steamer as ours, even going ahead full speed; and the catlike swiftness and agility of the men was decidedly astounding.



Close to Spetsa is the very strange island of Trekeri, lying a little way out eastward and seaward; it is like an enlarged example of the twin fortress of the Trosky in Bohemia; two great hills at each end of the island connected with a high-level platform-like strip of land. To balance these heights on the right or mainland side is the bold headland of Cape Aimilianos, and ahead is Spetsa, the whole forming a perfect picture of form and wondrous colour. The town of Spetsa is like Hydra as regards the houses, but not so lovely in situation. It straggles down the hillside to a low point, off which lie a ship or two; a round tower; a tiny group of dark cypresses end the island shore, and as we brought up, a cannon fired from the fort seemed to keep up the suggestion that we were entering an enemy's land. But our fighting boatmen were calm enough now, intent only upon securing drachmæ or leptæ from their passengers, and the few minutes' wait off the island gave us the opportunity of a chat with the captain over the fight. It was simply as to who should secure the shore-going passengers we were told. "But why do you allow it?" we asked. "I do not allow it," replied the captain, "but they always do it. The port captain has been complained to frequently, but he takes no steps, and allows them to do as they like; and so I cannot prevent it." We also heard from the captain of the peculiarity of the climate of Spetsa, that it is never warm owing to its situation just at the entrance to the Gulf of Argos. The south wind is a pure sea wind and therefore cool, and the east wind blows down in a mistral from the Gulf, ever cooling the atmosphere.



The view aft as we left Spetsa, of Cape Aimilianos standing out boldly into the brilliant sea, was very grand, and we seemed now to be steering dead on for the near shore; but we suddenly turned sharply to the right into what appeared to be an uninhabited bay; but a white house or two peeps up, and then another little bay opens on the left, and we find we are steering into Port Kheli. At first this is entirely hid, and at its mouth are some peculiar, little water-worn rocks—a thing little seen in Greece, where the force of the water is not as around our own shores, and mighty sea sculpture of isolated rock and cavern is very rare. But as we round these fretted rocks we see what before, though close to us, had been entirely hid, the tiny safe land-locked port;



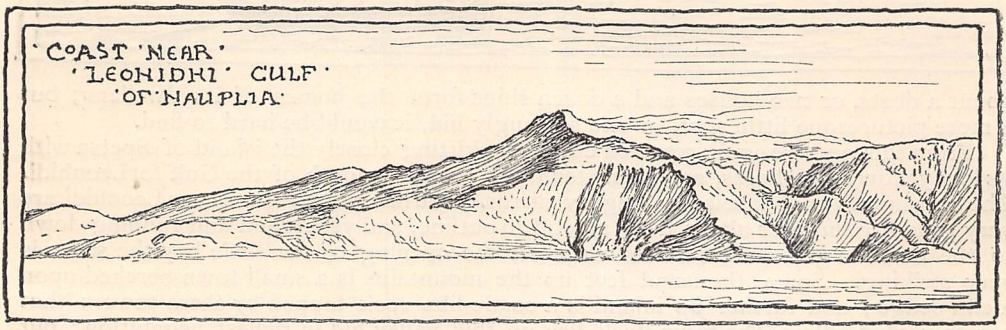
about a dozen or two houses and a dozen ships form the homes of its dwellers ; but a more picturesque little spot, or one so snugly hid, it would be hard to find.

From this port we again retraced our way, skirting closely the island of Spetsa with its low yellow rock shores, and then steamed across the mouth of the Gulf for Leonhidi. The sea smooth and glazed as a mighty mirror. The mountains as we near Leonhidi are very grand, rising tier above tier ; all soft in outline, and yet ridged and running down to the coast in green waves. As we enter the opening of the little bay the scene is very striking. Some thousand feet up the mountains is a small town perched upon a cliff ledge ; and further up inland is a castle-like rock topped by three towers that are now windmills. The town itself lies up this valley hid in richest vegetation ; but a little group of houses on the spit of land in the bay forms a little port, and on the rocks to our left is perched another village on the mountain slope. The little rock that formed a rough boat landing-stage, was crowded with an interesting group of friends waiting for our boat's arrival. Men and boys in picturesque dresses, and just behind groups of mules, and women in brilliant costume. The shouting and cries as we drew near were tremendous. The pretty boats of light pea-green crowded around us ; the men and lads in them, of swarthy faces and black piercing eyes, in white and blue linen shirts. Many of our passengers were children going home from school fo. Easter, and the groups of women and mules were friends come down from the mountains to receive them. And truly the scene was a lovely and strange one. Over all this hubbub and excitement towered the great hills, their lower rocks scored with rich red veins and grey cliffs. The sea, where not in shadows, was now a deep indigo, but where broken up by the light boats, of a lovely light hue. The vegetation in this lovely valley is richly luxuriant. No less than 400 gardens are here, and the cultivation, especially of oranges and pears, is carried to great perfection. Leonhidi pears are famous. Stretching up the valley were these rich gardens, and the houses were hid in the blossoming and fruit-bearing trees. The people of this district are a separate race—speak a separate dialect, "Tzakmen"—descendants of the Pelasgic race, according to some authorities, and if so, descendants of the builders of Mykenæ, and speaking the tongue, probably from their isolated position, fairly much as then spoken ; for as one sees, even where many races have mixed with the inhabitants, the same utensils and tools, and exactly the same ovens and bakers' shops as are proved to have been in use some 2,000 years ago, so it is not improbable that here, where a race has kept closely to itself, the same speech has held its sway for some 4000 years.

But our minds were brought back to present life by our boat swinging round and heading up the Gulf, leaving behind us the great rocks that come down from the high tableland above Leonhidi, like to some great monster roots of a gigantic tree, that were running down into the sea all green and moss-grown with time ; for the hills were clad with verdure.

Onward now we went up the Argolian Gulf, the shore steep, scarped, and indented ; little villages perched upon the platforms and spurs of the mountains ; the sloping hills running down, very varied in form and colour, and some points very effective when two or three windmills cap a peak ; the round towers of light yellow and dull red roofs ; the sails now furled, and the slight framework invisible in the still evening light. As the sun sinks behind the hills, the deep blue gulf becomes a shield of silver-grey, and far away stands out into this, the now ruddy cliffs of Spetsa and the grey hills of Dhokos. The horizon is bounded by a deep dark blue line and the delicate evening yellow light of the sky above. A soft purple haze swathes the near

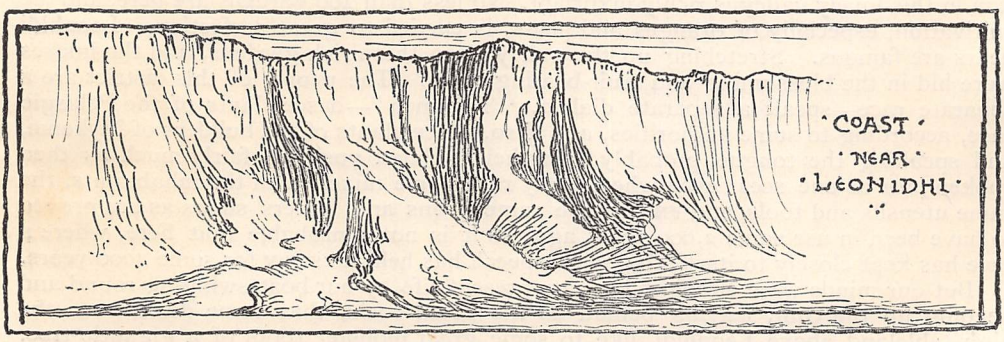
hills on the left, that now hide the yellow light of the sinking sun. The men in the fore part of the ship now clustered together, and sang low strange songs in a peculiar drone-like harmony. The songs only varied, and rose and fell, some four or five notes; the last notes were held on until they sounded much as the drone of distant bagpipes. But just as we were entering the last little port before steaming on for Nauplia we were summoned aft again to a dinner the dragoman had prepared that somewhat astonished us, and made us feel ashamed to be feasting amidst all the fasting Greeks around us. The study of wonderment, or nonchalance and increasing contempt, upon the faces around was full of interest, but made one feel the more uneasy to be par-



taking of the feast. The offer of some fruit to the children around seemed to put us in a somewhat less heathenish light with the parents, for this the little ones might eat.

Night fell as we were at dinner, and when we again ascended the bridge it was to see the dim soft hills lit but by the rounded star globes, that cast silvery waves upon the waters; and onward in the night we went, awakening the hill echoes by glees and songs of various nationalities, or listening to the low, chant-like songs of the Greeks beneath us, until we neared the shore at Nauplia. Along the coast were burning here and there flaming torches and fires, where fishermen were luring the cuttle-fish. A rocket rushed up as we lay to off Nauplia, and we were soon surrounded by boatmen all shouting and gesticulating, but hardly so fierce in their demonstrations as the Spetsa men; and ere long we were safely housed in some fairly clean rooms at the Hotel des Étrangers of Nauplia.

In the morning we were awakened at 4.30 by the bugle call; some of us had been



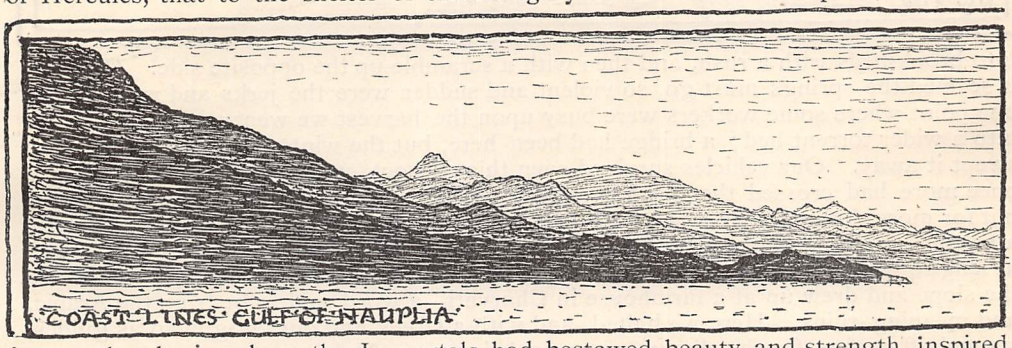
kept awake all night by the watchmen passing round every hour and crying out in musical tones, "Sentry, be awake."

The square outside the hotel is a picturesque spot; a line of graceful aromatic pepper trees gives a grateful shade to the east side, and some plane trees and a rich blue creeper flower add beauty to the scene. The domed mosque-like church with its little square tower is on one side of it, and above the old embattled fort led up to by the green terraced and brown walls. At the corner of the square is a little coffee-house with overhanging eaves, and one or two very weak and tiny trees that seem struggling to grow in the hot arid air.

From the quay the view is most lovely. Away over the blue gulf rises the wide line of hills, all lit by the early yellow sunlight; their dark yet airy caps topped by a

distant pure snow peak. In the centre of the gulf, that in full sunlight is of blue turquoise and in shadow *lapis lazuli* like colour, rises the picturesque little rock isle of Burzi, or Burchi, as it is pronounced.

We did not attempt to climb to either the fort of Itsch Kale or Palamidhi ; the latter named after Palamedes, who was the son of Nauplios, who was the son of Poseidon ; but before the sun gained fuller power mounted our carriages and drove away for our first halting-place, Tiryns. Here before us we had evidence to what an extent had reached this palace, or fortress. There was the watch-tower and outlook for watchman and warrior ; whilst here were the home-rooms with hearth and altar, and simplest yet strangest of all, because it seemed so thoroughly to carry us back into pre-Homeric life, the very bath-room and mighty single-stone floor upon which the feet of Homer's heroes stood as they bathed and anointed themselves. There were yet traces of colour upon the fragments of walls that still stood ; the passages and doorways to the very numerous rooms could be wandered amidst, whilst the mind almost refused to believe that here was the home, the birthplace, of Hercules, that to the shelter of these mighty walls came Bellerophon, and here



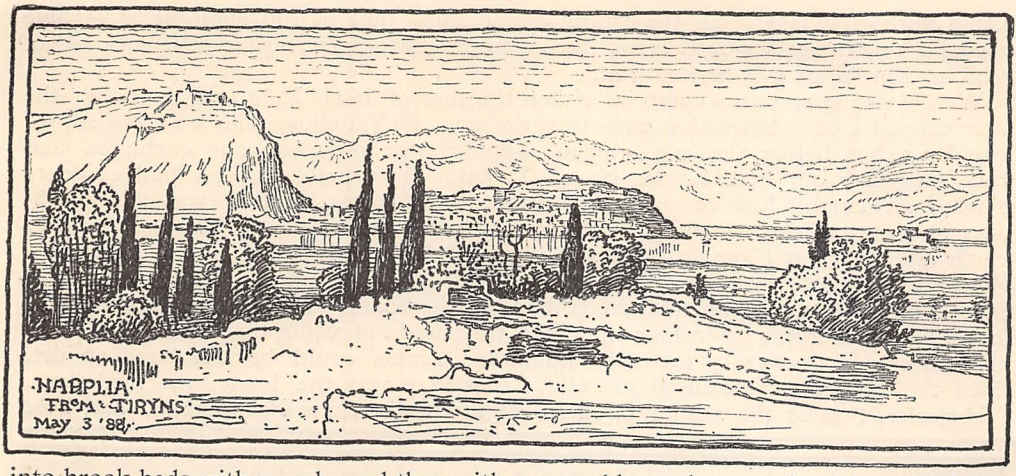
it was that he in whom the Immortals had bestowed beauty and strength inspired the love of Queen Anteia. Of the actual founding of Tiryns, Dr. Schliemann quotes Strabo, who speaks of its fortification (not foundation) by Protios. He employed the Cyclops, seven in number, who came from Lybia, and perhaps the caves about Nauplia, and so the work is called Cyclopean after them. As to the date of the destruction of this stronghold, Prof. Mahaffy and Dr. Schliemann both date it far back into the time of the Doric migration ; that is, about 1,110 years before Christ, and not, as hitherto has been stated, after the Persian war, about 468 B.C.

The care with which the excavations have been carried on in and around these ruins is strangely illustrated by the fact that in the bath-room, in its place where it had actually been used, was found a portion of an earthenware tub made of thick terra-cotta ; and here let Dr. Dorpfeld, Schliemann's co-worker, speak of its discovery. "Its form agreed pretty nearly with that of our bathing-tubs. It was furnished with a thick upper rim, and with strong handles on the sides, and it was painted within with spiral ornament." In fact it was one of the "well polished bathing-tubs often mentioned by Homer." And yet if the argument be good, and that Tiryns was destroyed at the date mentioned, this bathing-tub must have lain there for some 3,000 years, so carefully does the earth preserve records of the past for the patient worker who carefully knows how to set about discovering them.

The dimensions of the blocks of stones used in this fortress have often been written about ; but yet their great size, many nine feet long, strikes one with wonder ; and the perfectness and evenness with which they are piled and built one above the other is very remarkable.

At the east corner is a grand piece of this Cyclopean work—a great tower, led down to by a well-built avenue, the blocks employed being five feet long by eight feet high. At the entrance to this walled avenue stood the square pillars for the doorways, the holes in the pillars still sharply cut.

As we passed up through the narrow straggling roads of Argos, we saw the women in their eastern costume drawing water at the wells ; a fair mountain stream was still coming down from the mountain side. But we soon left the little town behind us, and went out into the hot, "thirsty" indeed, plain, where the sun poured down in fiercest intensity. Onward we galloped, over a track that could not be called a road—down



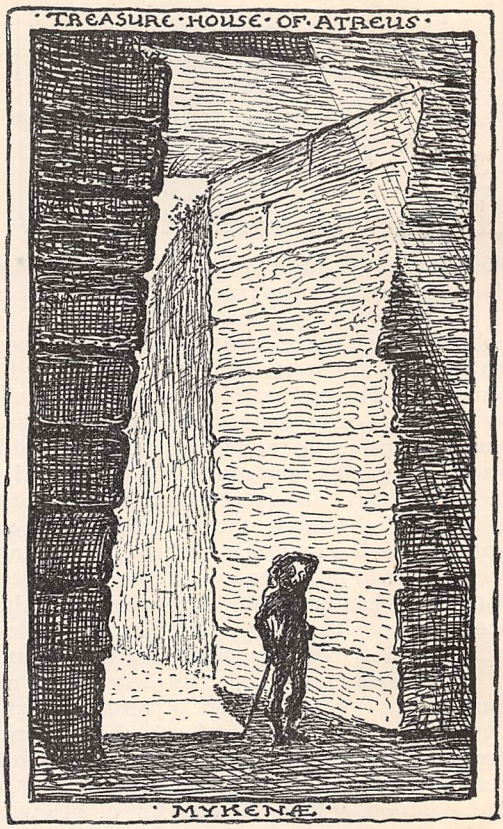
into brook-beds with a rush, and then with a scramble up the opposite side. Ofttimes it seemed the springs must go, so violent and sudden were the jerks and rushes. At one point where some workers were busy upon the harvest we went with a rush down into a wider torrent bed; a bridge had been here, but the winter floods had long ago swept it away. Our vehicles survived even this without coming to grief, and we thus once more had crossed the Inachos. We seemed to be near the opposite mountains, but for more than an hour this rough rush and scramble lasted, and an attempt to write a note in a note-book made but straggling strokes from top to bottom of a page. But at length, without turning aside for the remnants of ruins of the Heræum, we ascended the slope and drew up at a farmhouse in Charvati—a word said to be from the Arabic, and meaning ruins. Here we halted, and with a Greek and our dragoman as guides, started off on foot for the climax to our day's interest—Mykenæ.

Across the fields, over a dry, stony way we went, the sun pouring down with such fierceness that even the spot of high interest ahead of us scarcely seemed to offer repayment for this hot walk; but not long did it last before we passed around the low spur of a stony hill, and suddenly turned between two mighty walls of grand and massive masonry. The sight of this splendid work, which but a moment before seemed to be naught but a waste, stony wilderness, was startling.

Up between this wide avenue (or, as Dr. Schliemann terms it, *dromos*, or "approach to,") we passed, lingering and looking with wonder at the perfectness of the building, up to the great doorway that formed the entrance to the treasure-house of Atreus. This avenue is literally a great cut into the hillside, and the great walls keep the hill from filling up the entrance. The mighty block over the doorway that stretches from side to side of the avenue is astounding in its dimensions; its actual measure is twenty-nine feet long by seventeen feet broad, and nearly four feet in thickness. The labour to place this block in position, over a doorway some eighteen feet in height, can only be marvelled at. Clinging to the stone in the avenue and about the doorway was a lovely rich creeper, with a large bell-like flower of a purple blue, that added great beauty to the rich brown stone. The interior of this vast treasure-house is best described as a great dome of conical or beehive shape. A fire of brushwood was lit to show us the walls and formation of the vault, and we saw the little inner dome that is scooped out of the rock and appears not finished, but the doorway is well finished; and here, as at the mighty entrance to the main dome, a triangular space has been left over the doorway, and the massive blocks of masonry above it form a triangle, thus throwing the weight above upon the solid masonry at the side, and not upon the single block that caps the doorway. A hole has been broken into the top of the greater beehive; and through this now the sun formed a great light yellow beam, that, with the red blaze of the flames, formed a weird effect among the figures that were moving or resting within the dark vault of past ages.

The interior of this great beehive was formerly cased with bronzed plates, and the nails which held these plates have been found, and their marks are visible in the stones, thus making it, like the chamber that was built for David, "the hall covered with the brazen plates."

From the cool darkness we came out again into the blazing, dazzling sun, and went round over the fields towards the citadel of Mykenæ. At one point, when we seemed we must be near it, for there was but a stony hill ahead of us and no outlet, we had to descend into a dip and climb up again a rounded summit. The heat made us grumble at this, but afterwards, upon reading Dr. Schliemann's work once more, we found that this very hillock, that added to our fatigue in the heat, is probably another treasure-house, and perchance a virgin one, yet unspoiled by mortal hand. But we passed unwittingly over this mound, and soon reached another stone avenue, leading down to a lesser treasure-house, but almost an exact facsimile of the greater one, with the same excellent walling, and a great stone over the doorway, surmounted by the same triangular aperture. The careful way in which these triangular or sharp-pointed arches are formed (as at Tiryns, only with more finished work) by the stones gradually overlapping each other until a point is reached, is very interesting.



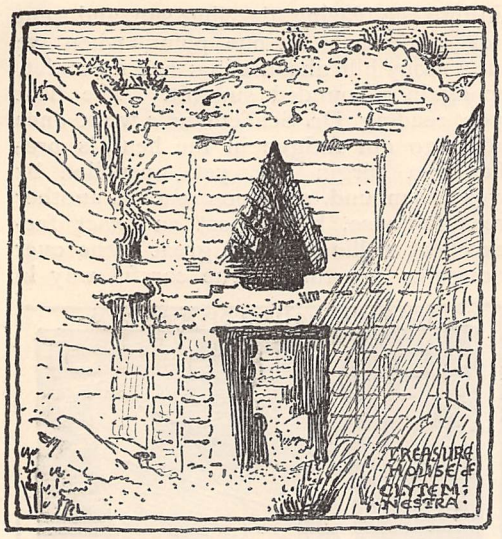
We did not stay long within this treasury, that has been named the Treasury of Clytemnestra, but went on up the steep and acute slope until we stood in the cool shade under the mighty Cyclopean blocks that flank the approach to the Lions' Gate.

Here we could quietly sit in welcome shadow, and look up at the two figures that have made the name of the Lions' Gate at Mykenæ world-known. Their two lithe forms are carved out upon the triangular stone that fills the pointed space above the massive stone lintel of the gateway. Their hinder legs are low down upon the top of the lintel, and their fore paws resting upon a built pedestal or altar, upon which stands a narrow pillar that divides them. Their heads are gone; but Dr. Schliemann is of opinion that these were not of stone, but of bronze and gilded, placed so as to protrude and face the entrance. "The straight cuts and borings in the necks of the animals can leave no doubt as to this fact," he says. The capital of the pillar is worked with an ornamentation not met with elsewhere in Greece, and much conjecture has been ventured upon the meaning of this pillar; but Schliemann concludes that it is a shrine of Apollo, and confirms his opinion by a reference to the *Electra* of Sophocles.

It was upon this spot that Orestes and his sister halted ere they entered the palace to avenge their father upon their lustful mother. Here in this narrow stone avenue, where the natural rock forms the base upon which on the left-hand side is built up the mighty Cyclopean wall, they stood, pondering on their mother's shame; and when Orestes is pressed to enter quickly, for "now Clytemnestra sits alone," Orestes halts still to adore "the shrines of all the ancestral gods who guard these gates," and his sister Electra in supplicating voice cries out, "O King Apollo, hear them graciously."

> "Be thou the gracious helper of our plans,
> And show to all men how the gods bestow
> Their due rewards on all impiety."

As we passed onward and within the gate, all the old life of these oft-fancied mythic days seemed breathing around us; and we halted at the gateway to look back upon the natural scene that opened out from this narrow, wall-enclosed space. The



lovely uprising hills shut in the view, alternating with bright patches of harvest colour and grey stony tracts of barren hillside; clusters of trees were here and there, and far to the east rose a mountain, blue in the distance, whilst in the centre far away rose a glorious glittering snow-peak. Strange that this striking view should be left without mention by all the authors who wrote of the scenes enacted here, and some of whom, from their descriptions of town and meeting-place, seem to have visited the spot.

We turned now from it, and entered beneath the gate, looking down for the chariot-wheel ruts that we found not, for, as Dr. Schliemann aptly points out, the ascent is too steep for chariots, and probably here, as in the higher mountain strongholds of mediæval times, pack horses and mules, and not chariots, were used for these upper citadels and palaces. Besides, it is only since Dr. Schliemann cleared the gateway that the true roadway has been laid bare.

Just within the gate on the left-hand side is a little hole—room it can hardly be called—which has evidently been a porter's or watchman's rest. He could not stand up or scarcely stretch himself within it, but it is a sheltering spot from torrent or tempest. The marks in the gateway for the bolts are still sharply distinct, and help to bring the daily life back to one. Passing onward from the gateway amid lines of walls and ruins, on the left rises the natural hill and an immense mass of giant walling, and beneath this runs round a circle of upright stones, and within this circle, destroying its level centre, are great excavations of considerable depth.

Around the circle the two parallel rows of upright slabs form a narrow avenue, around which a man may walk—there is hardly room for two abreast—and be hid from the circle within. Grooves are cut in these upright slabs, and it is soon apparent that something has been laid crosswise upon them, and from one or two cross slabs that are yet in position it is clear that the whole circle of double stones formed with these slabs a great stone bench around this agora or meeting-place.

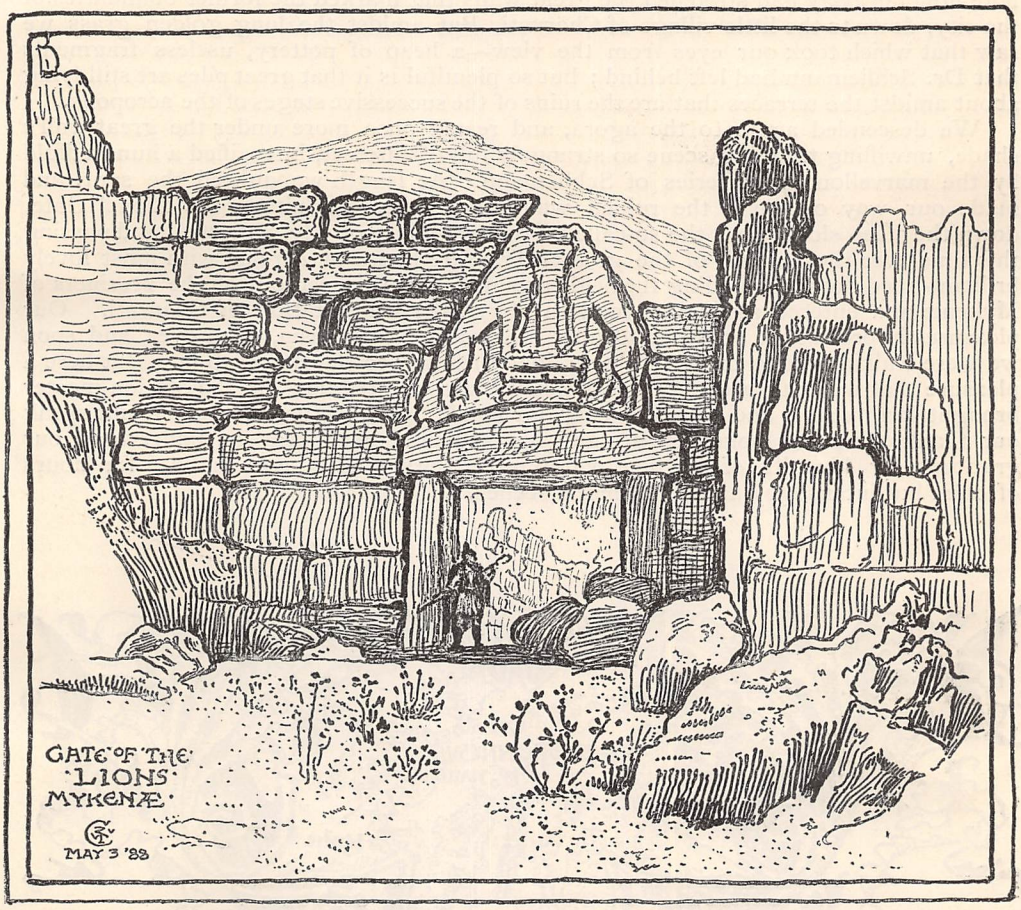
How strange it was to sit here in the intense stillness, with, as at Tiryns, but the hum of insects and chirp of birds, under the shadow of the mighty Cyclopean wall that at midday gave shade to the assembly; to feel the soft warm winds gently breathing and sighing around one, even in their warmth cooling, after the sun's great heat, and to dream for a while of who had peopled this scene in past ages—of Agamemnon, "King of men"; of his wife holding her sway though betraying her husband in his absence!

Here just in front of us must have stood Orestes when he returned to pour libations on his father's tomb; and there to the left, just beyond the circle of the agora, are yet standing the foundations of the building into which he entered to avenge that father.

Those graves in front of us that go so far down into the earth of to-day, were then not far deep beneath the then world's surface, and into them (if Dr. Schliemann's surmises be correct) were quickly huddled all those who, returning with Agamemnon, were slain by his guilty wife and Ægisthus.

That they were not denied royal honours in their burial was due to dread and fear of the gods. What these honours were can be gleaned by the marvellous amount of treasure found in these tombs. Diadems—five on each head in one tomb; crowns of gold of the most beauteous workmanship; cups and goblets of gold, some weighing four pounds in weight; bronze cauldrons, even as those "twenty gleaming cauldrons" proffered by Agamemnon to appease the wrathful Achilles; rings and seals, truthfully and artistically engraved—seals such as Orestes showed to Electra to confirm that he was indeed her brother returned again to their home. So faithfully and exactly does this treasure, found by the persistent, dogged energy of Dr. Schliemann, illustrate the life that had almost become to be considered myth. Working down into the earth

as he did, finding at various depths tombstones with nothing beneath them, most men would have desisted disheartened. But he knew he had not struck virgin soil, and so he kept on until, some thirty feet down, he lit upon, or rather accurately traced, these famous five tombs, with such masses of royal golden treasure. Not only were these royal ornaments found, but items that bring one back to the daily life of Homer's people—a lady's gold comb with teeth of bone ; another of circular form, showing the fashion of holding the hair back from the forehead. The gold masks found on the faces showed the fashion of wearing the hair and beard, and that waxing the moustache is not a new custom invented by *beaux* of our own ages. Their arms were buried with the warriors. At the foot of one man fifteen swords were found, and in the same tomb a heap of pieces numbering nearly sixty. One ornament showed that then, as now, the cuttlefish was a frequenter of the Argos Gulf, for no less than



fifty-three gold cuttlefish were found in one tomb. The coloured glass tubes within glass tubes showed too that they were adepts in glass-work in prehistoric days. From those excavations before us came all this marvellous treasure, and here probably Euripides stood ere he wrote his plays upon Homeric themes, though he knew not but from vague tradition that beneath him lay Agamemnon and Cassandra and their companions, though perchance some of the tombstones that had been placed in successive eras to preserve that tradition were yet not hid beneath the debris of ages.

Sophocles, from his description, does not appear to have stood here, and yet even in his play of *Electra* we can trace out the action of Orestes coming to the Gate of Lions in the night ; crossing in to his father's tomb before us, and then passing on to the palace, where, awaiting her retributive doom, was Clytemnestra.

It was a spot, beneath the gentle shade, that we longed to linger in, and fill the agora with Homeric forms, the principal men seated upon the stone slabs that formed

the bench running around it. But we had yet to climb up to the acropolis above, to get a view of the whole plain and surrounding country; and so we left the shadow and all the "shades of heroes" that had arisen to repeople the agora, and made our way up over great stone blocks all covered with soft silky brown grass, that hid the stones, and made climbing dangerous, until we reached a sort of level terrace. The soft silky grass we found was provided with sharp little sword-like blades that pierced through all clothing and pricked sharply. But our climb rewarded us by an interesting view, and from this acropolis must have looked out the watchmen for the fire-signal that told of Agamemnon's return.

The whole plain of Argos lay beneath us, and far away over it the town of Argos itself, with its stronghold of Larissa, the soft blue gulf stretching away from it, and beyond this the beautiful outline of the distant mountains. We could look down and note how far away had stretched the great walls that marked the former boundaries of the city, down to the little village of Charvati. But amidst the long golden grass we saw that which took our eyes from the view—a heap of pottery, useless fragments that Dr. Schliemann had left behind; but so plentiful is it that great piles are still lying about amidst the terraces that are the ruins of the successive stages of the acropolis.

We descended again to the agora, and rested once more under the great wall's shade, unwilling to quit a scene so strangely full of interest, intensified a hundredfold by the marvellous discoveries of Schliemann. At length we quitted the spot, and made our way out over the ruined walls and water conduits to the Lions' Gate, down the steep slope, past the so-called Treasure-house of Clytemnestra, and passing this time over the summit of the greater Treasure-house of Atreus, with most lovely brilliant-hued flowers studding the fields around us, we passed out of the precincts of Mykenæ and entered again into modern life at the little station of Charvati. Our pleasures in prehistoric scenes, and how intense had they been, were over, and soon we were walking along the little single line of railway to the tiny station. But here a pleasure that was patriarchal in its simplicity was granted us; for the station-master brought forth water, and poured it over our hands to refresh us. We could not speak our thanks, but we looked them, and his smiles showed that he understood our gratitude for his gift of cooling water in a thirsty land—a fit ending for hours of calm but intense joy amidst Homeric scenes.

THE CATS OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

By PROFESSOR W. M. CONWAY.

IT has been said with truth that one of the greatest triumphs of human perseverance is the domestication of the cat. No tame animal has lost less of its native dignity or maintained more of its ancient reserve. The domestic cat might rebel to-morrow. We could not reach it for capture, nor beat it into submission. We could only kill it if it did not consent to be harmless and to make itself at home. Nothing but the experience of countless generations of cats that they would not be harmed by man, can have produced the result we now universally observe. Where and when did this taming of the least tamable of animals take place? The monuments of ancient Egypt enable us to answer the question.

In pre-historic times the religion of the Egyptians was pure and simple totemism. Probably in those days the inhabitants of Egypt were not united under any common government, but consisted of a number of small tribes or clans, each of one kindred. Every such clan or kindred had its totem. Totems are defined by Mr. Frazer, in his learned work on the subject, as "a class of material objects, which a savage regards with superstitious respect, believing that there exists between him and every member of the class an intimate and altogether special relation." The members of a totem clan commonly regard themselves as actually descended from the totem. If the totem (as is most frequently the case) is an animal, the savage will not, as a rule, kill nor eat it. On the contrary he venerates, and to the eyes of civilized men, appears to worship it, though of course the whole conception of worship only arises at a more advanced stage of human development than that to which totemism belongs.

The cat was the totem of some ancient Egyptian clan. Other clans venerated the bull, the crocodile, the hawk, the jackal, the cobra, the lizard, and so forth. Observation of existing totem tribes in Africa, Australia, and elsewhere, shows us that one or more representatives of the totem are often fed or even kept alive in captivity by the tribe. Thus Mr. Frazer tells us that "amongst the Narrinyeri in South Australia men of the snake clan sometimes catch snakes, pull out their teeth or sew up their mouths, and keep them as pets. In a pigeon clan of Samoa a pigeon was carefully kept and fed. Amongst the Kalang in Java, whose totem is the red dog, each family as a rule keeps one of these animals, which they will on no account allow to be struck or ill-used by any one." The ancient Egyptian cat clan doubtless treated cats as the Kalang treat red dogs.

But ancient Egypt did not remain for ever a disorganized assemblage of tribes. Thanks to warfare between clan and clan a nation was gradually welded together out of these savage units. In the main each clan settled down as a village. Some villages grew in importance, and became towns, dominating the surrounding districts. Now one town and now another (as the fortunes of war dictated) won the position of capital of the country. A victorious town tended to enforce universal respect for its particular totem. We conclude that at some time the cat tribe became the head of Egypt. At all events very early indeed the cat became a totem venerated all along the Nile. So also did the ibis, the hawk, the beetle, the asp, and other animals.

Cicero says that no one ever heard of an Egyptian killing a cat; the remark might be made at the present day with almost equal truth. Herodotus relates that, when a fire occurred in Egypt, the people's first idea was to save the cats and to prevent them from leaping into the flames. But though cats were thus universally venerated, an especial reverence was paid to them in certain places, and of these Bubastis (in the Delta) was chief. Likely enough that city may have been founded in the night of the past by the pre-historic cat clan.

Not only were cats preserved from injury, respected, and petted during life, but they were buried with honour and mourned when dead. Many a parallel may be found to this custom of the ancient Egyptians. For instance, in Samoa, to quote once more from Mr. Frazer, "if a man of the owl totem found a dead owl by the roadside, he would sit down and weep over it and beat his forehead with stones till the blood flowed. The bird would then be wrapped up and buried with as much ceremony as if it had been a human being." The Egyptians' idea of respectable burial implied preliminary mummification. According to their notion, a living man consisted of a body, a *ka*, or ghost, a *ba*, or soul, a shadow, and a "luminous." At death these component parts were broken up and set adrift. It was believed that some day all of them would come together again and there would be a resurrection; this however could only happen if all the parts were preserved. Some of them might be destroyed by command of the infernal powers; that of course could not be prevented by surviving relatives. They could only help to keep the *ka* going. This *ka*, or ghost, seems to have been the element in which the life was specially believed to reside. It was an impalpable double of the man's body; it was in fact the mediæval, or for that matter the modern, ghost. To keep it alive it had to be fed with the ghost of food, clothed in the ghost of clothing, and housed in the ghost of a house; it might be pleased and amused by the ghosts of luxuries and games, and served by the ghosts of slaves. The ingenuity of the ancient Egyptians may be measured by the fact that they found out how to supply the double with all these things.

But the ghost or double of a body (in ancient Egypt) had to have a material something to be the double of. The actual body was of course best; second best was an image of it made in some lasting substance. Hence arose mummification to preserve the body, and portrait sculpture to replace it if destroyed. In later times a wealthy Egyptian was often buried with no less than some hundreds of little images in the shape of a mummy, ticketed with his name, besides one or more really fine portrait statues of him. Such statues are called *ka* statues. If the mummy were destroyed the *ka* could still be kept in existence by means of them. A rich man was mummied in costly style, had many *ka* statues, and was buried in an elaborate tomb; a poor man was merely dipped in bitumen, rolled in a few yards of common stuff and hidden in the desert sand.

As with men, so with cats; they too had their *ka* and all the rest of it, and their *ka* had likewise to be kept from annihilation against the great day of resurrection of cats, crocodiles, and men. A rich man's cat was elaborately mummied, wound round and round with stuff and cunningly plaited over with linen ribbons dyed two different colours. His head was encased in a rough kind of *papier maché*, and that was covered with linen and painted, even gilt sometimes, the ears always carefully pricked up. The mummy might be inclosed in a bronze box with a bronze *ka* statue of the cat seated on the top. Even finer burial might await a particularly grand cat, as we shall presently see. A poor man's cat was rolled up in a simple lump, but the rolling was carefully and respectfully done, which is more than one can say about many a poor ancient Egyptian's body brought to light in these excavating days.

In very early times, that is to say anywhere from four to ten thousand years before Christ, the Egyptian cat was the straightforward totem we have described. It is only fair to say that in the historical period he occupied a more ambiguous position. The Egyptians were not the stationary people they are vulgarly believed to have been. They developed now and again, when circumstances were favourable; altogether they developed a good deal. Their religion occupied much of their time and a remarkable share of the attention of their most educated class. It was far from being an unchanging, stereotyped religion. It began as pure and simple totemism coupled with ancestor worship. Out of the totems gods developed, and as there were tribal and afterwards local totems so there came to be local gods. Each of these home-made gods (and some foreign importations too) had a sacred animal attached to him. This

animal was the totem he had supplanted. Out of the cats arose the goddess Pasht, the local goddess of the city which the Greeks called Bubastis, and whose modern successor we call Zagazig. Like the cats, the goddess Pasht came to be venerated all over Egypt. When the most important local gods (that is to say the gods of the most powerful cities) were united into a national Egyptian pantheon, Pasht was amongst the number.

A local god or goddess might be without any particular character, but what would be the use of a pantheon of gods all one like another? Of course differences were marked amongst them. One became god of agriculture, another of death, and so on. Pasht for her part was lady of love, and corresponded in a crude sort of way to that much nobler conception, the Aphrodite of the Greeks. She was represented as a woman with a cat's head. Another goddess, who can scarcely be differentiated from her, is the lion-headed Sekhet.

Egypt possessed many temples to one or other of these goddesses. First amongst them was the great temple of Bubastis, the ruins of which have so recently been laid bare. It was called by Herodotus the most pleasing of all the temples of Egypt. A festival of an exceedingly merry and immoral character was celebrated there to the yearly delight of thousands of Egyptians. Cat mummies and cat *ka* statues have been found in many parts of Egypt, but, till recently, ninety-nine out of a hundred of them came from Bubastis. In the summer of 1888 however an enormous find of cats was made near Beni-Hasan—a place some hundred miles or so south of Cairo and well-known for its wonderful rock-cut tombs. That an important cats' burying place would exist somewhere thereabouts might have been predicted from the fact that a rock-cut temple, the famous *Speos Artemidos*, exists in the immediate neighbourhood, and this temple was dedicated to Pasht. Cats must therefore have been specially venerated in the ancient city.

The plain on the east bank of the Nile at Beni-Hasan is about a mile wide. It is bounded by a range of precipitous hills. A flat-bottomed side valley opens eastward through the hills at this point. The traveller mounting his donkey at the modern village rides for about half a mile across cultivated land and for another half mile across desert, passing on the way first the modern human burying place and shortly afterwards the ancient cemetery of the cats. He then enters the side valley (whose steep walls and floor are barren as the moon) and after advancing up it about a quarter of a mile he finds the *façade* of the artificial cave temple, the *Speos Artemidos*, conspicuous at the base of the mountain on his right hand. It is the simplest conceivable piece of rock-cut architecture. The slope of the hill is squared up vertically for a front. An open portico consisting originally of two rows of four piers each is, with the roof which they support, cut out of the solid limestone rock. A short narrow passage leads thence straight into the hill to an oblong chamber. A raised niche cut in the far wall opposite the entrance was the actual shrine of the goddess. A figure of Pasht was sculptured on one side of this niche and another was painted on the other side. The temple was not improbably cut out of the hill in very ancient times, for it closely resembles the neighbouring Twelfth Dynasty tombs. Queen Hatasu (of the Eighteenth Dynasty) inscribed her name upon it, but her successor, Thothmes III., had it erased and his own substituted. Seti I., the father of Rameses II., added some decorative sculpture. Such was the home of the great cat of the district, for in all these temples a representative of the totem class was kept in honour. Doubtless the head cat of Pasht's temple was a very grand cat indeed. She would live a life of dignified luxury, and dying she would be buried with royal magnificence.

For three or four thousand years the cat mummies of Beni-Hasan lay undisturbed, awaiting the resurrection; now a resurrection has come to them, but other than they looked forward to. The archangel that heralded it was an Egyptian *fellah* from the neighbouring village. By some chance one day this genius dug a hole, somewhere in the level floor of the desert, and struck—cats! Not one or two here and there, but dozens, hundreds, hundreds of thousands, a layer of them, a stratum thicker than most coal seams, ten to twenty cats deep, mummy squeezed against mummy tight as herrings in a barrel. The discovery meant wealth for somebody, probably not the finder, but the head-man of the village. A systematic exploration of the seam was undertaken. The surface sand was stripped off and the cats were laid bare. All sorts and conditions of them then appeared—the commoner sort caked together in black lumps, out of which here a grinning face, there a furry paw, there a backbone or row

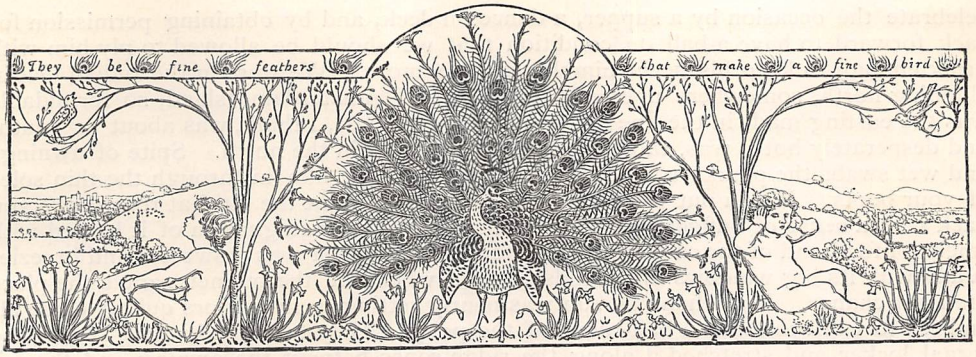
of ribs of some ancient puss, stood prominently forth. The better cats and kittens emerged in astonishing numbers, and with all their wrappings as fresh as if they had been put into the ground a week, and not thirty centuries before. Now and again an elaborately plaited mummy turned up ; still more rarely one with a gilded face (of such I myself found three). As far as I can learn only three cat *ka* statues have as yet been found. Two of these are small bronze figures. The third is a life-size bronze, a hollow casting, inside which the actual cat was buried. One or more bronze statuettes of Osiris, god of the dead, were likewise (I believe) found among the cats.

The plundering of the cemetery was a sight to see, but one had to stand well to windward. All the village children came from day to day and provided themselves with the most attractive mummies they could find. These they took down to the river bank to sell for the smallest coin to passing travellers. Often they took to playing or fighting together with them on the way, and then the ancient fur began to fly as for three thousand years it had never been called upon to do. The path became strewn with mummy cloth and bits of cats' skulls and bones and fur in horrid profusion, and the wind blew the fragments about and carried the stink afar. This was only the illicit part of the business. The bulk of the old totems went another way. Some contractor came along and offered so much a pound for their bones to make into something—soap or tooth-powder, I dare say, or even black paint. So men went systematically to work, peeled cat after cat of its wrappings, stripped off the brittle fur, and piled the bones in black heaps a yard or more high, looking from the distance like a kind of rotting haycocks scattered on the sandy plain. The rags and other refuse, it appears, make excellent manure, and donkey loads of them were carried off to the fields to serve that useful, if unromantic, purpose.

It cannot be too much regretted that no responsible Egyptologist watched the excavation of this extraordinary burying place. The *fellaheen* were left to do it after their own fashion. Fortunately they know that every "antica" has a money value, and these therefore they hoard for sale. But no record as to how they were buried is forthcoming. The life-size bronze cat, for instance, is a most remarkable creature. It must have been buried in a box, on which doubtless some inscription was painted, but no box was preserved, nor could I get any exact information as to how, when, where, or by whom the cat was taken out of the ground. The same was also the case with the two small bronze cats and a seated figure of Osiris in bronze of the usual Twenty-sixth Dynasty type. One can only therefore judge these remains from internal evidence. None of the cats have collars engraved on their necks, nor are their ears pierced for earrings. They are all more or less life-like images of the animal, without any accessories whatever. They sit more upright than the cats of Bubastis.

The big cat is the only one that need be described in any detail. He sits bolt upright (some eighteen and a half inches high), with his forelegs very straight and rigid, and his paws set close together. His neck is long and perfectly cylindrical. His head is practically a sphere with a face patched on to the front. He is in fact almost the mathematical abstraction of a cat reduced to its simplest forms. The inside of his body is hollow, and in it the cat's mummy was buried. Only the unmistakable smell and a few scraps of mummy cloth remained behind when I first saw the creature. The whole thing, legs and all, was cast in one piece, the cores of clay, about which the forelegs are cast, being still inside them. The right leg has cracked ; moisture has at some time found its way to the clay within, which has swollen and burst the whole limb wide open. The interesting, and I believe unique, feature about this cat is that the whole body of it was thinly plastered over with a fine coating of *gesso*, and that this was gilded. Alabaster eyes were also introduced. Most of the gilded *gesso* and one of the eyes remain. The maker of the cat did not intend it to be gilt. This is evident not only because the modelling of the face is entirely altered by the plaster, which is thereabouts quite thick, but because the whiskers were indicated by tooling about the mouth, and this tooling the *gesso*, before bits of it flaked off, entirely hid.

A cat buried with such exceptional magnificence can have been no ordinary beast. It seems hardly too much to assume that it was the temple cat of its day, the sacred animal of that *Speos Artemidos* which all travellers in Egypt go to see. As such, at all events, it is pleasant to regard it.



LA MULETTE.

ANNO 1814.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

ALL day long there had been a pleasant breeze blowing from abeam; but as the sun sank into the west the wind fined into light, delicate curls of shadow upon the sea that, at the hour of sundown, when the great luminary hung poised like a vast target of flaming gold upon the ocean-line, turned into a surface of quicksilver through which there ran a light, wide, long-drawn heave of swell regular as a respiration, rhythmic as the sway of a cradle to the song of a mother.

The ship was an Indiaman named the *Ruby;* the time long ago, as human life runs, in this century nevertheless, when the old traditional conditions of the sea-life were yet current—the roundabout Indian voyage by way of the Cape—the slaver sneaking across the brassy parallels of the Middle Passage—the piccaroon in the waters of the Antilles dodging the fiery sloop whose adamantine grin of cannons was rendered horribly significant to the eye of the greasy pirate by the cross of crimson under whose meteoric folds the broadside thundered.

I was a passenger aboard the *Ruby*, making the voyage to India for my pleasure. The fact was, being a man of independent means, I was without any sort of business to detain me at home. Your continental excursion was but a twopenny business to me. Here was this huge ball of earth to be circumnavigated whilst one was young, with spirits rendered waterproof by health. Time enough, I thought, to amble about Europe when Australia began to look a long way off. So this was my third voyage. One I had made to Sydney and Melbourne, and a second to China; and now I was bound to Bombay with some kind of notion beyond of striking across into Persia, thence to Arabia and so home by way of the classic shores of the Mediterranean.

Well it happened this 18th of June to be the captain's birthday. His name was Bow; he would be fifty-three years old that day he told us, and as he had used the sea since the age of thirteen he was to be taken as a man who knew his business. And a better sailor there never was, and never also was there a person who looked less like a sailor. If ever you have seen a print of Charles Lamb you have had an excellent likeness of Captain Bow before you—a pale, spare creature of a somewhat Hebraic cast of countenance, with a brow undarkened by any stains of weather. His memory went far back; he had served as mate in John Company's ships, had known Commodore Dance who beat Linois and spoke of him as a perfect gentleman; deplored the gradual decay of the British sailor, and would talk with a wistful gleam in his eye of the grand and generous policy of the Leadenhall Street Directors in allowing to their captains as much cubic capacity in the ships they commanded for their own private use and emolument as would furnish out the dimensions of a considerable smack.

It was his birthday and long ago all of us passengers had made up our minds to

celebrate the occasion by a supper, a dance on deck, and by obtaining permission for Jack forward to have a ball on condition that we should be allowed to ply him with drink enough to keep his heels nimble, and no more. We were in the Indian Ocean climbing north, somewhere upon the longitude of Amsterdam Island, so formidable was the easting made in the fine old times. The latitude, I think, was about 12° south, and desperately hot it was, though the sun hung well in the north. Spite of awnings and wet swabs the planks of the deck seemed to tingle like tin through the thin soles of your boots. If you put your nose into an open skylight the air that rose drove you back with a sense of suffocation, so heavily was the fiery stagnation of it loaded with smells of food and of the cabin interior, though there never was a sweeter and breezier cuddy with its big windows and windsail-heels when the thermometer gave the place the least chance. But when the sun was nearly setting, some sailors quietly came aft and fell to work to make a ball-room of the poop. They took the bunting out of the signal locker and stretched it along the ridge-ropes betwixt the awning and the rail until it was like standing inside a huge Chinese lantern for colour. They hung the ship's lamps along in rows, roused up the piano from its moorings in the cuddy, embellished the tops of the hencoops with red baize and in fifty directions not worth the trouble of indicating, so decorated and glorified the after-end of the ship that when the lamps came to be lighted with streaks of pearl-coloured moonshine glittering upon the deck betwixt the interstices of the signal flags, and movement enough in the tranquil lift of the great fabric to the swell to fill the eye with alternations of swaying shadow and gleam, this ball-room of almond-white plank and canvas ceiling of milky softness and walls of radiant banners was more like some fairy sea-vision than a reality, especially with the glimpse you caught of the vast silent ocean solitude outside with its sky of hovering stars and a stillness as of a dead world in the atmosphere—such a contrast, by heaven! to the revelry within the shipboard pavilion, when once the music had struck up and the forms of women in white gowns fluffing up about them like soapsuds were swimming round the decks in the embrace of their partners, that a kind of shudder would come into you with the mere thinking of the difference between the two things.

The music was good; there was a steerage passenger, a lady, who played the piano incomparably well; then there was a cuddy passenger who blew upon the flute very finely indeed. A military officer returning to India after a long invaliding spell at home had as light, delicate and accomplished a hand on the fiddle as any of the best of the first violins which I have heard in the crackest of orchestras. When the committee of passengers had been talking about and arranging for this band the chief officer told them that if they thought there would not be instruments enough there was a man forward, a fellow named Ratt, who played the fiddle exquisitely and, if we wished it, he would make one of the instrumentalists. We consented, and for several days previous to this night you might have heard Ratt rehearsing in the 'tween decks, scraping in a way that made the military gentleman who had been invalided look somewhat grave. He spoke of Ratt with a foreboding eye, and what he feared happened. The man could indeed play, but he had no sense of *time*. All went wrong with the first dance-air that was struck up. The tune he made was right enough; but it was always darting ahead and bewildering the others and finally the band came to a stop, though Ratt continued to play several bars, whilst the military gentleman in great temper was shouting to him to go away. I should have felt sorry for the poor fellow had he not been saucy, for he had dressed himself with extraordinary care, greased every separate hair upon his head as though it had been a rope-yarn and had arrived aft with a sailor's expectation of seeing plenty of fun and getting plenty of drink. It ended in the chief mate grasping him by the collar and tumbling him down the poop ladder. I afterwards heard that he went forward and in a towering passion threw his fiddle overboard, swearing that he would never play upon anything again but the Jew's harp and then only for hogs to dance to; there was no longer any taste left amongst human beings, he said, for downright real good music.

The merriment aft was scarcely affected by this instant's failure. The moment Jack had been tumbled off the poop the instrumentalists began afresh and the decks were once more filled with sliding and revolving couples. I had slightly sprained my ankle that morning by kicking against a coil of rope and was unable to dance; but this was no deprivation to me on a burning hot night like that, with no place for the draughts out of the fanning canvas to come through, and the smell of blistered paint rising in a luke-

warm breathing off the sides of the ship as though the sun still stood over the main-truck. So squatting myself on a hencoop I sat gazing at the merry, moving, radiant picture and listening to the music and to the laughter of the girls which came back from the canvas roof of the poop in echoes soft and clear as the notes of the flute.

There were thirty-two cabin passengers in all, and we had a poopful, as you will suppose. There were more than a dozen girls, dark and fair, most of them pretty enough. There were a few young married ladies too and a little mob of dignified mammas. The men were of the old-fashioned mixture, a few military officers, a sprinkling of Civil Service young gentlemen, fierce old men with white whiskers and gleaming eyes, with peppercorns for livers and with a capacity of putting on the tender aspects of Bengal tigers when anything went wrong—merchants, judges, planters—I can scarce remember now what they were. There were lanterns enough to make a bright light and some of them being of coloured glass threw bars of ruby and of emerald against the yellow radiance of the clear flame and the ivory streaks of moon-light. Far aft was the wheel with the brass upon it reflecting the lustre till it glowed out against the blackness over the stern like a circle of dull fire upon the liquid obscurity Grasping the spokes of it was the figure of a seaman, smartly apparelled in flowing duck and a grass hat on "nine hairs"; his shape, dim in the distance, floated up and down against a bright star or two; but there was little need for him to keep his eye on the course. The calm was dead as dead could be. Half-an-hour since the ship's head was north-west and now it was west, and the swell was under the bow with a strange melancholy sob of water breaking into the pauses betwixt the music and sounding like the sigh of a weeping giant somewhere in the blackness over the side.

And black the water was spite of the air being brimful of the soft silver of the moonlight. On either hand the planet's wake the ocean ran in ebony to the indigo of the night sky; but you only needed to steal to the break of the poop clear of the awning to mark how gloriously the luminary was limning the ship as if she had no magic for the deep that night. Every sail was a square of pearl, every shroud and backstay, every brace and halliard a rope of silver wire; the yards of ivory, with hundreds of stars of moonlight splendour sparkling and flashing in the dew along the rails. The Jacks had rigged up lanterns forward and were cutting capers on the fore-castle and in the waist to some queer music that was coming out of the darkness upon the booms. It was strange enough to see their whiskered faces revolving in the weak, illusive light, to witness apparitions of knobs and warts and wrinkles storm-darkened to the hue of the shell of a walnut showing out for an instant to the glare of a lantern. There was great laughter that way and a jovial growling of voices. I believe the sailors had got, with the captain's leave, some of the women of the steerage passengers to dance with, and their happiness was very great; for give Jack a fiddle, and a girl to twirl to the sawing of it, and a drink of rum and water to fill up the short measures for his breathing-times, and he will ask for no other paradise ashore or afloat.

Much was made of old Captain Bow. He looked as if he had taken all day to dress himself, so skewered was he in a garb of the old school; tail-coat, a frill, a collar half way the height of the back of his head, buff waistcoat, tight pantaloons, shoes like pumps, and a heavy ground-tackle of seals dangling from the rim of his vest.

"Captain shows nobly to-night, sir," said the chief mate to me.

"Ay!" said I, "little enough of the salt in *him* you'd think."

"He dances well enough for an old shellback," said the mate. "A man needs a ship for a dancing-master to teach him how to spread his toes as the Captain does."

"Aren't you dancing?" I asked.

"No, it's my watch on deck. I've got the ship to look after. But it's little watching she wants. Oh, blow, my sweet breeze, blow!" he whispered, with a pensive cock of his eye at the sea through a space between the flags. "It isn't to be the only birthday aboard us, I allow, Mr. Catesby. If the cockroaches below aren't celebrating some festival of their own, then are we manned with marines, sir. Phew! the Hooghley of a dead night with bodies foul of the cable and the gangway ladder is a joke to this. What's become of the wind? What's become of the wind?" and he stole away to the wheel softly whistling between his teeth.

It was too sultry to eat; the very drink you got was so warm that you swallowed it only for thirst, and put down the glass with a sort of loathing. When I took a peep through the after skylight and saw the tables laid out for supper for the special birth-day feast that was to be eaten, my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, and I felt as

if I should never be able to eat another blessed morsel of food this side the grave. Every dish looked exhausted with perspiration; the hams were melting, the fowls shone like varnish, much that had come solid to the table was now fluid. However I was one of the committee and it would not do for me to be absent, so when the bell rang to announce supper and the music stopped, I stepped up to the wife of a colonel and, giving her my arm, fell in with the procession and entered the cabin.

It is a picture I need but close my eyes to vividly witness anew. There were two tables, one athwartships well aft, and the other running pretty nearly down the whole length of the cabin. The interior was lighted with elegant silver lamps, and along the length of the ceiling there was a plentiful embellishment of ferns, goldfish in globes, and so forth. On either hand went a range of berths, the bulkheads richly inlaid, the panels hand-painted, and there was many another little touch full of grace and taste. Far aft, at the centre of the athwartship table—his quaint, old-fashioned figure showing like a cameo upon the dull ground of the bulkhead behind him—sat the captain, talking to right and left, with a dry, kind smile lying wrinkled upon his face like the meshes of a South African spider's web. On either side of him went a row of passengers, and on down to the foot of the table that was over against the cuddy front. The ladies' dresses were handsome; we were a rich assemblage of folks for the most part, and had thoroughly overhauled our wardrobes that we might do fitting honour to this very interesting occasion. Jewels sparkled in white ears, and upon white wrists and fingers. We were not lacking in turbans and feathers, in thick gold chains, immense brooches bearing the heads of the living or of the departed. There was much popping of champagne corks, much rushing about of stewards, much laughter, and a busy undertone of talk. The memory of the picture dwells in me with an odd pertinacity. I had shared in more than one festive scene on board ship in my time, but in none do I recall the significance which the framework of vast ocean solitude outside, of the deep mystery of the wide moonlit shadow, and the oppressive peace of the tropical night, communicated to this one. It might have been the number of the folks assembled; their gay, and in many instances, even splendid attire, the essentially shore-going qualities of the merry-making, clearly defining themselves in the heart of the deep—like the sight of a house in a flood. In fact the scene completely dominated all ship-board habits, and the thoughts which grew out of them. It made every heave of the fabric upon the weak, black, invisible swell a sort of wonder as though some novel element were introduced; the familiar creak of a bulkhead, the faint jar of the rudder upon its post made one start as one would to such things ashore.

"You are refusing everything the stewards offer you, Mr. Catesby," said the colonel's lady by my side. "You are in love."

"I am in a fever, madam," I replied: "the tropics usually affect me as a profound passion. In fact I feel as if I could drown myself."

"Why make a voyage to India, then, Mr. Catesby? Is there not the North-West Passage left to explore, with the great Arctic Circle to keep ye cool?"

"Madam," said I, "I perceive your husband in the act of rising to make a speech."

A short, fiery-faced Irishman, with whiskers like silver wires projecting cat-like from his cheeks, stood up to propose the captain's health. Glasses were filled, and the little colonel blazed away. When he had made an end (old Bow steadfastly watching him all the while with a smile of mingled incredulity and delight), the skipper's health was drunk with cheers and to the song of "He's a jolly good fellow," the air of which was caught up by the ship's company forward, and re-echoed to the cuddy with hurricane lungs from the forecastle. Then old Bow rose straight and unbending in his tightly-buttoned coat on to his thin shanks; but at that moment there was a movement of a little group of the stewards at my end of the table; the colonel's lady by my side was whispering with animation to what was in those days called a "griffin", a handsome young fellow seated on her left; and being half dead with heat, and in no temper to listen to old Bow, whose preliminary coughs and slow gaze around the table threatened a very heavy bestowal of tediousness, I slipped off my chair, sneaked through the jumble of stewards, and in a moment was ascending the poop ladder, breathing with delight the night atmosphere of the sea, that tasted cold as a draught of mountain water after the hot, food-flavoured air of the cuddy.

Forward the sailors had come to a stand, and were talking, smoking, drinking, and eating by the will-of-the-wisp glare of the few lanterns which hung that way. There

was nobody aft, saving the helmsman and the second officer who had turned out to relieve the chief mate that he might join the supper party. He lay over the rail abreast of the wheel, and I could hear him quietly singing. The lanterns burnt brightly; against the brilliant atmospheric haze of moonshine to larboard—*larboard* was then the word—the bunting which walled the poop glistened like oiled paper. The monotonous voice of old Bow was still returning thanks below; again and again his deep sea notes were broken by loud cheers. The life under decks, the speechifying and the huzzaing there, the brightness of the light, the frequent chink of glasses, put a wild sort of mocking look into the emptiness of this deck with its lanterns swaying to the roll of the ship, and the motionless figure of the steersman showing unreal, like some image of the fancy down at the end of the vessel, through the vista of bunting and kaleidoscopic light and white awning framing a star-studded square of dark ether over the taffrail.

Yet I still wanted air. The poop was smothered up with flags and canvas; the cross-jack was furled, spanker brailed up, and the mainsail hung from its yard in festoons to the grip of its gear. There was no wing of canvas therefore near the deck to fan a draught along, and so it came into my head to jump aloft and see what sort of coolness of dew and night were to be had in the maintop. I got on to the rail and laid hold of the main shrouds, and leisurely travelled up the rat-lines. Methought it was as good as climbing a hill for the change of temperature the ascent gave me. The iron of the futtock shrouds went through and through me in a delicious chill, and with the smallest possible effort I swung myself over the rim of the top and stood upon the platform, rapturously drinking in the gushings of air which came in little gusts to my face out of the pendulum beat of the great maintopsail against the mast to the tender swing of the tall fabric.

If ever you need to know what a deep sense of loneliness is like, go aloft in a dead calm when the shadow of the night lies heavy upon the breathless ocean, and from the altitude of top, cross-tree or yard, look down and around you! The spirit of life is always strong in the breeze or in the gale of wind. There are voices in the rigging: there is the organ note of the billow flung foaming from the ship's side; there is a tingling vitality in the long floating rushes of the fabric bursting through one head of yeast into another. All this is company, along with the spirit shapes of the loose scud flying wild, or the sociable procession of large, slow clouds. But up aloft in such a clock-calm as lay upon the deep that night you are *alone!* and the lonelier for the distant sounds which rise from the decks—the dim laugh, the faint call, liker to the memories of such things than the reality.

The body of the ship lay thin and long far beneath me like a black plank, pallid aft with the spread of awning, with an oblong haze of light in the main hatch where the grating was lifted, and dots of weak flame from the lanterns forward, resembling bulbous corposants hovering about the forecastle rail. The ship's hull was complexioned to the aspect of the leaf of the silver tree when lighted by the stars by the broad raining of the moonshine. Yet as she slightly rolled, breaking the black water from her side into ripples, you saw the phosphor starting and winking in the ebony profound there, like the reflection of sheet-lightning. Exquisitely lulling was the tender pinion-like flapping of the light, moonlit canvas, soaring spire-fashion in ivory spaces high above my head, with the pattering of dew falling from the cloths as they swayed. A sound of thin cheering from the cuddy floated to me; presently a fiddle struck up somewhere forwards, and a manly voice began *Tom Bowling*. Now, thought I, if they would only strip the poop of its awning, that I might see them dancing by the lantern light when supper was over, and they had fallen to caper-cutting afresh! What a scene of pigmy revelry *then!* What a vision of Lilliputian enjoyment!

I seated myself Lascar fashion and lighted a cigar. Could I have distinguished the figure of a midshipman below I should have hailed him, and sent down the end of a line for a draught of seltzer and brandy. But the repose up here, the dewy coolness, the royal solitude of the still, majestic night, with sentinel stars drowsily winking along the sea-line, and the white planet of the moon sailing northwards into the west amid the wide eclipse of its own soft silver glory, were all that my fevered being could pray for.

It is as likely as not that after a little I was nodding somewhat drowsily. I recollect that my cigar went out, and that on sucking at it and finding it out I would not be at the trouble of lighting it again. I say I might have been half-asleep sitting,

still Lascar fashion, with my back against the head of the lower-mast, when on a sudden, something—soft, indeed, but amazingly heavy—struck me full on the face and chest, and fell upon my knees where it lay like a small feather-bed. But for my back being supported, I must have been stretched at full length and, for all I know, knocked clean overboard, or, worse still, hurled headlong to the deck.

I was so confounded by the shock and the blow that for some moments I sat goggling the object that lay as lead upon my knees like a fool. I then threw it from me, and stood up. It fell where a slant of moonshine lay clear upon the side of the top, and I perceived that it was a big sea-bird, as large as a noddy, white as snow saving the margin of its wings, which were of a velvet black. It had a long, curved beak, and I gathered from the look of one of its pinions, which overlaid the body as though broken, that its width of wing must have come proportionally very near to that of the albatross. I could see by the moonshine that the eyes were closing by the slow drawing down of a white skin. The creature did not stir. I stood staring at it full five minutes, gripping the topmast rigging to provide against its rolling me out of the top should it rise suddenly and strike out with its wings, but there was no stir of life in it. It was then that I caught sight of something which seemed to glitter in the thick down upon its breast like a dewdrop on thistledown. It was a little square case of white metal, apparently a tobacco-box, secured to the bird's neck. By this time the passengers had come up from supper, and were dancing again on the poop. I could see nothing for the awning, but the music was audible enough, and I could also catch the sliding sounds of feet travelling over the hard planks, and the gay laughter of hearts warmed by several toasts. The Jacks were also at work forward. An occasional note of tipsy merriment, I would think, rose up from that part of the ship; but there was no lack of earnestness in the toe and heeling there; the slap of the sailors' feet upon the decks sounded like the clapping of hands; and I could just catch a glimpse of the figure of the fiddler in the obscurity which overlaid the booms quivering and swaying as he sawed, as though the noise he made was driving him crazy.

I seized the big bird by the legs and found its weight by no means so considerable as I should have supposed from the blow it dealt me. So, tightly binding its webbed feet with my pocket-handkerchief, that they might serve me as a handle, I dropped with this strange, dead sea-messenger through the wide square of the lubber's hole into the main shrouds, and leisurely descended. The chief mate stood at the head of the starboard poop ladder as I reached the rail.

"Hillo!" he called out, "good sport there, Mr. Catesby. What star have you been shooting over pray? And what *is* it may I ask? A *turkey?*"

A shout of this sort was enough to bring everybody running to look. The music ceased, the dancing abruptly stopped. In a moment I was surrounded by a crowd of ladies and gentlemen shoving and exclaiming as they gathered about the skylight upon which I had laid the big sea-fowl.

"What is it, Mr. Catesby? My stars! a handsome bird surely," exclaimed Captain Bow.

"Oh, Captain," cried a young lady, "is the beautiful creature dead really?"

"See!" shouted a military man, "the creature's breast is decorated with a crucifix. No, damme, it's a trick of the light. What is it, though?"

"A silver pouncebox, I declare," exclaimed a tall, stout lady, with a knowing nod of the feather in her head.

"A sailor's nickel tobacco-box more like, ma'am," observed the mate, "with some castaway's writing inside, or that bird's a crocodile."

"Let's have the story of the thing, Mr. Catesby," said the captain.

I briefly stated that I had ascended to the maintop to breathe the cool air up there and that whilst I was nodding the bird had dashed against me and fallen dead across my knees.

"Oh, how dreadful!" "Oh, how interesting!" "Oh, I wonder the fright didn't make you faint, Mr. Catesby!" and so on, and so on from the young ladies.

"Shall I cast the seizing of the box adrift, sir?" said the mate.

"Ay," responded the captain.

The officer with his knife severed the laniard of sennit and made to lift the lid of the box. But this proved a long job, inexpressibly vexatious to the thirsty expectations of the onlookers owing to the lid fitting so tightly as to resist, as though

soldered, the blade of the knife. When opened at last, there was disclosed, sure enough, inside, a piece of paper folded, apparently a leaf from a logbook.

"Bring a lantern, some one," roared the mate.

Some one held a light close to the officer, who exclaimed, after opening the sheet and gazing at it a little, "Any lady or gentleman here understand Spanish?"

"I do," exclaimed the handsome young "griffin" who had sat next to the colonel's lady at table.

"Will you kindly translate this then?" said the mate, handing him the letter.

"It's French," said the young fellow; "no matter; I can read French."

He ran his eye over the page, coughed and read aloud as follows:—

"*La Mulette*, June 12th, 18—. This brig was dismasted in a hurricane ten days since. Three of us survive. At the time of our destruction our latitude was 8° south, and longitude 81° 10′ east. Should this missive fall into the hands of any master or mate of a ship he is implored in the name of God and of the Holy Virgin to search for and to succour us. He will be richly." * * *

"Last words illegible," said the young fellow, holding the paper close to his nose.

"Humph!" exclaimed Captain Bow. He hummed over the latitude and longitude, and addressing the mate said, "The wreck should not be far off, Mr. Pike."

"Oh, captain, *will* you search for the poor, poor creatures?" cried one of the younger of the married ladies.

"Twelfth of June the date is, hey?" said the captain, "and this is the eighteenth. In six days the deluge, madam—at sea. Well, we shall keep a bright look-out, I promise you. D'ye want to keep the bird, Mr. Catesby?"

"No," said I, "the box will suffice as a memorial."

"Then, Mr. Pike, let it be hove overboard," said the captain.

"Strike up '*Tom Bowling*' for its interment," cried the little Irish Colonel, "'*Faithful below he did his duty*,' you know. Nearly knocked poor Catesby overboard, though. What is it, a Booby?"

"How *can* ye be so rude, Desmond?" said his wife.

"'Tis the bird I mane, my love," he answered.

The girls would not let it be hove overboard for a good bit. They hung over the snow-white creature caressing its delicate down and strong feathers with fingers whose jewels glittered upon the plumage like raindrops in moonlight. However ere long the music started anew. The people that still hovered about the bird drew off, and the mate sneaking the noble creature to the side quietly let it fall.

Well, next day, I promise you, this incident of the bird gave us plenty to talk about. In fact it even swamped the memory of the dance and the supper, and again and again you would see one or other of the ladies sending a wistful glance round the sea-line, in search of the dismasted brig—as often looking astern as ahead, whilst one or two of the young fellows amongst us crept very gingerly aloft, holding on as they went as though they would squeeze all the tar out of the shrouds, just to make sure that there was nothing in sight. However there was a professional look-out kept forward. I heard the captain give directions to the officer of the watch to send a man on to the fore-royal yard from time to time to report if there was anything in view; but as to altering his course with the chance of picking up the Frenchman, *that* was not to be expected in old Bow, whose business was to get to Bombay as fast as the wind would blow him along; and indeed, seeing that the *Ruby* had already been hard upon four months from the river Thames, you will suppose that, concerned as we might all feel about the fate of *La Mulette*, the softest-hearted amongst us would have been loth to lose even a day in a search that was tolerably certain to prove fruitless—as the mate proved to a group of us whilst he stood pointing out our situation and the supposed position of the brig upon a chart of the Indian Ocean lying open upon the skylight.

We got no wind till daybreak of the morning following the dance, and then a pleasant air came along out of south-south east, which enabled the *Ruby* to expand her stunsails, and she went floating over the long sapphire swell of the fervid ocean under an overhanging cloud of cloths which whitened the water to starboard of her, till it looked like a sheet of quicksilver draining there. This breeze held and shoved the ponderous bows of the Indiaman through it at the rate of some four or five miles in the hour. So we jogged along, till it came to the fourth day from the date of my adventure in the maintop. The fiery breeze had by this time crept round to off the starboard bow, and the ship was sailing along with her yards as fore and aft as they

would lie. It was a little before the hour of noon. The captain and mates were ogling the sun through their sextants on either hand the poop, for the luminary hung pretty nearly over the royal truck with a wake of flaming gold under him broadening to our cutwater, so that the *Ruby* looked to be stemming some burning river of glory flowing through a strange province of dark blue land.

Suddenly high aloft from off the maintop-gallant-yard—whose arm was jockeyed by the figure of a sailor doing something with the clew of the royal—came a clear, distant cry of "Sail-ho," and I saw the man levelling his marline-spike at an object visible to him a little to the right of the flying-jibboom end.

"Aloft there!" bawled the mate, putting his hand to the side of his mouth, "how does she show, my lad?"

"'Tis something black, sir," cried the man, making a binocular glass of his fists. "'Tis well to the starboard of the dazzle upon the water. It is too blinding that way to make sure."

"Something black!" shouted the little colonel, whose Christian name was Desmond, "*La Mulette*, Captain Bow, without doubt. Anybody feel inclined to bet?"

Some wagering followed, whilst I stepped below for a telescope of my own, and then went forward and got into the fore-rigging, with the glass slung over my shoulders. There was no need to ascend above the top. I levelled the telescope when I gained that platform, and instantly saw the object with a handbreadth of the gleam of the blue sea past her, showing that she was well this side of the horizon from the elevation of the foremast, and that she would be visible from the poop in a little while. There was but a very light swell on; the spires of the *Ruby* floated steadily through the blue atmosphere. I had no difficulty in commanding the object therefore, and the powerful lenses of my telescope brought her close. It was a wreck, a sheer hulk indeed, and without a shadow of a doubt *La Mulette*. Her masts were gone, though a fragment of bowsprit remained. Whole lengths of her bulwark were apparently crushed flat to the covering-board; nevertheless, the hull preserved a sort of rakish aspect, a piratical sheer of long, low side. "Let her prove what she will," thought I, "I am a Dutchman if yonder craft hasn't carried a bitter and poisonous sting in her head and tail in her time."

They had "made" eight bells on the poop, and the mellow chimes were sounding upon the quarter-deck, and echoing in the silent squares of canvas, as I descended the rigging and made my way aft. I told Captain Bow that the craft ahead was a hulk, and without doubt *La Mulette;* on hearing which the passengers went in a rush to the side and stood staring as though the object were close aboard, some of them pointing and swearing they could see her, though at the rate at which we were shoving through it she was a fair hour and a half yet behind the horizon from the altitude of the poop.

However, when I came up from tiffin some little while before two o'clock, the hulk lay bare upon the sea over the starboard cathead, with a light like the flash of a gun breaking from her wet black side to the languid roll of her sunwards, and a crowd of steerage-passengers and sailors forward staring at her. At any time a wreck at sea, washing about in the heart of some great ocean solitude, will appeal with solemn significance to the eye of one sailing past it. What dreadful tragedy has she been the little theatre of, you wonder? You speculate upon the human anguish she memorializes, upon the dark and scaring horrors her shape *may* entomb. But it is a sight to appeal with added force to people who have been at sea for many long weeks, without so much as the glimpse of a sail for days at a time to break the enormous monotony of the ocean, or to furnish a fugitive human interest to the ever-receding sea-line—that most mocking of all earthly limitations.

"Anybody see any signs of life aboard of her?" exclaimed Captain Bow. "My sight is not what it was."

There were many sharp young eyes amongst us, and some powerful glasses; but there was nothing living to be seen. She looked to have been a vessel of about two hundred and fifty tons. Her copper sheathing rose to the bends, and was fresh and bright. She had apparently been pierced for ten guns, but this could be only conjecture, seeing that her bulwarks had been torn to pieces by the fall of her spars. There was a length of topmast, or what-not, riding by its gear alongside of her, with a raffle of canvas and running rigging littering the fore-part. Her wheel stood, and her rudder seemed sound. She was flush-decked, but all erections such as caboose, companion, and so forth were gone. Yet she sat with something of buoyancy on the

water, and her rolling was without the stupefaction you notice in hulls gradually filling. As her stern lifted, the words, *La Mulette, Havre*, rose in long, white letters upon the counter, with a sort of ghastliness in the blank stare of them by contrast with the delicate blue of the sea. Old Bow hailed her loudly; then the mate roared to her with the voice of a bull, but to no purpose. I said to the second mate, who stood alongside of me at the rail:—

"Yonder to be sure is the ship from which the sea-bird brought the letter the other night. There were three living men aboard her a few days ago. Are they below, think you?"

"Been taken off, sir, I expect," he answered. "Or dead of hunger, or thirst, and lying corpses in the cabin. Or maybe they drowned themselves. Mr. Pike's hail was something to bring a dying man out of his bunk to see what made it. No, sir, yonder's an abandoned craft or a coffin anyway."

Some ladies standing near overheard this, and at once went to work to induce the captain to bring the *Ruby* to a stand, and send a boat. I listened to them intreating him; he shook his head good-naturedly, with a glance into the north-western quarter of the sea. "Oh, but dear captain," the ladies reasoned, "after that letter, you know, as though you were appointed by Providence to receive it—surely, surely, you will not sail away from that wreck without making quite sure that there is nobody on board her! Only conceive that the three poor creatures may be dying in the cabin, that they may have heard your cry and Mr. Pike's, and even be able to *see* this ship through a porthole, and yet be too weak to crawl on deck to show themselves!" What followed was lost to me by the second mate beginning to talk:—

"She'll have been a French privateer," he said to me. "What a superb run, sir! Something in her heyday not to be easily shaken off a merchantman's skirts. Of course she'll have thrown all her guns overboard in the hurricane. Does the capt'n mean to overhaul her, I wonders," he continued throwing a look aloft. "He'll have to bear a hand and make up his mind or we shall be losing her anon in yonder thickness. Mark the depression in the ocean line nor'-west, sir. D'ye notice the swell gathers weight too and there's a dustiness in the face of the sky that way that's better than a hint that the Bay of Bengal is not so many leagues distant ahead as it was a month ago."

He was rattling on in this fashion, more like one thinking aloud than talking to a companion, when there was a sudden clapping of hands among the ladies who surrounded the captain, and at the same moment I heard him tell the mate to swing the topsail to the mast and get one of the starboard quarter-boats manned. All was then bustle for a few minutes, the mate bawling, the sailors singing out at the ropes, men manœuvring with the boats' grips and falls. I went up to the captain.

"Who has charge of the boat?" said I.

"Second mate," he answered.

"Any objection to my accompanying him, captain?"

"Not in the least, Mr. Catesby. I will only ask you, should you board her, to look alive. The weather shows rather a suspicious front down there," indicating with a nod of his head the quarter to which the second mate had called my attention. "But, bless my heart! there'll be nothing to see, nothing worth sending for. It is only to please the ladies, you know."

I sprang into the boat as she swang at the davits. It was a trip, a treat, a pleasant break for me; besides, my being the first to receive the letter gave me a kind of title as it were to the adventure.

"There's room for others," said the second mate standing erect in the stern sheets with a wistful glance at a knot of pretty faces at the rail.

There was no response from male or female. "Lower away now lively, lads," cried the mate. Down sank the boat, the blocks were dexterously unhooked, out flashed the oars and away we went.

I couldn't have guessed what weight there was in this ocean swell till I felt the volume of it from the low seat of the ship's quarter-boat. The *Ruby* looked to be rolling on it as heavily again as she seemed to have been when I was on her deck, and the beat of her canvas against the mast rang in volleys through the air like the explosion of batteries up there. The wreck came and went as we sank and soared, and I caught the second mate eying her somewhat anxiously as though theorizing to himself upon the safest dodge to board her. She was farther off than I should have

deemed possible, so deceptive is distance at sea, and though the five seamen pulled cheerily, the job of measuring the interval between the two craft, what with the voluminous heave of the swell running at us, and what with the roasting sunshine that lay like a sense of paralysis in the backbone, proved very tedious to my impatience to come at the hulk and explore her. As we swept round under her stern, supposing that her starboard side would be clear of wreckage, I glanced at the *Ruby* and saw that they were clewing up her royals, and hauling down her flying jib with hands on the cross-jack-yard rolling the sail up. There were spars and a litter of trailing gear on either side the hulk ; every roll was a spiteful snapping at the ropes with a drag of the floating sticks which sometimes made the water foam.

"We must board her astern," said the mate, "and stand by for a handsome dip of the counter."

"Our approach was very cautious ; indeed it was necessary to manœuvre very gingerly indeed. We got on to the quarter, and watching his chance the bow oarsman cleverly sprang through the crushed rail as the deck buoyantly swang down to the heave of the boat, carrying the end of the painter with him ; the mate followed, and I after a tolerably long interval, wanting perhaps the nerve and certainly the practised limbs of the sailors. In truth I may as well say here that I should have stuck to the boat and waited for the mate's report but for the dislike of being laughed at when I returned. I very well knew I should not be spared, least of all by those amongst the passengers who would have forfeited fifty pounds rather than have quitted the ship.

The hull had a desperately wrecked look inboards with the mess of ropes, staves, jagged ends, crushed rails, rents manifesting the fury of the hurricane. I swept a glance along in expectation of beholding a dead body, or, if you will, some scarcely living though yet breathing man ; but nothing of the kind was to be seen. The mate hung his head over the companion hatch from which the cover had been clean razed and peered down, then shouted and listened. But no other sound followed than the long moan and huge washing sob of the swell brimming to the wash-streak with a dim sort of choking, gurgling noise as of water streaming from side to side in the hold.

"Hardly worth while exploring those moist bowels, I think, sir," said the mate.

"Oh, yes," said I, "if we don't take a peep under deck what will there be to tell? This is a quest of the ladies' making, remember, and it must be a complete thing or 'stand by,' as you sailors say."

"Right you are, sir," said he, "and so here goes," and with that he put his foot upon the companion ladder and dropped into the cabin.

I followed at his heels, and both of us came to a stand at the bottom of the steps whilst we stared round. There was plenty of light to see by streaming down through the skylight aperture and the hatch. The cabin was a plain, snuff-coloured room with a few sleeping berths running forward, a rough table somewhat hacked and cut about as if with the slicing of tobacco, a row of lockers on either hand, a stand of firearms right aft and some twenty cutlasses curiously stowed in a sort of brackets under the ceiling or upper deck. Hot as it was above, the cabin struck chill as though it were an old well. Indeed you saw that it had been soused over and over again by the seas which had swept the vessel, and there was a briny, seaweedy flavour in the atmosphere of it that made you think of a cave deep down in a sea-fronting cliff. We looked into the sleeping berths going forward to where a movable bulkhead stopped the road. It was not easy to walk ; the increasing weight of the swell was defined by the heavy though comparatively buoyant rolling of the hull. The deck went in slopes like the roof of a house from side to side with now and again an ugly jerk that more than once came near to throwing me when a sudden yawn forced the dismasted fabric into a swift recovery.

"There's nobody aft here, anyway," said the mate ; "no use troubling ourselves to look for her papers, I think, sir."

"No ; but this is only one end of the ship," I answered. "There may be a discovery to make forward. Can't we unship that bulkhead there, and so get into the 'tween-decks?"

We laid hold of the frame, and after peering a bit, for this part of the cabin lay in gloom, we found that it stood in grooves, and without much trouble we slided it open, and the interior to as far as a bulkhead that walled off a bit of forecastle lay clear before us in the daylight shining through the main-hatch. Here were a number of hammocks dangling from the deck, and some score or more of seamen's chests and bags in heaps,

some of them split open, with quantities of rough wearing apparel scattered about, insomuch that I never could have imagined a scene of wilder disorder, nor one more suggestive of hurry and panical consternation and delirious headlong behaviour.

"Nobody here, sir," said the mate.

"No," I answered; "I suppose her people left her in their boats, and that one of the wretches who were forced to remain behind wrote the letter we received the other night."

"At sea," said the mate, "there is no imagining how matters come about. I allow that the three men have been taken off by some passing vessel. Anyway, we've done our bit, and the capt'n I expect 'll be waiting for us. Thunder! how she rolls," he cried, as a very heavy lurch sent us both reeling towards the side of the craft.

"Hark!" cried I, "we are hailed from the deck."

"Below there!" shouted a voice in the companion hatch. "They've fired a gun aboard the Indiaman, sir, and have run the ensign up half-masted. The weather looks mighty queer, sir."

"Ha!" cried the mate; "come along, Mr. Catesby."

We walked cautiously and with difficulty aft, gained the companion ladder and ascended. My instant glance went to the *Ruby*. She had furled her mainsail and fore and mizzen top-gallant-sails, hauled down her lighter staysails and big standing jib, and as I glanced at her a gun winked in a quarter-deck port, and the small thunder of it rolled sulkily up against the wind. In fact, whilst we were below the breeze had chopped clean round and the *Ruby* was to leeward of the wreck, with a very heavy swell rolling along its former course, the wind dead the other way, beginning to whiten the ridges on each huge round-backed fold, and a white thickness—a flying squall of vapour it looked to me, with a seething and creaming line of water along the base of it as though it was something solid that was coming along—sweeping within half-a-mile of the wreck right down upon us. The mate sent a look at it and uttered a cry.

"Haul the boat alongside," he shouted to the fellow in her. "Handsomely now, lads. Stand by to jump into her," he cried to the seaman who had been the first to spring on board the wreck with the end of the line.

They brought the boat humming and buzzing to the counter; the sailor standing on the taffrail plumped into her like a cannon-shot; 'twas wonderful he didn't scuttle her. The mate whipping the painter off the pin or whatever it was that it had been belayed to held it by a turn whilst he bawled to me to watch my chance and jump. But the wreck lying dead in the trough was rolling in quite a frenzied way, like a see-saw desperately worked. Her movements, combined with the soaring and falling of the boat, were absolutely confounding. I would gather myself together for a spring and then, before I could make it, the boat was sliding as it might seem to me twenty or thirty feet deep and away.

"Jump, for God's sake, sir!" cried the mate.

"I don't mean to break my neck," I answered, irritable with the nervous flurry that had come to me with a sudden abominable sense of incapacity and helplessness.

As I spoke the words, sweep! came the white smother off the sea over us with a spiteful yell of wind of a weight that smote the cheek a blow which might have forced the strongest to turn his back. The hissing, and seething, and crackling of the spume of the first of the squall was all about us in a breath, and in the beat of a heart to the *Ruby*, and the ocean all her way vanished in the wild and terrifying eclipse of the thick, silvery, howling, steam-like mist.

"By——, I have done it *now!*" cried the mate.

The end of the painter had been dragged from his hand or he had let it fall! And the wind catching the boat blew her over the swell like the shadow of a cloud. The seamen threw their oars over and headed for us, their faces pale as those of madmen.

"They'll never stem this weather," cried the mate, "follow me, Mr. Catesby, or we are dead men.

He tore off his coat, kicked off his boots and went overboard without another word.

Follow him! To the bottom, indeed! but nowhere else, for I could not swim a stroke. But that was not quite it. Had I had my senses I might have grasped the first piece of wreckage I could put my hand upon and gone after him with it to paddle and hold on till I was picked up. But all this business coming upon us so suddenly, along with the sudden blinding of me by the vapour, the distracting yelling of the wind

and the sickening bewilderment caused by the wreck's violent rolling, seemed to have driven all my wits clean out of my head. The boat was scarcely more than a smudge in the thickness, vanishing and showing as she swept up and rushed down the liquid acclivities, held with her bow towards the hulk by the desperately-plied oars of the rowers. The mate was borne down rapidly towards her. I could just see three of the sailors leaning over the side to drag him out of the water; the next instant the little fabric had vanished in the thickness, helplessly and with horrible rapidity blown out of sight the moment the men ceased rowing to rescue their officer.

I do not know how long all this may have occupied; a few minutes maybe sufficed for the whole of the tragic passage. I stood staring and staring, incredulous of the truth of what had befallen me, and then with an inexpressible sickness of heart I flung myself down upon the deck under the lee of a little space of bulwark, too dizzy and weak with the horror that possessed me to maintain my footing on that wildly swaying platform.

I had met in my travels with but one specimen of such weather as this; it was off the Cape of Good Hope to the westward; the ship was under topmast and topgallant studdingsails, when, without an interval of so much as twenty seconds of calm, she was taken right aback by a wind that came with the temper of half a gale in it, whilst as if by magic a fog, white and dense as wool, was boiling and shrieking all about her

For some time my consternation was so heavy that I sat mechanically staring into that part of the thickness where the boat had disappeared, without giving the least heed to the sea or to the wreck. It was *then* blowing in earnest, the ocean still densely shrouded with flying vapour, and an ugly bit of a sea racing over the swell that rolled its volumes to windward. A smart shock and fall of water on to the forecastle startled me into sudden perception of a real and imminent danger. The fore-scuttle was closed, but the main and companion hatchways yawned opened to the weather; there were no bulwarks worth talking of to increase the wreck's height of side, and to hinder the free tumbling of the surge on to the decks, so if the wind increased and the sea grew heavier, the hulk must inevitably fill and go down like a thunderbolt!

It would be idle to try to express the thoughts which filled me. I was like one stunned: now casting an eye at the sea to observe if the billows were increasing, now with a heart of lead watching the water frothing upon the deck, as the hull heaved from one side to another; then straining my sight with a mad passion of eagerness into the vapour that shut off all view of the ocean to within a cable's length of me. There was nothing to be done. Even could I have met with tarpaulins, there was no sailor's skill in me to spread and secure them over the open hatches. However, when an hour had passed in this way, I took notice of a small failure of the wind, though there was no lightening of the impenetrable mist. The folds of the swell had diminished, and the sea was running steadily; the hull with her broadside dead on, rose and fell with regularity, and though at long intervals the surge struck her bow, and blew in crystals over the head, or fell in scores of bucketfuls upon the deck, nothing more than spray wetted the after-part of her.

It was now about six o'clock in the evening. In two hours time the night would have come down, and if the weather did not clear, the blackness would be that of the tomb. What would the *Ruby* do? Remain hove-to and wait for moonlight or for day-break to seek for me? A fragment of comfort I found in remembering that the wreck's position would be known to Captain Bow and his mates, so that their search for me, if they searched at all, ought not to prove fruitless; though to be sure much would depend upon the drift of the hulk. Presently, fearing that there might be no water or provisions on board, I was seized with a sudden thirst, bred by the mere apprehension that I might come to want a drink. There was still light enough to enable me to search the interior, and now I suppose something of my manhood must have returned to me, for I made up my mind to waste no moment of the precious remaining time of day in imaginations of horror and of death and in dreams of desperate despondency. I went on my hands and knees to the hatch, lest if I stood up I should be knocked down by the abrupt rolling of the craft, and entered the cabin. On deck all was naked and sea-swept from the taffrail to the "eyes", and if there were aught of drink or of food to be had it must be sought below. I recollected that one of the forward berths or cabins, which the second mate and I had looked into, had shown in the gloom as a sort of pantry; that is to say, in peering over my companion's shoulders, I had caught a glimpse of crockery on shelves, the outlines of jars and so forth.

But the inspection had been very swift, scarce more than a glance. I made for this cabin now, very well remembering that it was the last of a row of three or four on the starboard side. I opened the door, and secured it by its hook to the bulkhead that I might see, and after rummaging a little I found a cask of ship's bread, a small cask (like a harness cask) a quarter full of raw pickled pork, a jar of vinegar, two large jars of red wine, and best of all, a small barrel about half full of fresh water, slung againt the bulkhead, with a little wooden tap fixed in it, for the convenience as I supposed of drawing for cabin use. There were other articles of food, such as flour, pickles, dried fruit, and so on; the catalogue would be tedious, nor does my memory carry them.

I poured some wine into a tin pannikin, and found it a very palatable, sound claret. I mixed me a draught with cold water, and ate a biscuit with a little slice of some kind of salt sausage, of which there lay a lump in a dish, and found myself extraordinarily refreshed. I cannot tell you indeed how comforted I was by this discovery of provisions and fresh water, for now I guessed that if the weather did not drown the wreck, I might be able to support life on board of her until the *Ruby* took me off, which I counted upon happening that night if the moon shone, or most certainly next morning at latest. My heart however sank afresh when I regained the deck. The sudden change from the life, the cheerfulness, the security of the Indiaman, to *this*—"Oh, my God! my God!" I remember exclaiming as I sank down under the lee of the fragment of bulwark, with a wild look around into the thickness and along the spray-darkened planks of the heaving and groaning derelict. The loneliness of it! no sounds saving the dismal crying of the wind sweeping on high through the atmosphere, and the ceaseless seething and hissing of the dark-green frothing seas swiftly chasing one another out of sight past the wall of vapour that circled the wreck, with the blank and blinding mist itself to tighten as with a sensible ligature into unbearable concentration the dreadful sense of solitude in my soul.

Slowly the wind softened down, very gradually the sea sank, and their worrying note of snarling melted into a gentler tone of fountain-like creaming. But the vapour still filled the air, and so thick did it hang that, though by my watch I knew it to be the hour of sundown, I was unable to detect the least tinge of hectic anywhere, no faintest revelation of the fiery scarlet light which I knew must be suffusing the clear heavens down to the easternmost confines above this maddening blindness of mist.

Then came the blackness of the night. So unspeakably deep a dye it was that you would have thought every luminary above had been extinguished, and that the earth hung motionless in the sunless opacity of chaos out of which it had been called into being. The hours passed. I held my seat on the deck with my back against a bulwark stanchion. It was a warm night with a character as of the heat of steam owing to the moisture that loaded and thickened the atmosphere. Sometimes I dozed, repeatedly starting from a snatch of uneasy slumber to open my eyes with ever-recurring horror and astonishment upon the blackness. Gleams of the sea-fire shot out fitfully at times from the sides of the wreck, and there was nothing else for the sight to rest upon. At midnight it was blowing a small breeze of wind and the sea running gently —at midnight I mean as I could best reckon; but the darkness remained unchanged, and I might know that the fog was still thick about me by no dimmest spectre of moon or star showing.

I then slept, and soundly too, for two or three hours, and when I awoke it was daylight, the sea clear to the horizon, the sky a soft liquid blue with masses of white vaporous cloud hanging under it like giant bursts of steam, and the sun shining with a sort of misty splendour some degree or two above the sea-line. There was a pleasant air blowing out of the north, with power to wrinkle the water and no more. My limbs were so cramped that for a long while I was incapable of rising; when at last my legs had recovered their power I stood erect and swept the ocean with my eyes. But the light blue surface went in undulations naked to the bend of the heavens on all sides. I looked and looked again, but to no purpose. I strained my sight till an intolerable torment in my eyeballs forced me to close my lids. There was nothing in view. I very well remember falling on my knees and grovelling upon the deck in the anguish of my spirit. I had so surely counted on daylight exhibiting the *Ruby* somewhere within the circle which inclosed me that the disappointment that came out of the bald vacancy of the ocean struck me down like a blow from a hammer. Presently I lifted up my head and regained my feet, and feeling thirsty moved with a tread of lead to

the yawning hatch, sending the most passionate, yearning glances seaward as I walked, and halting again and again to the vision of some imagination of break in the continuity of the gleaming girdle—some delicate shoulder of remote cloud, some imaginary speck which dissolved upon the blue air whilst my gaze was on it.

I mixed some wine and water, and made a light repast off some biscuit and a piece of Dutch cheese that was on the shelf. I then thought I would look into the cabins for a chair to sit upon on deck, for a mattress to lie upon, for something also that might make me a little awning, and pushed open the door of the berth immediately facing the pantry, as I may call it. The wreck was rolling very lightly, and her decks were now as easy of stepping as the Indiaman's. This berth contained a bunk and bedding, a sailor's chest, some clothes hanging against the bulkhead, but nothing to serve my turn. The next was similarly furnished, saving that here I took notice that a small quantity of wearing apparel lay about as though scattered in a hurry, and that the lid of a great box, painted a dark green with the letter D in white upon it, had been split open as though the contents were to be rifled, or as though the lock had resisted and there had been no time to coax it save by a chopper. I passed into a third cabin. This had some comfort of equipment in the shape of shelves and a chest of drawers, and had doubtless been the commander's. There was a very handsome telescope on brackets, a few books, a quadrant, a large silver timepiece, a small compass and one or two other matters of a like sort upon a little table fitted by hinges in a corner; there were three chests in a row with a litter of boots and shoes, a soft hat or two, a large handsome cloak costly with fur, and so forth, strewed about the deck.

I was looking with some wonder at these articles when my eye was taken by something bright near the smallest of the three chests. I picked it up; it was an English sovereign. Others lay about as though a handful had been clutched and dropped—here being the same manifestations of terrified hurry as, it seemed to me, I witnessed in the other cabins. The lid of the small chest was split in halves, and the chopper that had seemingly been wielded rested against the side of the box. A massive padlock was still in the staples. I lifted the half of the lid and was greatly astonished by the sight of a quantity of gold pieces lying in divisions of a tray that fitted the upper part of the chest. Each division contained coins of various nations. They were all gold pieces—English, Portuguese, Brazilian and coins of the United States. I prized open the padlocked part of the lid and seized the tray to lift it that I might observe what lay underneath. But the weight of gold in it was so great that I had to exert my utmost strength to raise one end of the tray on to the edge of the box; which done, I was able to slide it along till the bottom of the box was revealed.

The sight of the gold had filled me with expectations of beholding some amazing treasure under the tray. What I there saw was a heap of rough, brick-shaped stuff of a dull, rusty, reddish tint. I grasped a lump, and though I had never seen gold in that form before, I was satisfied by the extraordinary weight of the piece I held that all those coarse, rough, dull-coloured bricks were of the most precious of metals. I slided the tray back to its place and let fall the two halves of the lid with another look around me for any article that might be useful to me on deck. The excitement kindled by the spectacle of the gold rapidly died away. I dully mused on it, so to speak, whilst my eye roamed, languidly speculating about it, with a strange indifference in my thoughts, concluding that it represented the privateersman's sorted plunder; that in all likelihood when the rush had been made to the boats one or more had split open this chest to fill their pockets, but had been obliged to fly for their lives ere they could find time for more than a scrambling clutch at the tray. But it was the contents no doubt of this chest—if indeed this chest held all the treasure of the buccaneer—that was indicated by the writer of the letter in the concluding line of it, the closing words of which had been found illegible by the young fellow who translated the missive.

I put the telescope under my arm and passed into the cabin, and found a small chair near the arms rack, and near it upon the deck lay a great cotton umbrella, grimy and wet with the saturation of the cabin. I took it up thankfully and carried it with the chair up the steps. There was a great plenty of ropes' ends knocking about. I cut a piece and unlaid the strands, and securing the umbrella to a stanchion, sat down on the chair under it; and indeed without some such shelter the deck would have been insupportable, for low as the sun still was in the east, his fires were already roasting, and I

well knew what sort of temperature was to be expected as he floated higher, leaving my form with a small blotch of southern shadow only attached to it.

I passed the morning in sweeping the horizon with the telescope. It was a noble glass—a piece of plunder, with an inscription that represented it as a gift from the officers of a vessel to her commander; I forget the names, but recollect they were English. The placidity of the day dreadfully disheartened me. There was but little weight in the languid air to heave the *Ruby* or any other vessel into view. The sea under the sun was like brand new tin for the dazzle of it, and as the morning advanced the heavy, vaporous clouds of daybreak melted out into curls and wisps like to the crescent moon, with a clear sky rising a pale blue from the horizon to overhead to where it swam into the brassy glory which flooded the central heavens. Weary of sitting, and exhausted by looking, I put down the glass and went to the main hatch with the idea of making out what water there was in the hold. The pumps were gone and the wells of them sank like black shafts under the deck. But whatever there was of water in the hulk lay so low that I could not catch so much as a gleam of it. There was some light cargo in the hold—light as I reckoned by the sit of the wreck upon the water; chiefly white wooden cases, with here and there canvas bales; but whatever might have been the commodities there was not much of them, at least amidships, down into which I stood peering.

I then walked on to the forecastle and lifted the hatch-cover. This interior looked to have been used by the people of *La Mulette* as a sort of sail-locker. The bulkhead extended but a very short distance abaft the hatch, and the deck was stowed with rolls of sails, coils of spare rigging, hawsers, tackles, and so forth. I put my head into the aperture and took a long and careful survey of the interior, for the mate and I had not explored this part of the brig, and it was possible, I thought, I might find the bodies of the three survivors here. But there was nothing whatever to be witnessed in that way; so I closed the hatch again and went aft.

The day passed, the light breeze lingered, but it brought nothing into sight. I would think as I sent my glance along the naked, sea-swept, desolate deck, gaunt and skeleton-like, with its ragged exhibition of splintered plank and crushed bulwark, that had there been a mast left in the hull I might from the summit of it be able to see the *Ruby*, whose topmost cloths lay sunk behind the horizon to the eyes which I levelled from the low side of the wreck. "Oh!" I would cry aloud, "if I could but be sure that she was near me though hidden!" Maddening as the expectation might have been which the sight of her afar would have raised in me, yet the mere having her in view, no matter how dim, deceptive a speck she proved, would have taken a deal of the bitterness, the heart-subduing feeling of hopelessness out of the wild and awful sense of desolation that possessed me.

The sun sank; with the telescope trembling in my hands I made a slow, painful circle of the ocean whilst the western magnificence lay upon it, and then let fall the glass and fell into the chair, and with bowed head and tightly-folded arms, and eyes closed to mitigate by the shadowing of the lids the anguish of the fires which despair had kindled in them—for my heart was parched, no relief of tears came to me—I waited for the darkness of a second night to settle down upon the wreck. But on this day the gloom fell with the brilliance of stars, and some time after eight the moon rose, a moist, purple shield, at whose coming the light draught of wind died out and the ocean flattened into a breathless, polished surface. When presently the moon had soared and whitened, the sea looked as wide again as it was to the showering of her light, brimming the atmosphere with a delicate silver haze; indeed there went a shadowing round about its confines to the shaft of moonlight on the water that made it seem hollow where the wreck lay, and it was like floating in the vastness of the firmament that bent over it to glance over the side of the hull and see the mirror-like breast studded with reflections of the larger stars, and to follow the shadow of the deep, curled at the extremities as it seemed, to the tropic astral dust that twinkled there like dew trembling to the breath of a summer night wind.

I had brought up some blankets from below and these I made a kind of mattress of under the shelter of the umbrella. It was about ten o'clock, I think, when I threw myself down upon them. A pleasant breeze was then blowing directly along the wake of moonlight, and the water was rippling like the murmurs of a fountain against the sides of the pale, silent, gently-rolling hull. I lay awake for a long time listening to this cool, refreshing, tinkling sound of running ripples, with a mind somewhat

weakened by my distress. Indeed, many thoughts wearing a complexion of delirium passed through my head with several phantasies which must have frightened me as a menace of madness had my wits been equal to the significance of them. For example, I can recall seeing, as I believed, the *Ruby* floating up towards the wreck out of the western gloom, luminous as a snow-clad iceberg, with the soft splendour of the moonshine on her canvas; I recollect this, I say, and that I laughed quietly at the thought of her approach, as though I would ridicule myself for the fears which had been upon me throughout the day; then of jumping up in a sudden transport and passion of delight; when the vision instantly vanished, whereupon a violent fit of trembling seized me, and I sank down again upon the blankets groaning. But the agitation did not linger; some fresh deception of the brain would occur and win my attention to it.

This went on till I fell asleep. Meanwhile the breeze continued to blow steadily, and the rippling of water along the bends was like the sound of the falling of large raindrops.

I awoke, and turning my head towards the forepart of the wreck, I spied the figure of a man erect and motionless on the forecastle. The moon was low in the west; I might guess by her position that daybreak was not far off. By her red light I saw the man. I sat erect and swept a glance round; there was no ship near me, no smudge upon the gloom to indicate a vessel at a distance. Father of heaven! I thought what *is* it? Could yonder shadowy form be one of the three sailors who had been left on the wreck? Surely I had closely searched the hull; there was nothing living aboard of her but myself. The sweat-drops broke from my brow as I sat motionless with my eyes fixed upon the figure that showed with an inexpressible ghostliness of outline in the waning moonlight. On a sudden there arose another figure alongside of him, seemingly out of the hard planks of the deck; then a third; and there the three of them stood apparently gazing intently aft at me, but without a stir in their frames, that I could witness. Three of them!

I rose to my feet and essayed to speak, but could deliver no more than a whisper. I tried again, and this time my voice sounded.

"In the name of God, who, and what are you?"

"Ha!" cried one of them. He said something to his companions, in words which were unintelligible to me, then approached, followed by the others, all three of them moving slowly, with a wavering gate, as though giddy.

"Som drink for Christu's sake!" said the man who had cried Ha! pointing his finger at his mouth, and speaking in a tone that made one think of his throat as something rough, like a file. By this time it was clear to me they were no ghosts. I imagined them negroes, so dark their faces looked in the dim west rays and failing starlight. Whence they had sprung, in what manner they had arrived, I could not imagine; but it was not for me to stand speculating about them in the face of the husky appeal for drink.

There was a parcel of candles in the pantry—as I term it. I had a flint and steel in my pocket, and followed by the men, I led the way below, bidding them stand awhile till I obtained a light; and after groping and feeling about with my hands, I found the paper of candles, lighted one, and then called to the men. They arrived. I pointed to the jars, saying in English, there was wine in them; and then to the slung cask of water, and then to the food on the shelves. They instantly grasped each one of them a pannikin, and mixed a full draught and swallowed it, with a strange trembling sigh of relief and delight. They then fell upon the biscuit and sausage, eating like famished wolves, both fists full, and cramming their mouths. They were not very much more distinguishable by the feeble light of the candle than on deck; however I was able to see they were not blacks. The man who had addressed me was of a deep Chinese yellow, with lineaments of an African pattern, a wide flat nose, huge lips, eyes like little shells of polished ebony glued on porcelain. His hair was the negro's, black wiry wool. He wore a short moustache, the fibres like the teeth of a comb, and there was a tuft of black wool upon his chin. Small gold earrings, a greasy old Scotch cap, a shirt like a dungaree jumper, and loose trousers thrust into a pair of half Wellingtons, completed the attire of the ugliest, most villainous-looking creature I had ever set eyes on. His companions were long-haired, chocolate-browed Portuguese, or Spaniards—*Dagos* as the sailors call them; I noticed a small gold crucifix sparkling upon the mossy breast of one of them. Their feet were naked,

indeed their attire consisted of no more than a pair of duck or canvas breeches, and an open shirt, and a cap. They continued to feed heartily, and several times helped themselves to the wine, though before doing so, the yellow-faced man would regularly point to the jar with a nod, as though asking leave.

"You Englis, sah?" he exclaimed, when he had made an end of eating. I said yes. "How long you been heär, sah?"

I told him. He understood me perfectly though I spoke at length, relating in fact my adventure. I then inquired who he and his companions were, and his story was to the following effect: That he was the boatswain, and the other two able seamen of a Portuguese ship called the *Mary Joseph*, bound to Singapore or to some Malay port. The vessel had been set on fire by one of the crew, an Englishman, who was skulking drunkenly below after broaching a cask of rum. They had three boats which they hoisted out; most of the people got away in the long-boat, six men were in the second boat, he and his two comrades got into the jolly-boat. They had with them four bottles of water, and a small bag of ship's bread, and nothing more. They parted company with the other boats in the night, and had been four days adrift, sailing northwards by the sun as they reckoned, under a bit of a lug, and keeping an eager look-out though they sighted nothing; until a little before sundown that evening, they spied the speck of this wreck, and made for it, but so scant was the wind and so weak their arms that it had taken them nearly all night to measure the distance which would be a few miles only. They got their boat under the bow—she was lying there now, he said—and stepped on board one after the other. This explained to me their apparition. Of course I had not seen the boat or heard her as she approached, and to me, lying aft, the three men rising over the bows looked as though, like ghostly essences, they had shaped themselves on the forecastle out through the solid plank.

I addressed the others, but the yellow man told me that their language was a jargon of base Portuguese, of which I should be able to understand no more than here and there a word, even though I had been bred and educated in Lisbon.

"We mosh see to dah boat," he exclaimed, and spoke to his mates, apparently to that effect.

I extinguished the candle, and followed them on deck. It was closer upon day-break than I had supposed. Already the grey was in the east, like a filtering of light through ash-coloured silk, with the sea-line black as a sweep of India ink against it: and the moon a lumpish, distorted mass of faint dingy crimson, dying out in a sort of mistiness westwards, like the snuff of a rushlight in its own smoke. Even whilst the three fellows were manœuvring with the boat over the bow, the tropic day filled the heavens in a bound, and it was broad morning all at once, with a segment of sun levelling a long line of trembling silver from the horizon down to mid-ocean. My first glance was for the *Ruby*, but the sea lay bare in every quarter. The fellows came dragging their boat aft; I looked over and saw that the fabric was of a canoe-pattern, with a queer upcurled bow, and a stern as square as the amidship section of the boat; four thwarts, short oars with oval-shaped blades, and a small mast with a square of lugsail lying with its yard in the bottom of the boat.

The yellow man pointing to her exclaimed in a hoarse, throaty, African guttural, "It is good ve keep hor. Dis wreck hov no 'atch; she sink, and vidout hor," nodding at the boat again, "were ve be?"

I said yes, by all means let us secure the boat. He exclaimed that for the present she would lie safely astern, and with that they took a turn with the line that held her and she rested quietly on the sea clear of the quarter.

Forthwith the three fellows began to explore the hull. The yellow man or boat-swain, as I must henceforth call him, said no more to me than this as he pointed to the yawning hatches: "You are gen'elman," with an ugly smile intended no doubt for a stroke of courtesy as he ran his eye over me: "ve are common sailor. Ve vill see to stop dem hole. More fresh vataire to drink ve need. Possib more bee-low. Also tobacco." And thus saying he cried out to the others in their own dialect, and the three of them went to the main hatchway and disappeared down it.

I lifted the telescope and ran it over the sea, then sighed as with a breaking heart I laid the glass down again upon the deck. A strong sense of dismay filled me whilst I sat musing upon the men who were now coolly rummaging the vessel below. The rascality which lay in every line of the ugly yellow ruffian's face, coupled with the stealthy, glittering glances, the greasy, snaky hair, the dark piratic countenances of

the others might well have accounted for the apprehension, the actual consternation indeed which fell upon me whilst I thought of them. But that was not all. The recollection of the gold rushed upon me as a memory that had clean gone out of my mind, but that had suddenly flashed back upon me to communicate a sinister significance to the presence of the three Portuguese seamen. I can clearly understand now that my brain, as I have said, had been weakened by the horror of my situation, and by the long madness of expectation which had held it on fire whilst I searched the sea and waited for the *Ruby* to appear. So that, instead of accepting these three foreign sailors as a kind of godsend with whose assistance I might be enabled to doctor up the wreck so as to fit her to float until help came, not to speak of them as companions in misery, human creatures to talk to, beings whose society would extinguish out of this dreadful situation the intolerable element of solitude—I say instead of viewing these men thus, as might have happened, I believe, had I been my old self, a profound fear and aversion to them seized me, and such was the state of my nerves at that time, I call to mind that I looked at the boat that hung astern with a sort of hurry in me to leap into her, cast her adrift, and sail away.

With an effort I mastered my agitation, constantly directing glances at the sea with a frequent prayer upon my lip that if not the *Ruby*, then at least some ship to rescue me would heave into view before sundown that night.

The men were a long while below. I stepped softly to the companion hatch, and bent my ear down it that I might know if they had made their way through the 'tween decks bulkhead into the cabin. The chink of money was very distinct, but that was all. Presently however I heard them talking in low voices, but their tongue was Hebrew to me, and I went back to my chair, looking yet again around the sea-line. I think they had been at least an hour below when they arrived on deck, emerging through the main hatch. They then walked forward without taking any notice of me, and disappeared through the fore-scuttle, whence, after a while, they arose bearing amongst them several tarpaulins which they had come across. I took it that there was a carpenter's chest down there, for the yellow boatswain flourished a hammer in one hand, and a box of what proved to be roundheaded nails in the other. They carefully secured the hatch with a couple of these tarpaulins, then came to the quarter-deck, and similarly roofed the skylight and the companion hatch, saving that they left free a corner flap to admit of our passage up and down.

"Dis is sailor vork," said the boatswain giving me a nod, whilst his face shone like a yellow sou'-wester in a squall of wet with the sweat that flooded his repulsive visage. "Dah vataire keep out now, sah."

"It is well done," said I, softening my voice to disguise the emotion of disgust and aversion which possessed me at sight of the ugly, treacherous, askant sort of stare he fastened upon me whilst he spoke. "Have you breakfasted?"

He came close to me before answering; the other two meanwhile remaining at the hatch and looking towards me.

"Ay," he then said, "dere ish plenty biscuit, plenty vataire, plenty beef," indicating with a grimy thumb a portion of the hold that lay under the cabin floor. "Dere ish plenty gold too," he added in a hoarse, theatrical sort of whisper, with a sudden gleam in his little horrible eyes which to my fancy was as much like the blue flash off some keen and polished blade of poniard as anything I can figure to liken it to.

"Yes," said I carelessly, "plenty I believe. But I must break my own fast now. We shall need fresh water before the day's out, and, praised be the saints, there is plenty of it, you say."

With that I went to the hatch, turned the flap of the tarpaulin and descended, eyed narrowly by the two fellows who stood beside it, and as I gained the interior I heard them say something to the boatswain, who responded with an off-hand sort of *ya, ya!* as though he would quiet a misgiving in them. I made a hurried meal off some wine, biscuit and cheese, and noticing as I passed on my way to the cabin again that the door of the berth in which the chest of gold stood was shut, I tried the handle and found it locked. The key was withdrawn. Smothering a curse upon the hour that had brought these creatures to the wreck, I lighted a cigar (of which I had a leather case half-full in my pocket), more for the easy look of it than for any need I felt for tobacco just then, and went in a lounge to the shelter of my umbrella. The boatswain was examining the telescope when I arrived. He instantly put it down on perceiving me and went forward to where his mates were. They peered first over one side, pointing and talking, and

arguing with amazing volubility and with astonishing contortions ; they then crossed to the other side, and looked over and fell into the same kind of hot, eager talk and gesticulations. It was easy to guess that they spoke about the spars which floated, held by their gear, against the wreck. After a bit they came to an agreement, disappeared in the forecastle and returned with tackles and coils of rope. One of them went over the side, and after a while there they were hauling upon purchases and slowly bringing the spar out of water, the boatswain talking and bawling with furious energy the whole while. I went forward to help them, and the yellow ruffian nodded when I seized hold of the rope they were pulling at, and cried with a hoarse roar of laughter, "Yash, yash. Ve make a mast, ve make a yart, and ve put up sail, and ve steer to our own countree and be reech men."

Dagos as they were, they had some trick of seamanship amongst them. There was stump enough left of the foremast to secure the heel of a spar to, and by four o'clock that afternoon, with a break of but a single half-hour for a meal and a smoke (they had found plenty of pipes and tobacco in the seamen's chests between decks), they had rigged up and stayed a jury-mast and crossed it with a yard manufactured from a boom of the wreckage to larboard ; which, light as the breeze was, yet furnished them with spread of sail enough to give the sheer-hulk steerage way.

I had lent them a hand and done my landsman's best, and had gone aft to rest myself and to sweep the sea with the telescope for the hundredth time that day. The three men were below getting some supper. The hull was stirring through the water at a snail's pace to a weak, hot wind blowing right over her taffrail out of the south-east. The helm was amidships, and her short length of oil-smooth wake showed her going straight without steering. I could distinctly hear the men conversing in the cabin. I reckoned because they knew their lingo was unintelligible to me that they talked out. There was a fiery eagerness in the tones they sometimes delivered themselves in, but earnestly as I listened I could catch no meaning but that of their imprecations, which readily enough took my ear owing to a certain resemblance between them and Spanish and Italian oaths. A short interval of silence followed. All three then came on deck, one of them carrying a jar and another a canvas bag. I instantly observed that every man of them had girded a cutlass to his side. They seemed to avoid my gaze as they walked to the pin to which the line that connected the boat was belayed, and hauled her alongside. I threw away my cigar and stood up. The first idea that occurred to me was, they were going to victual the boat, sway the chest of gold into her and sail away from me ; and I cannot express with what devotion I prayed to my Maker that this might prove so. I looked from one to the other of them. Once I caught a sidelong glance from the boatswain ; otherwise they went to this business as though I were not present, talking in rough, hurried whispers, with an occasional exclamation from the yellow ruffian, that was like saying, "Make haste!" When the boat was alongside one of them dropped into her, and received the jar and bag from the other. He then returned, and the moment he was inboards the boatswain, rounding upon me, drew his cutlass and pointed to the boat.

"Be pleashed to get in and go away!" he exclaimed.

"Go away!" I echoed, too much thunderstruck by the villain's order to feel or witness the horror of the fate designed for me. "What have I done that you should——?"

He interrupted me with a roar. "Go quick!" he cried, lifting his weapon as though to strike, "or I kill you!"

The hands of the others groped at the hilts of their cutlasses ; all three eyed me now, and there was murder in every man's look. Without a word I stepped to the side, and sprang into the boat. One of them threw the line off the pin into the sea. "Hoise your sail and steer that way, or we shoot!" bellowed the yellow ruffian, waving his cutlass towards the sea astern. God knows there were small arms enough in the cabin to enable them to fulfil *that* threat. I grasped the halliards, mastheaded the little lug, and throwing an oar over the stern, sculled the boat's head round, and in a minute was slipping away from the hull, at the stern of which the three men stood watching me, the blade in the boatswain's hand shining to the sun like a wand of fire as he continued to point with it into the south-east.

Here now was I adrift in the mighty heart of the Indian Ocean in a small boat like a canoe ; so shaped that she was little likely to lie close to the wind, hundreds of leagues from the nearest point of land, and in a part of the deep navigated in those

days at long intervals only—I mean by the Dutch and English traders to the east; for the smaller vessels kept a much more westerly longitude than where I was, after rounding the Cape; often striking through the Mozambique or so climbing as to have the Mauritius aboard. Never was human being in a more wildly-desperate situation. I did not for an instant doubt that this was the beginning of the end, that if I was not capsized and drowned out of hand by some growing sea, I was to perish (unless I took my own life) of hunger and thirst. Yet the rage and terror which were upon me when I looked over my shoulder at the receding wreck passed away, with the help of God to be sure ere the figures of the miscreants who had served me thus had been blended by distance out of their shapes into the body and hues of the hull. I thought to myself it is an escape, at all events. I *may* perish here; yet is there hope; but had I stayed *yonder* I was doomed: the sight of the gold had made them thirsty for my life. In my sleep, ay, or even waking, they would have hacked me to pieces and flung me overboard to the sharks here.

In this consideration, I say, I seemed to find a source of comfort. If I died as I now was, it would be God's act, whereas had I remained in the wreck I must have been brutally butchered by the wretches whom the devil had despatched to me in the darkness of the morning that was gone. Nevertheless I was at a loss to comprehend their motive in thus using me. First of all by sending me away in their boat, they had robbed themselves of their only chance of escape should the wreck founder. Then again, I was a man with a serviceable pair of hands belonging to me, and how necessary willing help was to persons circumstanced as they were, they could easily have gathered from the labours of the day. Besides, they would be able to judge of my condition by my attire, and how could they be sure that I should demand the treasure or put in my claim for a share of it? But I need not weary you with my speculations. The sun sank when there was a space of about a league betwixt my boat and the wreck, and the darkness came in a stride out of the east. The wind was weak and hot, and there was a crackling noise of ripples round about the boat as she lay with scarce any way upon her, lightly but briskly bobbing upon the tropic ocean dimples. When the darkness came I let fall my sail, intending later on, when the wreck should have got well away towards the horizon, to head north; for methought the further I drew towards the equator out of these seas the better would be my chance of being rescued. The stars were very plentiful, rich, and brilliant that night. I gave God thanks for their company, and for the stillness and peace upon the ocean, and I prayed to Him to watch over and to succour me. When the moon rose I stood up and looked around, but saw nothing of the wreck; on which I hoisted my sail afresh and headed the boat north, as I conjectured, by the position of the moon. There was a deal of fire in the sea, and I would again and again direct my eyes at the fitful flashing over the side with a dread in me of witnessing the outline of a shark.

The moon had been risen about two hours, when I spied the gleam of water in the bottom of the boat. I was greatly startled, believing that she was leaking. Certainly there had been no water when I first entered her nor down to this minute had I noticed the gleam or heard the noise of it in her. There was a little pewter mug in the stern sheets, a relic of the ship from which the Portuguese had come. I fell to baling with it, and presently emptied the boat. No more water entered, for which at first I was deeply thankful; but after a little I got musing upon how it could have penetrated, seeing that no more came; and then a dreadful suspicion entering my mind, I looked for the jar which the Portuguese had handed into the boat, and saw it lying on its bilge in the bows. I picked it up and shook it; it was empty! It had been corked by a piece of canvas which still remained in the bung, but on the jar capsizing through the jerking of the boat, the water had easily drained out, and it was this precious fluid which I had been feverishly baling and casting overboard!

Maddened as I was by this discovery, I had yet sense enough remaining to sop my handkerchief in the little puddle that still damped the bottom of the boat, and to wring the moisture into the pewter measure. But at the outside half a pint was the utmost I recovered, which done I sat me down, my face buried in my hands, with my eyes scorched as though they were seared by the burning tears that rose to them from my full and breaking heart.

The night passed. Hour after hour I lay in a sort of stupefaction in the stern

sheets, taking no notice of the weather, my eyes fixed upon the stars, a little space of which directly over my head I would crazily essay to number. Once I pressed the handkerchief to my parched lips, but found the damp of it brackish, and threw it from me. But I would not touch the precious drop of water I had preserved. Too bitterly well did I guess how the morrow's sun would serve me, and the very soul within me seemed to recoil from the temptation to moisten my dry and burning tongue.

The memory of the early hours of that morning, of daybreak, of the time that followed, is but that of a delirium. I took no heed of my navigation. The sheet of the sail was fast, and the boat travelled softly before the gentle breeze that sat in little curls upon the water. I recollect thinking in a stupid, half-numbed way, that the boat was pursuing the path of the wreck whose one sail would suffer her to travel only straight before the wind. But the pain of thirst, the anguish of my situation, the maddening heat of the sun, the cruel, eternal barrenness of the ocean ; these things combined, lay like death upon me. I was sensible only that I lived and suffered. There was biscuit in the canvas bag which had been put in the boat. I thought by munching a fragment to ease the anguish in my throat, but found I could not swallow. Ah, heavenly God ! the deliriousness of the gaze which I fastened upon the clear, cool, blue water over the side, the horrible temptation to drink of it, to plunge, and soak, and drown in it, the torment of the seething and creaming noises of its ripples against the burning sides of the boat, which sickened the atmosphere with their poisonous smell of hot paint !

The night came—a second night. Some relief from the thirst which tortured me I had obtained by soaking my underclothes, and wearing the garments streaming. It was a night of wonderful oceanic beauty and tenderness : the moon, a glorious sphere of brilliancy, the wind sweet and cool with dew, and the sea sleeping to the quiet cradling of its swell. I had not closed my eyes for many a long weary hour, and nature could hold out no longer. It was a little before midnight I think that I fell asleep ; the boat was then sailing quietly along, and steering herself, making a fair straight course of her progress—though to what quarter of the heavens she was carrying me I knew not, nor for a long while had thought of guessing. When I awoke the darkness was still upon the ocean, and the moon behind a body of high light cloud which she whitened and which concealed her, though her radiance yet lay in the atmosphere as a twilight. Right ahead of me, but at what distance I could not imagine, there floated a dark object upon the water. My glance had gone to her sleepily, but the instant it fell upon her I sprang to my feet, and bounded like a dart into the bow of the boat, and stood with my hands on the square of the canoe-shaped stem, straining my sight into the gloom.

She was a ship—no doubt of that ; yet she puzzled me greatly, the light was so thin and deceptive that I could distinguish little more than the block of blackness she made upon the dark sea. Apparently she was lying with all sails furled, or else hauled up close to the yards. One moment I would think that she was without masts, then I imagined I could perceive a visionary fabric of spar and rope. But she was a ship ! Help she would yield me—the succour of her deck, and, oh my God ! one drink, but *one* drink of water !

I flung the oars over, and weak as I was fell to rowing with might and main. The boat buzzed through the ripples to the impulse of my thirst-maddened arms. The shadow ahead slowly loomed larger and closer, till all in a breath I saw by a sudden gleam of moonlight which sparkled through a rent in the cloud, that she was *La Mulette !*

I dropped the oars, let fall the sail, and stood with my eyes fixed upon her, considering a little. Would the men murder me if I boarded her ? Or would they not fill my empty jar for me on my beseeching them, on my pointing to my frothing lip as the yellow man had done, on my asking for water only, promising to depart at once ? Why, it was better to be butchered by their cutlasses than to perish thus. I felt mad at the thought of a long sweet draught of wine and water out of a cold pannikin, and rendered utterly defiant, absolutely reckless by my sufferings, and by the dream and allurement of a drink of water, I fell to the oars again, and rowed the boat alongside the wreck.

I now noticed for the first time that the mast and sail which the fellows had erected were gone. Indeed the mast lay over the side, and the sail floated black under it in the water. I listened ; all was hushed as death in the motionless hulk. I secured the

painter of the boat to the chain plate, sprang on to the deck and stood looking a minute. Close to the wheel lay the figure of a man. He was sound asleep as I might suppose, his head pillowed on his arm, the other arm over his face in a posture of sheltering it. He was the only one of the three visible. Wildly reckless always and goaded with the agony of thirst I went straight to the hatch and dropped into the cabin. The blackness was that of a coal-mine, but I knew the way, and after a little groping found the pantry door and entered. With an eager hand I sought for a candle, found one and lighted it, and in a few minutes my thirst was assuaged and I was standing with clasped uplifted hands thanking God for the exquisite comfort of the draught. Yet I drank cautiously. My need made me believe that I could have drained a cask to its dregs, but I forced my dreadful craving to be satisfied with scarce more than a quarter of a pint. The drink relaxed the muscles of my throat and I was able to eat. Afterwards I drank a little again, and then I felt a new man.

I stayed about twenty minutes in the pantry, in which time I heard no kind of noise saving a dim creak now and again from the hold of the wreck. Extinguishing the candle I entered the cabin and stood debating with myself on the course I should follow. Water I must have : should I fill a jar and carry it stealthily to the boat and be off and take my chance of managing the business unheard ? Yes, I would do that, and if I aroused the sleepers, why, seeing that I was willing to go they might not refuse me a supply of drink . . . .

I was musing thus when there was the sound of a yawn on deck. At that moment I remembered the array of cutlasses that embellished the cabin ceiling. It was the noise the fellow made, the perception that one of the three at all events was awake with his mates somewhere at hand to swiftly alarm, which put the thought of those cutlasses into my head, or it is fifty to one if in the blackness of that interior I should have recollected them. I sprang upon the table and in a moment was gripping a blade. The very feel of it, the mere sense of being armed sent the blood rushing through my veins as though to some tonic of miraculous potency. "Now," thought I, setting my teeth, "let the ruffians fall upon me if they will. If my life is to be taken it shall not be for the want of an English arm to defend it."

I jumped on to the deck, went stealthily to the foot of the steps and listened. The man yawned again, and I heard the tread of his foot as he moved, whence I suspected him to be the yellow boatswain, the others being unshod, though to be sure there were shoes enough in the 'tween decks for them had they a mind to help themselves. As I sent a look up through the lifted corner of tarpaulin over the hatch I spied the delicate, illusive grey of daybreak in the air, and so speedy was the coming of the dawn that it lay broad with the sun close under the rim of the horizon ere I could form a resolution whilst listening to make sure that he who was on deck continued alone. Then hearing him yawn again and no sound of the others reaching my ears, I mounted the steps and gained the deck.

It was the Portuguese boatswain, as I had imagined. He was in the act of seating himself much in the same place where I had seen him sleeping when I boarded the vessel ; but he instantly saw me as I arose, and remained motionless and rigid as though blasted by a flash of lightning. His jaw dropped, his hideous little eyes protruded bright with horror and fright from their sockets, and his yellow face changed into a sort of greenish tint like mottled soap or the countenance of a man in a fit. No doubt he supposed me a spectre, rising as I did in that way out of the cabin when the rogue would imagine me a hundred miles off, or floating a corpse in the water, and I dare say but for the paralysis of terror that had fixed his jaw some pious sentences would have dropped from him. For my part I hung in the wind undecided, at a loss to act. I sent a look over my shoulder to observe if the others were about, and the movement of my head seemed like the release of him from the constraint of my eye. He leapt into an erect posture and rushed to the side, saw the boat, uttered a cry for all the world resembling the rough, saw-like yell of the albatross stooping to some bait in the foaming eddies of a wake, in a bound came back to the binnacle, the body of which stood, though the compass, hood and glass were gone, and thrusting his hand into it pulled out a pistol which he levelled at me. The weapon flashed as I ran at him. Ere he had time to draw the cutlass which dangled at his hip, I had buried the blade, the large heavy hilt of which I grasped with both hands, deep in his neck, crushing clean through his right jaw ; and even whilst he was in the act of falling I had lifted and brought the cutlass down upon him again, this time driving the edge of

it so deep into his skull that the weight of him as he dropped dead dragged the weapon out of my hand, and it was a wrestle of some moments to free the blade.

I swept round fully prepared for the confrontment of the others, who, I took it, if they were sleeping below, would rush up on deck on hearing the report of the pistol. My head was full of blood; I felt on fire from my throat to my feet. God knows why or how it was, for I should have imagined of myself that the taking of a human life would palsy my muscles with the horror of the thing to the weakness of a woman's arm; and yet in the instant of my rounding, prepared for, panting for a sight of the other two, I seemed conscious of the strength of a dozen men in me.

All was still. The sun had risen in splendour; the ocean was a running surface of glory under him, and the blue of the south had the dark tenderness of violet with the gushing into it of the hot and sparkling breeze which had sprung up in the north with the coming of the morn. Where were the others? My eyes reeled as they went from the corpse of the Portuguese to the pistol he had let drop. I picked it up; it was a rude weapon belonging to the armoury of *La Mulette*. I conjectured that the miscreant would not have thus armed himself without providing a stock of ammunition at hand, and on putting my arm into the binnacle stand I found, sure enough, a powder-horn and a parcel of pistol-bullets. I carefully loaded the weapon, narrowly seeing to the priming, all the while constantly glancing along the deck and listening. Then with the pistol in one hand and the cutlass in the other, I stepped below, furious and eager for a sight of the dead man's mates.

The lifted tarpaulin let the morning sunshine fall fair into the cabin, and now I saw that which had before been invisible to me; I mean a great blood-stain upon the deck, with a spattering of blood-drops and spots of more hideous suggestion yet, round about. A thin trail of blood went from the large stain upon the floor along through the passage betwixt the berths, and so to the main hatch. Ha! thought I, *this* signifies murder! I found nothing in the cabins. The door of the berth in which the chest of gold stood was locked, but on putting my whole weight against it with knee and shoulder it flew open. The contents of the place were as I had before taken notice of; and there were no signs here of either dead or living men. I regained the deck, and walking forward observed a thin line of blood going from the coamings of the main hatch to the side. It was the continuation and termination of the trail below, and most unmistakably denoted the passage of a bleeding body borne through the hatch and cast overboard. I walked further forward yet, and on the forecastle witnessed another wide stain of blood. It looked fresher than the other—nay, it was not yet dry, and the heat went out of my body, and ice cold shudders swept through my limbs as I turned my back upon it, sick, dizzy, and trembling.

Those horrible marks gave me the whole story as fully as though the dead brute aft had recited it to me at large ere I struck him down. He had murdered his mates one after the other to be alone with the gold. It had been murder cold and deliberate, I was sure. There were no signs of a struggle; there were no hints of any previous conflict in the person of the yellow Portuguese. It was as though he had crept behind the men one after another, and struck them down with a chopper. Indeed I was as sure of this as though I had witnessed the deed; and there was the chest of gold in the cabin to explain the reason of it. How he hoped to manage if he fell in with a ship (and I know not what other expectation of coming off with his life he could have formed) it is useless to conjecture. Some plausible tale no doubt he would have taken care to prepare, claiming the gold as his by law of treasure-trove.

I let fall the weapons, and lay over a little strip of bulwark, panting for breath. My eyes were upon the water over the side, but a minute after, on directing them at the sea-line, I spied the sails of a ship, a square of pearl glimmering in the blue distance, and slightly leaning from the hot and brilliant breeze gushing fair down upon her starboard beam. Scarce had my mind had time to recognize the object as a ship, when it vanished; a reddish gloom boiled up mistlike all about me; the ocean to a mile away from the side of the wreck turned of the deep crimson of blood, spinning round like a teetotum; then followed blackness, and I remember no more. . . . .

When consciousness returned I found myself lying in a bunk in a ship's cabin. The place was familiar to me, and I recollect in a weak way trying to find out why it should be so. "Why, confound it all," I muttered, "this is my cabin aboard the *Ruby*. God! what a dream it has been!"

"Very glad your senses have returned to you, Mr. Catesby. It's been a doocid

long faint, sir," exclaimed a familiar voice, and no less a person than the second mate of the *Ruby* came to my bedside.

A moment after the door opened, and the doctor of the ship entered. I was about to speak ; he peremptorily motioned silence, felt my pulse and brow, nodding approvingly ; then addressing the mate, thanked him for keeping watch and told him he could go. As my dawning intellects brightened, my eagerness to make sure of the reality of the adventure I had come through grew into a little fever. When I looked round the cabin and saw my clothes hanging upon the bulkhead, my books, the twenty odds and ends of the homely furniture of my berth, I could not but believe that I had fallen ill, been seized perhaps with a fever, and that the incidents of the wreck, the open boat, the murderous Portuguese, were a mere vision of my distempered brain. But for some hours the doctor had his way, would not suffer me to talk, with his own hand brought me broth and wine, and now, finding me strong enough I supposed to support a conversation, went out and in a few minutes returned with Captain Bow.

It was *then* my suspicion that all that had happened to me was most horribly and fearfully real was confirmed. The boat that had left me aboard the wreck had been sighted sweeping down in the mist ; twenty ropes' ends had been hove at her from the *Ruby*, and in a few minutes her people were safe on the Indiaman's deck. Sail was shortened to close-reefed topsails, but a black blowing night drew around, as you know, and when the dawn broke the wreck was nowhere visible. Light, baffling weather followed. Meanwhile Bow swore that he would not quit these waters till he had exhausted the inside of a week in search for me. At sunrise that morning the wreck was signalled from the fore-top-gallant yard of the *Ruby*. The ship was immediately headed for it, and in a couple of hours was close aboard. The chief officer was sent in charge of a boat, and I was found lying, dead as they thought, a fathom's distance from a large stain of blood, whilst aft was the body of a half-caste with his head cut open. They left *him* as he lay, but me they handed into the boat to carry on board, with the design of giving me a Christian burial, till the doctor, looking at me, asked if they wanted to add to the horrors of the wreck by drowning a living man, and ordered me to be conveyed at once to my bed.

This was the captain's story, and I then told mine. Both he and the doctor exchanged looks as I talked. It was tolerably evident to my mind that they only believed in about a quarter of what I told them.

"But, Captain," I cried, "on my solemn honour as a gentleman, as I am alive here to say it, there was gold to the value of many thousands of pounds in the chest."

"Yes, yes," he answered with a glance of compassion at me. "I don't doubt it, Mr. Catesby. So much the better for the mermen when it goes down to them ; it will render the mermaids more placable, I don't doubt."

"But, gracious mercy!" I cried, "it is only the sending of a boat, you know. Why, sir, there's enough in that chest to yield a little fortune to every mother's son of us aboard."

"Yes, yes," said Captain Bow, with a faint smile of concern at the doctor, who kept his eyes with a knowing look in them fastened upon the deck. "But we took you off the wreck, my dear sir, a little before nine o'clock, and it is now after four, and as our speed has been a comfortable eight knots ever since, you may reckon the hulk at sixty miles' distance astern. No, Mr. Catesby, we're bound to Bombay this time in earnest, sir. No more hunting after wrecks this voyage."

But I got every man-jack of the passengers, with the whole ship's company to boot, to credit my story up to the hilt before we had measured half the length of the Bay of Bengal, and such was the conviction I had inspired forwards at all events that the third mate one night told me it was reported that a number of the forecastle hands had made up their minds to charter, if possible, if not, then to run away with, a country wallah on the *Ruby's* arrival at Bombay, and sail the Indian Ocean till they fell in with the wreck—if she was still afloat.

PORTRAIT OF THE PAINTER.

Engraved by R. TAYLOR, *from the Picture by* ANDREA DEL SARTO *in the National Gallery.*

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

By ALFRED AUSTIN.

I.

Is life worth living? Yes, so long
As Spring revives the year,
And hails us with the cuckoo's song,
To show that she is here;
So long as May of April takes
In smiles and tears farewell,
And windflowers dapple all the brakes,
And primroses the dell;
And children in the woodlands yet
Adorn their little laps
With ladysmock and violet,
And daisy-chain their caps;
While over orchard daffodils
Cloud-shadows float and fleet,
And ouzel pipes and laverock trills,
And young lambs buck and bleat;
So long as that which bursts the bud,
And swells and tunes the rill,
Makes springtime in the maiden's blood,
Life is worth living still.

II.

Life not worth living! Come with me,
Now that, through vanishing veil,
Shimmers the dew on lawn and lea,
And milk foams in the pail;
Now that June's sweltering sunlight bathes
With sweat the striplings lithe,
As fall the long straight scented swathes
Over the rhythmic scythe;
Now that the throstle never stops
His self-sufficing strain,
And woodbine-trails festoon the copse,
And eglantine the lane;
Now rustic labour seems as sweet
As leisure, and blithe herds
Wend homeward with unweary feet,
Carolling like the birds;
Now all, except the lover's vow,
And nightingale, is still;
Here, in the starlit hour, allow,
Life is worth living still.

III.

When Summer, lingering half-forlorn,
On Autumn loves to lean,
And fields of slowly yellowing corn
Are girt by woods still green;
When hazel-nuts wax brown and plump,
And apples rosy-red,

And the owlet hoots from hollow stump,
  And the dormouse makes its bed;
When crammed are all the granary floors,
  And the Hunter's moon is bright,
And life again is sweet indoors,
  And logs again alight;
Aye, even when the houseless wind
  Waileth through cleft and chink,
And in the twilight maids grow kind,
  And jugs are filled and clink;
When children clasp their hands and pray,
  "Be done Thy heavenly will!"
Who doth not lift his voice, and say,
  "Life is worth living still"?

IV.

Is life worth living? Yes, so long
  As there is wrong to right,
Wail of the weak against the strong,
  Or tyranny to fight;
Long as there lingers gloom to chase,
  Or streaming tear to dry,
One kindred woe, one sorrowing face
  That smiles as we draw nigh;
Long as at tale of anguish swells
  The heart, and lids grow wet,
And at the sound of Christmas bells
  We pardon and forget;
So long as Faith with Freedom reigns,
  And loyal Hope survives,
And gracious Charity remains
  To leaven lowly lives;
While there is one untrodden tract
  For Intellect or Will,
And men are free to think and act,
  Life is worth living still.

V.

Not care to live while English homes
  Nestle in English trees,
And England's Trident-Sceptre roams
  Her territorial seas!
Not live while English songs are sung
  Wherever blows the wind,
And England's laws and England's tongue
  Enfranchise half mankind!
So long as in Pacific main,
  Or on Atlantic strand,
Our kin transmit the parent strain,
  And love the Mother-Land;
So long as in this ocean Realm,
  Victoria and her Line
Retain the heritage of the helm,
  By loyalty divine;
So long as flashes English steel,
  And English trumpets shrill,
He is dead already who doth not feel
  Life is worth living still.

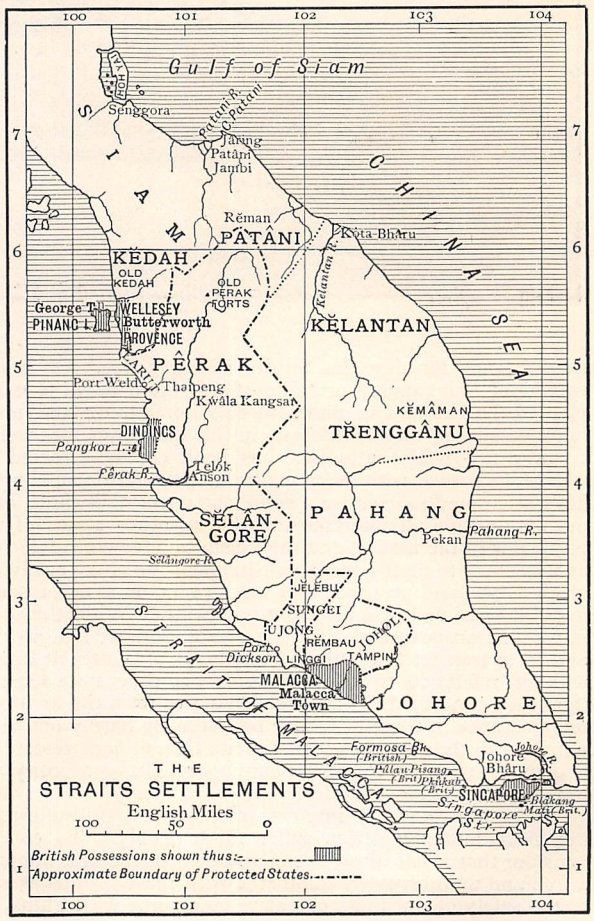
THE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS AND BRITISH MALAYA.

By Sir J. FREDERICK DICKSON, K.C.M.G.

With Illustrations by R. T. PRITCHETT.

THE "Straits Settlements" is a political rather than a geographical expression. It is the name given to the Crown Colony formed in 1867 of detached portions of the mainland of the Malay Peninsula and certain islands (the two most remote from each other being 350 miles apart) which previously were administered as a separate sub-government of the Madras Presidency. Under the last letters patent, dated June 17, 1885, the Straits Settlements comprise :—the Island of Singapore, the Town and Province of Malacca, the Territory and Islands of the Dindings, the Island of Penang, Province Wellesley, and their dependencies. Together they are estimated to be 1,458 square miles in extent, with a population of about 500,000, and a revenue of 3,847,653 dollars. Outside the limits of the colony proper, British influence is being extended year by year over the Malay Peninsula and the large island of Borneo in a way which it is the purpose of this paper to explain.

The colony takes its name from the Straits of Malacca, in the neighbourhood of which its *disjecta membra* are situated. Of these, following the order given in the letters patent, Singapore comes first. It is an island twenty-seven miles long by fourteen wide, containing with its adjacent islets 223 square miles, separated from the Malay peninsula by a narrow strait three quarters of a mile in width. It practically has no history prior to 1819 and no vestige of any historical remains,



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for the only record of its old-time connection with Buddhist history, an interesting engraved stone, probably of the fourth century A.D., was broken up in 1843. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries it was a great emporium of commerce; De Barros mentions it as the resort of navigation from India, Siam, China, and the "many thousand islands which lie towards the East." It was founded by Sri Iskandershah in 1160, taken by a Javanese rajah in 1252, and abandoned in the fourteenth century. It is not mentioned by Marco Polo, nor by François Pyrard early in the seventeenth century. It remained independent and scarcely inhabited until the genius of Sir Stamford Raffles selected it to be the centre of British influence in the Malayan countries. By a treaty with certain Malay princes he acquired it in 1819, for reasons which he explained in the following extracts from an interesting letter to Colonel Addenbrooke, dated Singapore, June 10, 1819 :—

"You will probably have to consult the map in order to ascertain from what part of the world this letter is dated. Refer to the extremity of the Malay Peninsula, where you will observe several

MALACCA.

small islands forming the Straits of Singapore. On one of these are the ruins of the ancient capital of 'Singapura,' or 'City of the Lion,' as it is called by the Malays. Here I have just planted the British flag, and a more commanding and promising station for the protection and improvement of all our interests in this quarter cannot well be conceived. Since my return to this country my public attention has been chiefly directed to the proceedings of the Hollanders, who, not satisfied with receiving from us the fertile and important islands of Java and the Moluccas, have attempted to exercise a supremacy over the whole of Borneo and Sumatra, and to exclude our nation from all intercourse with the other states of the archipelago. They have been very particular in the means, and they seem to have considered the degradation of the English character as necessary to their own establishment. You may easily conceive how much annoyance this has given to me, and prepared as I was to remain a quiet spectator of all their actions, I have not found it possible to continue entirely neutral. While they confined their proceedings to the countries in which European authority was established, we had no right to interfere; these we had by treaty agreed to transfer to them, and they were of course at liberty to act in them as they thought proper without reference to our interests; but they no sooner found themselves possessed of these than they conceived the idea of driving us from the archipelago altogether, and when I made my reappearance in these seas they had actually hardly left us an inch of ground to stand upon. Even our right to the spot on which I write this, though yesterday a wilderness and without inhabitant, is disputed; and in return for our unparalleled generosity, we are left almost without a resting place in the archipelago.

"But it is not our interests alone that have suffered by this unexpected return; those of humanity and civilization suffer more deeply. To comprehend the question justly, you must consider that it has always been an object of the first importance to our Indian interests to preserve a free and uninterrupted commerce with these islands as well on account of this commerce itself, as the safety of our more extensive commerce with China, which lies beyond them; and that for

the last century, owing to the defects and radical weakness of the Dutch, we have been able to effect this without serious molestation from them. The consequence of this constant and friendly intercourse has been the establishment of numerous independent states throughout the archipelago.

* * * * * *

"It was clear that the object of the Dutch was not only to command for themselves all the trade of the Eastern Islands, but to possess the power in the event of future war of preventing our regular intercourse with China. By possessing the only passes to this empire, namely, the Straits of Sunda and Malacca, they had it in their power at all times to impede that trade; and of their disposition to exert this power, even in time of peace, there was no doubt.

"It was therefore determined that we should lose no time in securing, if practicable, the command of one of these Straits; and the Straits of Malacca, on account of their proximity to our other settlements, appeared the most eligible.

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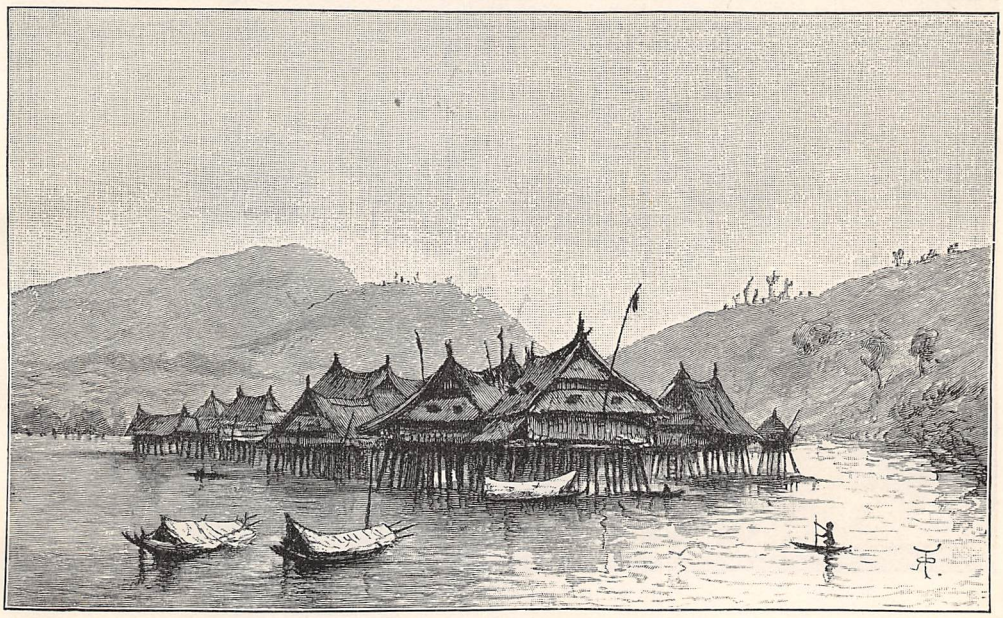
"I shall say nothing of the importance which I attach to the permanence of the position I have taken up at Singapore; it is a child of my own. But for my Malay studies I should hardly



MALAY VILLAGE, JOHORE.

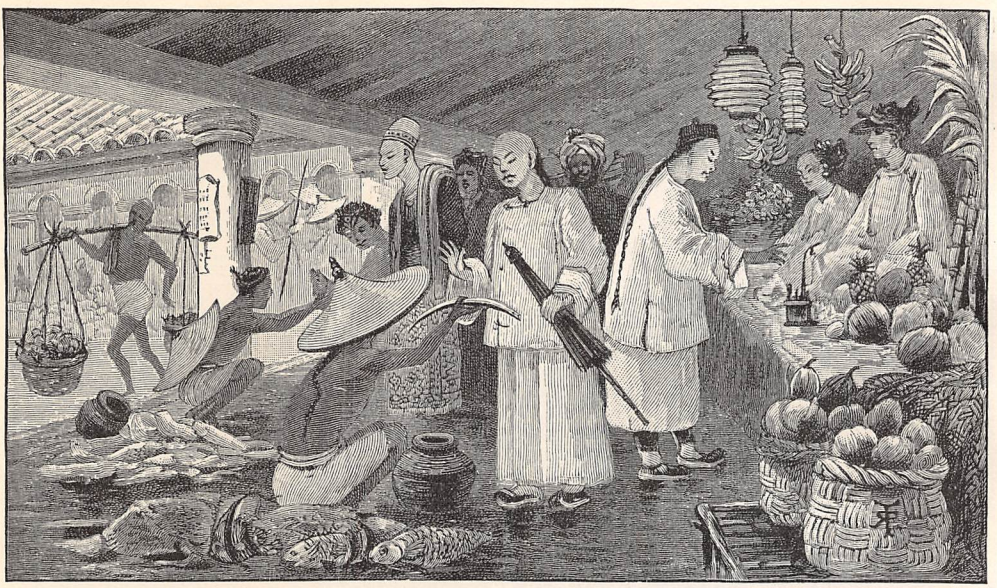
have known that such a place existed, not only the European but the Indian world also was ignorant of it. It is impossible to conceive a place combining more advantages, it is within a week's sail of China, still closer to Siam, Cochin-China, &c., in the very heart of the archipelago, or as the Malays call it, it is 'the navel of the Malay countries.'"

Singapore was at first under Bencoolen in Sumatra, of which Sir Stamford Raffles was then the Lieut.-Governor; in 1823 it was transferred to the government of Bengal: and in 1826 together with Malacca was incorporated with Penang, which became the head of a presidency: later in 1829 these three settlements were reduced to the position of a colony of Madras, and in 1837 the seat of government was transferred to Singapore. From the first it made good progress, and attracted the attention of the Chinese, who are now the principal landowners and merchants of Singapore, and the most enterprising and influential of the inhabitants of the colony taken as a whole. Raffles, writing again in June, 1819, said, "My new colony thrives most rapidly. We have not been established four months and it has received an accession of population exceeding 5,000—principally Chinese—and their number is daily increasing." They now number nearly 87,000 out of 140,000.

The Island of Singapore is studded with numerous low hills and intervening swamps. In many cases the hills have been levelled and the swamps filled in. The port, one of the greatest centres of trade in the East, consists of the Old and the New Harbour. The former is a roadstead five miles in length, free from rocks, and

safe in all weathers. The latter is formed by the channel about two and three-quarter miles in length which lies between the town of Singapore on the north and two small islands on the south. It is sheltered and safe, has deep water up to the shore on the Singapore side, and is lined for about a mile and a half with wharves, where steamers of all sizes can coal and discharge and take in cargo. The town is in 1° 16′ north latitude and 103° 53′ east longitude: the climate is therefore one of perpetual summer—hot and damp, and though not unhealthy is very depressing to those Europeans who are compelled to reside there without change for many months at a time.

Malacca is situated about 110 miles to the north-west of Singapore on the mainland of the Malay Peninsula. The town lies between 2° 10′ north latitude and 102° 14′ east longitude, and with a strip of land forty-two miles long and twenty-five miles broad forms the town and territory of Malacca, in area 659 square miles. The settlement was founded soon after the fall of Singapura, by the Javanese rajah who had taken it. It rose rapidly, and became the seat of a considerable Malay monarchy till its capture



THE FISH MARKET, SINGAPORE.

by the Portuguese under d'Alboquerque in 1511: they held it till 1641, when they were driven out by the Dutch, who had in vain laid siege to it in 1606. Of this siege, and of the great naval fight which followed, a graphic account is given in the *Voyage of François Pysard*, who says of Malacca, that "the town is the richest and busiest of all the Indies, after Goa and Ormus, owing to the great cargoes from China, Japan, the Moluccas, and all the Sunda which are landed there."[1] Malacca was taken from the Dutch by the English in 1795, and was restored to them at the peace of 1818, in accordance with the Treaty of Vienna. Finally it was ceded to the English by the Treaty with Holland of March 17, 1824, in exchange for the East India Company's settlement of Bencoolen and other places on the west coast of Sumatra. By this treaty it was also arranged that Holland should not interfere for the future with the affairs of, or have any settlement on, the Malay Peninsula; while the British agreed to leave Sumatra entirely to the Dutch, saving only Acheen, the independence of which was guaranteed until the later treaty of Nov. 2, 1871. Malacca thus has a continuous history, and in this is unlike Singapore, which it replaced as the centre of eastern trade. The harbour of Malacca is now much silted up, and its roadstead is only visited by small local traders. It ceased about the close of the seventeenth century to be one of the great centres for the commerce of the East, but it remained the collecting centre for the trade of the Malayan Peninsula and Sumatra till the assumption of British authority in Penang in 1786, which became the chief place of trade in these seas until it was supplanted by Singapore. Malacca has therefore to rely solely on its

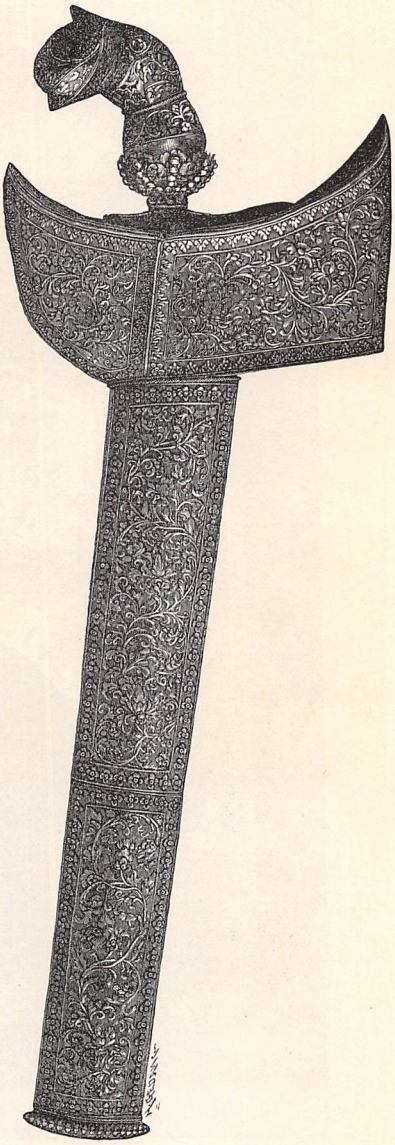
[1] See the edition of this voyage translated by Albert Gray. Vol. ii., p. 155. Hakluyt Society. 1888.

agricultural resources, and on the development of the protected Native States adjoining it, and on improved administration in accordance with the policy of the late governor, Sir Frederick Weld, G.C.M.G., who confined the powers of the municipality within the limits of the town, releasing from its control the country districts, which are now placed in charge of members of the Civil Service, whose duty it is to make roads, encourage cultivation, and in every way develop the resources of the country, and thus remedy the evils from which Malacca suffered until it came under British rule.

The territory and islands of the Dindings include the Islands of Pangkor, a strip of territory on the mainland, half the small island at the mouth of the Perak river, and nine small islands to the southward; the area is estimated at 200 square miles, and their population at about 2,500, of which half is Chinese and half Malay. The Islands of Pangkor lie across the mouth of the Dinding estuary, which is the best natural harbour on the western side of the peninsula, and as the resources of Perak are developed must become the chief outlet for the produce of that large and important state. The Dindings were taken over in 1874, as a necessary measure for the suppression of piracy, and in pursuance of Sir Frederick Weld's policy for the development of the country districts, have been placed in charge of a member of the Civil Service of the colony, while provision has been made for regular steam communication with Singapore and Penang, from which places it is distant about 270 and 80 miles respectively. The government station at Pangkor is in 4° 15′ north latitude and 100° 35′ east longitude; owing to the unhealthiness of the island the Government station is now being moved to a site on the mainland at the mouth of the estuary.

The Dindings supply Penang with timber suitable for building purposes, and when irrigation canals have been formed will have valuable land for rice cultivation.

The island of Penang, or more correctly Pinang, is named after the beautiful areca palm which grows there in abundance, and yields the betel-nut of commerce. The chief town is Georgetown, in 5° 24′ north latitude and 100° 21′ east longitude, about 240 miles from Malacca and 350 miles from Singapore. Penang is about fifteen miles long by nine broad, with an area of 106 square miles and a population of upwards of 90,000. It lies off the west coast of the Malay Peninsula at the northern extremity of the Straits of Malacca. On the opposite shore of the mainland is Province Wellesley, a strip of territory 45 miles along the coast, with an area of 270 square miles and a population of 97,000.



MALAY KRIS, PRESERVED IN THE COLONIAL OFFICE. THE SCABBARD AND HANDLE ARE OF GOLD.

Penang was ceded to the East India Company by the Rajah of Kedah in 1786. By a treaty with Kedah in 1800, confirmed by the treaty with Siam of May 6, 1869, a strip of the mainland thirty-five miles in length was acquired, and by the Treaty of Pangkor of 1874 another ten miles of coast was added to it. This territory, secured for the suppression of piracy, is now a well-governed and peaceful district, while its rich alluvial soil has attracted European planters, who have opened up sugar and tapioca estates, cultivated by labourers imported from India. Penang is recovering much of its commercial prosperity, it has benefited

greatly by the extensive exports of tin from Perak, Selangor, and Junk Ceylon (a corruption of the name Ujong Salang), and by the tobacco plantations of the east coast of Sumatra. The dependencies of these settlements include numerous small islands and islets.

The colony is administered by a Governor, an Executive Council of nine officials including the Governor, and a Legislative Council, consisting of the Executive

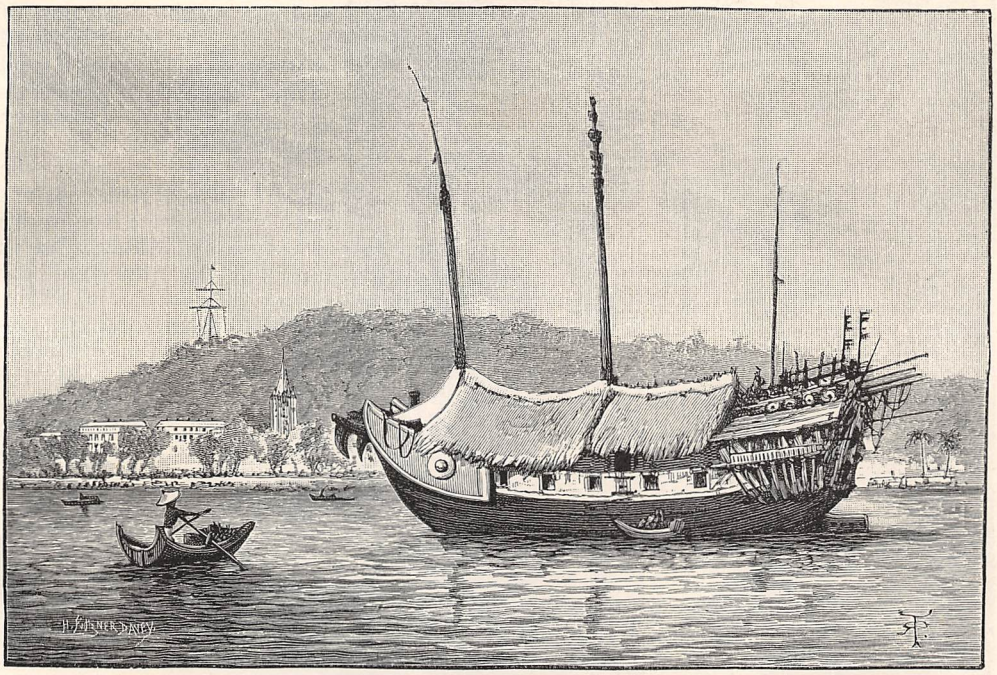
PORTUGUESE GATEWAY, MALACCA.

Council with the addition of seven nominated unofficial members. The unofficial members are generally merchants or lawyers of Singapore or Penang, two of them representing the Chamber of Commerce of Singapore and Penang respectively: there is one Chinese member and one European planter from Province Wellesley. Like Ceylon it has had, since 1867, a Civil Service of trained officials who are required to learn the languages of the different races which compose the population.

The following figures, though short of the total population, show the proportions of the principal races in each Settlement :—

	Europeans.	Malays.	Chinese.	Natives of India.
Singapore	2,769	22,155	86,766	12,058
Penang	612	21,772	45,135	15,730
Province Wellesley. .	76	58,723	21,637	10,616
Malacca	40	67,513	19,741	11,891

The Chinese slightly outnumber the Malays and, with the natives of India form an immigrant settlement far larger than that of the original natives. This is a point of much importance, as the great "European ignorance" in regard to the Chinese adds considerably to the difficulties of government. Any blunder which would alienate the Chinese and make them hesitate to come freely to the colony would be most

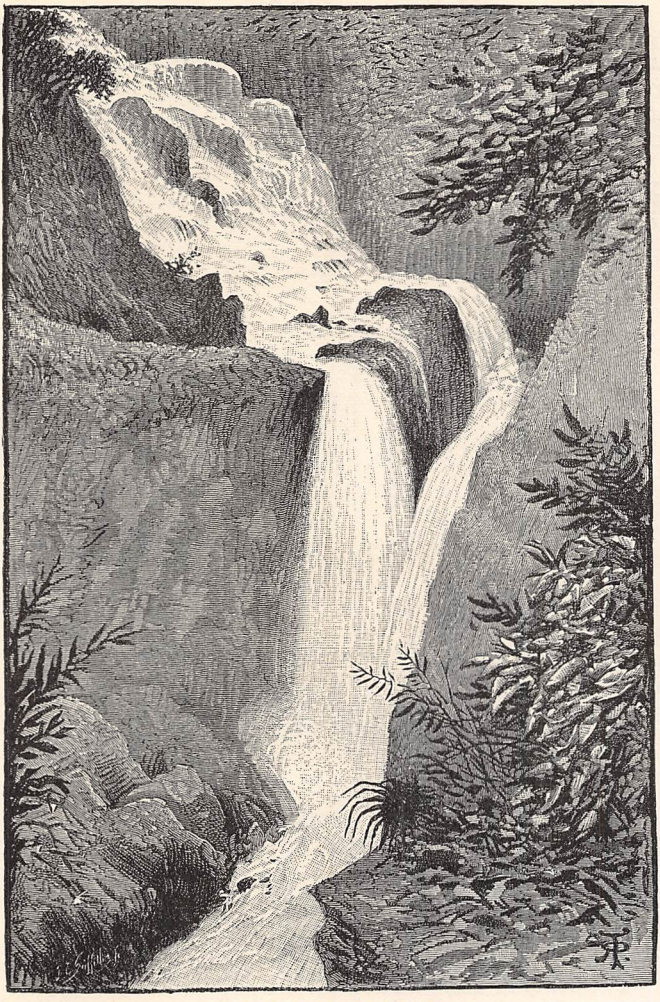


SINGAPORE FROM THE EAST.

disastrous and seriously check its progress, depending as it does in a great measure on Chinese energy and perseverance. It would also largely reduce the revenue, to which they mainly contribute. The peculiar composition of the population is a matter not to be neglected by those who have to determine the liability of the colony towards the defence of its coaling station maintained in the interests of the British trade with China and the far East, and for the use of our Navy ; in short for Imperial rather than for Colonial interests. This coaling station has grown up since the transfer of the colony from the Indian to the Colonial Department in 1867. At the end of 1869 the Suez Canal was opened and has revolutionized the whole of the Eastern trade, which, no longer carried by sailing vessels round the Cape, now passes by steamer through the Suez Canal ; and at the safe and convenient port of Singapore, lying in the direct route to the eastward for all vessels from Suez, is daily to be seen a long line of steamers of all nations, those under the British flag predominating, lying along the wharves in the New Harbour while the roadstead is crowded with sailing vessels from all parts of the Malay Archipelago, which resort to this free port. In 1887, the shipping entered and cleared at all the ports of the colony was of the total tonnage of 8,948,600, of which 5,689,648 was British ; while the imports from the United Kingdom were $32,210,548, from the Colonies, $61,607,580, from elsewhere, $58,609,856,

total, $142,322,920 ; exports to the United Kingdom, $26,758,508 ; to the Colonies, $35,090,917 ; to elsewhere, $59,491,786 ; total, $121,341,211.

So far we have seen how the Colony of the Straits Settlements has been formed and what position it holds as a trading centre : it remains to consider the not less important position it occupies as a centre of British political influence in the Malay Peninsula and Archipelago. This influence took its rise in 1600 when the East India Company was granted a charter, at first for fifteen years, chiefly for the purpose of trading to Malay ; it led to many conflicts with the Dutch, only brought to an end by the Treaty of 1824, which confines the region of influence for Great Britain to the Malay Peninsula, the islands north of Singapore and the northern portion of Borneo, while that of Holland is limited to Sumatra and Java, the islands to the south of Singapore and the southern portion of Borneo.



THE FALLS AT PENANG.

From 1827 to 1867 the Indian Government does not appear to have given much attention to Malay affairs ; but after the transfer of the colony to the Colonial Office, internal dissensions and disturbances on the peninsula and piracy on the coast of Perak were found to injuriously affect the Settlement of Penang and the coasting trade in the Straits of Malacca. As regards Perak, these difficulties were, in 1874, ended by the acquisition [1] of territory under the Treaty of Pangkor, giving us the command of the sea-coast of Perak. This enabled us effectually to restrain piracy and lay the foundation for the system of "Residents," under which we are gradually obtaining by peaceful means the absolute control of the whole Malay Peninsula south of Burmah and Siam. At the outset this policy was disastrous, as it resulted in the murder in 1875, of the first British Resident sent to Perak,[2] and necessitated sending troops from India and China to obtain redress and secure order. The murderers were arrested and punished ; and Sir Hugh Low, an administrator of great ability and power was appointed Resident. In the middle of 1874 Selangor was placed under a Resident, Sungei Ujong soon after being brought under a similar rule ; the Sri Menanti Confederation followed in 1886 and Pahang in 1888. These states are under the supervision of the Governor of the Straits Settlements, who is represented in each state by the Resident, with a staff under him of European officers corresponding to the Civil Service of the colony. They are not subject to the control of the Legislative Committee of the colony, but there is a strong bond of union in community of interests and in the assistance given them by the colony in the form of loans, when they first came under European

[1] By Sir Andrew Clarke.

[2] Mr. J. W. Birch.

guidance and control. There is the further tie that the protected native States and the Colony are under one Governor. In theory the Resident only "advises" the Sultan or native ruler of the state, but practically (subject to the direction of the Governor) he is more absolute in his authority than the Governor of a Crown Colony. He and the European officers under him collect all the revenues and control the treasuries—the native ruler having a fixed civil list—and, without his sanction, not a penny can be spent, while the force of armed police, composed of fine warlike Sikhs, is entirely in his hands. The system thus introduced by Sir Andrew Clarke, and nurtured and developed by Sir Frederick Weld, differs materially from annexation. The native ruler remains at the head of his state, retaining all the dignity of the position, and presiding at the meetings of the state Councils at which the Resident has a seat, nominally as an adviser, though in reality this Council is the adviser of the Resident. At its

A NATIVE BOAT.

meetings all regulations, laws, and estimates are passed, all trials for murder are reviewed, and all petitions and complaints from the people are investigated. Perfect order is maintained in the states thus governed, forming a striking contrast to those which remain under the purely native system of government. Capitalists, chiefly Chinese, have established in them mining operations on a large scale, and they are being rapidly developed and provided with good roads and railways. As the State of Johor is under our protection, though not administered by British officers, our influence extends on both sides of the peninsula as far as the latitude of the Dindings. To complete the dominance over the whole of the south of the peninsula we have yet to obtain control of Kedah in the north, and of Patani Kelantan and Trenggánu on the east coast, as will be seen on reference to the accompanying map. To consolidate our domination it is necessary that we should carry out a connected system of roads and railways. Some progress in this direction has already been made, by the formation of a short line of railway in Perak from Port Weld to Thaipeng on the metre gauge; and of another in Selangor from Klang to Kwala Lumpor, twenty-two miles in length; while in Sungei Ujong there is a line of twenty-one miles in length in course of construction from Port Dickson on the coast to Seremban, the chief town of the state. This railway is of importance as showing the new departure in Malay practice of making a harbour on the sea-coast and thus abandoning the creeks and estuaries which were

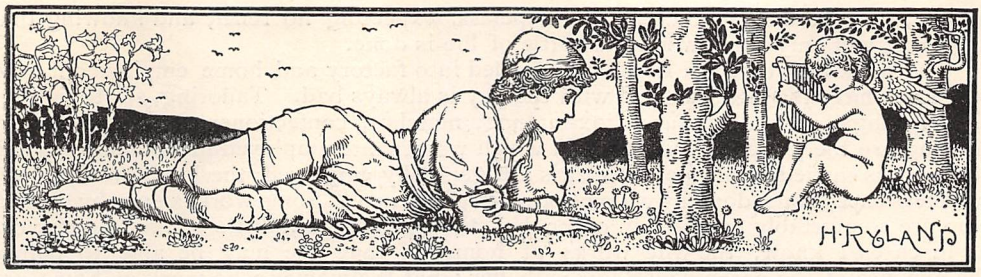
the resort of the old Malay pirates ; also now that we have acquired control of Pahang it is desirable to connect it with the west coast (since its ports on the east coast are closed during the north-east monsoon from October to March), and the best way to effect this is by a continuation of the railway from Seremban through Kwala Pilah to Pahang. The new port has been surveyed and reported upon by Commander Gifford, R.N., and though only opened in 1889 is already well known at "Lloyd's," and in the language of the underwriters is considered "a good risk."

In Borneo British influence now extends over the whole of the northern portion. Sarawak was ceded by the Sultan of Brunei to Sir James Brooke, well known as Rajah Brooke, in 1842, and is now under British protection. In 1846 Labuan was ceded to Great Britain ; it is a Crown Colony, and since 1869 has been self-supporting.[1] The whole of North Borneo, about 30,000 square miles in extent, with a coast line of 900 miles, is held by the British North Borneo Company under Royal Charter of 1881, and all that remains of the ancient kingdom of Borneo, lying between Sarawak and British North Borneo, has recently been taken under the protection of Great Britain for the security of the Sultan of Brunei. In Borneo as in the Malay Peninsula British authority has stamped out piracy, and peaceful progress is being made ; and the trade of the Straits Settlements takes an important place in the trade returns of the Empire. The total trade of the Empire being taken at one thousand millions sterling, the United Kingdom contributes 61·4 per cent. of this total, and India 16 per cent., leaving less than 23 per cent. to be divided among the rest of the Empire. New South Wales and Canada contribute 3·8 per cent. each ; the Straits Settlements 3·4 ; Victoria 3·2 ; New Zealand 1·3 ; Queensland and the Cape 1·1 each ; South Australia 1 per cent. ; and all the other British possessions less than 1 per cent. each. The total contribution of the Colonies to the trade of the United Kingdom is a little over 26 per cent., and of this while India contributes 9 per cent., Australasia 8, British North America 2·9, the Cape and Natal 1·3, the Straits Settlements contribute 1·1, the West Indies 1, and all the rest less than 1 per cent. each.[2]

The Straits Settlements are of small value to the Empire for their own products and resources ; their importance is in their position, which gives them political control of the Malay Peninsula, and makes them the collecting and distributing centre of the Malay Peninsula and Archipelago ; Singapore being one of the most important coaling ports and naval stations in the Empire. Singapore and Penang have but small area and resources, and the wealth of Malacca is not great ; but the Native States have great mineral wealth, and also a great agricultural future awaiting capital for their full development ; at present the only outlet for their trade is through the ports of Singapore and Penang ; and though nominally independent they are in reality so completely under British influence and authority that a review of the position of the colony would be imperfect which did not regard the Native States as part of it.

Here and in Borneo the representatives of British authority are brought in contact with the Malay races, and we may claim in our dealings with them to have attained no small measure of success and to have followed, though at a humble distance, in the footsteps of the great administrators of the Indian Empire.[3] Here England is brought into close contact with Holland, and though in Colonial Government our methods are very different, each goes its own way in close and friendly rivalry. Here the surplus population of our subjects in Southern India find a congenial climate and a suitable field for their labour. Here the Chinese in ever-increasing numbers voluntarily place themselves under our rule, make riches for themselves, contribute largely to the progress and prosperity of British Malaya ; and already, in the second and third generations, are not merely friendly and contented aliens, but are true and loyal subjects of the Queen.

[1] It is now proposed to place this colony under the administration of the British North Borneo Company.
[2] See Sir Rawson Rawson's recent volume on the trade returns of the Empire.
[3] See an interesting summary of the position of the Straits Settlements in the *Hist. Geog. of the British Colonies*, Vol. I. pp. 124-6, by C. P. Lucas.



COMPETITION AND CO-OPERATION AMONG WOMEN.

I.

By MRS. JEUNE.

THE evidence given on what is now known as the "sweating" or sub-contract system before Lord Dunraven's Committee gave to the civilized world as terrible a picture of human suffering as could well be imagined; and what intensified the evil was the fact which came out in the clearest way, that the class which perhaps suffers most from its effects is the unskilled working women of London and our big towns.

The trade of London is congregated at the East End, and there the majority of workers live so as to be near their places of employment. It is very difficult, nay, almost impossible, to exaggerate the want and misery which exist in thousands of families in that part of London, and it seems to be a poverty that nothing can overcome. It is mainly attributable to two causes. London will always appear to the country folk as a town paved with gold, a place of perpetual employment; and to the foreigner England is the only country where perfect liberty is allowed, and where, small as their wage may be, they can always earn more than in their own country, and as their standard of comfort is low, the necessaries of life they require are few, they can afford to work at wages which the ordinary English workman would not look at. Jews, Germans, Italians, Russians, all flock to London, and to the East End; and thus we have a swarm of half-starving, demoralized human beings preying on each other, and selling the only thing they all have to offer—their labour. The life demoralizes the men very rapidly, and when work is not to be got they leave it alone; and if they are not to starve the support of the family must fall on the women, who accept work, but at starvation wages, only because they are women. It is not necessary to use any sensational language in describing their life. Nature repeats herself there as elsewhere—the strong make war on the weak, the weak are crushed out in the fight; the "survival of the fittest" is the inevitable rule. The struggle is one of the most terrible. Endurance, affection, courage, determination, some of the noblest qualities of humanity, are pitted against avarice, immorality, dishonesty and cruelty, and slowly one watches their gradual defeat, while the forces of starvation and competion are victorious. The mother struggling hour by hour for her children's food, the wife to gain the commonest necessaries of life for her dying husband, the sister endeavouring to keep the home together for the little orphans, who but for her would go to the "House," are incidents we may see indefinitely repeated; and sometimes—more pathetic than any—the aged couple who have walked through life together, have brought up their children honestly, and whose love has been the sacred motive for all their labour, vainly trying to end their days together by taking work at a price that drains their hearts' blood. The whole of their surroundings make it impossible for them to improve their condition. Their miserable houses—rack-rented, badly ventilated and drained—destroy what little health they have; or if they are to live at all, they must work at such a wage that strength and energy dis-

appear, they become indifferent and hopeless, expecting no relief, and knowing that their rest will only come when the battle of life is done.

The work of women in London is divided into factory and home employment, and when you have the latter to deal with the pay is always bad. Tailoring, shirt-making, ties, frillings, umbrellas, furs, box-making, matches, confectionery, artificial-flower-making are the principal industries in which women are employed in London. When the work is carried on in factories girls are generally employed, the home work being, with few exceptions, done by widows or married women. Some work is done by women who are comfortably married, in order that they may have a little pocket-money, or, as in cases I know, the wife works at home, so that she may be able to defray the expense of the parents who live with her; but the women who work at home are more generally those who find it absolutely necessary to earn something, either to supplement their husbands' small earnings, or to support themselves and their children, and it is the latter class of women whom the presence of want forces to accept any wages that they can get. It is very difficult to make any broad statement as to the amount earned by unskilled woman-labour in London, for the conditions vary with each trade, and we should have to analyze each branch of industry, but taking the opinion of those who are competent to judge, it is miserably insufficient. Miss Clara Collett gives the average rate of pay to women as high as *2d.* an hour, while Miss Black calculates it at *1d.* an hour, and the latter calculation is distinctly the more general rate.

What tends more than anything to aggravate their hardships are the wretched dwellings in which they are forced to live and for which they pay a third of their scanty earnings in rent; and they are in many cases habitations hardly fit for animals, certainly not human beings. Within a mile of Shoreditch Church there are thousands of people living in rooms which are not large enough to hold a moderate-sized table, and with hardly any light or ventilation. Any one walking down Great Nichol Street, Castle Street, Mead Street, or Turville Street, can see habitations which are a disgrace to a civilized country. For the use of small, dirty, broken-down rooms like these from *3s.* to *4s.* a week is paid. No repairs are ever made, and yet the landlords are as inexorable regarding their rents as if they were sumptuous dwellings. The floor space given is less than eight feet square, so that the rents are some hundred per cent. more than are paid by the ordinary household in the best parts of London. As the poor in London, of whom we write, are obliged to live, sleep, eat and work in their rooms, the atmosphere at the best is but stuffy, and when we find six or seven people living in rooms seven feet by eight feet, and under seven feet high, how can we expect morality or health. I have seen rooms into which when it was wet the rain poured through the roof and ran in great streams across the floor under the door and down the stairs, with no windows, with no fireplaces, no locks on the doors, and with holes large enough in the floor for a child to get its head in.

The dampness of these dwellings is one of the most fruitful causes of the low fever which so often haunts a locality, for though the roof may be water-tight one sees evidence of the bad building and repairing of water-pipes in the damp, mouldy, oozing paper on the walls, and the smells which greet one at every turn of the broken-down, dangerous, rickety staircase tell a story of bad drains, fever, and constant ill-health.

It is very curious that though the people living in these dwellings know that there are laws which if enforced would oblige their landlords to spend money in improving, they seem afraid to move for fear of being turned out into the street and have to seek another room. But finding the week's rent in advance, which has to be paid on taking possession, is, I believe, a much more cogent reason than any other.

The rule laid down by the Local Government Board, and acted on by the police when it is found necessary to enforce it, is that four hundred cubic feet is to be allowed to each person, and were that law enforced as it should be, more than half of these rookeries would be demolished to-morrow; and some of the magistrates have acted on that principle already, and closed a good many houses. The County Council ought to go to the root of the evil, and see that the sanitary authorities appointed by the vestries are people who can be depended upon to carry out the laws in force with regard to unsanitary dwellings. It is a fact, that in parts of London some of the most disgracefully kept property belongs to members of the vestries, and that the sanitary inspector appointed to see that their hygienic conditions are satisfactory

are relatives of the people to whom the dwellings belong. Such an abuse ought not to be tolerated, and as the poor have neither the time nor spirit to undertake their own protection the authorities should put the law in force. They must live in certain localities on account of proximity to their work, and such being the case, they are the helpless and weak victims of the rapacity and greed of the small landlord.

An advertisement on a notice board is now to be seen in a wretched street off Bethnal Green Road, "These houses, Nos. 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9 Turville Buildings, to be sold, freehold; lowest price £750. For further information apply——. Gross rental £130 7*s*. per annum." The houses are of the usual type of houses, grimy and dirty, and in bad repair. Yet these rents, high as they appear, are not extortionate compared with what is paid for much worse property in that locality. Is any comment necessary on such figures as to the life and surroundings of the inhabitants whom stern necessity has forced to dwell in such places?

The foregoing facts prove how hard are the conditions of life under which thousands of poor women live in the large towns and manufacturing districts of England, as well as what is more serious, namely, that while Trades Unions have improved the position of the men little or nothing has been done for the women. Very few of the stories told of their existence have been over-coloured, and there are many homes where lives are even worse than those of whom we have been speaking. A movement which is now on foot to induce women to combine for their mutual protection as men have done, will give an opportunity of seeing whether it is possible for them to do so with any chance of success. Hitherto women have shown no capacity for combination; the idea of a strike does not recommend itself to the English working women, for their time is too fully occupied in earning the miserable pittance their labour affords them. As matters at present stand, the result of female labour is to restrict the employment and diminish the wages of men, without producing any beneficial results to the women themselves. If, however, it could be proved that women are able to organize themselves for the attainment of their legitimate claims on the labour fund, one of the most important obstacles to their competition with men would be removed. When they can no longer be used by the employer as a means to reduce the wages of both sexes, men would not suffer really in the competition for work, and the condition of the women would be infinitely improved.

The interests of the two classes of women workers, though they should be identical, are really antagonistic. The women who work in factories and the women who are employed in outdoor work have no intercourse or community of interest whatever. Unions are possible among factory women, as the Match Girls' Union of last year proved. There is a combination among cigar hands, and the Tailoresses' Union has branches in various parts of London. The work of organization in a factory is very easy, and were there no outdoor workers, trades combinations for women would be as numerous as for men. But the outdoor hands again act as a "screw" on the indoor and keep down wages, enabling the employer to play one class off against another. The indoor hands have been obliged to accede to reduction of wages by knowing that the work can be done by outdoor hands at a reduced rate, and the latter are at once stopped from resisting by finding that the indoor hands have already accepted the terms. It is perfectly evident that while these two classes of women remain in this position there is no possibility of their ever improving their condition.

It thus seems that we are confronted with an almost insuperable difficulty at the very beginning, and that the class of outdoor workers are those women on whom the abstract principle that they should combine for the benefit of their class has no influence. The majority of the outdoor workers in London are married women, to whom factory employment would be impossible, but to whom indoor work offers special attractions, in the fact that the work can be done at home. The pay is miserable, the supply uncertain, but it enables them to remain at home and attend to their house and children, and if a sufficient quantity is forthcoming there are no restrictions to time as in a factory, and a woman may work for twenty-four hours if she chooses. It is well known, however, that in the very poor districts in London the woman is very often during the winter the breadwinner of the family, and in thousands of families during the past years of want of work and low wages, the mother's and daughters' earnings kept the wolf from the door. The enormous competition among all trades

for labour that requires no special training, that is in fact unskilled, will always be the great difficulty to be met by any combination to raise the wages of women workers, and the sick children, the unemployed husband, the cold and fireless homes, will always be the greatest bar to any effort to persuade women to stand together for better remuneration. No one who knows anything of the working women of London can doubt that much as they in the abstract realize the powerful effect on their employers that a general strike for better wages would have—they would throw all such considerations to the winds when the cry of the starving children fell on their ears, and be false to all the principles they accepted, taking the first bit of work the most stony-hearted sweater would offer them.

Combination is much easier among skilled labour than in casual employment, which nearly all outdoor work must be, and when the competition is so keen it is not to the interest of any of these casual women workers to join an organization that would prevent them taking anything below a fixed minimum wage. Take for instance the tailoring trade. The majority of women who work in it are perfectly unskilled. Trousers are generally made by skilled tailors, that is to say the best work, but as regards vests and coats the work generally deteriorates and is distributed among women who work at home, and who, having had no previous training, take what they can get, and it is generally the poorest pay and the most irregular work. Shirt-finishers are very much in the same position, and are generally found among the poorest and oldest women in a district, and it is quite impossible for them to earn enough to live on. And all these women being untrained, and uncertainly employed, are not good workers, they are therefore willing to accept any pay, and when hard pushed are glad to take a reduced payment. To such women a Trades Union would be the last thing they could join, as it would practically be depriving them of their only means of subsistence, as they would thus be prevented from underselling themselves, which has now become a second nature to the women who work for the sweaters.

Combination among skilled women workers is increasing every day, though slowly, for women are naturally Conservative, and they do not readily accept the principle of Unionism. They have many of them suffered sorely from the effect of strikes, and though they realize that prolonged combination, if carried out consistently, must improve their position and in the long run raise their wages, never lose sight of the long period during which their employment must cease, till their ultimate demands are conceded. Added to which they do not forget the bitter feelings aroused—the breach between employer and servant, and above all that in a struggle, such as a long strike always must be, it is only the strong who win, the weak ones go to the wall. All these things make women shy, and slow to join a Trades Union, while the introduction of foreign labour in England, and the increasing demand, on account of their cheapness, for foreign goods, has made a much deeper impression on their minds than is generally admitted. The skilled woman worker has, however, the security of knowing that she can take up her stand with a greater chance of success, for with the best women workers, as with the men, the supply is rarely in excess of the demand. And were technical instructions given to women a good deal of the better class work they cannot do would be carried out in England instead of being executed by French-women, who are trained for it in the many technical schools which exist for women in France. In Scotland the question has been warmly espoused by the women who work in Glasgow and Dundee, and the prospect of combining for the unskilled as well as the skilled workers is very much more promising there than in England. Scotch-women are more independent and self-reliant, added to which, though the pay is bad, their surroundings are less deteriorating than those of the London women, and their dwellings are better and rents are lower. The rapid increase of the population, and the influx of people from the country to the large towns, make the problem of how to deal with our unskilled female labour every year more difficult. The education hitherto given to women in England is purely intellectual, and when a girl has passed the standard, she at once goes into the ranks of the unskilled. If she can give time she may be apprenticed and learn a trade, but the number of girls who can afford to do that are getting fewer every day. The few shillings a girl can earn at once is much too important an addition to the family income to be rejected, and as the majority of them marry while practically children neither the necessity of being apprenticed, nor of joining a Union, appeals to them.

The great dislike to domestic service is another cause which swells the ranks of

the unskilled women workers, and it is not a prejudice which seems to disappear. The routine, the confinement, and the discipline of house rule is very distasteful to girls, and they prefer the uncertainty of their work with its liberty to the restraints and comparative comfort of service. Without some training which will give a woman the confidence that is necessary, when she enters service, it will be very difficult to make it more popular, in contrast to the smaller knowledge that is required and the greater freedom enjoyed by factory hands, but some scheme for imparting even the elementary knowledge only, would help to make domestic service more popular. It is only by helping to educate and elevate the young that we can deal with the difficulty at all. The future of the poor down-trodden, overworked, half-starved home-worker at the East End is, sad to say, a hopeless one. Habits of life engendered by the degrading influences of her surroundings make it well-nigh impossible except in very rare instances to raise her out of it, and though public opinion ought to be brought to bear in the strongest way on the employers and contractors for whom she works, the overwhelming demand for employment makes them naturally independent and indifferent.

It must never also be forgotten that there is another class of worker in the East End who has no sympathy for her English sisters, and whom organized attempt on their part to raise wages would benefit by giving her some of the work they rejected on account of bad pay—the immigrant from the Continent. Our national creed makes us welcome all such refugees to our country, and by so doing we have allowed them to take a great deal of the employment which legitimately belongs to our own people out of their hands. The most formidable of all their industrial competitors are the Jews, of whom there are from 60,000 to 70,000 in London—of which the Polish or Russian Jews form the majority. Driven by religious and political persecution from their country, they come to London, often in such a state of poverty as to be unable to pay the boatmen their fee on landing, and at first are compelled to take whatever work and at whatever price it offers itself, and will almost toil for months without pay, existing by the help of a co-religionist; or slaving day and night for a small labour-contractor, receiving as recompence a shakedown and a miserable crust of bread and water. They work silently, diligently, and without a murmur for a time; but one day their employer finds that, having learned the trade, they leave him, either to start in some small enterprise of their own, or to work for another sweater who has made a less onerous agreement with them. The Jews usually bring with them no skill of a marketable value, and have to learn what they can turn to the best account. They come to an overstocked and demoralized market, and it is only by pursuing the course described above that they can hope to overcome the obstacles which their language and nationality have created; and though at first engaged in the most unskilled branches of the lowest section of each trade, the Jews slowly but surely invade the higher branches of labour, bringing with them a system of work and a method of dealing with masters, men, and fellow-workers, which has largely been one of the causes of the evils now existing in the East End. Their religion, their training, the oppression under which most of them have passed the most impressionable years of their life, has made them patient, sober, thrifty, and in fact, everything that is a contrast to the people among whom they come to live, and on whom they prey. As the Jewish men live and suffer so do their women; and the evidence given by some before the Lords' Committee on sweating is a fair illustration of how they exist. The experience of one girl is typical. She was a Russian Jewess and came from Germany; she had worked in Russia for a rouble a week, but had shorter hours than in England, and was employed only for five days. She began by earning in England two shillings a day, and rose to three shillings a day of twelve hours. A dozen women worked in the same place, and they were not engaged on Saturdays, while Monday was a short day, and for half days they only earned eighteenpence. She was well satisfied with her lot, and seemed to think it much easier to make a living in England than in Russia. Another girl, whose evidence had to be translated, was a tailoress, having come from Hungary with her aunt who left her and went to America. She, with two other girls and four men, worked in one shop for a "master." For about four weeks only, she said, in the year she could earn five shillings, and when work was slack, only from two shillings to eighteenpence a week. The hours were 7 a.m. to 8.30 p.m. The workshop was small and ill-ventilated, and she often felt ill from it. The girl said in answer to other inquiries as to how she continued to live on such a pittance, that she lived with a country-

woman, and paid one shilling a week in rent, and was trusted for this small sum when times were bad. If such cases can be indefinitely multiplied, as undoubtedly they can,—and there are thousands of women willing and thankful even for such an existence—there seems little prospect of the unskilled English working women faring any better than at present. As a nation we have always gloried in being the asylum for the oppressed and persecuted of foreign lands, and it may well cost us a pang to think that one sure and important means of arresting the evils which the over-population at the East End creates, would be found in stopping the immigration of foreigners into England. The means employed by foreigners in carrying on their trade, the conditions which the workers employed by foreigners are obliged to accept, and the growing consciousness of the people of the grievous and unbearable hardships they endure in consequence, have awakened feelings against the Jews among the workers in the East End to which sooner or later some practical effect will be given.

One of the remedies suggested by a good many people is one that at first sight is plausible enough, namely, that in order to stimulate English industries and give a fresh impetus to production every one should purchase only English manufactured goods. If the only purchasing classes in England were the richer classes such a remedy might be possible; but if we consider for one moment that it is not the upper classes, but the lower classes themselves who have created the demand for cheap goods (which necessitates employing cheap labour), we soon find how futile such a course would be. A great deal of sensational nonsense is talked about the wickedness of buying cheap clothes, or foreign manufactured goods, and the reproach is always made against the upper classes that they are the greatest sinners in this respect. I wish to be no champion of the upper classes, but no one with any sense of fairness can deny, that it is the class to which the women belong whose cause we have at heart, that create the market for cheap goods. The factory girl with her velvet hat and feathers, her high-heeled boots; the domestic servant whose Sunday attire is always of the brightest and most varied kind; the artizan, with his small horde of children, all needing boots and clothing, for which he can only afford to pay the lowest price, are the customers of the shops where the cheapest goods are sold, and where the penny three-farthings represent the smallness of the margin of profit. The clerk who earns a few hundreds a year, and whose sympathies are, no doubt, with the starving victims of the sweater, would resent extremely any suggestion that he should only buy English goods, and prove how impossible it would be for him to keep up a decent appearance, or make two ends meet, were it not for the cheapness of the goods which foreign competition supplies to the British purchaser.

Some witnesses examined before the Sweating Committee said that mantles for West End shops were made for a certain contractor at the East End for $7\frac{1}{2}d.$ each. The West End is a very large and comprehensive term, and when we remember that it embraces Edgware Road, Tottenham Court Road, and the cheap part of Oxford Street, it is pretty evident that such goods supply the shops patronized by the classes of whom we have just been speaking. The rich, magnificently-dressed lady of London society gets her clothes made at a fashionable milliner's, and whether she pays thirty or forty guineas for her mantle, matters little to her, as she knows that for that price she insures its being made on the premises, and by the best hands. Ample proof that very little sweating goes on in the West End of London is always forthcoming, if any one will only take the trouble of going among the working people who work for the large shops, and who are very rarely out of employment. Unless we are to become protectionists it is useless to expect any improvement from buying only home manufactures, and it is quite obvious that the strongest opposition to such steps would come from the working classes themselves, who profit more largely than any other class, by the cheapness of all the necessaries of life. There is one fact always overlooked in the general abuse of the sweater or middleman, namely, that he is an abuse which the workers have largely created themselves. Any clothier, tailor, or warehouseman, will tell you that he constantly loses his materials when given out to be made up; and they are, therefore, of necessity obliged to find some one with whom they can treat, who will be responsible to the employers for the safe return of their materials; and a great economy of time is effected by treating with one person instead of perhaps fifty. The middleman is only, however, an evil when he is his own master,

and uncontrolled, for he is often, to begin with, as poor as his workers, and it is only by sweating them that he gets a start and makes a living.

There seems a remedy, though only a partial one, for all the sufferings and poverty we have been discussing, and that lies in the development of the co-operative principle in some form or other. Perhaps co-operation may hardly be the surest and quickest to apply at the beginning; but one or two attempts in that direction have had some success. The success achieved has been mainly in raising the wages of the best workers, in giving them constant employment; for the unskilled, the conditions remain unchanged, and nothing seems to improve their hard lot. There must always be in every trade, as in all other professions, some that have better brains and hands than others, and they in the long run improve and keep up their wages, while others remain stationary. This is especially true of women, for some have such peculiar qualities of quickness and neatness in their work, that they distance every one. In many factories we find girls of sixteen earning 12*s.* and 14*s.* a week machining, while others of the same age cannot earn half as much, the industry and capacity of the two being totally different things. Two schemes of co-operation have been tried in London within the last two years, one by Mr. Walker,[1] and another by Mr. Francis Peek.

The annihilation of the sweater or middleman would make a very material difference in the wages of the best workers, and co-operative principles applied to their work would alter the condition of their lives, give them a future with hope in it; but it sheds not one ray of comfort on those poor souls who are only too thankful to work at any wage. To talk of theories and preach assistance to these is more than useless. The fact is a stern and terrible one; but, none the less, it is a fact, that there are thousands and thousands of women in London at this moment leading lives of suffering and privation for whom little if anything can be done. Their position is so infinitely more hopeless than any man's, however small his earnings, for he, at any rate, can command a certain wage, and by combinations and strikes can so far improve his position that he is not obliged to sell his labour for what it will fetch. Women lack the power of combining as men, and they lack their physical strength, and in the absence of those two most essential qualities lie their weakness. Women cannot go into the streets and fight, nor can they intimidate, picket, and terrorize as men, and as men have earned their position and success by such means, the effect of physical superiority, in so far as women are weaker must they fail.

Beyond co-operation among women workers, there are only one or two remedies which appear to have any elementary evidence of being likely to improve the condition of the women workers in London. Nothing will stop the daily increasing number of workers but such remedies as are too important for discussion now. Arresting the flow of foreign immigrants would be a step in that direction, and it will probably be the one which the people themselves would suggest; but the evil lies far too deep for it alone to be sufficient. Education is always prescribed as the panacea for social evils and troubles so that there is no novelty in suggesting it; but technical education with applied industrial training would, if it did nothing else, give a good many women instruction which would raise them from the ranks of the unskilled to the skilled worker, and thus diminish some of the pressure on the unskilled. To give an instance, though a small one, of the want of such training, it is well known that a great amount of trimming is made in France and Germany because our manufacturers here cannot produce many of the more elaborate *passementerie* trimmings used in dressmaking; and some of the more finished parts of fancy cards and designs for art decorations are made abroad by the women trained in the various art schools. Such an education to be of any practical use must be applied, for theoretical instruction breaks down entirely when given without direct application. An opportunity of developing some education of this kind now exists in the scheme for the reorganization of Christ's Hospital which the Charity Commissioners have before them, and clever girls on leaving the Board School instead of being turned into some factory without any training, or working at home on the lowest paid sort of unskilled work, might he sent to such a school and serve an apprenticeship at some trade with applied teaching.

The question of domestic service also recommends itself as a remedy, but that again cannot be of much good unless, as in the other subjects, practical knowledge is acquired. Christ's Hospital might again (as is the case in many educational establish-

[1] For further information see Mr. Walker's article, page 301.—[*Ed.*]

ments for girls in France) be utilized also for that purpose. A development of the co-operative system would act in the same direction as improved technical teaching by removing the pressure on the unskilled to a certain extent, and giving those women who are quicker and sharper, a chance of rising into the ranks of the skilled. Mr. Peek's experience shows that good hands can earn a living after paying expenses and giving a profit, and in time the workers would see the advantage to themselves of becoming shareholders and participating in the profits. All these suggestions, however, if carried out to the full are so small in the face of the masses we have to deal with, and before whose numbers we feel so powerless, that they seem hideously insignificant; but the truth is that every suggestion, of whatever magnitude, is small in face of the herculean task we are trying to accomplish. The struggle is so unequal, and it must always be so. Against the masses striving for work is pitted the employer, whose margin of profit is not so large that he can afford to do aught else but buy his labour in the cheapest market; and combine how they may, when the pinch comes and the children want for bread, the mother's heart will obey no abstract principle of justice, but be true to her maternal instincts, and thankfully accept the veriest pittance to minister to their want; and no form of public opinion, no influences that affect others in the conflict will weigh with her. Nature is stronger than any human law, and a mother will be the truest of her sex in the hour of her greatest weakness.

What changes come, and what improvement is effected in the condition of these poor women must necessarily be very slow. Education must do something besides teaching them technically; it must raise their standard of comfort and help them to have more self-control, and make them realize that more than half of their suffering is the result of their own folly and want of self-restraint. The real cause of their misfortunes lies in the early marriages they contract and the swarms of children they bring into the world, without the smallest sense of the responsibility they incur in having children for whom they do not, and cannot provide. The boy and girl marriages of seventeen and eighteen, and even under that age, are the direct cause of more than half the wretchedness that crowds around us, and until some sense of the criminality of bringing forth children who are foredoomed only to suffer is brought home to our working classes, the misery we see around us will not diminish. Were their own sufferings and want the only consequence, they might possibly bear that in silent endurance, but the misery inflicted on thousands of innocent people by their conduct is indescribable and unjustifiable. The community on their part must not, however, forget that there are obligations laid on them which cannot be overlooked if they desire to help their weaker brothers and sisters, and one of the most important influences towards improvement is one that is always being put aside for a more convenient season. The dwellings in which the poor workers live are one of the most potent obstacles to any improvement in their social or moral well-being. One of the statements made before the Sweating Committee was that the insufficiency of their pay forced girls to lead immoral lives, in order to make their living, and that a woman had no alternative between starvation and immorality. That many of the women and girls are immoral in the sense that they are living as wives of men to whom they are not married, is, alas! but too true, but it is not equally true that they are driven to it by want of means. Vice in the East End of London is not an attractive or a well-paid profession, whatever it may be in the richer districts, and it does not offer women many attractions. What we consider vice, they, the women of whom we are now speaking, do not regard in the same light. Their moral sense, if it ever existed, has been blunted and destroyed by their early associations, and they drift into the relations they occupy without any one thinking the worse of them. In their rough, kindly way they are affectionate and true to the men to whom they belong. They are fond of their children, and though in drunken frays and fights the man may cut their head open, or give them a black eye, when he is sober and penitent they forgive him, and care none the less for him. Infidelity is very rare among those whom we consider poor outcasts, and their constancy, and attachment, dog-like in its character, is most touching, and they teach a stern lesson to their severe and apparently more virtuous sisters. And thus they drift on through their lives, picking up what living they can, when both are in full work doing fairly well, and when the man falls out of employment, the woman cheerfully works on at her starving pay till better times come. Such are the lives of people born and bred in the slums of our large towns. Nor can we—what right have we to?—expect as high, or, indeed as we do, a higher, code of

morality from them than we exact from ourselves, with all our worldly advantages and wealth? It is a reproach to a great country like England that numbers of such lives should exist. The Corporation of London, the late Board of Works, the County Council all spend hundreds of thousands of pounds in beautifying and improving the city. While all is fair and picturesque to look on, and stately streets and buildings rise around us, behind them, in the courts and alleys, men, women, and children are leading lives of degradation, infamy, and misery too terrible to think of, and though Commission after Commission has reported and suggested about the dwellings of the poor, nothing has been done. We cannot alter the laws of supply and demand, and we cannot raise wages and destroy the suffering that exists at one blow, but we can do more than mitigate it. We can destroy one of its most important causes, if not the most important of all, in sweeping away the rookeries and dens in which their lives are passed from their cradle to their grave, and in their place erect wholesome, sanitary dwellings, not as monuments of charity, but as paying concerns; and we ought to regard doing so as an obligation to them and a confession of the grievous way in which, as a nation, we have sinned against those whose weakness should have been the strongest claim on our protection and help.

II.

By WILLIAM JAMES WALKER.

[A Witness before the House of Lords Sweating Committee.]

A crisis has been reached in the condition of the working women throughout the country, and statesmen are beginning to find themselves face to face with a difficulty which ordinary human beings have been trying to cope with for years past. It is now two years since I first became an East End man in sympathy and in effect, and during those two years many phases of London's great "Eastern Question" have become familiar to me. Hood sang with sweet sadness the "Song of the Shirt" some years ago, and if the cruel fate of the women who made those unpoetical garments stirred the heart of that great observer of humanity at that date, what would it do were he alive to-day and saw three women scrambling for a wage he deemed too little for one?

Mine is no hearsay evidence. I have visited these poor shirtmakers in their homes. At first it was a grimy experience, but the dirty, small rooms, with their various odours and air of general dismality gradually grew familiar to me. "Stitch, stitch, stitch!" from the early morn until the "farthing dip" burns low in the midnight hour. Working with the brain on fire, working with a gnawing hunger pain that will not rest, working with a broken, hopeless heart, from which the light of life has gone out in the fierce fight for daily bread! Such is the life of the shirtmaker.

Look with me into a home where sits a woman making what are known as blue Harvard shirts. She is only a poor hand-sewer, or "finisher," but there are many thousands like her in the "joyless city" of the East. Her hands are aching as she tries to finish three dozens of the cruel shirts before the long weary day is done. If she manages to perform that task she will get ninepence, or *one farthing per shirt!* And this would be a high average, as most women can only make two dozens per day. The room is only some eight feet by nine feet, and serves as work-room, bed-room, and dining-room. The window looks into a foul back yard, the fœtid smells from which are the only form of "fresh air" granted to the helpless occupant. For this *home* she pays 2*s.* per week out of her miserable pittance of 3*s.* 9*d.* or 4*s.* "Home!" she calls it, for she knows no other place of shelter save the grim Union, but "home" it is not.

The machinist is a little better off. She earns more, being paid 9*d.* per dozen, but she cannot do so many shirts, and her machine has to be paid for. This she does as a rule by instalments of 2*s.* 6*d.* per week until she completes the sum of £7 7*s.* for a sewing-machine, the real value of which is £5 10*s.* if paid for in one amount at the

time of purchase. A machinist can make from one-and-a-half dozens to two dozens of shirts a day if she works hard and dreams not of rest until the aching back and eyes of pain tell her that nature's clock has run down and must be wound up in sleep, from which all sweetness is robbed by the dread of waking to the cold dull day of toil which knows no ending. Her labour is harder than that of the hand-sewer, and she is happy if at the end of the week she can earn 7*s.* or 8*s.* From the wages of both classes of workers must be deducted the cost of thread, which the poor shirt-workers have to find for themselves. Verily the art of making bricks without straw is not extinct!

I see now before me a small garret room, which you reach by means of a narrow, dark stair, having a rope nailed to the wall at top and bottom as a substitute for a banister. In the room are two gentle, delicate-looking sisters sitting at a table sewing the terrible blue-check shirt. The mother lies on a truckle bed in the corner of the room. They have dined—so they say—and ask me to excuse the "remains" on the table, consisting of a few crusts of dry bread, and something they said was butter. I found the sisters were too poor to buy a machine, and they could not go out to work in any factory for "mother is so old and weak." So they toil on as *finishers to some sweater*. The home was quite clean, and round the walls my eyes rested upon sundry Scripture texts, some of them bound with faded ribbon, which told of better days. The old lady reclined upon her small bed and chatted brightly and hopefully. "How old are you?" I asked.

"Eighty-six last birthday."

"And are you quite free from pain?"

"Oh, yes. Thank God, I am wonderfully strong." And then she laughingly said, "Won't you give *me* some shirts to do?"

The woman's face was a poem. I shall never forget it. The room seemed to grow into something very beautiful as we lingered beside this aged saint's bed. The texts seemed real things, written in unfading gold across the illimitable blue of God's great heaven. I don't want to forget the scene or the pressure of the thin, old, feeble hands as they grasped a gift too small for such thanks as followed. I don't want to lose the pathos of her request as we were going away in the words, "Pray for me, dear sir." Pray for her! That woman might pray for an angel.

I went that day to another home—a home that was not a poem. The room was small and dirty as were also the four or five children it contained. The shirtmaker was not interesting and perhaps the only prayer she knew was, "Give us this day our daily bread." Poverty wore no mantle in that woman's home, it was naked and real. Here is her story—"My husband works at the Dock. No work this week, so I must do my best for the children. I sew shirts at 3*d. per dozen, providing my own cotton.* Can do three dozen a day if I work from eight till eight. Cotton costs ½*d.* per dozen. I never get any shirts on Monday or Saturday." The poor woman was wroth with some wretched sweater who had kept 5*d.* back from her miserable earnings. No new complaint, but one I have heard again and again. Her husband was a docker, a "casual," earning precarious wages, which she supplemented with the starvation pay of the shirt-sweater. In this way the fight waxes fiercer and wages are forced down. The married women do not depend entirely upon the sweater's pay; and may manage, with their husbands' takings, to eke out an existence; but as to their unmarried sisters in misery—what of them, to whom the wages paid are all in all?

In proof of this let us go to another home. On entering you see none of the squalid surroundings so common in such cases. The room is by no means grand, but it is comfortable. The woman is clean and without the wolfish look in the eyes which one meets so often in this region. She is machining common shirts as I enter.

"Will you answer a few questions frankly, Mrs. C——, so as to assist me in getting information about the shirt trade?" was my first interrogatory.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, from whom do you get these shirts?"

"From Mr. ———."

"He is not a manufacturer?"

"No, sir; he is a sweater."

"Is he kind?"

A smile played round her mouth as she replied,

"He ain't bad with me, because he knows I don't depend on him; but I hear he gives it to some of them most awful."

"What does he pay you?"

"Oh, ninepence a dozen."

"Now, Mrs. C——, I want you to think about what I am going to ask you next. You do not depend upon this awful wage, as you have a husband working; but how about the girl over the way, who *must* live on what she makes?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Can she live on it?'

"I don't think she can."

"Can she get any other kind of work?

"No."

"Well then, you know the result?"

"I can guess," replied the woman.

I could give more statistics, but the foregoing figures may be sufficient to demonstrate the awful state of things now existing in the shirt trade in the East End of this city of London, under the reign of the "sweater."

I determined to try and find out whether the women, if freed from the yoke of the sweater and paid the full amount given by the warehousemen, could live. In other words, without any deduction for the middleman were the wages paid sufficient to support life? Thus it came about that on December 19, 1887, some fourteen women, representing the poorest class of shirtmakers, met in a little hall at Poplar, and through the kindness of a city manufacturer, were provided with a fair supply of shirts to make up. Very soon the numbers increased, and the experiment lasted until the end of May, 1888. By that time the information gained was sufficient to prove in the most conclusive manner that the machinists, if dealing direct with the manufacturer and obtaining the price commonly paid by him to the middleman, could just exist. They might earn according to age and ability from 7*s.* to 12*s.* per week, but while this amount is, unfortunately, a fair wage in the shirt trade, it admits of no wild flow of luxury into the lap of the recipient. Still it is good pay when compared with the poor finisher. With her the case seems well nigh hopeless. We gave her all that we got from the manufacturer, and even a shade more sometimes, and yet it was a noble wage if she reached 5*s.* per week.

The experiment in the Hall at Poplar lasted some five months, and cost about £50. This money represented the loss involved in giving the women the whole sum obtained from the manufacturer. At the end of that period the women were transferred to the Shirt Department of the Workwomen's Co-operative Association, Limited, 39 Walden Street, Commercial Road, and there for the most part they are still working. This is an Association formed at the instigation of Mr. Francis Peek and a few of us, who act as the Directors of the undertaking. It was chiefly meant to benefit tailoresses, and so far as they are concerned, the work has been and is distinctly successful. The shirt-workers, however, still form the battle-ground of our efforts. We cannot get them up. The wages are below decent living point among the machinists, and as for the finishers—*the wages are below living point altogether.*

A few months since I gave evidence before Lord Dunraven's Committee on sweating as it existed in the East End among shirt-workers. I was asked to attend mainly to prove the existence of the sweater in the shirt trade, and to correct or confirm the evidence given on the subject previously.[1]

Any one reading that evidence will find the witnesses tell substantially the same dreadful story of a shirt which I have done. What a side light may be discerned by a thinking mind from the words used before the Committee on April 24, 1888. The witness, in answer to some questions put by Lord Dunraven, says :—[2]

"I have been having 7*d.*, 8*d.*, and 9*d.* per dozen for common work."

"I have done a dozen and a half a day of sevenpenny shirts."

"I have sat until twelve and one at night to do a dozen and a half; the children have been so tiresome and so cross that I had to keep leaving off to attend to them."

"I have earned 5*s.*, 6*s.*, and 7*s.* a week."

This woman is a machinist, and has to pay 2*s.* 6*d.* per week for her sewing-machine. Her evidence is only too correct, and exactly corroborates what I have

[1] The account of this evidence will be found in detail on pages 155 to 162 of the First Report.

[2] Page 154 of the First Report.

written in this paper. A hand-sewer or finisher also gave her tale of woe to the Commissioners on the same date, and it is worse. Here is part of it.

"How much a dozen do you get?"
"Threepence."
"And how many dozen can you do in a day?"
"About a dozen and a dozen and a half, because my eyes are very bad."
"Do you find any materials?"
"Only the cotton."

I know this woman quite well and have been in her home. *The shirts she refers to at threepence a dozen, the middleman, or sweater, gets fivepence or sixpence for.*

This brings me to the other point the Committee wanted to know absolutely, namely the *existence* of the sweater. That fact is difficult to prove, as the women won't inform lest the sweater should revenge himself; but they gave me the information privately, and on May 21, 1889, I wrote to the Committee, giving the names of four sweaters in the Poplar District. The Committee appeared satisfied from what I told them that the middleman is only too sad a fact in connection with shirtmaking in East London.

I was asked to name remedies, and suggested the compulsory registration of sweaters and union among the workers. I also named a drastic remedy which would cut at the very root of the sweating system; but I hesitated to recommend it. It was to forbid all home work. This would, however, mean so much hardship in many cases, that one would almost tremble at the result.

A far more constitutional remedy would be combination and co-operation among the women themselves. I believe if firm, united action were taken in this way that no general coming out of workers need be anticipated, as many of the manufacturers are quite ripe for an advance in wages.

THE WORLD IN SELF.

By SOPHY SINGLETON.

If all mankind were safe in Heav'n, and I
  (Alone denied the boon of second birth,)
  Condemned to linger on a lonely earth
Whence life and strife were banished;—could I lie
Content, in contemplation of the sky
  Above my own self's unconsidered worth,
  —Dwelling with rapture on their gain,—my dearth
Forgotten in the blessèdness on high? . . .
Ah, no! *I*, too, would share that perfect state! . .
  There is a world, in each poor heart's domain,
Of sense and action,—infinitely great
    Which needs no outward stress of varied life
Or emulation! Wherefore, it were vain,
    —The peace of millions would not calm my strife.

HOORN AND ENKHUIZEN.

By REGINALD T. BLOMFIELD.

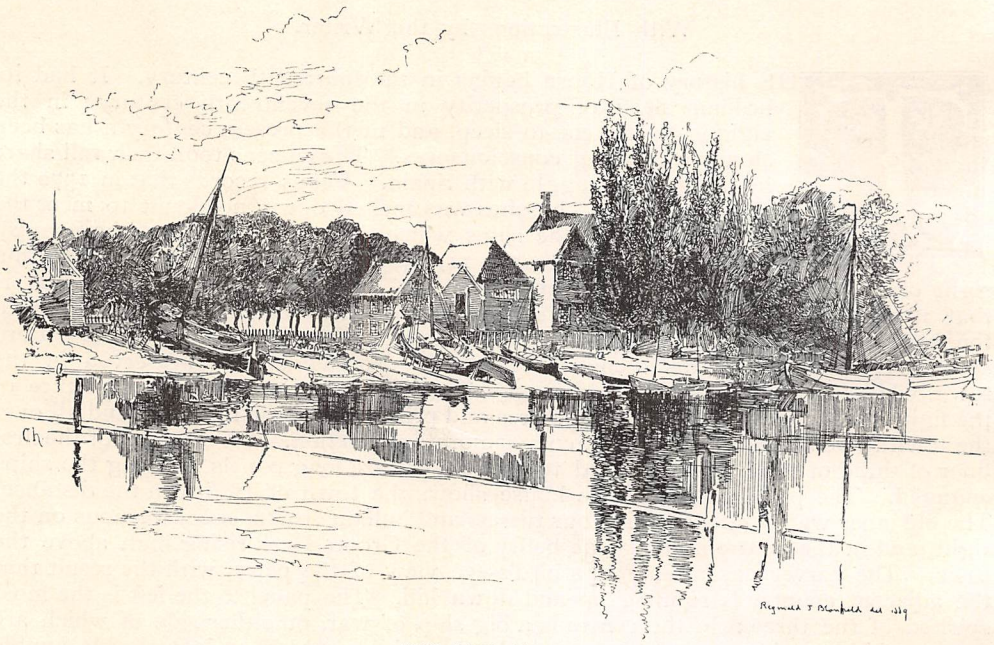
With Illustrations by the Writer.

THE history of Hoorn begins in the fourteenth century. It had its brilliant flash of prosperity in the seventeenth century; in the eighteenth it went to sleep, and in the present century it has been slowly recovering consciousness. The citizens took their full share in the great struggle with Spain. Velius records that in 1572 the silver out of the churches was melted down, no doubt to meet the cost of building the ships which defeated Bossu and the Spanish fleet off Hoorn, October 11, 1573. The action took place within sight of the town, in the bay between Hoorn and Oosterleek, and the tradition is that it was from the houses on this side of the town that the citizens watched the fight. As at Alkmaar with its famous defence, all the local traditions of Hoorn seem to gather round this memorable victory. Bossu's cup is preserved in the town, while his sword went to Enkhuizen. There is a seventeenth century picture of the fight in the Stadhuis, there are pictures and prints of it in the museum, and all over the town there are carved panels to commemorate the action. On the front of the first floor of three of the houses referred to above there are long panels showing the ships engaged. The panel to the centre house shows the town of Hoorn in the distance. The old inner water-gate, with its four turrets and bulbous roofs, is conspicuous on the right, and in the centre is the great belfry of the Groote Kerk rising high above the town. The carver has attempted a bird's-eye view of the place, with the result that the adjacent country is running up and down hill. The panel to the left is the most spirited of the three: in the centre is a big ship of war, on either side of which are figures of Venus riding on the waves, and to the right and left an inextricable jumble of ships which gives a very good notion of the fight. Dirkzoon, the Dutch captain, took the earliest opportunity of closing with the Spaniards, and after a brief engagement the whole of the Spanish fleet was either captured or routed, excepting Count Bossu and his flagship, *The Inquisition*. Three ships grappled with the latter; one was very soon silenced, but *The Inquisition* and the other two lashed themselves together, and the crews let the ships drift and engaged in a hand-to-hand fight which lasted from the afternoon of October 11 till about eleven o'clock on the following day. In the grey morning light of the 12th, John Haring, of Hoorn, climbed across into Bossu's ship and hauled down his flag. Haring was shot, and died on the enemy's deck; it was this same John Haring who, at the siege of Haarlem earlier in the year, had held the Diemerdyke single-handed against the Spanish troops. A few hours later Bossu surrendered. He was brought to Hoorn and imprisoned in the Klooster of St. Mary, now the "T'weeshuys" or Home for Orphans.

Throughout the seventeenth century Hoorn was exceedingly prosperous. It was called the metropolis of West Friesland. Hither came embassies from Venice and Sumatra, and merchants from every part of the world. Among its citizens were men of learning, such as Rombout Hoogerbeets, and the brothers Velius, sailors like William Schouten and Tasman, and able administrators like Jan Koen, the first governor-general of East India. There is a well-painted portrait of Koen in the museum. The clear-cut features, with plenty of bone in cheek and forehead, and the keen dark

eyes, suggest that strong intellectual ascendency which made the great Dutchmen of the seventeenth century a match for the astutest diplomacy of the time. It is curious to notice how this masculine beauty vanished with the decay of the national character: the Dutchman of the later seventeenth century portraits is usually an obese, lethargic-looking person who would naturally bury his patriotism in his profits. De Ruyter was not a native of Hoorn, but it was here that he fitted out the fleet with which he sailed up the Thames. There is a bad portrait of the admiral in the museum, by Ferdinand Bol, which has been cleaned and varnished out of all relationship either to Ferdinand Bol or to the great sea-captain.

The decay of the town began in the eighteenth century. Compared with other Dutch towns, there is not much work of this period in either Enkhuizen or Hoorn. Both places have contentedly slumbered since the beginning of the last century, and it is only recently that Hoorn has roused itself to put up one or two buildings of quite exceptional ugliness. The old city walls no longer exist, but their site can be easily



THE POOL, HOORN.

traced in the high grassy bank to the moat which bounds the eastern part of the town. Of the two bastions, one is laid out as a garden, and the other is occupied by a club-house, and between these two is the only surviving tower of the old city walls. All that part of the moat which existed from the second bastion to the western gate has been filled up; of the six water-gates, four have been destroyed. The old Koe Port, or cow-gate, which faced towards Enkhuizen, was pulled down in the last century, and the stone figures of the cows which used to adorn its gable are preserved in the town museum. The east gate is still standing. It is in two stories, and the road winds under the archway between massive walls supporting the vaulting. The original gates of oak, four inches thick, are still on their hinges. The lower part of this building was begun in 1511. In 1578 the façades to the lower story at both ends were added; that towards the town is comparatively plain. It consists of an archway flanked by brick pilasters with stone rustications. The outer side is much more elaborate. All except a small space by the angle pilaster is in stone; the central arch has cartouches in the spandrels, and double pilasters fluted and rusticated on either side. Between the pilasters are niches with segmental pediments. The two lower niches have cannon-mouths carved in stone and painted black, which the guide-books describe as real guns. In the frieze over the archway is carved a Latin version of the words, "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." The upper story, with its

pretty *flèche* and little lead-covered dormers, was added in 1601. The gateway has been restored, but not much injured in the process.

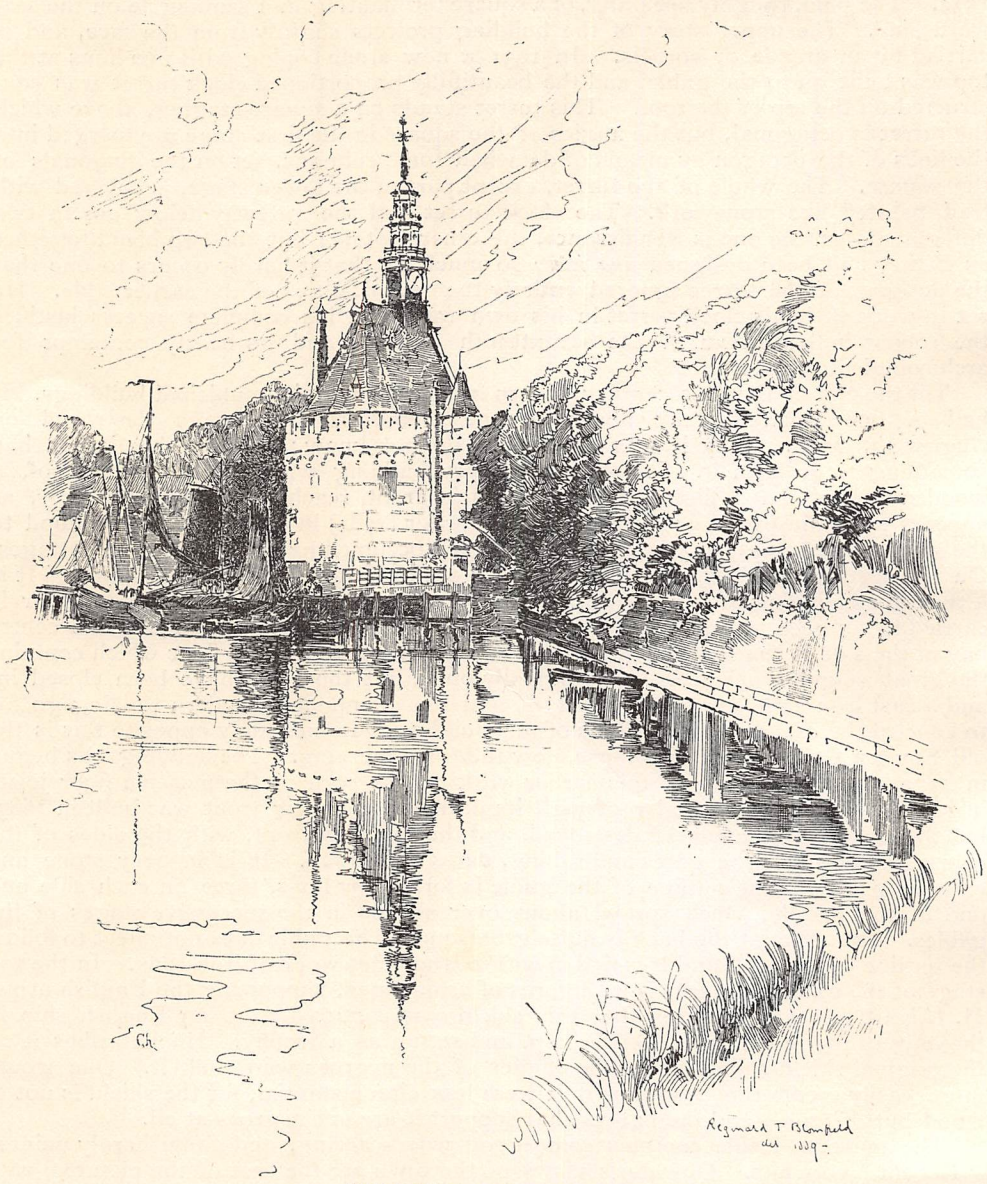
The harbour gate is perhaps the finest water-gate in Holland. There are two dates on the gable, 1532, and 1651 ; but the lower part of the building looks older than 1532. The plan, roughly speaking, is a square terminating in a semi-circle on the seaward side. The upper story of the building projects slightly from the face, and is carried by an arcade or corbels. In 1651 a new stone coping with two lions at the top was built on to the gable, and the beautifully proportioned clock turret was constructed on the top of the roof. This turret stands on a square staging, above which the turret is octagonal, but the angles of the square in the first stage are merged into the lines of the octagon by means of detached Ionic columns, set on the diagonals of the square. The whole of the turret, except part of the lower stage, is covered with lead, painted like stonework. The clock turret and the gateway below are in two different styles, the one is Renaissance, the other Gothic ; but the two blend together as if they had been designed *uno ietu ;* so much so, that it hardly occurs to one that the designer of the turret ignored entirely the technicalities of the earlier style. He set to work with his clock turret in his own way, and his complete success justifies the robust individualism of the seventeenth century, and its hearty contempt for archæological scruples.

Till the end of the last century Hoorn was very rich in municipal buildings. It had a fine Raadhuis, or house of the Deputies, which was destroyed on August 23, 1797. Why it was *afgebroken* I do not know ; perhaps the French had something to do with it. It was a two-story building with a steep slate roof, a wooden belfry, and a flight of stone steps in front, reaching to the first floor, as appears from the excellent picture by J. Ouwater (1784) in the museum. It stood to the west of the cheese market, on the site now occupied by some trees and cottages. On the north side of this market square the old weigh-house is still standing. It is a two story building of stone with a slate roof and many dormers ; the first floor is carried by an open arcade of five bays at the side and two at the end ; in the centre bay of the side is the unicorn with the town crest. The ground floor which contains the great weighing machines was originally open, but the sides have been closed in, and a cast iron verandah along the sides, and the abominable modern glazing go far to conceal the excellent proportions of this building. Immediately opposite this is the old Staaten College, or court-house, now the town museum. The building was begun in 1573, and the remains of this earlier work can be seen in the massive floor joists inside and the steep pitched roof with its dormers. A new front was built in 1683, but this appears to have been destroyed, and the existing front, with the sides of the courtyard, and the iron gates and railing, dates from 1729. It is in grey stone and extremely ugly. The outline of the gable is formed by lions, three on each side and one in the middle, which sprawl about over shields in the successive stages of the gables. The effect at the back is quite grotesque. The gable does not affect to follow the outline of the roof, and it is tied in with a whole net-work of iron rods. In the top stage of the gable are carved two figures of armed men, supporting the English arms. M. Havard gives a tradition that this shield was captured from an English ship in the days of the redoubtable Van Tromp, and set up as a trophy. He describes it as the original shield supported by the effigies of the negroes who took it. One would more easily credit this tradition if it were less circumstantial, for the shield is not of wood but of stone, and the figures that support it are not negroes at all.

The museum inside contains some good wood-carving, and a few hardly painted "Regent" portraits. Ouwater's views of the town are the best of the pictures, with the exception of a remarkable sixteenth-century triptych, one of the panels of which represents a man being flayed alive. There is a small room up stairs in which the original oak work and stamped leather hangings are preserved ; besides these there is little of interest in the museum, and it is very badly kept. The woman in attendance appears with her hair in curl papers and seems to be very much annoyed if any one visits the museum, in spite of the fact that there is a fixed charge for admission. It is one of the unamiable characteristics of the Dutch, that there is hardly a single exhibition or state building in the country which is open to the public free of charge.

The existing Stadhuis was originally the official lodging of the deputies. It was built in 1613, on the site of the old St. Cecilien Klooster, some fragments of which can

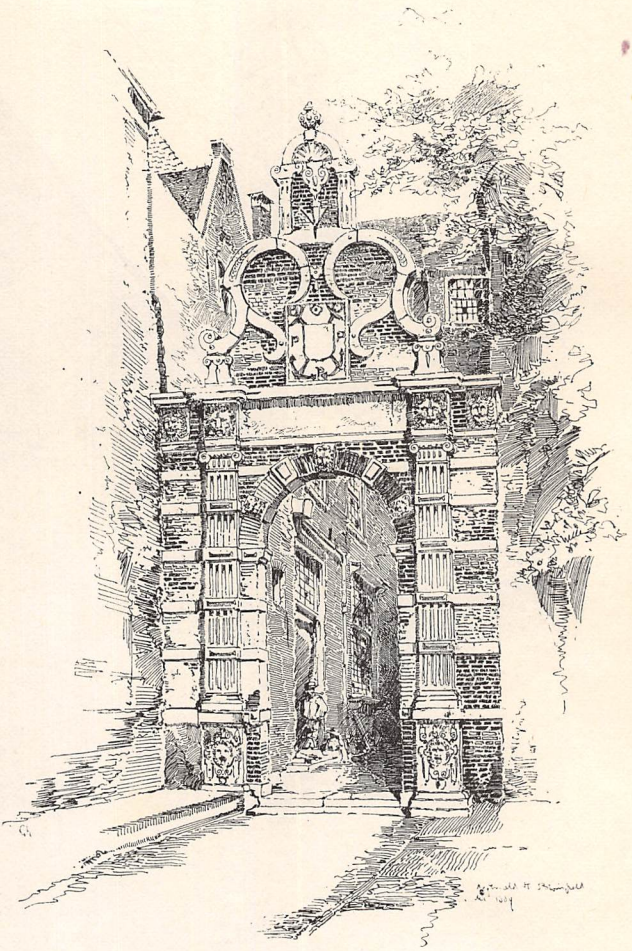
still be seen at the back. The Stadhuis is a picturesque building, though its effect is much injured by the modern cast-iron glazing and the pantile roof. It is a noticeable feature in it that the front is not straight but set out on a very obtuse angle. The architects of Hoorn seem to have been rather fond of this refinement. There are one



THE HARBOUR GATE, HOORN.

or two other instances in the town of this frank acceptance of the angle in a street façade, a difficulty which is usually smuggled out of sight by more or less ingenious "cooking." The St. Jan's Gasthuis (1553), now used as an armoury, is another example. It stands at an angle with the street, and the exigencies of the plan were followed with such logical completeness, that all the mouldings to the jambs are worked on the skew, so that if a person stands right in front of the house, the mouldings will be seen to work out very flat on one side, while on the other they are concealed behind the arris of the jamb. There is some beautiful cut brickwork on the front of this building, and elaborately carved angle stones to the three stages of the

gable. These and the almshouses are all that survive of the great public buildings of Hoorn of the seventeenth century, for the arsenal, the mint, and the East India houses, which stood in the north-west quarter of the town, were destroyed in the last century. There are three almshouses in Hoorn. The "T'weeshuys," close to the Doclen Hotel, is for orphans. It is an uninteresting building of the eighteenth century; but there are some remains of older work round the pretty gardens inside. It was here that Bossu was imprisoned in 1573. The other two almshouses are for old men and women. One is in the north-west angle of the square occupied by the modern Groote Kerk, on the site of one of the old religious houses. A passage close by with a picturesque stone entrance is still called "the cloisters." The other is near the station and occupies the site of St. Peter's Klooster, a house of Augustinian monks. The two sides date from 1607; the front was built in 1692. Over the entrance there is an obscure Latin inscription; on the inside are two charming little cloisters with barrel roofs painted green on carved wood brackets. These look out on to a characteristic Dutch garden. The paths are paved with red and yellow bricks in various patterns, and immediately opposite the entrance are two large flower pots with metal flowers painted green and red.



A GATEWAY, HOORN.

The Noord Kerk, or Vrouwen Kerk, is close to this almshouse. It is a plain brick church of the fifteenth century, and is only remarkable for the planning of the west end, which, as in the Gasthuis, is laid out on a cant, so that the south aisle is shorter than the north by one bay.

The only other old church in the town is the St. Antonis Kerk, close to the post-office. This was begun in 1493, but was a good deal added to in the seventeenth century. The beautiful little belfry was built in 1600; the west gable in 1616. There is nothing of interest inside except a clever newel staircase in oak, and a good heraldic window (1620) on the south side in memory of the death of Heemskerk, who blew up his ship off Gibraltar in 1607 sooner than surrender to the Spaniards. The old Groote Kerk was burnt down on August 3, 1838. The present church was built on its site a few years ago from the designs of M. Muiskens of Amsterdam. An attempt, not entirely successful, has been made to follow the national style. The general outline is fair, but the details very bad. There are large finials stuck about the angles which are quite out of scale with the rest of the work; in the tower at the west end there are heavy stone balconies in front of solid brick walls, without any means of access; and the little carving there is, is beneath criticism. The interior is more satisfactory. The plan is T-shaped; the nave is almost square with shallow aisles about eight feet deep at the sides; above the piers to the gallery are marble columns supporting the roof, with brass capitals and bases. There is no east end; its place is occupied by a

large organ set in a recess in the gallery, and in front on the ground floor there is the usual inclosure for the pulpit and reading desk. The galleries run all round the

ST. ANTONIS KERK, HOORN.

building. The ceiling is formed of great barrel vaults with smaller ones intersecting; it is covered with match-boarding varnished to a very offensive yellow, which, with the knots of the deal, gives a curiously diseased look to the boarding. The best points of

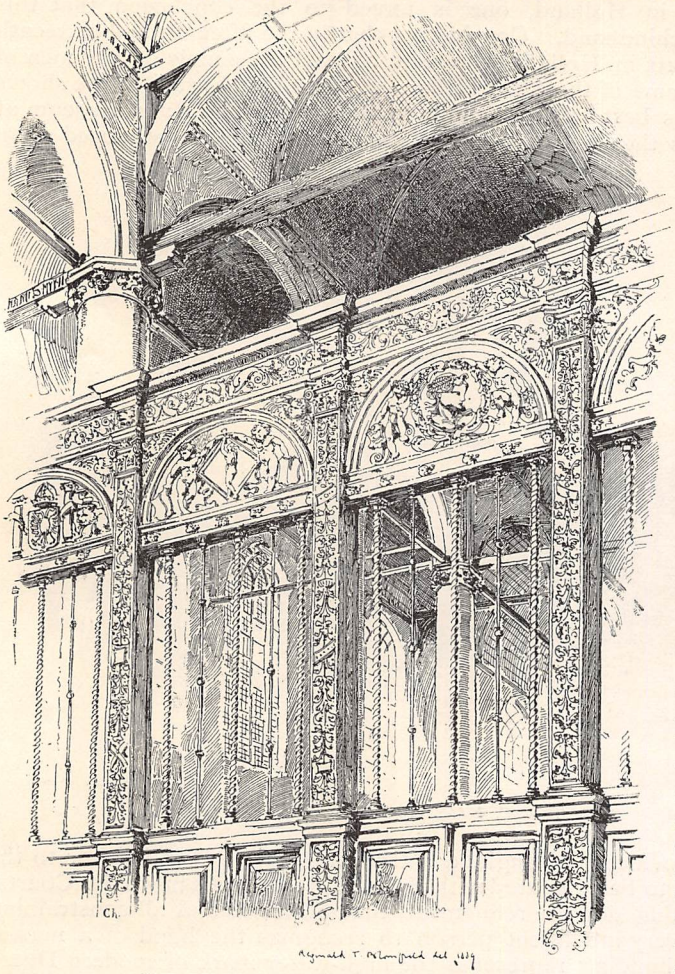
the interior are its rather striking proportions, and the use made of brass as a colour material; but the general effect is that of a large concert room. The Roman Catholics have a big modern church at Hoorn designed by M. Bleys of Amsterdam. The outside is effective, but the interior is extraordinarily vulgar; the dome is supported by cast-iron shafts set against marble piers, and the brick vaulting under the galleries rests on iron ribs. The stained glass in both churches is as bad as any glass that was ever put up in England in the worst days of Pugin. Both these churches are on a considerable scale, and if, as is probably the case, they are fair specimens of average contemporary architecture in Holland, one is forced to the conclusion that this architecture is very much behindhand. Considering that in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries there were architects in Holland who were at least the equals of any men of their time, except perhaps some of the great Italians, modern Dutch architecture shows a lamentable falling off. Its best work is commonplace stuff. The Ryks Museum at Amsterdam, for instance, is the sort of Gothic that would have been produced at an

FARM HOUSE, NEAR HOORN.

open competition in the provinces in England a few years ago. It is inferior to the St. Pancras Hotel, and not to be compared with the late Mr. Street's new Law Courts. It shows little evidence of that delicate refinement, that powerful and all-constraining thought, which compels every intelligent person to recognize the hand of a master in architecture. Yet this building represents the high-water mark of modern Dutch architecture, for it is the work of M. Kuypers, the leading Dutch architect of the day, and it is not yet completed. As for their "restorations," they are very truly what Mr. Morris is fond of calling such work in England, "vulgarisation, falsification, and destruction." The town-hall and the weighing-house in the cheese market at Alkmaar are excellent instances of the extent to which it is possible to deprive a building of all historical significance by aggressive restoration. Mere conversion is another thing. There is many an old building which has suffered alterations repeatedly to suit the needs of successive generations, but somehow there is nothing that offends one here; at least these changes are building up true history, even if it is the history of bad taste. But what is offensive in restoration as practised in Holland and many other places, is its sham history, the hypocrisy of affecting to reproduce the old work with such fidelity that one has to look twice before one can find the incontestable marks of the beast.

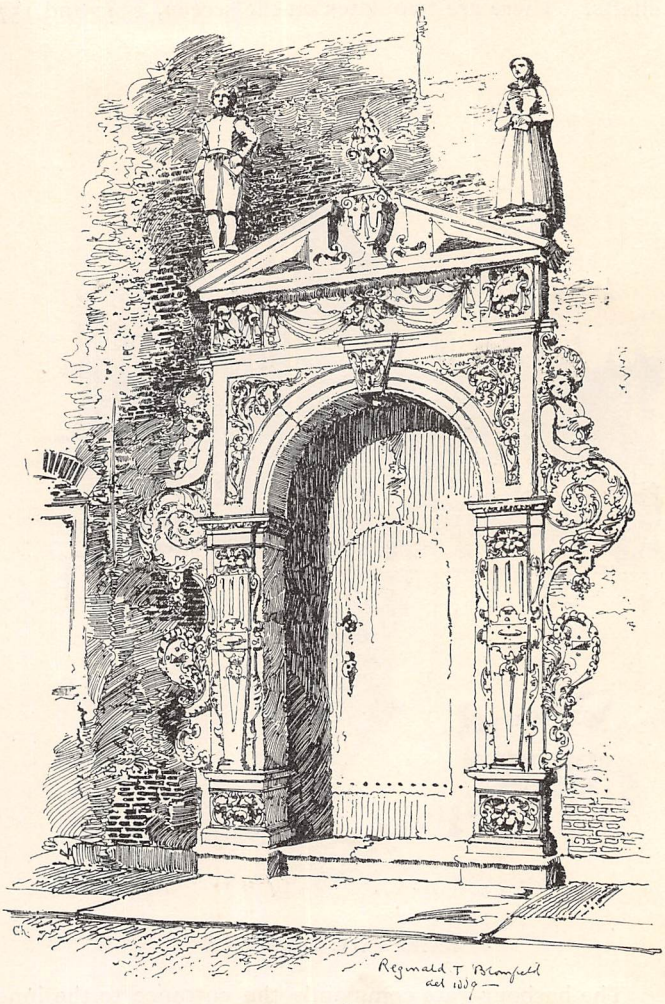
Fortunately the Dutch move slowly, and Hoorn may yet enjoy some few years more of its old-world existence, for the people cling with singular tenacity to certain traditional ways of doing things. The curious waggon with its brass-tipped wooden horn

instead of a pole, which is used all over North Holland, has remained unchanged for the last two or three hundred years. On one of the houses at Hoorn there is a stone panel dated 1612, representing just such a waggon with five people, drawn by three horses abreast, one black, one brown, and one green with black spots. Perhaps the most remarkable instance of this persistent conservatism is the North Holland farm. In spite of its primitive character, the type has undergone no change or development for over 250 years. The road from Hoorn to Enkhuizen passes a great number of these houses, some old and some new, but all built on exactly similar lines. The one illustrated is an old one dated 1639, and it is an excellent instance of this peculiar type. The plan, roughly speaking, is a square of about fifty feet, and the outer walls are about nine or ten feet high. In the centre of this square a strong quadrangular staging of timber is built up from the ground for about half the height of the building, and this practically forms the whole construction of the house; the rafters start from the low outer wall, and resting about half way up their bearing against this staging, form a great pyramidal roof, covered with thatch, and very often with a stork's nest on the top, as big as a good-sized faggot. On one side the thatch is cut away to a line of varying shape, and the roof covered with pantiles. There is usually a gable projecting from one corner of the roof, and a couple of tall brick chimney stacks. This immense roof covers not only the dwelling rooms, but the farm buildings as well. The whole of the upper part of the roof and a considerable part of the floor is used as a hayloft. The back door opens inwards into a broad passage paved with bricks, and to the right of this, and separated from it by a small brick drain, are stalls where the cows spend the winter. The stalls are paved with brick and kept with scrupulous cleanliness. Each stall has a little window, with its curtain. The sides of the drain are painted red with a yellow border along the top, and the bottom of the drain is sky-blue. At the end of this passage is the sitting-room, the walls panelled and painted red, and adorned with prints of the history of Joseph in tights and a tunic. A casement window faces the door, and an old glass cupboard painted red and green fills up one corner of the room. To the left of the door is the fireplace, lined with tiles for five or six feet from the floor, with a broad projecting chimney over, and then a door in the panelling to communicate with the two or three rooms which form the whole of the living space allowed to the family. Many of the farmers are wealthy in their way, but they seem quite content with the traditional discomforts of the old farm-house. Here too, if anywhere, the mania for colour runs riot: the trunks of the trees are painted red, blue,



THE SCREEN, WESTER KERK, ENKHUIZEN.

green, yellow, and mud-colour, and the clinkers of the paths are usually coloured a brilliant blue. If one asks a Dutchman the reason for painting the trees, with some sort of vague idea that it is to keep the snails down, he will shrug his shoulders and say, "It is the custom of the country." There is one very charming feature about these farms, and that is the triple avenue of trees—ash, or lime, or willow—which usually surround the house in the very way they are shown in Hobbema's pictures. The avenues have a very excellent reason in the climate of the country. In winter they soften the bitterness of the keen north wind, and in the sultry summer days, the sun will come playing through the leaves, and will fleck the stems and the grass beneath with patterns of infinite loveliness, and the sombre waters of the dyke round the little plot of grass will answer to the magic of the sunbeam. A few of the houses have small gardens instead, some of which show traces of the old Dutch formal style, but most of them are laid out according to modern notions, which means on the continent a version of the *jardin à l'Anglaise* even more ridiculous than the original *jardin à l'Anglaise* itself.



DOORWAY TO THE BURGHERS' ORPHANAGE, ENKHUIZEN.

The road from Hoorn enters Enkhuizen by a great stone gateway built in 1730. It is a heavy-looking building, but not without a certain dignity, due to its massive simplicity. M. Havard describes this gateway as separated from the town by grassy fields. Although this leads to some admirable reflections on the melancholy of decay, it is in point of fact inaccurate, for the houses begin almost immediately one has passed the gate. Enkhuizen is an older town than Hoorn. Its population in the sixteenth century is variously stated at 60,000 and 40,000. It now numbers about 5,000 inhabitants. The town seems to have shrunk into itself like a frozen plant. All the outlying quarters have disappeared, and the place has dwindled down to one big street, with a few side lanes and squares on either side. It is certainly not an exciting place, unless it is during the *Kermesse*, when the very walls seem to tremble at the hideous din of fifty barrel organs all playing different tunes at once. The town is less interesting in every way than Hoorn. There are two big churches, one at the west end of the town, the other in the centre. The latter has some picturesque brick gables built against its sides, and a lofty tower at the west end, built of brick and stone, with an octagon belfry above it of wood and slates. The Wester Kerk is a mere wreck of what it was. Nearly all the tracery has disappeared, and it rather looks as if several side chapels had been cut away. The church consists of three long aisles, the bays of which are of curiously unequal widths. All the aisles are covered with barrel roofs of wood, dating from the end of the sixteenth century.

These roofs are painted a shade of olive green, and for once the glaring whitewash of the walls goes with this green to form a very charming piece of colour. The entire floor of the church is paved with grave-stones—536 in all—some carved with elaborate coats of arms, some with initials and monograms, and some with simple marks. One has for its adornment a string of eight herrings on a stick. The most remarkable things in the church are the organ-case, dating from 1542, and the very elaborate screen at the west end of the chancel. This screen is carved in oak, with pilasters and frieze, and copper balusters in the openings which are said to have replaced the original silver shafts. There are two dates on the screen, 1542 and 1572. The finest work, as usual, is the oldest, and it is of extraordinary delicacy and beauty. Some of the relief is rather high, as much as $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches from the ground in the figures, but in other parts the carving is just sketched out on the surface, and dies away almost imperceptibly on to the wood. All this part of the carving at once suggests Jan Terwen's work in the choir at Dordrecht. The panels on the west side are filled entirely with arabesques, designed with a fancy which evidently revelled in its own exuberance. The tympana of the panel arches on the west side are filled with some inferior figures of the evangelists, &c., which are probably very much later. The best of this work was done under Spanish influence. A complete change can be traced in Dutch wood-carving after the Spanish tyranny was over. The high relief, borrowed from a southern country, was abandoned, and if the work of the carver was less in the orthodox lines of the Renaissance, it became more playful, more pleasant to live with, more lovable.

WATER GATE, ENKHUIZEN.

The harbour-gate commands the entrance to the inner basin. It is inferior to the great gate at Hoorn, yet it stands finely above the sluice-gates. The gate-house is constructed of brick, with stone archways, one dated 1540, the other 1649. On the north side two old anchors are hung against the wall, with an inscription which commemorates some obscure treachery against the town. The roof of the belfry at the top is coloured a brilliant purple-blue. There is a *carrillon* in the belfry which plays at the quarter-hours, and sometimes one would think that everything slept in the town except these bells. The *carrillon* of the church begins, and then the bells of the harbour-gate answer with some sweet old melody such as Josquin des Près might have loved. They start merrily enough, but strange sad harmonies mingle with the music, as the undercurrent of abiding melancholy rises to the surface. The carol dies away, and the last note is left to some deep bass bell, as if the voice of Fate were insisting that the slumber of generations was not to be broken or the shadow of infinite *ennui* lifted from the dull old town.

THE DOLL'S HOUSE—AND AFTER.

By WALTER BESANT.

AID Norah Helmer, in that last scene which moved and surprised us all so much, "We have been married eight years, and we are strangers. I have borne three children—to a stranger. I cannot remain any longer under the roof of a strange man. I will not see these children any more. I give you, Torvald, what I take for myself—perfect freedom. Live as you please—I shall live as I please. We are free. Stranger, keep your children!"

It was twenty years ago when these words were uttered, though we seem to have heard them only yesterday.

I.

It was an upper chamber of a house, in one of the poorest parts of the town; a room poorly and scantily furnished. Before the open window stood a table which had certainly once kept richer, if not better, company; there was a cupboard, the half-open door of which showed cups and saucers, and certain household stores; there was no carpet on the floor, the window had no curtain, only a blind; there were no book-shelves, books, pictures, ornaments, or anything pretty at all—nothing but chairs and a table and a stove. One of the chairs was an arm-chair. There was no fire in the stove, because the season was summer. At the table sat a girl at work; and it was the evening, but at nine o'clock; and for that matter at midnight, in Norway, there is still plenty of daylight. From the hot street below came up cries of children at play; puffs and waftings of smells, such varied smells as belong to a poor street where work of all kinds is carried on in the houses as well as cookery of the kind which appeals as strongly to the nose as to the palate. Overhead, a pure and brilliant sky; an evening when one might long for the pleasant noise of streams leaping over cascades and might dream of the placid waters of the fiord. But the girl went on working.

It was quite fine work that she was doing; work that is generally done in the rooms belonging to the shop where it is sold; but Emmy Helmer liked best to work alone in her own room, and not with other girls; and she was so good a hand that she was allowed to do so. She sat in a chair beside the open window, her skilful needle flying in and out while she made the beautiful embroidered work which the foreign ladies came to buy; so good a hand she was, that the ladies always chose her work and took it home with them and exhibited it as proudly as if they themselves had made it; and so contented a maiden was she, that she never asked or cared to know what her employer charged for the work which he got so cheaply. She was a pretty girl—not tall, and yet shapely; the curve of her head and neck, as she sat over the work—nay, every curve in her figure—was lovely to look upon. Her blue eyes, if she lifted them, were soft and limpid; her fair hair was abundant; her hands were small and white; her features were delicate; her cheek soft though too pale, for the Norwegian winter is long and the Norwegian stove is hot; besides which, a more generous diet and a

life of more open air and less hard work might have brought more fulness and a deeper colour to the cheek as well as more roundness to the arm ; but in every other respect she was a pretty girl.

On the table there lay an open letter, placed as the London clerk likes to place his newspaper while he takes his dinner, convenient for reading. It was a letter of two pages only, and those not quite filled. It began, "My dearest, and sweetest and best," and it ended with, "Your faithful and constant lover ;" and there was hardly anything in it but "I love you—oh, my love, I love you!" Some girls would have found a letter monotonous with but one idea in it, and that repeated so many times. Not so Emmy Helmer ; she thought it beautiful. She knew it by heart, but she read it over and over again ; nay, while she sat and worked, turning her eyes fondly to this letter, looking at each word as if she loved its shape and admired its curves, her cheek began to glow and her eyes grew brighter, and her lips trembled with a dream that came to her—a dream of love and happiness ineffable, far from the place where she was living ; far from all the troubles which surrounded her with this young man who loved her so —who loved her so. Why did he love her so? What was she that such a brave and gallant lover should stoop to love her. Only a work-girl, with a terrible trouble in her family history. But—— And he minded nothing—nothing. No, though his father was now a great gentleman in the town, and the mayor, and she was only a work-girl ! He minded nothing, not even—— She turned pale, and shuddered, and then red, and trembled. He minded nothing, not even—— she looked at a door which opened, not to the staircase, but to another room—not even what was behind that door. Behind that door ! Her lover knew everything. The poor girl could not conceal anything if she tried : he knew even worse things than any hidden behind that door.

Alas, the most miserable thing that can happen to any one in the world had befallen this poor girl ! She was shamed and disgraced ; by no misconduct of her own, but by that of other people. She was one of those by whom the fifth commandment, which by some is held to include brothers and sisters, nay, cousins and nephews, nieces, uncles and aunts, cannot possibly be observed—not by the most straight-walking Puritan that ever lived. It cannot : in no way can it be observed. This kind of shame is so horrible because it is, for the most part, self-inflicted. People say behind a girl's back, "She is the daughter of this, that, or the other shameful person." They do not say it to her face. If she is a girl of ill-conditions, they say it is the bad blood breaking out. If she is a good girl, they pity her out of the goodness of their hearts. In neither case do they taunt her with her misfortune ; she takes the shame herself ; with her own hand she dyes her cheek a perpetual red ; she need not, but yet she cannot choose. This, as you will understand, was Emmy Helmer's sad case. Then, since in every kind of misery there are some forms more wretched than others, this poor girl had endured the worst kind of all, which comes with the gradual degradation of those whom she ought to have respected, and the gradual loss of everything which makes this life tolerable. Now, there was nothing left to lose, except those who had wrought the ruin ; nay, though this must not be said *in extremis*, when things are at their most shameful point, the extinction of these shameful persons would have been her gain. At least they would no longer be in evidence ; they would speedily be forgotten—she would be left alone, a wreck perhaps, but no longer encumbered by the cordage and floating spars, and the crazy hulks of foundering ships around her. But this, again, must not be said even when things are at their worst.

A church-clock struck nine. Emmy threw down her work and sprang to her feet. Then she remembered that she had eaten nothing since mid-day. She searched in the cupboard and found the loaf and some jam. Five minutes' struggle of youth with bread and jam may represent a light and wholesome supper. Then she put her work together, and carried it into her own room, and shut the door. When she came out, ten minutes later—not more, fair reader—she had on her other frock—a greatly superior article to that in which she worked. She wore a pretty hat, with pink ribbons tied in a lovely bow at her throat ; and with a smile on her lips and a light in her eyes, she ran out of the door which opened on the landing, and so down stairs.

II.

Behind the door—that other door—if Emmy had stayed any longer she would have heard steps as of one staggering about the floor. Then she would have jumped from

her chair and ran into her own room, there to remain until she was called. It was in this way that she did her best to honour her parent.

The door was opened roughly, as by one who uses violence, and Torvald Helmer, her father, stood in the doorway, looking about him stupidly, as one not yet more than half awake. He had changed a little, certainly, since that day when Norah, his wife, amazed him by telling him he was a stranger just before she left him. Then he was three-and-thirty years of age, well set up, stiff in his carriage, precise in his dress, clean shaven, of personal dignity beyond his years, and careful of his words. Everybody remembers how Torvald Helmer looked twenty years ago, before—well, twenty years bring a man of thirty-three to the age of fifty-three. This seems incredible to those still at the former desirable age, but it is really quite true. Now, at fifty-three most men show signs of advancing years, as in growing gray or bald, and, perhaps, in being not quite so ready to stoop as in the old days. And at fifty-three men who have lived a certain kind of life, are rewarded by possessing a historical face. Their eyes, for instance, swell out for fatness; their throats are swollen and their cheeks are puffed; their lips tremble, as well as their hands; round the mouth the years (and that habit of life) have carved a circular moat or ditch. There are faces truly historical: all the world can read them. There are many other faces which at fifty-three proclaim the habit of life, though not so plainly. This one will do for our purpose, because it was the face which Torvald Helmer showed when he awoke that evening from a sleep, untimely, unwholesome, and, in any other man, disgraceful. In his it was too common to bring disgrace. And at the sight of him, so shabby, so shaky, his gray hairs so disreputable, you would have asked where was the Torvald you remembered twenty years ago? No greater misery for such a man than, in some sober moment, to remember what he once was. How—oh! how—shall such a man climb back again? How, at fifty-three, shall he regain the old look of dignity and self-reliance? He never tries; he groans and curses; and he still wallows in his habit.

Torvald came out blearing and blinking; he looked all round the room; it was empty; he drew the armchair to the window, and sat, leaning his head upon his hands, waiting for the moment of full recovery. To such as drink continuously this moment soon comes; it is part of the habit of their life to wait and expect this moment; they know when it is coming; then they begin to straighten themselves; the immediate effect of the strong drink has gone away, and they become thirsty again. This man had slept for four hours; he was awake now and growing sober rapidly; he sat at the window and suffered the air to play on his bare head, while his eyes blinked and his shoulders rolled as a ship in waters troubled by a recent storm.

Presently he lifted his head, completely steadied—he was as sober as he ever was; in this kind of life there is reached a certain level on which the pilgrim is never sober. Every day he is drunk, but he is never quite sober. Torvald Helmer was on this level. It is pretty low down among levels, but there is one below it, and then—the final plunge.

He got up and looked round the room, conscious that it was growing late in the evening, and that he was alone. He knocked at his daughter's door, calling her, but there was no reply. Then he sat down again at the open window; the night was warm; but the children's voices had ceased—they were in bed; and there was no longer smells of work and cookery. He sat a while thinking in the disconnected, jumbled way which was left to him—to him, who had once governed and trained his thoughts to obedience and orderly sequence.

Then, as if stung by some noisome creature, he sprang from the chair and began to walk about the room.

"Curse her!" he murmured, "curse her! She is back again. I saw her this afternoon, and she saw me. I was coming out of the Black Eagle, and she was in her carriage—in her carriage—looking sleek and wealthy. And she laughed—oh, Devil!—she laughed!"

He opened the cupboard; there was a bottle in it, but he knew it was empty. He felt in his pockets but he knew there was no money in them; and he was fain to sit down again and groan while his unruly thoughts went their own way and took him back again for a space of twenty years.

"I have borne three children—to a strange man; I can no longer remain under the roof—of a strange man. Take your freedom, Torvald, as I take mine."

These words came back clear and strong across the gulf of twenty years. Then he saw how the household, which had been his joy and pride, so full of comfort, order

and sweetness, fell to pieces ; how there ceased to be any order ; how his servants robbed him ; how his children were neglected ; and how he himself came home at night to gloom and discomfort. He remembered how the people talked, and many looked askance at him, saying that no woman would leave husband and children who was treated with kindness and love—the thing was impossible on the face of it. How at the bank the customers who were wont to consult him freely and with confidence, now confined themselves to their business and went away. How he fell out of society ; people recognize a bachelor and a widower, but one who is neither, what can they do for him ? All the misery of this early time came back to him. He remembered what he suffered in his loneliness, he who had been accustomed for eight years to the company of a sweet and loving wife—sweet and loving until the very moment before she left him. And at this point he cursed the woman again.

Then he remembered how he would sit alone in his study all the evening, caring no more for work, though still from habit he brought home his papers. And now, beside him, close at his elbow, a bottle.

He remembered, next, how one day the chairman of the bank called with a very serious face, and communicated to him the resolution of the directors to dismiss him from the post of manager in consequence of work neglected and business falling off. Well, he was still a lawyer ; he would practise. He had continued to practise, to such as would come, but who were they ? And what was he now ? And again he cursed the woman.

He was so sober now that he was beginning to recover an unwonted command of his brain. He was beginning to understand how low he had fallen ; a man can fall no lower than from honour to contempt, from self-respect and self-rule to slavery and loss of will. Happily for such as Torvald they seldom quite understand what they have been and what they are. He shed tears ; he wept ; he groaned aloud ; the tears rolled down his cheeks. Such as Torvald weep easily, yet they continue in the bonds of habit. We all weep when the man brings along the whip. Those, however, who resemble the unfortunate Torvald Helmer are more than commonly open to the soft emotions of sorrows. Therefore this poor man shed abundant tears.

He was still weeping over the past and growing thirstier every moment, when he heard steps upon the stairs. He knew those steps ; he lifted his head, he opened his mouth, and gasped as one who in the desert sees the palm-trees that grow beside the spring. They were the steps of his son Einar, if he guessed aright. Then the door was opened and Einar came in.

Twenty years ago, when you saw Einar last, he was a lovely boy of seven, the image of his mother, with all her winning ways and sweet confidences. He was now a man of seven-and-twenty, past the first spring of manhood, at an age when the face and manner of the man begin to show something of his past. He was handsome, but there was a look of recklessness in his face, and just now his cheek was flushed and his eyes glistened. He was dressed like a clerk, but he lacked the air of sobriety which should adorn that calling. A clerk who looks as if the costume of a cavalry officer would become him better than his black coat and gray trousers does not inspire confidence. In fact Einar had already gone through several situations, and was now employed in keeping the books—without access to the cash—of a beer garden.

"All alone, dad ?" he said, drawing a large flat bottle out of the paper in which it was wrapped. "Here is something to cheer you up"—it was not the first time he had found his parent in tears. "Have a glass, and look cheerful."

He filled and lit his pipe, put glasses on the table, and sat down opposite his father, who drank glass after glass of raw spirit with the greediness of the toper who has let himself run down.

"Dad," said the son presently, "she's back in town again."

"I know ; I saw her this afternoon."

"I saw her too, driving through the streets. She's dressed in silks and satins. The people looked at me. If any one had dared to speak to me I'd have killed him."

His father said nothing.

"I'd have killed him," the young man repeated.

Torvald swallowed another glass. Einar puffed at his pipe. They exchanged no more words.

III.

Outside the town, where a swift stream ran babbling over the stones, two lovers walked hand-in-hand. The young man was Nils Krogsrad—Nils the younger.

"Oh, my dear," he said, "I am torn to pieces thinking of you. But patience—patience—we will go away, far away, where you shall see and hear no more."

"If I could do anything for them, Nils—but I cannot. Einar loses every place through his tempers and his drinking, and Robert terrifies me with his extravagance. Where does he get his money? Is it by gambling? I cannot bear to think of him—and—there is—my poor father!"

"Yes," said Nils decidedly.

"He who stood so high, and was respected so much. Why, Nils, all the world knows what Torvald Helmer was—and all know what he is," she added bitterly.

"My dear, there is no help for us but to fly. We must go away—I have thought of everything. We will go to America—not to the place where the Norwegians congregate—there we should find nothing but this town over again, with all the old stories—no, no—we must go to some place by ourselves, and quickly learn to talk English, and bring up our children—our children, dear,"—he repeated the words, so strange to lovers young—"as if their parents were of the English race—not Norwegian."

"Oh, Nils! will your father let you go?"

"He must if I refuse to stay," replied the young man firmly. "I shall speak to him to-morrow."

"But if he should not?"

"My dear, I shall ask him for nothing more than his consent, and the money for our passage and our start. That done, we shall find between us all the rest."

"Yes, dear Nils—I am not afraid of work. And if only I have you, I care not how hardly we live."

He took her in his arms and kissed her again and again.

It was eleven o'clock when they walked home together. There were still many people in the streets, for why should one want to go to bed when the air is warm and sweet, and the night is like the day? They looked after the lovers, and one said to the other that it would be a good thing for the girl to be taken from her father and her brothers; and the other (who was a moralist) remarked to the one, That from brambles one does not gather grapes, and that the daughter of such a father, and such a mother, is not likely to advance the coming of the kingdom of Heaven.

At the door they kissed again and parted.

The girl ran up stairs. She found her father sitting in the armchair, his head against the wall, breathing heavily. Alas! How often had she seen him so! Her brother, not so far gone, turned his head and tried to speak, but only grunted.

Emmy went quickly into her own room.

There she fell upon her knees and burst into tears of gratitude because God would permit her to be taken away from this house of shame—far away from the town of shameful memories.

There was still another member of the family. This was the youngest—Robert. He came home at midnight. He, too, was a clerk, and he had not yet lost his situation, which was in the bank of which his father had once been manager. He was dressed as one who desires to be thought a young gentleman of fashion and means; he wore the latest cut of collar and necktie, carried a gold chain, and had a ring on his finger. His face, however, was anxious. He glanced at his father and his brother and hurried through, like Emmy, to his own room. Here he did not, like her, fall on his knees in prayer, and then lie down to sleep. On the contrary, he was full of restlessness. He half undressed, and then started, gasped, and dressed himself again. Then he wrote something on a paper and looked at it. Then he tore it up, undressed for the second time and lay down. But he could not sleep. And so the household of Torvald Helmer passed the night. Two of them in the dreamless sleep of drunkenness, one tossing on his bed in terror of something, the last sleeping in happy hope of being taken speedily away. Alas! Torvald Helmer—how hast thou fallen!

IV.

Norah sat alone in her salon. Twenty years had changed the young wife of twenty-seven to the woman of forty-seven. At that age few women preserve their attractions. Norah was one of the few. She was now a handsome woman, who had been in her youth only pretty. Her form had filled out, her face was still pleasing, her eyes, once so vivacious and sparkling, though a little dulled by the years, were still full of light. She was dressed in black silk, with plenty of lace; she lay back in her easy-chair; in her lap was a book which she was not reading. As she sat there alone—thinking—her face grew hard, and even defiant.

Well, she had had her way. She gave up her husband and home; she abandoned her children; she went forth to find—Herself. She found something, and she called it Herself. This something, which she readily believed, told her that religion was sheer imposture and pretence; that the ordinary laws of life were designed for no other purpose than to keep women in slavery; that the first duty of every woman was owed to that something—Herself; that she must make the most of her life for the sake of that something, before whom every other consideration must give place. She threw aside, therefore, all the conventions, and openly, not secretly, in the sight of all, she began to live the life of perfect freedom. She wrote novels also, which the old-fashioned regarded with horror. In them she advocated the great principle of abolishing the family, and making love the sole rule of conduct. She even related in these works her own adventures, insomuch that the worthy Norwegians thought the curse of Paris was about to fall also upon fair Norway.

It is rumoured that this advanced thinker has found many disciples, most of whom, for the sake of their business connections, worship in secret. It is certain that a few ladies—English or German—have been found in her salon on her evenings, as well as the men who, partly out of curiosity, and partly from the freedom and the piquancy of the conversation, frequented her receptions. Indeed, Norah Helmer commanded the hand of respect which belongs to one who has the courage to act upon her convictions. Perhaps it would have been kinder to her own children—but what had children to do with the discovery and the development of Herself?—had she practised her convictions in some other place, say in St. Petersburg, where everything is permitted; or in Paris, where everything is done; or in London, where everything may be done and nothing need be known. Women, however, who are brilliant in the society of men, who permit themselves to say things which would be risky in a club smoking-room, and who hold views which prevent the poor conventional lady from calling upon them, are apt to run down and feel low when they have the whole evening in solitude. Norah was feeling low; she was alone; her book was stupid; she wanted excitement; she was sorry now that she had refused a box at the theatre.

"A lady, madame."

"A lady! What lady?—What name?"

"Only a lady, madame. The lady wishes to give you her name herself."

Norah hesitated. "I am at home," she said.

The lady who came in was dressed in a long cloak with a thick veil. She put up the veil and threw off her cloak.

"You do not remember me," she said.

Norah looked at her curiously. "You are Christine," she said. "I remember you now. Why do you come here," she asked coldly, "after twenty years' absence?"

"I come to see you, Norah. It is your own fault that now I only dare to come secretly."

"I am a leper, I suppose."

"You know what people say and think of you. You know what things you have written and published."

"Well, in the world's own way of thinking—if I am what I am, you are the wife of Nils Krogsrad."

"My husband is long since a most respectable man. It is known that for a short period he was slandered and misunderstood. When I married him it was my intention to restore him to society—nay, to place society at his feet. He is now honoured: the mayor of the town, the manager of the bank, the leader in every religious and philanthropic effort."

Norah laughed derisively. "Yes, indeed; but why do you come here?"

"I come, I say, to see you. I heard that you had returned, after five years' absence. We are growing old, Norah. I have followed the course common to the world we live in; you have chosen another path. Which is now the happier?"

"Certainly, I am the happier, because I am not a slave. I am not concerned to defend my life, Christine. It is enough for me to have found myself, and to have followed logically and fearlessly the full development of my nature."

"Do you never regret the past?"

"Do you mean that chapter which I closed twenty years ago?—Never."

"Do you never think of your husband?"

"The owner of the Doll's House?—never!

"Nor of your children?"

"I never so much as inquire if they are living or dead."

"They are living. Your husband, Torvald Helmer, has sunk very low."

"So much I have heard. But, indeed, I care not."

"That is not well said, Norah, that you care not. For it is your doing—all your doing. When you left him suddenly with the helpless children you destroyed his life. Did you never ask yourself what it meant for such a man to be deserted by his wife, and without a cause?"

"Cause there was—and enough."

"Without a cause," Christine repeated. "You told me why you left him. There was no cause. Did you never think what construction would be put upon your act? People look coldly on a man whose wife suddenly leaves him and returns to him no more."

"I cannot help that."

"You have not only destroyed his life, Norah, but you have destroyed the lives of your own children, You remember their names, at least. There was Einar, the eldest. You must remember that lovely boy. He is now a drunken profligate. He has been made reckless by the example of his father and the things said of his mother. There was little Emmy—you must remember her. She is a good girl, I am told, who lives apart and alone, condemned to loneliness, because a girl with such sad parents can have no friends. There is the youngest, Robert, whose way of life is well known, and whose end is certain. It will be—the prison. Does this move you?"

"Not in the least," she replied coldly. "You speak of unknown people—strangers. The sins of strange people are only interesting as forming data in the general problems of humanity. I have told you that a certain chapter of my life is closed for ever."

Madame Krogsrad put on her cloak and lowered her veil.

"I leave you," she said. "You say in your books that you have found perfect happiness in the development of yourself in your own way. Sometimes in your happiness and your pleasures, think of the ruined home and the lost children. Norah, no woman ever did a more cruel, a more wicked, or a more selfish thing than you, when you deserted your husband and your children."

Norah laughed scornfully.

When the door closed upon her visitor her laughter ceased, her face changed, she sank upon a chair—a long-forgotten yearning seized her and held her. She had been reminded of her children. For twenty years she had forgotten them; now she remembered them all again—the sturdy Einar, the laughing Emmy, the little year-old boy. Her heart went out to them. What was it that woman said? They were grown up; and one was a drunken profligate, and one was friendless for no sins of her own, and one was fast nearing the gates of the gaol.

"I am sorry," she said, "that I came back to the place. Five years ago I said I would never come back. I will go away to-morrow, out of their way. They are no children of mine; they are the children of the man, the man—the strange man!"

V.

Emmy Helmer sat at her work next day. She was singing as she worked; not a song, but a piece of this song and of that, without thinking what she sang; singing out of the happiness of her heart, because her lover was going to take her away, far away, where the shamefulness that now wrapped her, as with a garment, would drop from her and be no more seen. A girl situated like Emmy Helmer may be allowed, I suppose, to think that the best thing possible for her would be to go right away from

home and never to see again her father or her brothers, and never again to hear of her mother. As for her father, he had gone as usual to the office, where he sometimes received the few who still came to him ; simple folk who had known him and consulted him so long, and could not understand that his brain was muddled with strong drink. Her elder brother was also gone, in search of a new place I dare say ; and the younger brother was at his desk in the bank. She knew not how soon it would be before Nils, her lover, would take her away, but very soon now—oh, very soon ! Therefore she sang at her work. In the hot forenoon the house was quiet : nobody ever disturbed her—nobody ever visited her ; and she worked on, singing as she worked in a low sweet voice, thinking nothing of her words, but dreaming of her handsome lover, Nils Krogsrad's youngest son. Oh, it was too great fortune—and so grand a family ! One of the sons was a professor in the university, another was a lawyer, a third was an officer of engineers ; but Nils, the youngest, her lover, would not stay at home ; he would go to America and become a farmer, and she would go with him and become a farmer's wife ; and, what was it he said?—their children, oh, their children ! would be brought up to talk English, and so never learn the truth about their mother's family.

Suddenly—she never noticed steps going up and down stairs ; people in flats regard them no more than steps in the street—her door-bell rang. She rose, astonished. At the door stood a lady whom she knew not—a lady beautifully dressed in silk, with a thick veil.

"Are you Emmy Helmer?" asked her visitor. "Yes? You are alone? Then I will come in." She stepped inside, and looked around curiously. Then she looked at the girl. "You are Emmy Helmer," she said again, with a strange constraint in her voice. "You are a work-girl. Your father, where is he? And your brothers?" She lifted her veil. "Do you know who I am?"

"My father is at his office." Emmy answered all the questions. "My brothers are at their work. I do not know you, madame. Have you business with me?"

"Your father drinks, I believe ; and your elder brother Einar, follows his example."

The girl hung her head. "Alas, madame!" she said, "these things are too well known ; I cannot deny them. Are you come only to tell me this?"

"No—no—you—Emmy Helmer—tell me—are you happy? Do you want anything!"

"Not now. At last I have all that I want."

"Here? In this poor place? With your father and your brothers always in your sight?"

"I have all that I want, madame."

"In Heaven's name what do you want?"

The girl looked round, and made answer slowly—

"I want to be taken away from a town where I am shamed by my mother, and pitied for my father. That is all I want. But God has given me more."

"Your mother—shamed by your mother! Do you remember her? Have you seen her?"

"No, madame, I pray that I may never know her? She is the cause of all our troubles. It is a shameful thing to be ashamed of your own mother. It is a most miserable thing not to be able even to think of her for fear of bad and revengeful thoughts."

"If your mother were to seek you out, child, what would you say to her?"

"I should run away lest I should say something wicked. But who are you, madame, and why do you come here?"

"I was sent, child, sent by your mother—none other—to see you. Since you have all that you want, and since you—think about her—in this way—I will not stay—I will go away—I will go away." She turned and seemed as if she were going—yet she lingered. "Nay," she said, with a strange look in her eyes ; "of course you speak as you are told to speak. You do not know the truth. Your mother is a great leader. Future ages will speak of her as among the first of those who liberated women from the yoke laid upon her by all the ages. You cannot know. Child, your mother makes you an offer. Come to her. I will take you. Live with her ; be her daughter and her pupil. She will teach you to become even as she is herself—free in thought and free in life."

"Oh!" The girl shuddered and trembled. "If Nils should hear! Live with

her? Give up my lover and my hopes? Oh! you are a vile and wicked woman! You are as vile and wicked as my unhappy mother herself! Go—quickly. Leave me—lest I say something worse."

Her mysterious visitor obeyed. She turned and walked away.

VI.

The girl sat down to her work again. But her hands trembled, the work went slowly, and she sang no more. The joy had gone out of her heart. Her mother! Her mother who had shamed her! Oh! unto the third and fourth generation! Never, since she began to understand at all, had she ceased to feel those dreadful words—"unto the third and fourth generation." She tried to think of her lover—brave, and strong, and true. But she could not. She was in the ruined home cursed by the sins of her parents! The work went more slowly; the tears gathered in her eyes and rolled down her cheeks—"unto the third and fourth generation." Alas! As yet she knew not the trouble that was to fall upon her.

Presently she recovered a little, and went on more steadily with her work. But another step came up the stairs—a step that she knew—and stopped before the door.

It was her younger brother. He was perfectly white; he trembled and shook; he looked about the room. "Emmy," he cried, "help me—I must run away. Give me all the money you have. Oh! they may be after me now."

"Robert! what have you done? What is the matter?"

He went into his own room and began putting his things together as fast as he could.

"There's a row at the bank," he said. "I knew it would be found out. Oh, I was a fool not to run away yesterday—the day before! Emmy, how much money have you got?"

She gave him her purse. It was light, but it held all she had.

"Where will you go? Oh, Robert, what have you done?"

"I will get across to Copenhagen; I will go on to Bremen and so to New York."

"What have you done?" she asked again.

"You'll find out quick enough. Give me those boots, and my great-coat. Hush! There's some one at the door. Don't let him in! No—no—that would make him suspect. Let him in." There was a ring at the bell. "Let him in. I will lock my door; if he tries to get in I will escape by the roof."

He pushed his sister out of his room and locked the door.

Emmy opened the door trembling. It was not, however, a policeman who stood there, but Mr. Nils Krogsrad, the great banker, the mayor of the town, the father of her lover.

"You are Emmy Helmer?" he said. "I thought so. I have something to say; something important—deeply important."

He came in and sat down. He was a tall man, of grave and dignified bearing. The period during which he suffered under the misunderstanding of the town had, perhaps, saddened him.

"My child," he said, "I desire you to understand, first of all, that in what I have to say I mean no blame against yourself. I am happy to learn that you bear a character irreproachable. I am, therefore, assured that you will receive my—my communication in a proper spirit." He paused. The girl said nothing. "It is," he continued, "a law of humanity that we suffer together. In every family the deeds of the parents act upon the lives and fortunes of the children. We who are virtuous bequeath an inheritance of honour to our children. Those who are—the opposite—bequeath an inheritance of shame. Is this true?"

Emmy Helmer bowed her head. She could not speak; and her brother was in the next room, hiding from the pursuit of the law: an inheritance of shame, truly.

"I have four sons, Emmy Helmer. The eldest is a professor at the university, in great esteem; the second is a lawyer, in good practice; the third is an officer of engineers, honourably considered; the fourth, Nils, it is my intention to keep in the bank, in order to follow my footsteps. I am aware that he has wild ideas about America, but they are not my ideas. I am also aware that he has permitted himself to fall in love with a girl. She is virtuous and respectable, it is true; but for family reasons—for family reasons, I say——" Again he paused, but the girl remained silent. "Emmy

Helmer, I ask you, could I permit my son to marry that girl? Think of it. Must I remind you of her family? You are a good and sensible girl—think of it. Is it possible that I could suffer my son to load his back with such a family?—father, mother, brothers—good heavens! Is it possible? You know my reputation in the town—my honourable position; as magistrate I might have to condemn——" He paused again.

Emmy Helmer covered her face with her hands, sobbing.

Nils Krogsrad rose: "I have said enough for a sensible girl. I have sent my son away for a year or more to learn his business. Now, there is another thing. Your brother Robert, whom I took into the bank as a junior clerk—weakly, as knowing his father's character—has, I find committed an act which brings him within the arm of the law. He has forged my name. The amount is small, but the crime is great. I would not willingly press the charge; but, can my son marry the sister of a forger, the daughter of—nay, nay, let us spare the rest. Think of it, Emmy Helmer. You are greatly to be pitied, but this affliction is your inheritance. Think, I say. Give me an assurance that this foolish engagement is broken, and, as a first mark of my gratitude, your brother shall be suffered to escape."

The girl rose, and brushed back her tears. "You are right," she said. "Nils shall not marry me. Give him his ring." She drew from her finger the ring her lover had given her. "Are you satisfied, Mr. Krogsrad?"

"I am quite satisfied. You are a good and brave girl. In heaven, Emmy Helmer, you will have your reward."

He went away. The girl called her brother.

"You can come out, Robert," she said calmly—"you can come out without fear. Mr. Krogsrad has been here. He has told me that you are a forger, but he will suffer you to escape. Go quickly. Oh, Robert!"—she laid her hands upon his shoulders—"go away to some foreign country, where no one knows you. And, Robert, for fear it should be found out—never, never, never marry! For GOD'S sake, never marry. Let your sins die with you. Spare the children—oh, my brother, spare the children!"

VII.

That evening, about eight o'clock, Norah drove to the railway station. She was leaving her native town for ever; she would return to it no more. Of old, she had been pleased to come and go, scornful of the hostile looks of the women and the side glances of the men. She delighted in her isolation; it was that of one in advance of her generation; one who is wiser than the recognized leaders is naturally stoned. She showed an example of perfect freedom and fearless development, without any prejudice left at all. Now she was going away for the last time, she would never come back. Besides, she was humiliated; she thought herself so strong that nothing connected with the closed chapter could touch her any more; and she had seen her daughter; the old, buried, long-forgotten yearnings seized her; the old, long-forgotten prejudices made her as ashamed as Eve herself; and horrible doubts held her sleepless and wretched all the night. She would go away at once. She would go away at once—she would go to Paris, to London—anywhere.

On the way to the station, where the street leads up from the port, the driver stopped. Blocking her way there was passing slowly a little procession.

"They are carrying something, madame," said the driver. "We shall be able to go on directly."

Norah leaned forward with natural curiosity. Four men were carrying something. What? They were surrounded by twenty or thirty people pressing in to see. All were talking eagerly. Then she heard the name of her husband mentioned.

"Torvald Helmer. Go and call Torvald Helmer. He must be told. Go, some one, and tell Torvald Helmer. He is drinking at the Black Eagle."

They put down their burden in front of the carriage.

"Drive on," said Norah. "Cannot you get round them?"

"There is no hurry, madame," said the driver. "They will go on directly. I think it is some one who is drowned."

Norah lay back. A dreadful presentiment of evil seized her; she was afraid. For twenty years she had not felt the least touch of repentance or of fear; now, she was afraid, and she knew not why."

She heard them talking. "Here comes Torvald Helmer. Here is Einar. Oh! shameful! They are both drunk! And at such a moment!"

She sat up again and saw her husband, and he was staggering along—drunk. Behind him, also drunk, a young man, tall and handsome. Was this her eldest boy? Was this Einar?

A lady in the crowd saw her and came out quickly to speak with her. It was Christine Krogsrad.

"Norah," she said, "for God's sake drive on quickly."

"What does it mean?" she asked. "Why are they calling Torvald Helmer?"

"Do not ask. Do not seek to know. Drive on quickly." Christine was deeply moved. "A dreadful thing has happened."

"I shall not move until I learn what it is."

"Then—oh! wretched woman—know that the ruin is complete."

"What ruin?"

"The ruin wrought by your own hand. They are bearing home the body of your daughter. She has drowned herself. For her mother's sake—for her father's sake—she has been robbed of her lover. She is dead."

"Ah!" Norah sank back in her carriage; but she recovered herself with an effort.

Just then her husband, who was stupidly gazing at his daughter's corpse, looked up, and, drunk as he was, recognized her. He bellowed an execration, and would have run at her, waving his arms, and cursing her, but the others held him back. They knew by this time who was in the carriage, and the crowd parted, right and left, as if to suffer the woman who had deserted her children and her husband to gaze upon the dead face of her daughter. But no one reproached her, save with looks. Emmy lay upon a bier formed by the coats of the fishermen who had found her; some one had arranged her long fair hair across her bosom; her hands were joined as if in prayer; her cheek was white and waxen, in no way injured by the water; her eyes were closed, the long lashes lying on the cheek; her face was at rest, and for ever.

As the mother looked, her colour came and went; the tears rose in her eyes, but she repressed them; she reeled and trembled, but she steadied herself; she parted her lips twice to speak, but twice she refrained. In a word, Norah Helmer, the apostle of the new and better creed, was threatened with some of the weakness of the ordinary woman; for a moment she was almost capable of weeping over her daughter; but she was mistress of herself; she rose to the occasion; she became perfectly cold and indifferent.

"What have I to do," she asked, "with a strange man and his dead child?"

"Norah," said Christine, "you will never—never—never—forget this scene. Go! you will be haunted for ever with the destruction of your own children by your own hand."

"They are going on, madame," said the driver, turning in his seat. "It seems that it is a poor girl who has drowned herself for shame. She had a bad mother and a bad father. It is sad. Madame will be in time to catch her train."

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN A PERSIAN VILLAGE.

By J. THEODORE BENT.

SEVERAL motives induced us to stop at Yezd-i-khast for the Persian New Year's festival or Aid-i-No-Rooz, as they call it there. Firstly, we were personally very tired of our caravan journey up through this country of mountain and desert; secondly, our muleteers, without positively refusing to go on, made it understood that they would consider it a great favour to do so; thirdly, Yezd-i-khast is one of the most extraordinary places in Persia, a paradise for the sketcher and photographer, and here in the midst of this primitive life, quite the oldest of New Year's customs could be with advantage studied.

Curiously enough we had reached our destination almost exactly at the hour at which the Persian New Year was commencing, namely, at one o'clock on the 25th of March, the moment when the sun entered Aries, and it was amusing to see how excited every one became at this juncture; how on the firing of certain guns, which announced the propitious moment, every man saluted his neighbour with a kiss, saying as he did so, "May your New Year be happy;" how they strove to have money in their hands or something of value, that the New Year might produce for them much of it. This is the origin of that funny present of coins given by the Shah on New Year's day to his Ministers and foreign Ambassadors, gold and silver coins, which are not taken in circulation, but are made by the recipients into ornaments for their wives.

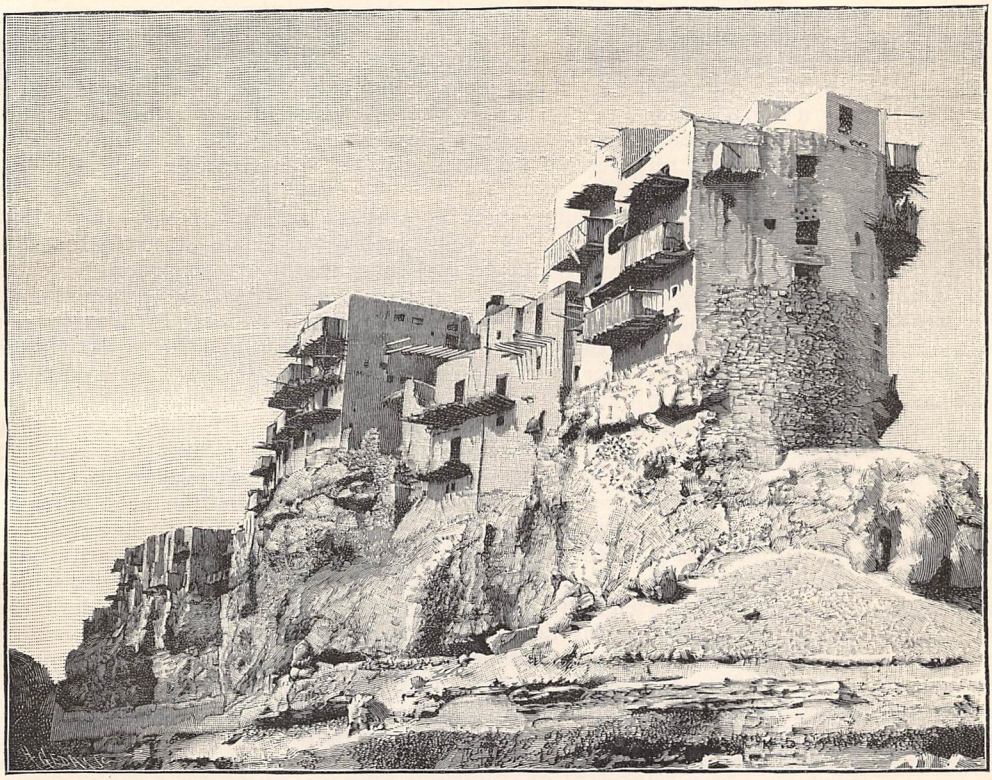
Whilst we are unpacking our beds and making ourselves as comfortable as circumstances will permit in a room closely resembling an outhouse in a farmyard, let us for a moment ponder over the obscure origin of this Persian New Year festival. It is perhaps the oldest festival celebrated in the world. The Persians themselves, with their love of the fabulous, will tell you that their mythical hero, Jemsheed, instituted it, he who built Persepolis and entered it on New Year's day, he who invented the plough, the fairy godmother in fact of Iran. He divided time into two kinds of years, civil and religious, and instituted the feast of the New Year to commemorate the event, a feast which in those long-past ages lasted only for six days, but which in these degenerate days has been extended to thirteen, during which time everything in Persia is more at a standstill than usual, so that you can hardly obtain the ordinary necessaries of life in the bazaars.

All that is certain about the festival is its extreme antiquity. Centuries ago the Persian poet, Firdousi, describes it in his verses as a time of protracted feasting and idleness much as it is now, and though the moon is made to govern the present official year of the Persian, the sun still governs the agricultural; the farmer of to-day speaks of the reaping month, the sowing month, the ploughing month, he does not understand names of so modern an invention as the early Mussulman conquest, he goes back to the days when the sun governed everything in the land, and the now almost extinct influence of the sun-worshipping Parsee was supreme.

Hence the festival of the No-Rooz is a distinct survival of the days of sun-worship, it marks the commencement of a new life in nature, it attributes the bursting forth of Spring, the return of warmth, to the rays of the deity, and the existence of such a festival in a Mohammedan country is a concession from the new order of things to the past, a concession which is further recognizable in the calls to prayer from the minaret at sunrise and sunset, the universal prostrations just before and after the rising and

setting of the great heavenly luminary, and many other little acts of daily life, which have survived from sun-worshipping days in Persia.

The No-Rooz is distinctly the "Christmas" of the Persians, the great family feast, at which everybody gives and receives a present; the heads of families keep open house, and the women in their harems consume an unconscionable amount of sweets. Wherever we had stopped for weeks before, each household was busying itself in preparing its No-Rooz sweets, and in such towns as Yezd and Ispahan enormous quantities are manufactured three months before and dispersed for sale over the country by caravans. Eggs are collected for weeks beforehand and hard boiled, coloured red and yellow, exactly like our Easter eggs, pointing to the same origin—the commemoration of springtide, and the resurrection of nature from its grave. In their season fruits of all kinds, melons, grapes, apples and pomegranates are cunningly preserved and stored away for consumption during the festival of No-Rooz.



YEZD-I-KHAST FROM THE ROOF OF THE POST-HOUSE.

At the Shah's court the system of New Year's gifts is carried on to an alarming extent. His Majesty, if he wishes to reward a faithful servant, sends him into the provinces to collect these New Year gifts; he is authorized to get for himself what perquisites he can, and, as usually happens, the middleman gets the lion's share. At this festive season coats of honour are sent to governors of provinces, mayors of towns and leading dignitaries, the price to be paid for receiving the honour being usually stipulated beforehand. The very common Persian word of "pishkesh" (present), a word by no means confined to this season of the year, is on everybody's lips from the Shah on his throne down to the humblest individual in the village. The dervishes are perhaps the worst beggars of all. At No-Rooz they get from their chief, the dervish bashi, their orders, and are billeted, so to speak, on stated individuals. With their ragged clothes, knobbed stick, wallet, and horn they duly appear at their victim's door, without cessation blowing their horn and screaming "Yahák, Yahák!" until their New Year's gift is brought. If this does not satisfy them, they pitch their tent at his door and blow their horn, until they have reduced the householder to order.

Two hundred feet above us towered the lofty rock on which the town is perched.

Its tiny wooden balconies hang over space and look terribly insecure; here live the inhabitants, and from here they cast their offal to the terror of those below; beneath, in caves cut in the rock, live the flocks, and from amongst the fields around spring up uncanny looking boulders, which at various times have been detached from the rock above. The aspect of the place is quite awe-inspiring, and as we wandered on the mud roof of our home above the stables we thought we knew not a place in the world with which to compare it.

The village, or town I suppose we ought to call it, is built on the top of a long, lofty rock, rising up in the centre of a narrow ravine—a truly historical ravine—which in bygone ages was a portion of the boundary line between the two kingdoms of the Medes and Persians, and which now divides the two provinces of Persia of Fars and Irak Adjemi, the scene of many a bloody conflict, even within the memory of man.

There is a gradual ascent in a southerly direction from the post-house, which is situated at the northern end of the rock; we passed by inclosures for the cattle of the community and deep caves, where the newly-born of goats and sheep were skipping and bleating, until at the south end of the rock a spot is reached where the ground is so high that by a rickety bridge you can cross a chasm, and enter the town through a hole in the wall; in former years there was a drawbridge, now there is only a frail thing made of trees, which requires a good head and firm step to cross. This is the only approach to the town.

Just before you step on to the bridge there is a small square inclosure for public prayers, it is the great meeting place of the town, and towards sunset on the first day of the year it was so crowded by worshippers that there was not nearly room for them all, and they had to make their prostrations in their turn. Everybody appeared to be dressed in new clothes, for no Persian however poor would enter on a new year without some new garment, and they all looked particularly clean, for it is the custom on the day before the feast for every one to go to the bath, to have his hair dyed black and his nails dyed yellow with henna.

I never saw a more dismal spot in my life than the interior of Yezd-i-khast. One long street like a tunnel, with occasional glimpses of the upper air, runs from one end of the rock to the other; as you enter the gateway the chilly atmosphere of a vault strikes upon you. The gatekeeper was in his hole to the right, behind the door which he shuts at night—a hole not large enough to lie down in. He was crouching over a charcoal brazier, on which simmered a coffee-pot; he is a blear-eyed, ragged old man, who looks as if he was in a perpetual shiver, and as if he was immured alive in a tomb, which any respectable corpse would reject with scorn. As we stumbled along in the dark, we nearly fell over an old woman selling dried grapes and other luxuries, using as weights round stones and shells in a pair of scales which any inspector would condemn at first sight. They took us to see the mosque, a tumble-down structure, with worm-eaten screens and pulpit, walls all over scribblings and pictures—we presumed, by local artists; to the left of the mosque is an open platform built over space and affording an alarming view into the abyss below. Into the walls of this sacred edifice are built several fragments from an ancient temple—probably a fire-temple of the old Zoroastrian days; on the hills all round are ruins of temples of this ancient cult. This neighbourhood was in the very heart of the fire-worshippers' region, so without doubt so conspicuous an eminence as Yezd-i-khast must also have had its temple.

Our first visit next day was to the Mayor, who gave us a very cordial welcome at the top of his stairs. He was very grand indeed to-day, in his coat of honour (kalat), a beautiful quilted coat of white cashmere embroidered with red. On reception days the Mayor must always wear this mark of honour, about which we were not a little curious, and learnt that the Prince Governor of Shiraz had given it to him on New Year's Day, two years ago, and he told us furthermore how he had had to go two stages on the road to meet it with the best retinue he could muster, and how he had had to give a sum equivalent to £50 for the honour, fully twice as much as it was worth. This sum had been fixed beforehand, and he had had to sign a written document to the effect that he had received the coat and had given so much for it; so mercenary have honours become in Persia. Now, the Mayor of Yezd-i-khast is entitled to the title of khan, having at the same time received a firman or letters patent, which he had to wear in his cap for three days so that all the world might

know the honour which had befallen him, and any one refusing to acknowledge his position would henceforth be liable to be punished capitally.

The Mayor's room was dingy, but of festive appearance, the mud-floor was spread

BRIDGE AND ONLY ENTRANCE TO YEZD-I-KHAST.

with carpets, the brass "samovar" or tea-urn was hissing pleasantly, trays of nuts, dates, and various kinds of dried fruits were spread around, and in solemn circle squatted on their haunches all the notables of the place were smoking their water-pipes. As each guest came in, he greeted the Mayor and wished him a good New Year; equals kissed him on both cheeks, inferiors only took his right hand in theirs, and after giving it an affectionate squeeze raised it to their lips to kiss.

After taking leave of the Mayor we were pounced upon and carried off to the residence of the *mollah*, or parish priest. His reverence was seated on his carpet, with a clean white turban and new flowing robes. His water-pipe was bubbling away and placed on a dish in which seeds had been sown some weeks ago, so that they might grow up green and fresh for the New Year's festivities. This is a common custom in Persia. Every good housewife will have a dish of green corn ready for the feast of No-Rooz. It is a sort of symbol of the return of spring, an offering to Demeter, a survival of paganism; this dish is kept in the house for the thirteen days of feasting, and the corn is then thrown away. Also they will take a lump of young wheat from the field, roots and all, and this they will stick over their doors and not pull it down till it is withered.

Next we visited the cemetery of Yezd-i-khast, which is gathered around a little sacred tomb containing the remains of one Imam Riza, of holy memory. It is quite a plain building of red bricks, with a dome, around which on this festive occasion many people were gathered. The most devout kissed with avidity the walls of the tomb; the more callous walked past and chatted gaily; the more sentimental went and had a wail at the tombs of their departed relatives, and then joined the gay and festive concourse again. It is the fashion for all the world to go to the tombs on New Year's Day, and it was a curious scene. We stood at a little distance and watched, until we became aware that our presence was not appreciated by the multitude; sundry stones were cast at us, angry voices were raised, the volleys increased in intensity, actually falling within a few feet of us, so we felt obliged to beat as dignified a retreat as we could "under fire."

We thought it necessary to let the ket-khoda know that, though unhurt in body, we were hurt in mind at the indignity we had suffered, whereupon a deputation of the chief men of the place waited upon us, begged us to believe that the casters of the stones were some ruffians from another village whom they had no means of punishing as they deserved, and implored us to say nothing about the matter at Ispahan, or else they, our best and dearest friends, who would not for worlds that a hair of our heads should suffer, would have a heavy fine to pay, and get into discredit at head-quarters; for the Zil-es-Sultan, the Shah's eldest son, and governor of Ispahan, is only too anxious to get hold of similar causes of complaint, to visit villages in his district with a punishment which would fill his own pockets. Magnanimously we consented to be appeased, and with the interchange of fulsome compliments the deputation departed.

All Yezd-i-khast was out that afternoon, strolling about its ravine and making merry. Here and there a *luti*, or travelling buffoon, performed odd antics to an admiring audience; dervishes sang quaint ditties in their harsh, sepulchral tones, which with certain ventriloquistic effects were odd enough to listen to. One horrible black-faced dervish perpetually dogged our footsteps, and sang a comic song at the expense of unbelievers, which made us a little nervous after the stone episode of the earlier afternoon; but he left us at last, and pursued more profitable victims. Women were out in great numbers too. Every one seemed gay and intent on holiday-making, and the little town on its rocky perch was almost emptied of its inhabitants.

Next morning early we were in the saddle again; the ket-khoda and chief men of the town were all assembled to bid us farewell and to intreat us once more to say nothing about the episode of the stones; and before the ice had melted on the puddles we were on our weary way once more, and three days saw us in Ispahan.

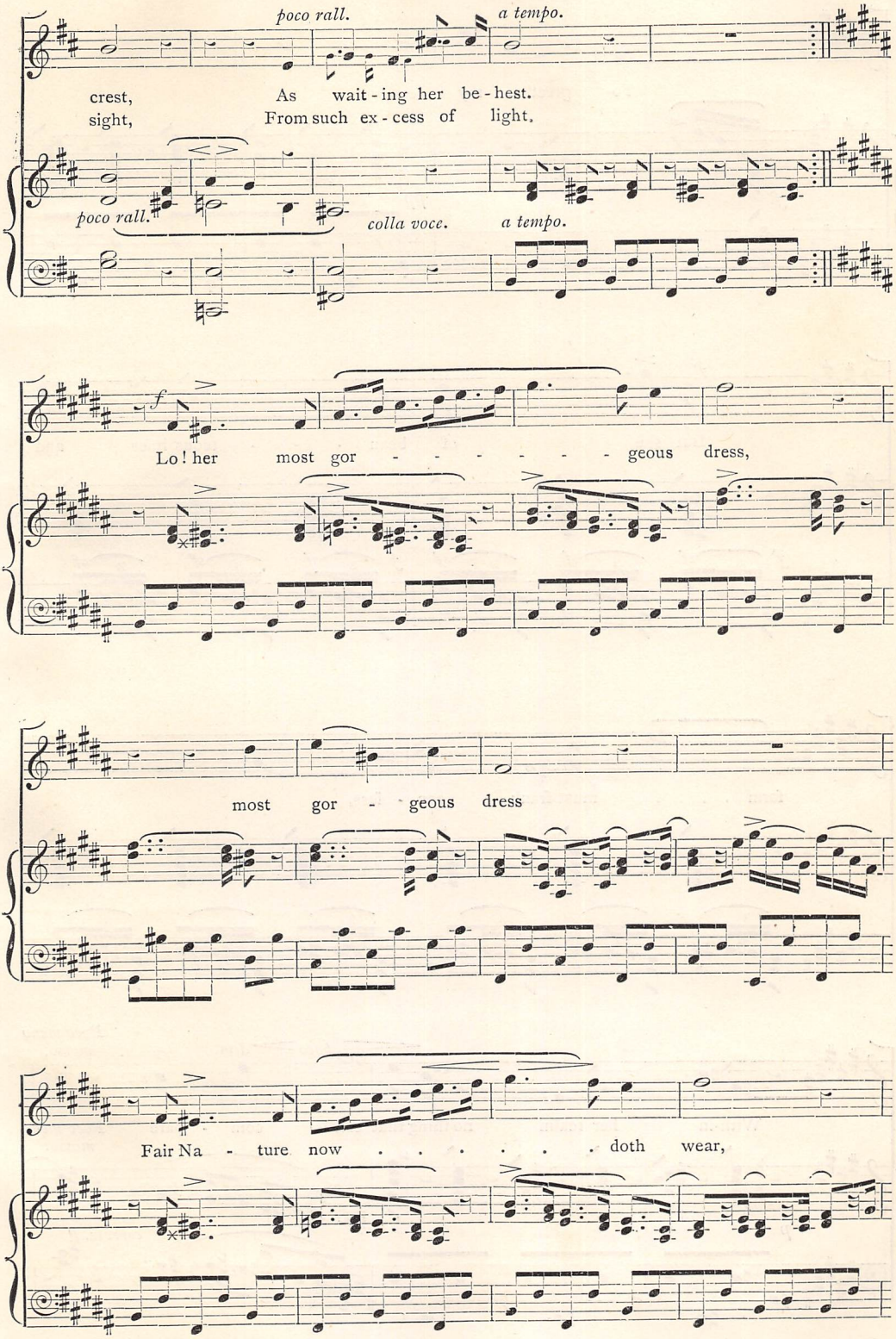
CYCLE OF SIX LOVE-LYRICS.

II.

WHERE PALMS MAKE PLEASANT SHADE.

Words by JOSEPH BENNETT. *Music by* HAMISH MACCUNN. *Opus* 9.

espress.
land My love . . doth rest.
down A splen - dour bright.
f
pp
Their grace - - ful forms a-round the
Keen shafts of gold be-twixt the
gen - - - tle . . maid, ... Like cour - tiers
branch - - - es . . fly, ... Her head en -
cres.
round their queen, in hom - age stand, Each bows its plum - èd
cir-cling with a glo - rious crown, How shrinks the daz - zled
dim.


poco rall.
a tempo.
crest, As wait - ing her be - hest.
sight, From such ex - cess of light.
poco rall.
colla voce.
a tempo.
f
Lo! her most gor - - - - - - - geous dress,
most gor - geous dress
Fair Na - ture now . . . . . doth wear,

To greet . . my love,
f
pp
f
But she of beau - - - teous hues and
f sf sf sf f sf sf sf
form . . . . must frank con - fess, . . .
poco dim.
Poco meno mosso.
With-in her realm no thing that can com - pare
Poco meno mosso.
p
espress. p

espress.
With my sweet West - ern dove,
p dim.
Più lento.
a tempo.
My maid all maids . . a - bove. . . . .
colla voce.
pp a tempo.
pp
pp

DUTCH GIRLHOOD.

By MRS. LECKY.

THE reader of Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic* will have seen that the women of Holland, when the occasion required it, distinguished themselves no less than the men for courage and patriotism. From the earliest times of which we have a record, the Batavians, the ancestors of the present Dutch, made their women share in the struggles and responsibilities of men. As among all Teutonic races, the marriage tie was sacred with them, and the presents they offered their brides on the marriage day were "not the bracelets and golden necklaces with which the Gaul adorned his fair-haired concubine, but oxen and a bridled horse, a sword, a shield, and a spear—symbols that thenceforward she was to share his labours and to become a portion of himself."[1] Throughout Holland's long and desperate struggle for liberty and religion, the women showed themselves not unworthy of this trust. In the siege of Haarlem by the Spaniards in 1572 and 1573, Kenau Hasselaar, a widow lady of good family, at the head of three hundred women, armed with spears, muskets, and swords, shared in many of the fiercest engagements within and without the walls. When in the following year Leyden was besieged, and thousands perished from famine and pestilence, women and men vied with each other in fortitude and endurance.

In a charming country place in Guelderland, shaded by chestnut trees six centuries old, there is the portrait of a lady, an ancestress of the owner, who as a baby was fed on starch during the siege of Leyden. Notwithstanding the hardships of her babyhood, she reached a respectable old age, and her fine expressive countenance seems to typify the Dutch women of those stirring times.

At a later period when religious dissensions divided the country, when Grotius was imprisoned in the Castle of Loevestein, it was through the assistance of his wife, Maria van Reigersbergen, that he succeeded in making his perilous escape in a book box, while Elsje van Houweningen, the faithful young maid-servant who accompanied the precious charge, warded off by her native wit the suspicions of the soldiers. The wife of Oldenbarnevelt never flinched when, during that same period, her husband was beheaded; but when her son had been condemned for attempting to avenge his father's death on Prince Maurice the Stadtholder, she threw herself at the latter's feet for pardon. The prince asked why she now implored mercy for her son, when she had not done so for her husband. "Because," was the noble answer, "my husband was innocent—my son is guilty."

But it is not only for fortitude and patriotism that the women of Holland have been distinguished. They hold an honourable place in the intellectual life of their country. Anna Maria Van Schurman, who lived in the seventeenth century, the golden age of Dutch art and literature, was the most learned woman of a period which produced many remarkable women. She wrote and spoke Latin and Greek with fluency and elegance. She read the Talmud in Hebrew and the Koran in Arabic. She had a knowledge of Persian and compiled the elements of an Ethiopian grammar. She was no less versed in modern European languages. She studied various sciences—rhetoric, dialectic, geometry, astronomy, anatomy, and medicine, and especially philosophy and metaphysics. She was a poetess, a painter, and a musician. She modelled, etched, carved in wood and ivory, engraved on glass with the diamond, and excelled in calligraphy and art needlework. She was called "the Pallas of Utrecht,"

[1] Motley, i. p. 9.

"the tenth Muse," "the marvel of her age." Descartes, Gassendi, Bayle, Ménage, Huet, James Harrington, and many other learned men paid their homage to her, and she counted among her friends Cats, Heinsius, Saumaise, and the Princess Elisabeth of Bohemia, daughter of the Winter King.

Her contemporaries, Anna and Maria Tesselschade, the charming daughters of Roemer Visscher, were equally remarkable for their intellectual gifts. Less scholarly and theological, they were the ornaments of the brilliant circle which the historian Hooft gathered round him at the castle of Muiden, while Anna Maria Schurman from religious motives preferred a retired life.

Elisabeth Bekker, Agatha Deken, Petronella Moens, are names well known in Dutch literature, and in more recent times Madame Bosboom-Toussaint has delighted her generation with historical novels that are worthy to rank with those of Walter Scott and Van Lennep.

H.R.H. PRINCESS WILHELMINA OF THE NETHERLANDS.

With such a heritage the Dutch girl starts in life, and she treasures it as a precious possession. She may be described as simple, genuine and unaffected, with native truthfulness and common sense, and strong domestic tastes and affections. From her Teuton origin she derives no doubt the tendency to be somewhat speculative and introspective, a tendency which is strengthened by her Calvinistic creed; while English sympathies are cultivated by an education which very often follows English lines. Her *tournure d'esprit* is frequently French from her early acquaintance with French authors. The education of girls in the upper classes is very cosmopolitan; from the fact of Holland being a small country and Dutch not being spoken out of Holland, foreign languages hold a much more important place in education and in life than in England, and they are sometimes even studied at the expense of Dutch itself. Girls from their earliest childhood often have French, Swiss, or English nursery governesses, and they unconsciously learn to speak and write French and English as easily as they do Dutch. At a later period they frequently have finishing governesses, either French, English, or German, with the addition of masters, or sometimes they are sent for a year or two to a boarding school abroad. French is often spoken in the family circle, and it is very common to find sisters or friends writing to each other in English. As German, from a certain similarity with Dutch, is in some respects more easily acquired, less stress is laid in education on its conversational use, but the study of it is not neglected, and Goethe and Schiller are friends from early youth; in fact, a well educated Dutch young lady is equally at home in a French, English, or German *salon*, and in some cases it might scarcely be detected that she was a foreigner.

There are good boarding schools in Holland itself where girls of the upper classes are sometimes sent, but the best organized instruction is given at the *Hoogere Burgerscholen voor Meisjes*, day schools, which are equivalent to the girls' High Schools in England. The intermediate education of girls in Holland has not been regulated by

law like that of the boys, because at the time the Bill on intermediate education was passed, in 1863, the want of such schools for girls had not yet been sufficiently recognized. By degrees, however, it became more and more apparent that neither the primary schools, though their programme had been considerably extended, nor the private day and boarding schools, could supply that thorough education which it was desirable that girls should receive; and in 1867 the town of Haarlem set the example in founding the first girls High School. This was speedily followed by other towns, so that at present there are twelve of these schools—at Arnhem, the Hague, Rotterdam, Leyden, Dordrecht, Amsterdam, Haarlem, Utrecht, Leeuwarden, Deventer, and Groningen. There are two at Amsterdam, one of which is a voluntary school. The other schools were erected by the *Communes*, and at first some of them were subsidized by the State, but the orthodox party, who have always been strongly opposed to unsectarian education, voted in the second Chamber for the withdrawal of the grants, and gained their point. This party is now in power and, having revised the law on primary education, no doubt intermediate education will have its turn in the course of time. Meanwhile these schools are very successful,[1] and the instruction given there is of the best kind. As no one is allowed to teach any subject in a Dutch school without having passed an examination in it, and as the requirements for intermediate education are very high, there is every guarantee that the teaching is thorough. The curriculum of study extends over five years, except at the schools at Amsterdam and Deventer, where there is a three years' course, corresponding with that of the three highest classes in the other schools. The instruction given at the primary schools leads up to that of the high schools—where girls are not admitted till they are twelve years old—enabling them to pass the entrance examination, but of course many girls go to the high schools, especially the better class of girls, who have never been to a primary school. The programme of study is with small variations the same in all the schools. The object is not so much to develop a girl's intelligence in the abstract as to give her that knowledge which will be useful to her in after life. The subjects taught are the Dutch, French, German and English languages and their literatures; history, geography, mathematics, botany and zoology, physics and chemistry, drawing and æsthetics including the history of the fine arts, needlework and gymnastics. Singing and book-keeping are taught at some of the schools, and so are the principles of hygiene and political economy. Instrumental music is not taught. The girls who have a taste for it learn to play at home. For the others it is considered mere waste of time, since bad music gives pleasure to no one. At the end of each school year the girls are examined before passing into a higher form, and at the end of the five years' course a diploma is given. This diploma confers no right to teach, but with a little additional study the pupil who might wish to become a teacher could easily qualify herself to pass the examination for primary instruction.

Latin is not taught to girls, and this is all the more striking because in the seventeenth century the knowledge of it was not only essential to a good education, but it was the language frequently spoken in the families of clergymen and professors. In some Dutch towns even the maid-servants sang Latin songs. The reason for excluding Latin from the girls' education is that Dutch girls have already four languages to learn, and that the time required to master Latin cannot be spared from other subjects which are considered more necessary and useful to a woman, while a smattering of Latin is believed to be of no use to her. There is a great fear of girls over-working themselves, because they seem to be always more eager to learn than boys, and the above-mentioned programme is already a very comprehensive one. If the parents of a girl wish her to have a classical education there is no reason why she should not go to the boys' gymnasium. This happens in a few cases, and offers no difficulty, though of course it is not thought desirable as a rule that girls should go to boys' schools.[2]

The teachers at the High Schools are mostly women, and the number of capable mistresses is on the increase, but there are a few male teachers, sometimes the same who teach at the boys' schools in the same town. Without making an invidious distinction I will select the school at the Hague as the representative of them all. The

[1] Their drawback is that they are very expensive. The fees are low, the salaries high, and the number of pupils is limited.

[2] As exemptions are allowed at the high schools, it seems a pity that the study of Latin should at least not be optional.

building is a large and handsome one, with an inner court, and with spacious, lofty and well-ventilated class-rooms, admirably adapted to their various uses. It is a pretty sight to see the many bright, good-looking and well-dressed girls, listening attentively to the teacher's demonstrations. The room specially devoted to zoology and botany is fitted up on one side with presses, containing a small natural history collection ; on the other side the wall is hung with drawings of plants. Zoology is taught in winter, botany in summer. The mistress, who teaches both, has made an arrangement with the Director of the Botanical Garden at Leyden to send her regularly specimens of plants, and sometimes the girls bring the plants themselves. There is a beautiful laboratory for chemistry and physics, which are not begun till the third year. Drawing and the history of the fine arts are taught by the same mistress in a room where plaster casts and drawings serve both as models and illustrations. At the end of the year there is an exhibition of drawings and needlework. Needlework is thoroughly taught in all its branches for two hours a week, commencing with plain sewing and knitting in the first form, and ending in the fifth with cutting out and art needlework. Dutch girls of all classes are proficient in needlework, and in the remotest fishermen's villages the neatness of the quaint and often elaborate costume, of the linen on the bed and in the press is faultless. To the Dutch mind cleanliness, order, and neatness are the first conditions of prosperity and civilization, and Dutch cottages show that this does not exclude the picturesque. Special sewing schools are scattered all over the country, and have, in many instances, been founded by rich and charitable ladies. In the well-to-do class girls frequently meet one evening or afternoon in the week to make clothes for the poor, while one of them reads aloud to the others.

To return to the High School. One room in the school is fitted up for gymnastics, a specially important branch in Dutch education, since outdoor exercise, in the form of riding and various games, is not nearly as common as in England. There does not exist in Holland the sharp contrast between riches and poverty. There is less poverty than in England, but fortunes are also more limited, and it is only in few cases that parents can afford to give riding horses to their children. Lawn tennis has, however, of late years become very popular, and is played with great zest both in the country and in the towns.

The prejudice which once existed among the upper classes against day schools, has in a great measure, vanished, and in the commercial and provincial towns girls, without distinction, have begun to attend the High Schools. At the Hague the school is chiefly recruited from the professional and middle classes, and it is a matter of regret that in fashionable society the old prejudice still lingers. It is evident that home instruction cannot give a girl the same advantages, for it is impossible at home to have a certificated master or mistress for every branch of education, or to have the appliances required for the teaching of the various sciences. Hence the girls of the aristocracy are often less well-educated—as far as the instruction goes—than those of the upper middle class. But of course the instruction received out of the house is only part of a girl's education. The training of the moral faculties, without which all book learning is idle, must in every country be chiefly given at home. The Dutch mothers bestow a great deal of care upon their children's education both in the nursery and the schoolroom, and often give up all general society in order to spend their evenings at home with them. They enter into all their girls' interests—they carefully watch over what their girls may read, remembering how deep and ineradicable early impressions are.

> . . . . Le cœur de l'homme est un vase profond
> Lorsque la première eau qu'on y verse est impure.
> La mer y passerait sans laver la souillure,
> Car l'abîme est immense et la tache est au fond !

In this way girls frequently become their mothers' intimate friends, and from such intercourse the moral side of their nature is more developed than it could be by any amount of class teaching. The warm friendships too, formed in early youth, and transmitted almost like a heritage from parents to children, in Holland, are an education in themselves. How wholesome is the mutual chaff! How profitable the lessons shared, the books read and discussed, the lectures attended together!

One of the objections made to the High Schools is that religious instruction is not

given, but ample provision is made for this out of school. Besides the religious teaching received at home, it is the custom for children of all classes in Holland to go from an early age for an hour a week to a clergyman to be instructed in Bible History and the Catechism. Confirmation usually takes place at eighteen, and during the last year a good deal of time is devoted to preparing for the examination which precedes it, and which is called the Confession of Faith. The clergyman examines in Bible History, Doctrine, and Church History at his own house or in the vestry in the presence of an elder of the church, and on the following Sunday the new members are publicly confirmed in the church and take the Communion. The Bible-classes are often continued after Confirmation, there being special classes for members of the Church. The zeal with which religious instruction is gratuitously given for years by men of small means, among whom the standard of learning is very high, and who forsake all social pleasures to devote themselves to their calling, is above all praise. The result is that religious knowledge is widely spread through the community, that the churches are well filled with people of all classes, and that the level of preaching is very high. To the illiterate who have no time to read in the week, the artisan in the town, or the peasant in the country, the Sunday sermon is the one spiritual and intellectual treat of the week, and they would look upon it as a grievance if it were to last much less than an hour ! [1]

Confirmation is a solemn event in a girl's life, marking, as it does in Holland, the transition from girlhood into womanhood, the close of school-room life, and the entrance into a new world in which she henceforth becomes a responsible person. She must now make her own life. For most girls the path is traced. They go into society, they assist their mothers in the management of the household. Some continue their studies, take up a fresh language, such as Italian, or if they have a special talent for music or painting, now devote more time to it. Those who from principle or taste do not care for balls and parties undertake charitable work, Sunday school teaching, visiting the poor, or when they are old enough, hospital nursing. A young lady is now at the head of the Deaconesses' house at the Hague. Another lady is superintendent of a hospital at Groningen. A third has the direction of the children's hospital at Amsterdam.

But this already requires a certain amount of experience, and the younger girls of course remain under their parents' wings. The position of girls in Holland and in England is very much the same. They have the same liberties, and the same restraints. They do not walk alone in the towns, or travel or go into society alone, but as in Dutch society people all know each other, and many have known each other always, the intercourse is very free and unconventional. The girls are not in a hurry to marry. They seldom marry except from love, and marriages as a rule are happy. As fortunes and titles are equally shared by all the children of the family, there is no rush after an elder son. Holland has changed less within the last centuries than most countries, and what a French writer says of the Dutch women of the seventeenth century is still true. Speaking of the simplicity and frugality of Dutch habits in those days, he says,

"A cette école, la fidélité conjugale s'était entretenue et épargnait le spectacle des désordres domestiques si fréquents ailleurs .... L'indépendance n'était laissée aux jeunes filles que pour rechercher le mariage, et une fois mariées, satisfaites de l'autorité qui leur était laissée dans leurs maisons, elles ne connaissaient plus d'autres inclinations que les affections domestiques..... Les habitudes de vie sédentaire entretenaient, comme un culte domestique, les sentiments de famille. Dans l'un des tableaux du temps, deux femmes sont assises ; la vieille mère écoute, la plus jeune lit la Bible ; entre elles l'enfant dort dans le berceau. Le père est absent, mais voici sa place qui est réservée au foyer, et c'est avec confiance que son retour est attendu. Il semble qu'on dise, en pénétrant du regard entre ces murs ornés sans faste, éclairés par l'âtre qui flamboie : 'Le bonheur est là.'" [2]

Many questions that agitate women in England have no place in Dutch life. If you ask a Dutch woman whether she has any grievances, she will look at you in bewilderment at first, and the next moment burst out laughing. There is no demand

[1] The late Queen of Holland said to a clergyman for whom she had a great regard, that if he would but shorten his sermons she would like oftener to come and hear him. He replied that he was very sorry, but that his congregation would not allow him.

[2] Lefèvre Pontalis, Jean de Witt, i. p. 20, 22.

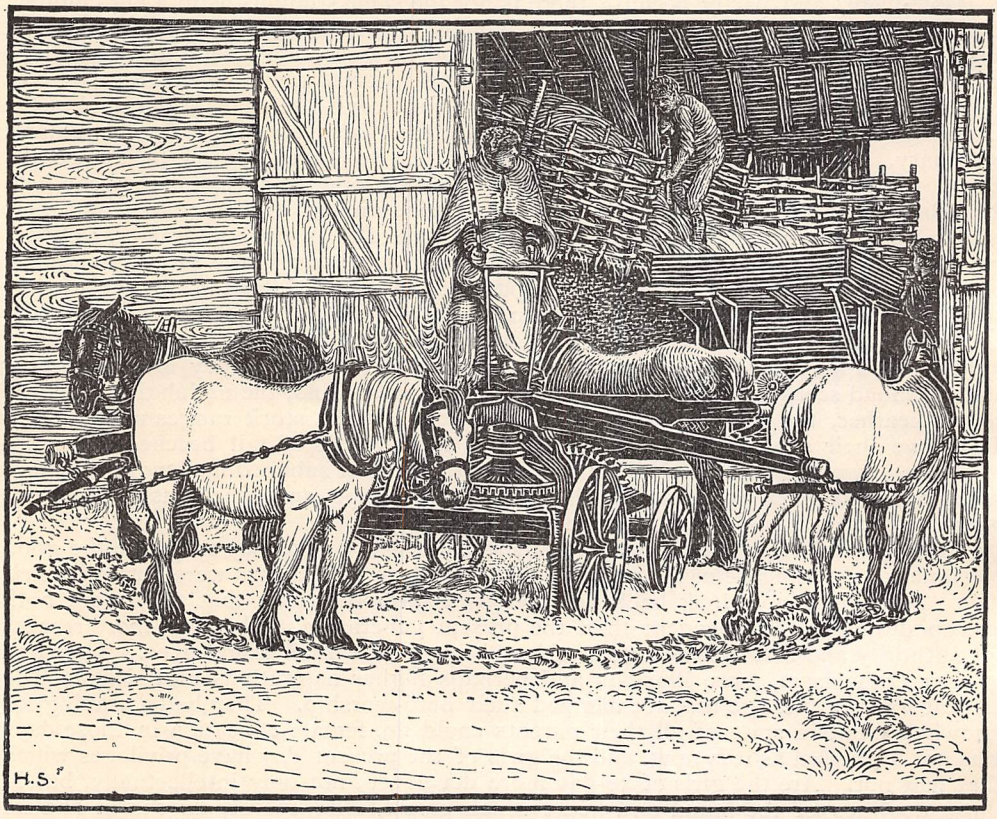
for the suffrage, there is no canvassing at elections, and Dutch women are in no way actively mixed in political life. The University career is open to them. No law prevents their obtaining degrees, but not above half a dozen—if as many—avail themselves of the opportunity. Though the men do not put any obstacles in the way of the higher education of girls, they do not encourage it, but rather deprecate learning in a woman. There is one female Doctor of Medicine—at Amsterdam. A woman is *Conservator* of the Natural History Collection at Utrecht, and another has been appointed in the same capacity at Haarlem. A woman on the platform is a *rara avis*. The Dutch dislike their women taking part in public affairs, and the women themselves have an innate shrinking from publicity and sensation. They are not as ambitious, and do not take as high a flight as the women in England, partly because the struggle for existence is less severe, and partly because there is not the same stimulus as in a big country. Dutch ladies, married or single, sit on councils of orphanages as they did in the days of Frans Hals, of industrial schools, and of various other useful and charitable institutions such as the Red Cross, which has lately started a nursing institute at The Hague. A very cultivated lady who is an excellent Spanish scholar, is the soul of the Dutch association for Evangelising Spain. But the hearth is still the Dutch woman's sanctuary, and she is loth to leave the sacred fire to take care of itself To the Dutch the word home is more than a name. They seldom live abroad if they can help it. Those who have a country house spend their summers in the country, and their winters in the town, for the season is in the winter and it is over at Easter. Others go, perhaps, for a month or two in the summer to be braced in the Swiss mountains, but they are sedentary for the greater part of the year. Like the mother who is specially fond of the child that has given her a great deal of trouble, they love their country all the more because they have had to reclaim it from the sea, and have had to fight so hard for its independence. In the absence of mountains they love their ever shifting cloud scenery, the wide horizons with radiant sunsets, the undulating tracts of purple heather, the meadows with grazing cattle where the stork ranges undisturbed. They love their snow-white buckwheat fields, their woods of tall beeches, the large expanses of water where everything is reflected, and that subdued mellow atmosphere which gives so much expression to the simplest landscape, and which has inspired one of the greatest schools of painting in the world.

Among those of an older generation there is always a tendency to praise the good old times at the expense of the present, and to believe that things were better in their day. Those who now look back on their own girlhood, think that they were both less spoilt and less independent than the present generation. They had more respect for authority and still believed their elders knew better than themselves. They had greater enthusiasm, more illusions and perhaps higher aspirations and ideals. The critical spirit of the age had not damped their hero-worship. They had a craving for knowledge, but in spite of all their parents could do, female education in those days was not organised as it is now, and the girls of the present day have privileges which they had not. Are the girls of to-day more developed, not only intellectually, but in those qualities of the mind and heart which give life its colour, its charm and its usefulness?

Dutch girlhood in its most attractive form is at present typified in the Princess Wilhelmina the heiress to the Dutch throne. On the 31st August she completed her ninth year, and every year endears her more to the Dutch people. Her birthday, Princess's Day, as it is called, is a day of rejoicing all over the country. Flags are displayed, orange ribbons or flowers are worn, and there are popular games and illuminations, but it is the happiest day of all for the children who are specially thought of and treated, for is not their Princess one of them? It has been a great sorrow to the Dutch nation to see the male heirs of their beloved House of Orange one by one find an untimely grave. But the women of that great house have shown no less remarkable qualities than the men ever since the days of Juliana Van Stolberg, the pious mother of William the Silent, and of a whole race of heroes. With their hopes fixed on their young Princess, the Dutch people look with confidence to the future.

The labours of THE·XII·MONTHS
set out in NEW PICTURES & OLD PROVERBS

WISE SHEPHERDS say that the age of man is LXXII years and that we liken but to one hole yeare for evermore we take six yeares to every month as JANUARY or FEBRUARY and so forth. for as the yeare changeth by the twelve months, into twelve sundry manners so doth a man change himself twelve times in his life by twelve ages and every age lasteth six yeare if so be that he live to LXXII. For three times six maketh eighteen & six times six maketh XXXVI And then is man at the best and also at the highest and twelve times six maketh LXXII & that is the age of a man.



JANUARY

Take the first six yeare of JANUARY, ther which is no vertue nor strength, in that season nothing on the earth groweth. So man after he is born till he be six yeare of age, is without wit, strength, or cunning, and may doe nothing that profiteth.

JANIVEER freeze the pot upon the fire
If the grass do grow in JANIVEER
It grows the worse for't all the year
The worse for the rider the better for the bider

THE RING OF AMASIS.

A ROMANCE.

By THE EARL OF LYTTON.

CHAPTER V.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE GODS.

ALL search for the Arab chief proved fruitless. Neither the coming nor the going of that intruder was noticed from the encampment where the count had left his attendants. The inquiries instituted by him throughout the surrounding villages only established the fact that far and wide, for weeks past, no news had been heard of any Arab troop. The marauders of the desert appeared to have been kept at a respectful distance by the reported strength of Conrad's numerous and well-armed escort.

The more closely he examined his recollection of all the circumstances connected with the interview which had so powerfully impressed his imagination, the more mysterious it became. No third person had been present at it, not even within sight of the speakers. The monuments and the dead were witnesses that could not be cross-examined, and Nature seemed leagued with Circumstance to withhold the evidence he sought; for, when Conrad returned the next morning to the spot where the stranger had accosted him, the fine smooth sand which overlay the ruins, from the terrace to the central recesses of the temple of Ammon Chnouphis, showed no trace of any human footstep. It was as if the night wind, itself a phantom, had, in jealousy of any other spectral presence on its own domain, been careful to efface before dawn all record of that apparition.

Nothing could be more vivid than Conrad von Roseneck's recollections of the event of the previous evening. Not only did he remember that he had seen and conversed with a man having the appearance of an Arab chief, but every feature of the man's face and every particular of his costume, were distinctly impressed upon his memory. He could repeat the words the man had said to him, and recall to mind the gestures that accompanied them. He was convinced that he had never seen that man before, but he felt certain that he should recognise him without a moment's hesitation if he ever saw him again. He remembered that the man had taken a ring from the hand of the mummy before him, and placed it in his own; and he remembered, further, that the same man had interpreted to him the characters engraved upon the ring, and related to him the story of the ring's dead owner.

But that these impressions had any counterpart in external fact there was no independent evidence beyond his knowledge of the story illustrated by the images on the papyrus, and the meaning of the characters engraved upon the ring; except, indeed, his possession of the ring itself, which he had no recollection of having taken from the dead man's finger. The images on the papyrus, however, were so unusual and so suggestive of the story he associated with them, that how could he be sure his own imagination had not unconsciously constructed it from their suggestion? Then, as for the interpretation of the characters upon the ring, what proved that interpretation to be the right one? Even according to the Arab's statement, those characters must have been unintelligible to the ancient Egyptians themselves. The amethyst, moreover was a stone certainly not common in ancient Egypt, and perhaps unknown

to its inhabitants. Everything in the character of the story pointed to a theology earlier than that of the Egyptians.

As time went on, Conrad's recollection of this incident invested the whole scene with a chiaroscuro of confusing doubts; and, the half-rejection of one improbability suggesting to the imagination of the young German the half-acceptance of another, he began to ask himself whether, if his bodily eye had not looked upon the face of the Arab chief, his spiritual vision might not, under the spell of some mysterious talismanic influence, have rested for a moment upon the soul of Sethos the Egyptian?

Meanwhile, the approach of that season which to the inhabitants of Egypt is still the most important period of the year, barely left von Roseneck time to regain the starting point of his expedition before the overflow of the Nile.

At Cairo he entrusted the results of his researches to trustworthy agents; and, without waiting to superintend their shipment to Europe, set out upon his homeward journey.

When he reached Larnstein after an absence of about five years, the only missing member of the family circle was his brother Felix, who had not yet completed his course of study at the Military School of M——. Conrad wrote to him from Larnstein, announcing his return, and proposing to visit him at M——, in case his brother should be unable to obtain leave of absence. To this proposal, however, Felix replied by the following letter, which I transcribe without abridgment, as a fair illustration of the writer's character—

"FELIX TO CONRAD.

"M——,

"*Most Private and Confidential.*

No date.

"BROTHER, don't come! Keep my secret, but *don't come!* I mean to take the dear old folks at home by surprise; and so I am going up for my examination a month before term. The knowledge that you were on your way home, dear old fellow, and the longing to be with you again, have so quickened my slow wits that now, after three months incessant cram, I think I am loaded up to the muzzle, and ready to go off.

"But, 'O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers, and have not art to reckon my groans.' Isn't that what Hamlet says in the play, or something like it? Anyhow, he could not have been half so ill at these numbers as I am; of whose groans you, brother Conrad, must be the sole confidant, for our Juliet is no Ophelia, and would only laugh at me if she heard them. You know what a dunce I was born. I can't bear, however, to be any longer away from you all; and so there is nothing for it but to go on grinding, day and night, night and day, at cube root and square, square root and cube, till I have reduced myself to a decimal fraction.

"Now, if you were to come here, you best and dearest of men, it would be all over with the curves and hyperboles. No, by St. Hubert! till all is fairly over, I am resolved to think of nothing but the *nth* root of *m* plus *n*, to the power of *s*, plus *m* minus *n*, to the power of *r* minus *m* plus *n* minus *q*, to the power of *t* plus the *nth* root of *r*, divided by *m* plus *n* plus *p* plus *q* plus *r* plus all the rest of the alphabet bewitched! My head whirls when I think that I might now be hugging you all to my heart, instead of splitting these dull brains of mine on the tormenting angels of trigonometry. To say nothing of those lamentable logarithms!

"Well, thank Heaven, it only wants eighty-seven days to Easter. Eighty-seven days at twenty-four hours *per diem*, *minus* six hours sleep, equals two thousand and eighty-eight hours, *minus* five hundred and twenty-two hours; and that equals fifteen hundred and sixty-six hours. *Minus*, again, twenty-five minutes, one and a quarter seconds *per diem*, for breakfast, dinner, *et cætera*. Remains fourteen hundred and eighty-five hours. Then, there is a further *minus* of two hours *per diem* for riding (I wish you could see the old roan, I have her down here in first-rate condition), and that makes one thousand three hundred and eleven hours of work. Not a minute less do I need to mark, learn, and inwardly digest Differential Calculus. 'Tis enough to make a man blow out his brains for the sake of getting rid of all the stuff he has crammed into them. No matter! All is going on well. Let them only ask me who gained the battle of Prestonpans, and if I answer Frederick the Great, I should like to see the Königlicher Preussischer Professor who will venture to pluck me.

"Brother, brother, not a word of all this! Be silent, ear of my heart, silent as the tombs of Nineveh! By the way, where is Nineveh? I hope they'll not ask me. I think it must be in Pomerania. Five hundred inhabitants. One Protestant chapel.

Ditto three Moravian. Eight synagogues. Two porcelain manufactories. And—if that's not right, the devil take the geographers for putting it into my head!

"Confound the quite unnecessary number of things that have happened since the creation of the world, for the special vexation of an unfortunate dunce who must needs learn something about them all, without caring a brass button for any one of them! It makes one sigh for the good old days of our first parents, when the only historical event of any importance was the discovery of an apple, and all further reference to the Tree of Knowledge strictly forbidden. Lucky dogs, Cain and Abel, *sua si bona norint*, and if only that fool Cain would have let well alone! But what a dolt am I to be drivelling nonsense about Cain and Abel to the best of brothers and wisest of mortals!

"Yes, indeed, dear old Conrad! after all, there is only one thing I am quite sure of. It is the only thing I can tell you with absolute confidence; but trust me, it is as sure as that the sine of the angle is equal to the cosines multiplied by the tangent—to no one in all the world is Conrad half so dearly dear as to his stupid, faithful, and loving

"FELIX."

Conrad kept his brother's secret. He wrote constantly to Felix, encouraging him in the resolution to pass his examination before the Easter term, and offering such suggestions as he thought likely to assist him in the preparation for it.

Meanwhile, the continued absence of Felix left wholly undisturbed Conrad's daily increasing delight in the companionship of Juliet.

In reunion with those we love after long absence from them, there is always a peculiar charm which derives its fascination from the combination of a pleasing strangeness with the most homely and familiar associations. The sensation it excites is simultaneously surprising and soothing; and we are most soothed yet most surprised by it when the ghost of a child we knew well is felt in the presence of a woman we never knew before, after absence has removed from our sight the delicate stages of that flower-like change through which childhood passes into womanhood. The happiest emotions of such moments have in them a soft but serious melancholy; for they arise about uncertain boundary lines which we seem to have reached abruptly without knowing how—like travellers who, sleeping all the while, have journeyed fast and far; and there, our accustomed sensations finding only unaccustomed courses, linger wistful, curious, but hesitating and abashed, between the past and the future, the old and the new, the being that was and the being that has begun to be.

Such was the experience which awaited Conrad von Roseneck on his return to Larnstein. The Juliet he had left there was only a charming child. The Juliet he found there was a girl in the freshest bloom of her young womanhood, and singularly beautiful. The girl was just as affectionate, just as confiding, just as apparently convinced as the child had been, that her teacher was the most gifted, the most accomplished, the handsomest, the wisest, and altogether the most completely perfect specimen of the whole human race. She was, therefore, infinitely more charming. Yet there was a difference in their relations with each other, and to Conrad that difference was immense. His consciousness of a change in Juliet produced a corresponding change in himself. It was a change to which he could give no name. He neither understood nor sought to understand the nature of it; but it manifested itself in a sort of sacred shyness. At her approach, all within him became hushed and holy, as in a church. He felt that he could no longer call her sister. When he conversed with her, his voice grew softer and deeper. When he was with her in the presence of others, he seldom spoke *to* her; but all he said was spoken *for* her. As for Juliet, if the expression of her feeling for Conrad was no longer the same, there was at least no conscious change in the nature of it. To her, Conrad had ever seemed the embodiment of all that is good and noble. Whatever she found to admire in others more rarely, and in a less degree, his character presented to her constant admiration in the highest and fullest perfection. It was mentally and morally no less than actually that in childhood she had looked up to him; and as childhood expanded into womanhood, she still found in the intellect and character of Conrad the same height, the same distance, and still looked up to him with the same wondering trustful gaze. Thus, the growth of her nature had changed nothing in its relation to his; for her power to receive still fell short of his power to give.

But, although in this one particular the relations between them remained unaltered, the development of those relations had reached a critical period. All the conditions of

their intercourse tended to bring about a complete union between these two lives; and such a union would have been the natural result of the deeper and more serious feelings of sympathy and admiration with which Juliet now regarded Conrad, if he had known how to seize, and develop to his own advantage, that mysterious moment of a woman's life in which she first becomes conscious of her sex, and to turn such feelings into the direction they were prepared to take at the first touch of his hand that should plainly interpret to her the difference between love and friendship.

Unhappily for both of them, this moment slipped away unseized. Conrad's own feelings for Juliet were not plainly intelligible to himself, and both by temperament and training his character was undemonstrative.

Passion begets passion. Its action is rapid and direct, because involuntary; and it goes straight to its intuitive aim, in rude natures roughly and without heed, in strong ones instinctively and without deliberation. In a certain sense, however, Conrad was devoid of passion. Not that his temperament was a cold one. It was, indeed, very much the reverse of cold. Singularly sensitive to impressions from without, he was capable of intense feeling, intense suffering, and intense enjoyment. But all his sensations were passive. They had no spontaneous expression or relief in action; and, in proportion to their intensity, was the inveterately inward direction of them. His self-consciousness attracted into itself the outer world, transforming actual objects into ideal images; but it never passed boldly out of itself into the world of external things, in order to take actual possession of any coveted object.

To him, therefore, his sensations about facts *were* facts. He thought to pass his life for ever with Juliet, and could imagine no other possible arrangement of it. This idea was firmly established in him. But it remained an idea only. The process of thinking it once completed, it never occurred to him that any further process was necessary for the realisation of the idea. Upon himself his thoughts and feelings had the same effect as if they were actions; sometimes of a kind so intense as to exhaust all the activities of his character. His feeling for Juliet was a virgin feeling in a virgin nature which realises possession in the reality of the feeling by which it is possessed.

Under these conditions of feeling and character, his daily life with her at Larnstein flowed on in one untroubled stream of soothing sensations, almost wholly uneventful, though not altogether unemotional.

One event, however, which certainly made a great stir in the quiet family circle at Larnstein, and which was destined in the sequel to bring about consequences of terrible importance to Conrad himself, must now be recorded. This was the long-delayed arrival of his collection of Egyptian antiquities. Great preparations had been made for the becoming reception of those venerable visitors, and half the house was turned topsy-turvy on their account. One wing of the château had been fitted up as a museum, and elaborately Egyptianised in order to assimilate its aspect to that of the marvels it was to contain. Under Conrad's direction, the village mason had long been at work upon the contrivance of monstrous pylons and capitals, designed to give a specially sepulchral appearance to the old Gothic fire-places; until at last they looked as proud of their funereal features as if the only ashes they had ever contained were those of Osiris himself. Workmen of all sorts had bivouacked in the best sitting-rooms, and kept up a series of light skirmishes about the rest of the house for several months; and when the arrival of the gods was announced, all was in readiness for the proper entertainment of their godships.

It was some time, however, before the untravelled members of the Larnstein household could feel on friendly terms with the mummies. The beautiful sphinxes, with their serious features and smooth limbs, inspired a shy respect. But the placid divinities themselves soon acquired a popularity amongst the menial part of the establishment, which was due, it must be confessed, to a sad incapacity to appreciate their true rank and dignity. The servants, male and female, regarded them as an odd sort of dolls; and their neat priestly head-dresses, their quiet, astonished, childish faces, as well as their unreasonable habit of standing on one leg, with the other raised at an angle of thirty degrees above the ground, went far to mollify in their favour the instinctive repugnance with which the uneducated Teutonic mind was at first disposed to regard these chaste embodiments of the speculative thought of Ancient Egypt.

It was in the early spring of the year 1813 that Conrad began to arrange his Museum. This was a congenial task, and his enjoyment of it was enhanced by the constant companionship and assistance of Juliet.

One afternoon (it happened to be the afternoon of the 21st of March, and I give the exact date of it for reasons which will presently appear) when the young count and countess were engaged—he, in flattening out a much decayed papyrus at one end of the Egyptian Gallery at Larnstein, and she at the other end of the room in sorting sundry little antique trinkets which had not yet been put in order—Juliet suddenly exclaimed—

"Oh, Conrad, what a curious ring, and how beautiful it is!"

"What!" replied Conrad, without looking up from his papyrus. "Have you really found at last something that takes your fancy among these uncanny curiosities? How glad I am!"

"Thanks!" said Juliet. "Then I shall regard and accept it as your gift, Conrad; and a very charming and welcome gift it is. I suspect," she added (for her ideas about Egyptian curiosities went no further than a confused recollection of the *libretto* of the *Zauberflöte*) "that you must have had it made expressly for me by one of the goldsmiths of Serastro. See how exactly it fits my finger!"

And she spread out the five slender little fingers of her finely-shaped hand, with a merry girlish coquetry, towards Conrad.

"Acknowledge," she continued, "that it was made for me, and I for it! We suit each other so well, that I shall never resign the possession of it, except with my life."

"Then," said Conrad, "you will have to yield it some day to the favoured mortal who shall become the chosen possessor of your life, dear Juliet, and may he take good care of both the precious gifts!"

"So be it!" she answered, laughing. "It shall be my bridal ring, and I am sure it will bring me good luck. It must be an amulet or talisman, with some mighty meaning in these quaint characters. I wonder what they *do* mean. You, who understand everything, can perhaps enlighten my curiosity?"

She had crossed the room and was standing by Conrad. Her head was close to his. Through the window in front of them the light of the March sunset glowed upon her face. The fragrance of her soft brown hair replaced the sickly scent of the decayed papyrus he had just lodged safely under its glass case. It seemed to him as if an electric warmth was streaming out of every fold of her dress, and vibrating through every pore of his frame. In despite of all his habitual reticence, he felt a wild impulse to clasp her to his heart and press his lips to hers. And the impulse would, perhaps, have been irresistible if, in that moment, he had not suddenly caught sight of the ring that was sparkling on her finger. Instantly, every sensation of warmth and life was extinguished by an unaccountable and indescribable feeling of horror. The ring upon Juliet's finger was the ring of Seb Kronos, which he had first seen upon the finger of Amasis, the dead prince of Thebes.

At the sight of it he became conscious of nothing but the stifling effect of a ghostly trance. The scene around him had disappeared and was replaced by others. He seemed to be standing again among the ruins of the temple of Ammon Chnouphis. But before he could realise this sudden apparition it had passed away, and he stood alone upon the banks of the Nile. He heard its waters rippling at his feet, and out of those waters he saw stretched towards him, with a frantic gesture, the arm and hand of Amasis. At the same time he saw Sethos, standing unmoved at the prow of his boat. But the face of Sethos was the same as the face of the Arab chief, and the eye of the Arab was fixed upon him, and the Arab muttered—"And thou, too, brother!"

From the amethyst in the ring upon the hand which seemed the hand of Amasis, violet rays were darting—rays of vindictive light. The rays writhed and twisted like water-snakes, and finally wove themselves into venomous letters. At the same time, out of what seemed an illimitable distance, faint, wailing sounds began to issue. These sounds entered, like wicked souls, into the flame-bodies of the lurid letters that still glowed upon the dim air. In this way, the letters began to speak audibly; and the words uttered by the letters were the words of the Arab—

"CHILD OF MAN, BEWARE OF THY HEART'S DESIRE, AND STRIVE NOT WITH THE HAND OF SEB KRONOS."

All this long succession of images and sounds must have been the waking dream of a moment only, when the trance which had created it was broken by the voice of Juliet exclaiming, in a tone half-playful, half-pettish—

"Well, most solemn of sages, and wisest of wizards, when you have finished your perusal of my talisman, perhaps you will favour me with the interpretation of it before you have quite turned yourself into stone, like your friends, Horus and Anubis, and their spider-legged kinsfolk, with unpronounceable names!"

Before she had done speaking, the notes of a postillion's horn sounded blithely from the courtyard of the château. It was, no doubt, the distant notes of this approaching horn that had lent their phantom echoes to the fiery letters of Conrad's vision. And thus, a jolly German postboy, blowing his horn as he bumped along in leather breeches on the road to Larnstein, had unconsciously to himself, performed upon the stage of another man's mind, the solemn part of no less awful a personage than the divine Seb Kronos.

A post-chaise had rolled into the court just below the window, near which Conrad and Juliet were standing. While they were still conjecturing what unexpected visitor it had brought to the château, they heard confused footsteps and voices along the corridor. The door was violently flung open; and headlong into the Egyptian Gallery, with a loud clatter of spurs and sabre, utterly regardless of

"Osiris, Apis, Orus, and their Crew,"

and followed by the old Count and Countess with the whole of the Larnstein household, dashed a ruddy-faced young officer in full regimentals.

It was Felix who, with a shout of delight, flung himself into the arms of Conrad.

This was the first meeting of the brothers since Conrad's return to Larnstein; and after their first joyous meetings were over, he drew Felix aside—

"How about the examination?" he whispered. "Can I now speak out about it, and are we to congratulate you?"

Felix burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"Passed my examination?" he exclaimed, turning to the others, "I should think I *had* passed it, indeed! And, 'faith, brother Conrad, I'll be sworn that if the Seven Sages of Greece, with yourself into the bargain, had been present on that auspicious occasion, you would all have held your sides for laughing. But you shall hear all about it. Never yet was the Ass's Bridge made so smooth for the hoof of the ass. For, you see, it was settled beforehand in the council of the gods that I should be, with the utmost expedition possible to the constitution of the Prussian mind, an officer in His Majesty's army. The great Napoleon insisted on it."

"Napoleon!" cried Conrad. "What on earth do you mean?"

"What do I mean, you ignorant fellow? Is it possible that none of you here in this rural corner of the earth's surface have yet heard a word of what the whole world is talking of round about? Our King has appealed to his people. No more University, no more Lyceum, no more Military Colleges, no more Government offices! Student, schoolboy, clerk, cadet, every man who can bear arms, is now a soldier. Hurrah! The French Garrison is gone. When I left Berlin on the 17th, York (grand old fellow!) rode into the town at the head of seventeen thousand picked troops. You should have seen what rejoicings there were! Yesterday I presented myself to Lutzow at Breslau. Was enrolled the same day in his free corps. And what is more, Conrad, you are my comrade, for your commission, old fellow, is signed, sealed, and packed up in my portmanteau. The French fox has broken cover, and our whole pack is after him in full cry. It is Tally-ho! from one end of the land to the other. What fun! Make the most of us to day and to-morrow, dear mother. For I promised Lutzow that the day after to-morrow Conrad and I would join our regiment."

Merged in the current of the public events which followed the scene witnessed by Felix on the 17th of March, 1813, the private history of these two brothers passes out of sight, until after the signature of the Treaty of Paris; when, together, they returned to their home at Larnstein without scathe or scar, and even more closely united than before in a brotherly affection deepened and strengthened by their common experience as comrades in arms.

The portions of letters and journals which I print in the next chapter have been carefully selected from the mass of private papers placed in my hands by the unfortunate man of whose miserable history they are contemporary chronicles.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CHAPEAU DE PAILLE.

Engraved by O. LACOUR, *from the Picture by* RUBENS *in the National Gallery.*

THE HALL AND THE WOOD.

By WILLIAM MORRIS.

'Twas in the water-dwindling tide
When July days were done,
Sir Rafe of Greenhowes, 'gan to ride
In the earliest of the sun.

He left the white-walled burg behind,
He rode amidst the wheat.
The westland-gotten wind blew kind
Across the acres sweet.

Then rose his heart and cleared his brow,
And slow he rode the way:
"As then it was, so is it now,
Not all hath worn away."

So came he to the long green lane
That leadeth to the ford,
And saw the sickle by the wain
Shine bright as any sword.

The brown carles stayed twixt draught and draught,
And murmuring, stood aloof,
But one spake out when he had laughed:
"God bless the Green-wood Roof!"

Then o'er the ford and up he fared;
And lo the happy hills!
And the mountain-dale by summer cleared,
That oft the winter fills.

Then forth he rode by Peter's gate,
And smiled and said aloud:
"No more a day doth the Prior wait;
White stands the tower and proud."

There leaned a knight on the gateway side
In armour white and wan,
And after the heels of the horse he cried,
"God keep the hunted man!"

Then quoth Sir Rafe, "Amen, amen!"
For he deemed the word was good;
But never a while he lingered then
Till he reached the Nether Wood.

He rode by ash, he rode by oak,
He rode the thicket round,
And heard no woodman strike a stroke,
No wandering wife he found.

He rode the wet, he rode the dry,
He rode the grassy glade:
At Wood-end yet the sun was high,
And his heart was unafraid.

There on the bent his rein he drew,
And looked o'er field and fold,
O'er all the merry meads he knew
Beneath the mountains old.

He gazed across to the good Green Howe
As he smelt the sun-warmed sward;
Then his face grew pale from chin to brow,
And he cried, "God save the sword!"

For there beyond the winding way,
Above the orchards green,
Stood up the ancient gables gray
With ne'er a roof between.

His naked blade in hand he had,
O'er rough and smooth he rode,
Till he stood where once his heart was glad
Amidst his old abode.

Across the hearth a tie-beam lay
Unmoved a weary while.
The flame that clomb the ashlar gray
Had burned it red as tile.

The sparrows bickering on the floor
Fled at his entering in;
The swift flew past the empty door
His wingèd meat to win.

Red apples from the tall old tree
O'er the wall's rent were shed.
Thence oft, a little lad, would he
Look down upon the lead.

There turned the cheeping chaffinch now
And feared no birding child;
Through the shot-window thrust a bough
Of garden-rose run wild.

He looked to right, he looked to left,
And down to the cold gray hearth,
Where lay an axe with half burned heft
Amidst the ashen dearth.

He caught it up and cast it wide
Against the gable wall;
Then to the däis did he stride,
O'er beam and bench and all.

Amidst there yet the high-seat stood,
Where erst his sires had sat;
And the mighty board of oaken wood,
The fire had stayed thereat.

Then through the red wrath of his eyne
He saw a sheathèd sword,
Laid thwart that wasted field of wine,
Amidmost of the board.

And by the hilts a slug-horn lay,
And therebeside a scroll,
He caught it up and turned away
From the lea-land of the bowl.

Then with the sobbing grief he strove,
For he saw his name thereon;
And the heart within his breast uphove
As the pen's tale now he won.

"O Rafe, my love of long ago!
Draw forth thy father's blade,
And blow the horn for friend and foe,
And the good green-wood to aid!"

He turned and took the slug-horn up,
And set it to his mouth,
And o'er that meadow of the cup
Blew east and west and south.

He drew the sword from out the sheath
And shook the fallow brand;
And there a while with bated breath,
And hearkening ear did stand.

Him-seemed the horn's voice he might hear—
Or the wind that blew o'er all.
Him-seemed that footsteps drew anear—
Or the boughs shook round the hall.

Him-seemed he heard a voice he knew—
Or a dream of while agone.
Him-seemed bright raiment towards him drew—
Or bright the sun-set shone.

She stood before him face to face,
With the sunbeam thwart her hand,
As on the gold of the Holy Place
The painted Angels stand.

With many a kiss she closed his eyes;
She kissed him cheek and chin:
E'en so in the painted Paradise
Are Earth's folk welcomed in.

There in the door the green-coats stood,
O'er the bows went up the cry,
"O welcome, Rafe, to the free green-wood,
With us to live and die."

It was bill and bow by the high-seat stood,
And they cried above the bows,
"Now welcome, Rafe, to the good green-wood,
And welcome Kate the Rose!"

White, white in the moon is the woodland plash,
  White is the woodland glade,
Forth wend those twain, from oak to ash,
  With light hearts unafraid.

The summer moon high o'er the hill,
  All silver-white is she,
And Sir Rafe's good men with bow and bill,
  They go by two and three.

In the fair green-wood where lurks no fear,
  Where the King's writ runneth not,
There dwell they, friends and fellows dear,
  While summer days are hot.

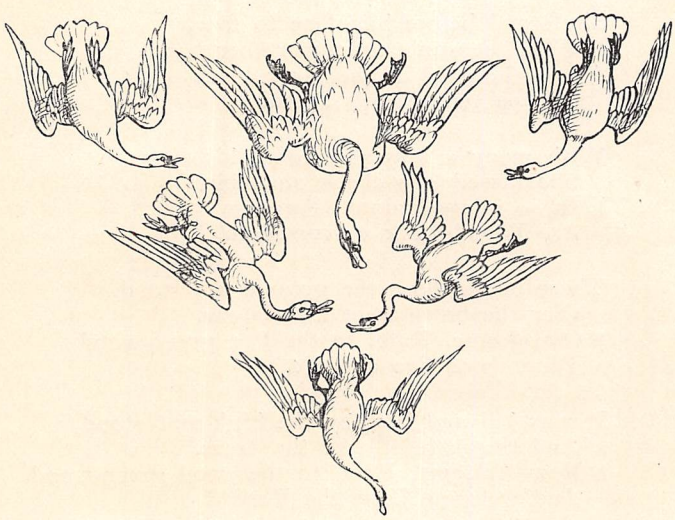
And when the leaf from the oak-tree falls,
  And winds blow rough and strong,
With the carles of the woodland thorps and halls
  They dwell, and fear no wrong.

And there the merry Yule they make,
  And see the winter wane,
And fain are they for true-love's sake,
  And the folk thereby are fain.

For the ploughing carle and the straying herd
  Flee never for Sir Rafe:
No barefoot maiden wends afeard,
  And she deems the thicket safe.

But sore adread do the chapmen ride;
  Wide round the wood they go;
And the judge and the sergeants wander wide
  Lest they plead before the bow.

Well learned and wise is Sir Rafe's good sword,
  And straight the arrows fly,
And they find the coat of many a lord,
  And the crest that rideth high.



A WHITECHAPEL STREET.

By E. DIXON.

Illustrated by HUGH THOMSON.

IT is a common superstition that, without exception, every East-End child of eight or ten years old—

> "children small,
> Spilt like blots about the city,"—

is a prematurely aged and careworn being that does not know how to laugh and has never learned to play. All superstitions die hard, even in this enlightened "so-called nineteenth century," and one that comes in useful in sundry forms when the sensation-monger in search of "copy" is on the prowl, perhaps takes rather an exceptional "deal of dying." Let me then try and drive another nail into its coffin.

I live in Whitechapel and enjoy it, in the face of unbelieving critics who allege, assert, and aver that no one can really like doing so, but only says he does to keep up appearances. Not so. The very heterogeneous democracy of the East is infinitely more interesting than the *blasé* aristocracy of the West, if you take it the right way. The right way, it may be parenthetically remarked, is not that of the professional slummer; equally is it not that of the West-Ender who, often with good intentions, yet with an almost unconscious—but at the same time very unjustifiable—assumption of "superiority," occasionally makes a pilgrimage to the East with a curiosity to see what sort of creatures "the people" are. Whether you mix with those of your fellows who represent unsophisticated vulgar human nature, often generous and kindly, in the thronged and flaring Whitechapel Road on Saturday night, or among the Jewish traders and Gentile loafers in malodorous Petticoat Lane on Sunday morning, or watch unobserved from some coign of vantage the amusements of the children who swarm *passim*, there is an almost inexhaustible fund of interest in Whitechapel to him who has eyes to see, ears to hear, nostrils not too fastidious, and some sort of sensibility to be touched.

My street is one which has been entirely rebuilt within the last few years on the site of a noisome and happily demolished rookery. Though it now ranks among the best streets—apart from the great thoroughfares—of the neighbourhood, I am told that in its unregenerate days it was a most disreputable and unsavoury hole. If this is the case its present respectability is certainly a weighty argument in favour of the theory that when a street "goes wrong" there is no help for it short of utter demolition and rebuilding on a different plan. The street is now a quiet one, fairly wide, airy and well paved throughout; one side is nearly occupied by a long low range of public buildings and by part of a Board School playground, the other by the enormous and outwardly unlovely, though internally fairly comfortable and well-appointed, block of Artisans' Dwellings to which I have the honour to belong. We are a somewhat mixed community from the point of view of domestic finance—some with careful management being tolerably prosperous, others having to reckon on the carking element of

irregularity in their labour. Teachers in elementary schools, policemen, clerks, skilled artisans, are among the inhabitants; others follow the trades of tailoring, bootmaking and mending, dressmaking, hawking, and mangling. This street is certainly a

JEW TRADERS IN PETTICOAT LANE.—"HERE YE ARE! HERE YE ARE! ANY PRICE YOU LIKE! I DON'T CARE!"

pleasant contrast to many of those further east—the narrow and filthy alleys crowded behind more respectable thoroughfares, ill-lighted, of considerable antiquity, where vice and violence may flourish with impunity beyond the ken of the public opinion of the neighbourhood; and to those districts of small streets where the only building

which breaks the dreary monotony is an occasional Board School, representative of aspiration in more senses than one. The block of buildings to which I refer is situated in the Jewish quarter, which may perhaps account for the comparative prosperity of its inhabitants, and altogether cannot house much less than one thousand human beings. Of these a considerable proportion are "children small," and when they are not in the Board School opposite, or in its playground, which is happily open within certain limits out of school hours—all such playgrounds ought to be—they swarm about the streets. Let the pessimist who classes all young East-Enders together as despairing and broken-hearted juveniles come and live here for six months; let him lean over the balcony and watch these wiry, if generally pallid, youngsters at their play; let his ears be gladdened by the lusty sounds issuing from the lungs of the urchins who are vigorously playing football over the resounding stones in the street with a superannuated tin kettle. He will depart a wiser if not perhaps an altogether exhilarated man.

What do the children play at? That depends rather on the season. There are fashions in the games in this street, just as there are in the larger world outside. Perhaps some of us can still recall how at some far-distant period of our life we too had sundry "fads," which vexed the kind souls of mothers, or roused the ire of house-masters; how at one time life seemed scarcely worth living uncheered by a couple of dozen of sickly silk-worms, or by the tame rat which we surreptitiously kept in our desk in school, and which we had to dig out when it burrowed behind the wainscot of the class-room, or by a white or "plum-coloured" mouse which we carried about—*nefas dictu!*—in our trousers pockets; how at a later period we had a consuming desire for "collections" of all kinds, from "conqueror" chestnuts to postage-stamps. Even so there are "fads" in the amusements of this street, though the children have—it is a fact to be regretted—few things perhaps that they can call "their very own." Children are not however necessarily to be pitied because they have no toys, as such. Mr. Ruskin, as readers of *Præterita* will remember, was once at a tender age presented by a benevolent aunt with a Punch-and-Judy, which his mother forthwith abstracted and relegated to some mysterious and undiscoverable limbo, gravely remarking that it was "not right that he should have it." O wise mother, and *unblasé* child! The future sage of Brantwood consoled himself and unconsciously developed his latent artistic perceptions by tracing out the pattern of the dining-room carpet with a bunch of keys.

But to return. A few months ago there was a perfect epidemic in this street of whip and peg-tops. Every second or third child, boy and girl alike, amused its leisure hours, or diverted its attention from "minding" the baby rather smaller than itself which had been entrusted to its charge, much in the same way as did the small boys of Mantua or Verona, whose play in the sunny *cortile* or *atrium*, the Augustan counterpart of the dingy asphalted treeless courtyard behind the Artisans' Dwellings of the nineteenth century, Virgil seems to have watched to such good purpose:—

> "Ceu quondam torto volitans sub verbere turbo
> Quem pueri magno in gyro vacua atria circum
> Intenti ludo exercent; ille actus habena
> Curvatis fertur spatiis; stupet inscia supra
> Impubesque manus, mirata volubile buxum."

Just now however tops are rather at a discount. The little girls squat on the kerbstone or sprawl over the pavement, and play—very skilfully, some of them—at knuckle-bones with discarded "winkle" shells; the boys' chief delight is in cricket, or in climbing over the high gate of the Board-School playground. Cricket in a small, a very small, way is much in vogue. The wickets are planted tripod-fashion on the pavement, the heads being kept together by string or an india-rubber band; the players and onlookers are noisy urchins in various stages of respectability or dilapidation as regards integuments, from the young gentleman aged perhaps seven, who sits as an interested spectator with his back to the wall, untroubled by nurse or governess,—*id genus omne* who might want to wash his face—airily and of course in warm weather comfortably attired in a shirt that at some remote period has been white, a pair of corduroys with abundant room for growth, and a fraction of a brace (boots, socks, and cap being considered wholly superfluous) down, or up, to the boy who is the happy possessor of a suit of flannels and a cricket belt, and who is duly proud of that

stupendous fact. Other boys patronize hopscotch and marbles—a large marble sometimes has to do duty for the cricket-ball—or rake in dirty gutters for possible treasures: some of the bigger lads seem to find roller-skating a nice cool summer game. Skating on the asphalte or wood in Leadenhall Street or Cheapside in the evening is rather a favourite amusement with lads living within or near the City boundary. Gambling with halfpence and other amusements of an equally questionable character are unhappily not unknown.

During the recent Dock Strike, the children marched in processions about the streets of Whitechapel, parading diminutive pocket-handkerchiefs, attached in orthodox banner fashion to two sticks, with string attached to the free ends and held down to keep the banner from fluttering. On the banner was scrawled—in ink?—a notice to the effect that the bearers were "out on strike," and that they would take "sixpence an hour" and "no surrender." As the procession passed along, the youngsters, who enjoyed the fun greatly, sent round the hat to the passers-by, after the manner of their elders.

The Board-School gate is a source of attraction regarded by the small boys with unflagging interest. They seem to consider it a sort of perennial challenge thrown down, or rather up, to them on the part of the authorities. By placing spikes on the top of the wall the Board has intimated its belief that the orthodox way to enter a playground is through the gates. Tommy's views on the subject do not, however, coincide with those of the Board, and he promptly conceives that nothing can be more entirely desirable from all points of view than to make surreptitious entries into the playground when that particular gate and no other happens to be locked. The interest is enhanced if this mode of getting in involves the danger so dear to the juvenile Briton of breaking his neck, and the thrilling possibility of being caught and flogged by an irate care-taker. The wisdom of the authorities who were responsible for this piece of brick and mortar caused them, as I have said, to surmount it with a row of spikes. Now these spikes are just the right size to be safely grasped by small hands, and just wide enough apart to admit a small corduroyed knee. At the top of the gateway is a nice smooth stone some six feet long by one or two wide—a pleasant spot on which to lounge and contemplate things in general on Sunday afternoon, though liable to interruption, as in the good old game of "King of the Castle." Underneath is the iron gate whose ornamental work, so conveniently placed, affords excellent foothold to the restless town youngster whose energies would, in the country, be bestowed on climbing trees.

A GAME AT FOOTBALL

Then comes that universal East-End amusement, dancing. I have watched many dancers in this street, and believe that here dancing is almost instinctive among the young people, and that it is pursued almost or quite entirely for the keen enjoyment derived from the rhythmic motion. It is very rare to see anything in the least approaching to rudeness or horseplay. No sooner does a piano-organ strike up than numerous couples are waltzing on the pavement or in the road, from grown people down to the merest babies.

"Maidens speed these simple orgies,
Betsy Jane with Betsy Ann—"

that is, unless, as Dr. Jessopp assures us is the case, they have all been transformed

into Edith Evangelines. Betsy Jane dances with Betsy Ann, and, as likely as not, a little way off you also see 'Arry dancing with Bill.

No, whatever else the Whitechapel children, as represented in this street, may be, they are not *blasés*. When "treats" do come they are almost enough to turn a small child's head, as in the case of the boy aged about six, leading a smaller boy aged perhaps three, whom I met wandering about last Christmas near the hospitable gate of Toynbee Hall, and who nearly choked himself in his excitement with trying to ask "where the party was." It is rather the West-End child, with its bewildering heap of toys, that is to be pitied. "The faces of their children come to me pleading, pleading —every bit as much as the children of the city poor—pleading for one touch of nature —of children who have been taught to eat and drink, and dress, and sleep, in unbelief and against all their natural instincts—and in all things to mingle the disgust of repletion with the very thought of pleasure—till their young judgments are confused and their instincts actually cease to be a guide to them."

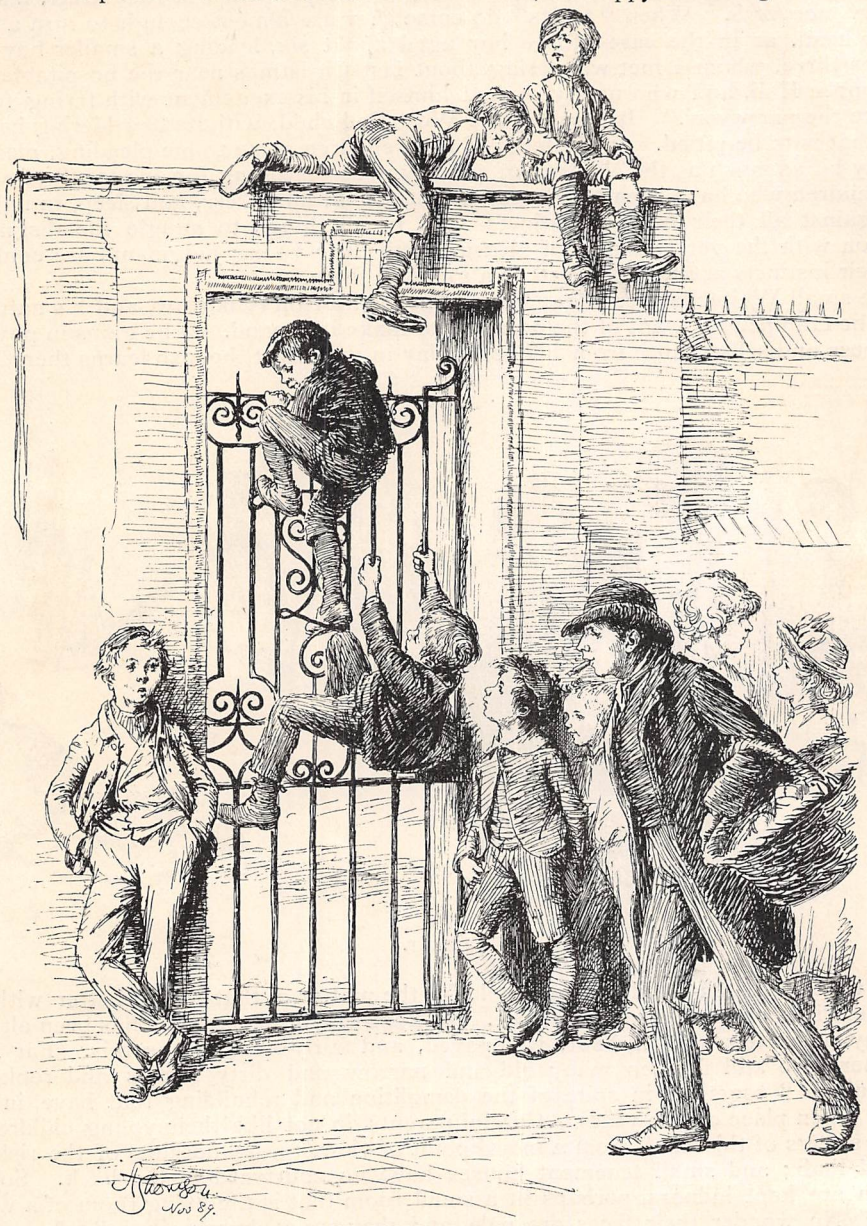
The small Whitechapeler is not *blasé*. But his horizon is narrow, and his nature is apt to be cramped for want of the occasion to make it expand. If he gains in physical sturdiness and self-reliance from his noisy play in the street, he also learns there some

CRICKET.

things which children—and grown people for the matter of that—were better without. And there is another side to the picture. All East-End streets are, as has been already said, by no means so well built, well paved, and fairly secluded as this. Far from it. There are still far too many old and narrow and dirty streets and rookeries "coagulated" together, in spite of the demolition and rebuilding that have, in this parish, taken place of late years. Careful parents do not like their young children to play in streets of this kind, from a moral point of view, to say nothing of the risks to life and limb; and small tenement houses have no courtyard at the back. So the children are kept indoors, perhaps in a small room that is the living room of a whole family. No wonder their faces are pale, and they are "always ailing." A country holiday opens possibilities to such children—and they are many, and the owners of insanitary small tenement property, together with the beautiful industrial system of Unlimited Competition, are largely responsible for these facts—before undreamed-of: mental, moral, and physical.[1] There was once a boy who had never been out of Bethnal Green in his life. His schoolmaster took him for a day in the country. When they reached the fields the boy seemed to be rapidly taking leave of his senses. The master asked what was the matter. "Oh," gasped the boy, "there is a great long street with nary house, and it's the colour of a barrow!"

[1] The Secretary of the Children's Country Holiday Fund, 10 Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C., will welcome any subscriptions, however small or great.

As I return home this evening, I meet my small friend Tommy—or if his name isn't Tommy, it ought to be—a grimy, but sweet-faced little rascal, playing about in the street with a piece of bread-and-butter in his hand, as happy as a king. Tommy has



THE BOARD SCHOOL GATE.

never yet ventured on a remark, but whenever I meet him he bestows on me a wholly gratuitous and benevolent smile. Another and more chubby little neighbour, who has an obstructively affectionate way of embracing one round the leg—height does not admit of more—and whose affections, it must be confessed, were stolen with flowers, is squatting at the foot of the common staircase, and forthwith acquaints me with its wish to be "jumped off two steps." The small person has its jump, and I pass up to the tenement which is my castle, whence one can command a fine uninterrupted view of the smoky chimneys and *campaniles* of Whitechapel and Spitalfields, and of the "children small, spilt like blots"—rather, like rays of sunshine—down below.

HOW TO SPEND SUNDAY.

By the Rev. PREBENDARY EYTON.

WHATEVER differences may exist as to the precise reasons for the observance of Sunday, or as to the particular methods which those reasons suggest, there is happily no question about the fact that Sunday is an institution which exercises a most blessed influence on the community. Here at any rate we are all agreed. No proposal would be more universally condemned and even execrated than a proposal to abolish Sunday as an institution, to let every day be alike, with no interruption of business and no pause in the restless struggle of competition. The Secularist who limits his point of view to the life that now is would be as earnest in his opposition to such a proposal as the Christian who views this life as the preparation for a greater life beyond.

There is, then, a general consensus of opinion that Sunday, viewed simply as a day of rest from ordinary occupation, is a great blessing. Instituted, as it was primarily no doubt, for the good of man's soul, it has proved the greatest boon to his whole nature. Even those who do not realize that they have a soul would be among the first to exclaim, "We cannot do without it." That observance which the religious instinct wrested from the world by long and painful struggles—that rest from the dull grind of competition which nothing less strong than the religious motive would ever have succeeded in securing, is now universally recognized to be a great boon to mankind at large. But when we pass on to consider the question how Sunday is to be observed, we pass from the calm waters of universal assent, or, at any rate, of acquiescence, into a seething ocean of dispute and controversy.

It is to attempt to vindicate the real greatness and honour of Sunday, to vindicate it against mischievous attempts to identify it with the Jewish Sabbath on the one hand and against turning it into a day of nothing but amusement on the other, that we need a strong and enlightened public opinion.

It is of great importance in the formation of such an opinion not only to be quite clear that Sunday is not the Jewish Sabbath, but also to know why it is not. For a man will never get the full blessing out of his enlightened Sunday observance till he has got rid of a false conscience on the subject of the fourth commandment. The Christian is as free from the law of the Jewish Sabbath as he is from the law that prescribed Circumcision. A very little thought will enable us to see that Christian instinct from St. Paul's day has refused to identify Sunday with the Sabbath. For what was the rule of Sabbath observance? A Jew might not do any work, he might not sweep his room, or light his fire, or cook his food. He might not even go outside the camp to gather manna. A man was found collecting sticks for firewood on the Sabbath day and the whole congregation stoned him with stones till he died. Has anything like this ever been advocated as the law of Sunday? Did any one ever keep Sunday in this way? And yet those who maintain that Sunday is only a continuation of the Sabbath, ought, if they are consistent, to keep Sunday in this way. To what obvious absurdities it would lead a moment's reflection will tell us.

And we are strengthened in this conviction by observing Christ's attitude towards the Jewish Sabbath. That attitude is the more remarkable because He was generally

so careful to observe all Jewish practices. But He seems to make an exception in His protest against the rigidity of the Sabbath, "He healed those who were sick on the Sabbath day," when there was apparently no reason why He should not have put it off till the next day. He did not bid those who were healed to rest where they were till to-morrow, as the law would have bidden them, but He said, "Rise, take up thy bed and walk." His obvious intention was to show that He was superior to the Jewish Sabbath, that it was made for man, and that its temporary and limited purpose was now fulfilled. And as regards Sunday it is needless to say that He said no word that could imply that there should be any continuation of the Jewish Sabbath under another name and on another day.

The Christian Sunday, then, is not a continuation of the Jewish Sabbath, it rests upon no Divine commandment. God gave His people laws in the olden time that they might be trained to give laws to themselves. He gave commandments which imposed prohibitions that His people might learn to restrain themselves. He claimed a portion of their time. He said, "That portion must be wholly Mine; it must be observed in a special fashion," such as was laid down. This was a necessary step in the training of mankind. One can easily see how without it a commercial nation like the Jews would have sunk into a state of money-making godlessness. They were pulled up sharply by finding every seventh day fenced round with observances which were meant to remind them of their relationship to God.

But the spiritual reality which underlay this observance of the Sabbath is the sanctification of the whole life by the consecration of stated portions of it to the direct worship of God. The Christian Church seized hold of this underlying reality from the first and connected it with that Resurrection Day which was to be a new spiritual departure for mankind. But she never dreamt of transferring to this the old rules and prohibitions which had served their time and done their work. That the first day of the week was a day on which the early Christians met for worship is abundantly clear from the Acts of the Apostles; but there is no hint there of any other kind of observance, nor was any such possible. The shops did their business, and the law courts were open on the first day as well as on any other day, and it was not till the time of Constantine that the religious forces were able to gain Sunday from the exigencies of worldly business. Even then there is no trace anywhere of any attempt to demand for Sunday observance the sanction of the fourth commandment.

Sunday was considered to be God's free gift to His people in this toiling world, a day of resurrection, a day of worship, a day of elevation above earthly things. Such is still the true idea of Sunday. The man who keeps it in the spirit of that idea will want no rules for its observance—he has entered into the spirit of the day. He has got hold of a great living principle, and so long as he is true to the one and the other he may very well be trusted as to their applications.

There is a saying of the great Saint Augustine which seems just to meet the case. "Ama et fac quod vis.—Love and then do what you like." Just so a man who has grasped the true idea of Sunday, who is alive to the great privilege of Sunday, may "stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made him free." He will not want any rules for Sunday observance, he will remember that inasmuch as he is a follower of Christ, he has not rules to keep but a character to imitate. He will maintain his freedom and the only question that he will ask is how Christ would have him observe Sunday, and in the answer to that question, honestly faced, he will find the ideal of his life.

In the light of a great principle like this we may venture on a few details. The general interests of society obviously and clearly demand not only a weekly day of rest for physical reasons (though that is by no means an unimportant consideration), but a day of elevation for moral and spiritual reasons. Every busy man knows the tendency to become absorbed in his week-day occupations; every student knows the danger of being buried in his books; many feel the difficulty of the down-grade tendencies of their ordinary associations. They know that they might sink into being almost mere machines. But if Sunday is to be maintained as a day of elevation it will only be by according to worship its primary place. Worship is the first business of Sunday as work is the first business of week-days. Recreation holds the same place in both, and that is a subordinate one. It is necessary to insist on this however much we may sympathize with the quite reasonable desire for less restricted recreations on Sunday

than are now possible. If the true idea of Sunday as in the first place a day of worship is not preserved, and if schemes for recreation practically monopolize the whole day it is not too much to say that we shall soon lose Sunday altogether. Nothing but the religious motive would have gained it from the grasp of ceaseless competition and nothing but the religious motive will keep it.

It may safely be prophesied that Sunday would never be preserved as an institution merely for physical rest and amusement, especially as the amusement of less than half the social body would necessarily provide the greater portion with necessary work in supplying it. We need a strong protest at the present time from all who value Sunday as a great boon against the increase not of harmless amusements which occasion no work but of recreations which practically deprive railway servants and household servants of any Sunday at all. Granting that a morning given to worship may quite fitly be followed by an afternoon of some healthy out-door amusement in the case of real workers, yet nothing can excuse the selfishness of large parties on Sundays, or of a demand for special trains for excursions on the river. And for the most part it is not the weary brainworker or hard working mechanic who demands these additional opportunities. The 10 a.m. train which runs on Sunday from Paddington to Maidenhead is filled (I am told) by the class of people who spend their week-days in perpetual recreation, who go from race to race, from one party to another, from hanging over Hyde Park railings to idle gossiping in houses. That train is a type of the real peril which is ahead, viz. that Sunday should be retained only as a holiday for those who can afford to take one. That the health, the happiness, the home life of so deserving a body as the railway servants, should be sacrificed to the self indulgence of upper class idlers is a thing which makes one burn with indignation. For charity's sake, for the sake of society as a whole, above all for the sake of those who have such scanty leisure we are bound to abstain from any recreation however lawful and tempting which makes Sunday a hard day for other people. On the other hand much might be done to make Sunday a brighter day for the young. The perpetual "Thou shalt not" which forms too large a part of the dim and hazy instruction on the subject too often given in schools and families is not only wearisome and oppressive, but tends to promote inevitable reactions. The distinction between Sunday games and week-day ones, or Sunday tunes and week-day ones is a relic of that hateful system which cut life into two, and left the thought of God's service out of work and play alike. I should be glad to see a cricket-match on every village green on Sunday afternoons, and the games of every Institute as freely used as on week-days. There can be no better relaxations than our ordinary English games, and it is a thousand pities to proscribe them as unfit for Sundays.

Then again in relation to another much controverted matter, the opening of museums and picture galleries on Sunday afternoons, might we not hope to get rid of the real difficulty of keeping the ordinary attendants at work by enlisting volunteers from the leisured classes to act as guardians, and so to enable thousands of the more intelligent Londoners to visit the National Gallery and the Natural History Museum on Sunday afternoons? Nothing could be more elevating than such opportunities, and to thousands who have little choice on a wet Sunday save the limited one of the public-house or the street-corner, the boon would be an inestimable one. We ought as a matter of charity to guard jealously the opportunities for Sunday rest of the great working classes; and we ought to protest against any selfish employment of Sunday labour. But we are most Christlike when we are most human in our sympathies, and we shall insure a far more intelligent and health-giving use of Sunday by promoting all reasonable recreations in the after part of the day than by looking askance at them or by invoking against them an abrogated commandment of the Jewish law.

Nothing is absolutely wrong in itself on Sunday that is not wrong on week-days, for Sunday does not alter or modify the great laws of right and wrong. But every man who has a real purpose in life, will see things which for himself are wrong on Sunday because they hinder that purpose instead of setting it forward. And every man who has learnt to feel for others will feel that it is noble work for him to sacrifice even some of his liberty in order to stem the tide of that Sunday selfishness which is the only real Sunday desecration. And if this attitude be maintained and extended we shall preserve all that is essential in our English Sunday.

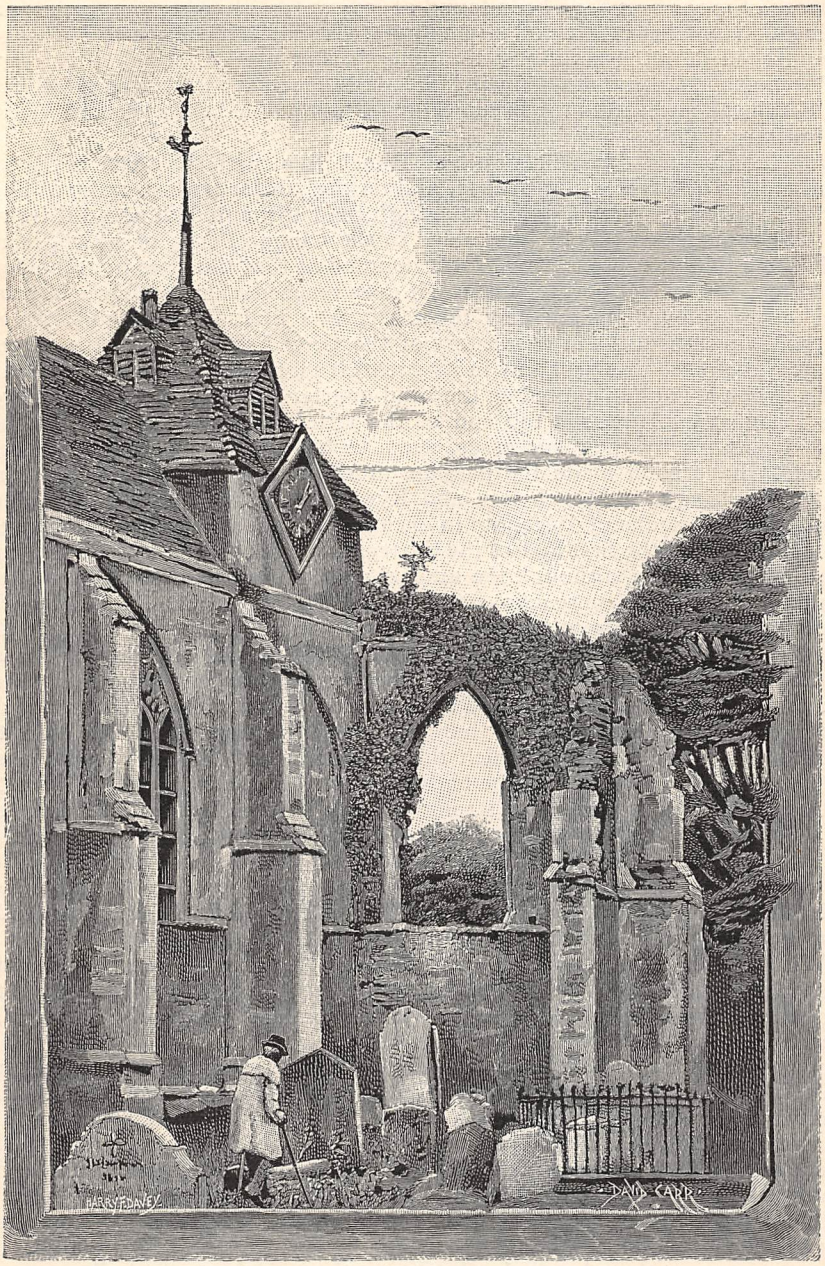
WINCHELSEA. By MRS. COMYNS CARR.

Illustrated by DAVID CARR.

THE NEW GATEWAY, WINCHELSEA.

IN THE CROWN OF A CLIFF, SURROUNDED BY MARSHLAND on all sides save on that one where a narrow neck of land unites the former peninsula to the sloping downs, stands the remnant of the once most opulent of the Cinque

Ports. Forsaken of the sea, it has since been almost forsaken of man also; and the splendid choir of what once must have been a splendid, though possibly uncompleted, church, stands alone in the square graveyard, the centre of the little village, a solemn and stately token of the greatness of the ancient town. For that the city was at one



A CORNER OF ST. THOMAS'S CHURCHYARD, WINCHELSEA.

time the pride of its inhabitants and an ornament to the kingdom, while it was also so far the mark of foreign envy as to be subject to frequent invasions of French free-booters, we have the evidence of history, besides that of the stones and traditions of the place itself.

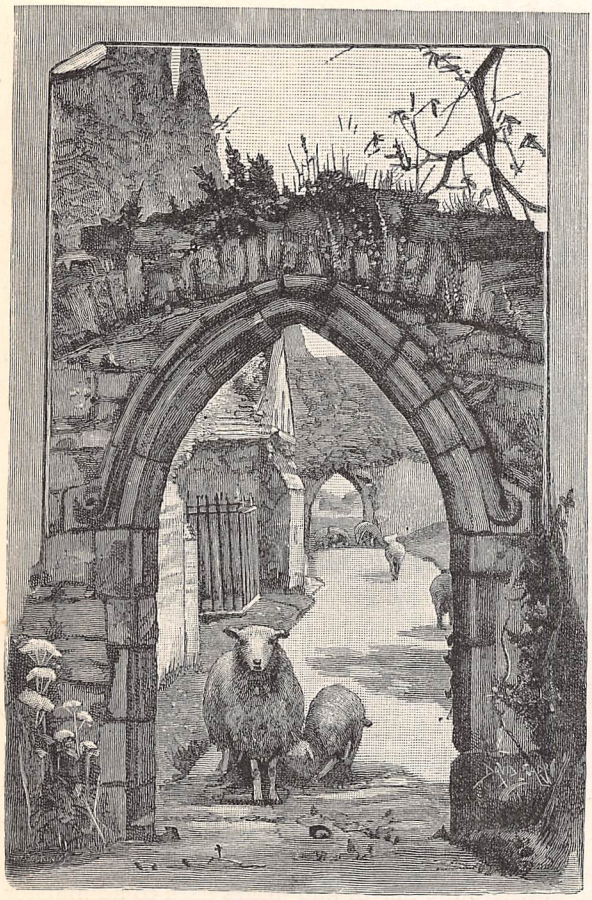
The name of Winchelsea is derived from the Celtic *Guent* (corrupted into *venta*, and thence into *wind*), meaning a broad plain, the Saxon *chesel*, signifying shingle, and the

Norse and Saxon syllable, *ea* or *ey*—an island : thus an island of shingle in the midst of a broad plain. And this was a very fair description of the old town in existence probably as long ago as Roman times, and which did not stand where the remains of the present one do, but lay to the east of Rye Harbour, at the mouth of the Rother, where pieces of moor bog have been found at low water, showing the former presence of buildings. Remains of a wood stretching from Old Winchelsea to Hastings have also been traced at intervals along that marsh, and are supposed to belong to the forest of Dymsdale, a name now only preserved in the rivulet which flows from Broham through Pett level, and enters the Brede Channel half a mile below modern Winchelsea and the Military Canal.

Edward the Confessor made a grant of Winchelsea, with the town of Rye, to the abbot and monks of Féchamp in France, and on the 7th December, 1067, William the Conqueror landed there, marching up the high road through Udimore till he reached Battle. Old Winchelsea was by him added to the Cinque Ports, of which, in a short time, it became the most prosperous, for it counted at that time 700 householders, and being the most convenient port for France, it even reached a higher degree of prosperity than was ever achieved by the new town. It was built in thirty-nine squares or quarters, with a cathedral and monastery of the Grey Friars, and a fine arsenal and lighthouse. The place was probably in its greatest glory in the reigns of John and of Henry III., when it is often quoted as the head-quarters of the king in his engagements with the French ; but towards the end of the latter reign the men of Winchelsea, emboldened perhaps by their successes, seem to have taken the law into their own hands, and to have soon made the passage of the sea so dangerous to commercial vessels that the king took Winchelsea and Rye under his own jurisdiction, and gave other lands to the monks of Féchamp in exchange. But these proud days began to draw to a close before the first half of the thirteenth century was over. In 1236 a storm shook the embankments, although the arsenal and lighthouse were not damaged, and in 1250 a far more serious encroachment of the sea did fatal damage to Old Winchelsea. Hollinshed speaks of "a great tempest of wind so huge and mighty that the like had not been lightly known," and declares that "the sea, forced contrary to his natural courses, flowed twice without ebbing," and that "moreover, the same sea appeared in the dark of the night to burn as it had been on fire, and the waves to fight and strive together after a marvellous sort, so that the mariners could not devise how to save their ships by no cunning or shift which they could devise." Herein "300 houses and some churches were drowned with the high rising of the water course." Nevertheless, Winchelsea seems still to have been strong enough to cast fear into the hearts of all travellers across the Channel, and the marauders even made common cause with young Simon de Montfort to assist him in the boldest of his piracies. When Prince Edward, in 1266, visited the sea-coasts to punish all such freebooters, the town of Winchelsea alone offered him resistance, and it was not till "much guilty blood was spilled" that he "won the town and commanded them to abstain from piracies."

Old Winchelsea however never flourished again ; what had been begun by the sea was finished by bloodshed and lawlessness, and when Edward I. ascended the throne, he arranged for the transfer of the town to a new site, even before it was totally destroyed by the great inundation of 1287, when the mouth of the Rother was stopped at Romney, so that the waters spread over the whole land, and the Rother, uniting with the estuary of Rye at Appledore, altered the face of that entire tract of country. Therefore, in 1277, Edward I. ordered Kirkeby, Bishop of Ely, to choose a site and to plan a new town. This he did, and the site was an "uneven sandstone rock washed by the waters on the east and north sides," and connected with the mainland by a road on the west leading to Pett and Fairlight, and by a tract of meadow-land on the north-west, while a ferry communicated with Udimore on the north-east, whence the main highway led to Battle and London. By using the surface stone for building, a table-land of 150 acres was there levelled, whereupon the new town was built, according to the plan of the old one, in thirty-nine squares or quarters, varying from one-and-a-half to three-and-a-half acres each. A stone wall surrounded it on every side save on that of the precipice that overlooked the eastern port and the open sea ; here, according to Thomas of Walsingham, it was inclosed by high earthen entrenchments, through the gaps in which one saw the ships lying at anchor below, but the cliff was so steep that the road leading to the harbour was perforce built in zig-zags. Upon the north-west corner, where the windmill now stands, the king built himself a stronghold overlooking

the church of St. Leonards beneath which the waters ultimately flowed round the hill into a natural inner harbour, which became one of the great features of the new settlement. Remains of the entrance-gate of this castle are still said to be in existence near the Pipewell Gate, and until 1828 the watch-tower or roundle was still standing on the ridge of this inland cliff. At intervals in the town wall stood the three gateways, still in part existing—the Pipewell Gate (destroyed in 1380, and re-built, but less elaborately, by Mayor Helde in 1404), leading to the Udimore ferry; the New Gate, without which stood the Holy Cross of Winchelsea—three-quarters of a mile further along to the south-west, leading to Pett and Fairlight; and the handsomer Strand Gate, with double portcullis, leading to the eastern port. Within these walls lay the thirty-nine squares of the town, built with the windows looking outwards, and granted by charter of Edward I. to those burghers who chose to leave the decaying city for habitations in the new settlement. The exact sites of the streets and places, with their names and the names of the first owners, are all set out in a return made in the twentieth year of Edward I.'s reign.



A RIGHT OF WAY.

The town contained three churches: St. Leonards, which remained without the walls to the north-west after the final embankment was made; St. Giles's, standing just beyond the present rectory; and St. Thomas's, the finest of the three, and of which the choir and part of the transepts still remain standing. This beautiful building was erected from 1288 to 1292, between the thirteenth and fourteenth squares, nearly in the centre of the town, and is supposed from the researches of antiquaries to have had a nave probably reaching as far as the wall which now bounds the graveyard, and flanked by rather exceptionally narrow side-aisles, as the fragments of the pillars go to prove. The transepts show the remains of entrance porches, apparently of later construction than the church, though not so late as the porch, which has been attached to the bricked-up arches of the choir. This fact leads experts to imagine that the nave must have been lost and the transepts abandoned in the earlier French attacks, as the church must have been finally altered about the time of Edward IV. or Henry VII. A roof is supposed to have spanned both nave and aisles after the manner of several of the Sussex churches, the transepts alone being separately covered, and the central tower may have had a shingled spire to serve as a beacon to mariners. The flying buttress at the north-east angle by the sacristy tells of some unforeseen sinking of the foundation at a date not very far distant from the original building. There was a bell-tower standing at the south-western corner of the churchyard as late as 1790, but it was unfortunately destroyed in the search for the foundations of the nave. The interior of the choir is separated from the aisles or side chapels by three arches of black and white Sussex marble and Caen stone, the arches and the windows being of a peculiar and elegant construction. Within the chapels are five canopied monuments, two of them attributed

to members of the Alard family, to whom were assigned the largest grants of land in the removal from the old town, the finest tomb being probably that of Gervase Alard, admiral of the Cinque Ports. In the chancel, four canopied recesses surmounted with gables and pinnacles, and richly diapered within, form the original sedilia and piscina, and in the Alard chapel these also remain, but are of later date than those in the chancel.

Besides the churches, Winchelsea had the orders of the Grey Friars and of St. Bartholomew's Hospital transferred from the old town, the one standing in the twenty-seventh quarter, in the grounds now belonging to Major Stileman, where the ruin of the beautiful chapel still exists; the other in the thirty-ninth and last quarter, near to the New Gate. It had also the hospitals of St. John and of the Holy Rood, newly built in the thirty-fourth and thirty-eighth quarters, on either side of the Pett road, at the corner of the present road to Hastings; and added in the reign of Edward II. the order of the Black Friars in the twenty-first quarter, now called Chestnut Field. It had besides a Court Hall, also called the Water Bailiff's Prison, still standing at the north-west corner of the churchyard. This has of course been lately restored, but antiquaries assert that even the walls must have been rebuilt in Tudor days from the old

HIGH STREET, WINCHELSEA.

materials, as the round-arched doorway and some niches are of older date than the masonry. Within, a small courtyard leads to the cells and to a large disused hall beyond them, and above to a fine room, where the mayor and jurats used to administer justice.

Two open greens—the King's Green, being part of the land now belonging to the Friars' estate on the high road; and Cook's Green, in the first quarter, on the corner of the cliff looking towards Rye—also adorned the town, and it boasted moreover two market-places—Monday's market, in the twenty-eighth quarter, close to the Friars' estate, and Little Monday's market, of which a portion of a gateway still remains opposite Mariteau House. Six open wells or springs supplied the town: the Pipe Well, still existing at the foot of the east hill, and St. Katherine's Well half way up it; the Strand Well and the Friars' Well, the first destroyed by the falling of the cliff, the second now inclosed; the New Well by the New Gate, and St. Leonard's Well at the north-west, under the former castle. The present so-called Town Well is a thing of recent construction. The whole extent of land belonging to the town was 1,120 acres.

Such was the New Winchelsea, which soon became nearly as wealthy as the old one had been. It was a famous shipbuilding place, and was still one of the most important ports of the kingdom, supplying twenty-one ships, or a greater number than any other port, to Edward III.'s fleet, and distinguishing itself greatly in a naval

engagement with the Spaniards in 1350, when Edward and the Black Prince each captured a vessel, landing at Winchelsea after the victory. The men of the new town

THE TOWN WELL, WINCHELSEA.

were however frequently in disgrace again for their marauding tendencies, excused in a measure by the piracies of the French upon the woollen cargoes that it largely exported, notwithstanding the high duty imposed thereon. Indeed, in the year 1341, Winchelsea, together with other towns, was required to contribute two ships to a Channel fleet to protect the coast, and at the time of Edward's expedition to France, it

stands specially charged that its mayor and water-bailiffs should keep a strict watch on its port, lest spies should carry the king's secrets abroad.

But although the victory of Crécy brought the English in awe for a while, the town of Winchelsea suffered greatly when the war again broke out. On the 15th March, 1359, while the king was in France, 3,000 French bore down upon Winchelsea from the coast of Normandy, plundered and partly burnt the town, killing many and ill-treating many more. The dead were buried in St. Giles's, and the steep lane skirting what was the churchyard is called Dead Man's Lane to this day. Notwithstanding that Edward, furious at the news, turned his army against Paris, a renewal of the attack on Winchelsea was made in the following year, on the same anniversary, and it was not till a fleet under Sir John Paveley forced the French to return to their ports that order was restored. But the Normans paid for their foolhardiness, for Edward, assembling the army of the Cinque Ports at Winchelsea, took the Isle of Sans and burnt the town of Luce, and in the following year won also the Isle of Caux, "in the revengeing of the Frenchmen displeasure doone to Wynchelse." This brought however but a lull in the quarrelling of the hostile coast towns, for in the following reign we find the French invading Rye, and forcing the abbot to take refuge in Winchelsea while they burnt the sister town and its beautiful Norman church to the ground. And although during the next year another attack upon Winchelsea was successfully repulsed by the "Abbot of Battele," again on the fatal 15th March, 1380, the unlucky town was captured through the treacherous opening of the New Gate to the enemy, the valorous abbot was put to flight, the walls of the city were seriously injured, the Pipewell Gate was totally destroyed, and the nave of the church of St. Thomas most probably on this occasion burnt to the ground.

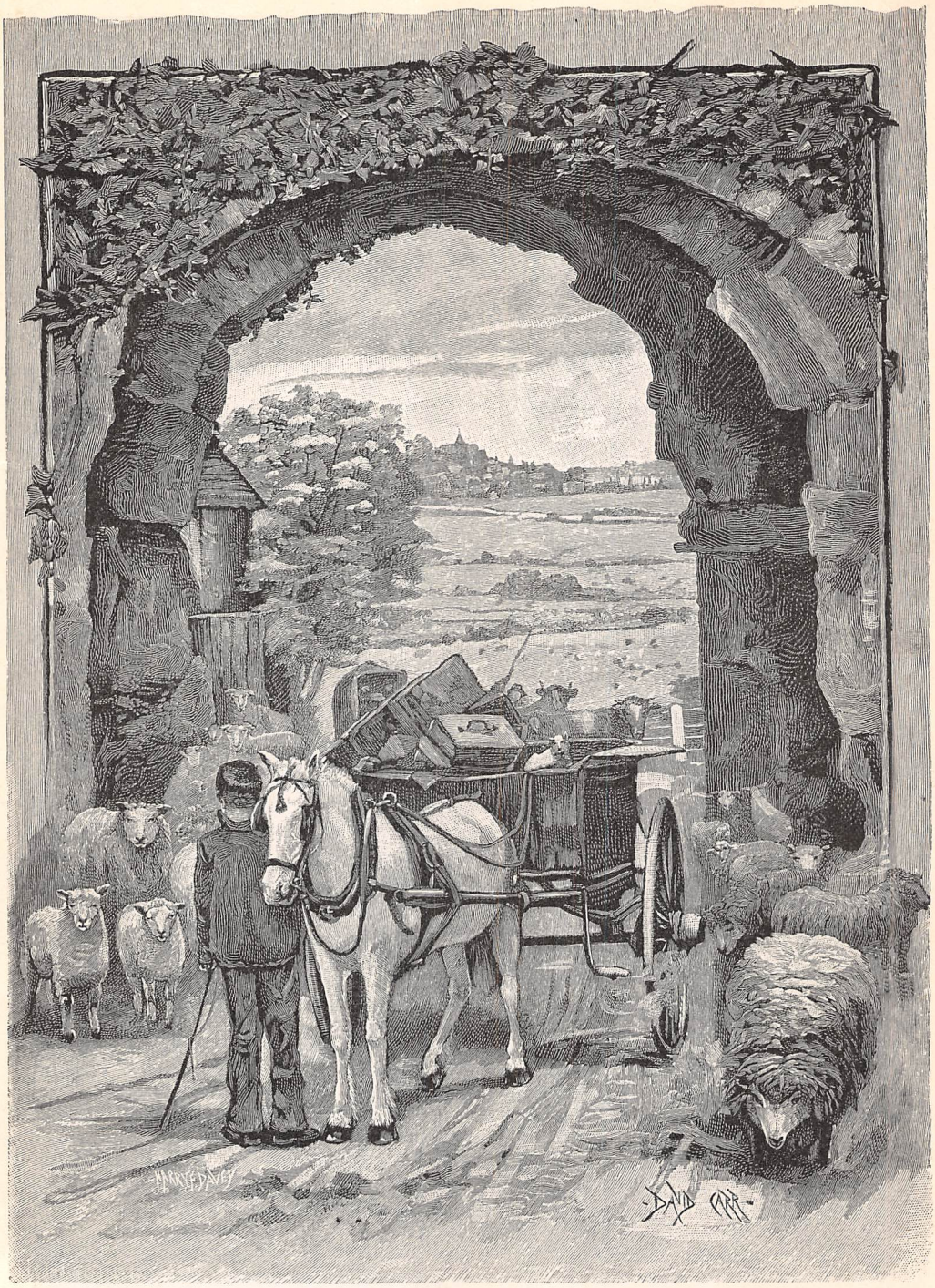
In 1384 the Commons applied for some defence for the fortresses of Rye and Winchelsea, and the town walls were repaired, and some say, the windows in the north aisle of the church replaced, and, in 1404, under Henry IV. the Pipewell Gate was rebuilt by Mayor Helde. But although the town was still a trading centre it never recovered its former standing, and in the reign of Henry V. we find a murage grant for reducing the size of the place which was too large for the necessary habitations; while under Henry VI., although its merchants are still mentioned, and it is spoken of as a convenient port for embarking to the Continent, there can be no doubt that its real prosperity was at an end.

And for this sorrowful decadence its old foe, the sea, was in a great measure to blame. Whereas in 1370 we find "a certain bridge," built by "the burghers of Wynchelse, at Pypewel over a water called the Chanel of Wynchelse, between the towns of Wynchelse and Odymer and Rye," so broken down "by the violence of the tides and flouds of fresh water passing to the sea," that the king "granted commission to the Abbot of Battaile to take order for repairing it"; and again in the reign of Richard II. an order to the same personage for repairing the "common-way called Cop-greys," (probably from New Gate to Icklesham) and a "certain marsh called Dynsdale" . . . . "through neglect," . . . . "destroyed and overflowed by the sea", yet in the reign of Henry V. the waters had evidently already begun to retire, until in the year 1539—of Henry VIII.—the land was dry as far as the marsh of Camber, where he then built the massive stone castle and keep whose ruins still lie grey and lonely upon the greyness of the marshland.

In 1491 Winchelsea still had £80 allotted to her to furnish "ten sail of ships," while Rye only received £40 for half the number, but we find soon after that ships were all unladen at the Camber or at Rye, which had certainly become the seat of trade by the time Henry VIII. built Camber Castle for the defence of the harbour; and after the dissolution of the monasteries the ancient city may be said, so to speak, to have given up the ghost. The ambition of the few families of note who still clung to the old town would not however be quenched, and in 1570 they framed a pathetic appeal to the council of Queen Elizabeth showing "why the town of Winchelsea is worthy to be advanced and raised up out of the present poor and most lamentable state it is in." The statement affirms that "in the memory of man it has been a town of great prosperity, of excellent traffic and of most worthy service to the realm. Its situation most excellent, on a high rocky hill within half a mile of the main seas; it is divided into squares, and the streets large and broad, all straight as the same were laid with a line, and so cast that at the end of every street the town is to be seen through; and having yet remaining a great many costly vaults, arched and set forth with pillars of Caen

AT THE LOOKOUT, WINCHELSEA.

stone as meant to have houses over them fit for famous merchants. There is in the narrow seas no place so fit to have a good haven made as it is midway in a fair bay between Rye and Hastings, with rocks within half a mile to make piers and jetties, and three fathoms at low water without any sand, flat bar or other danger near ; with less



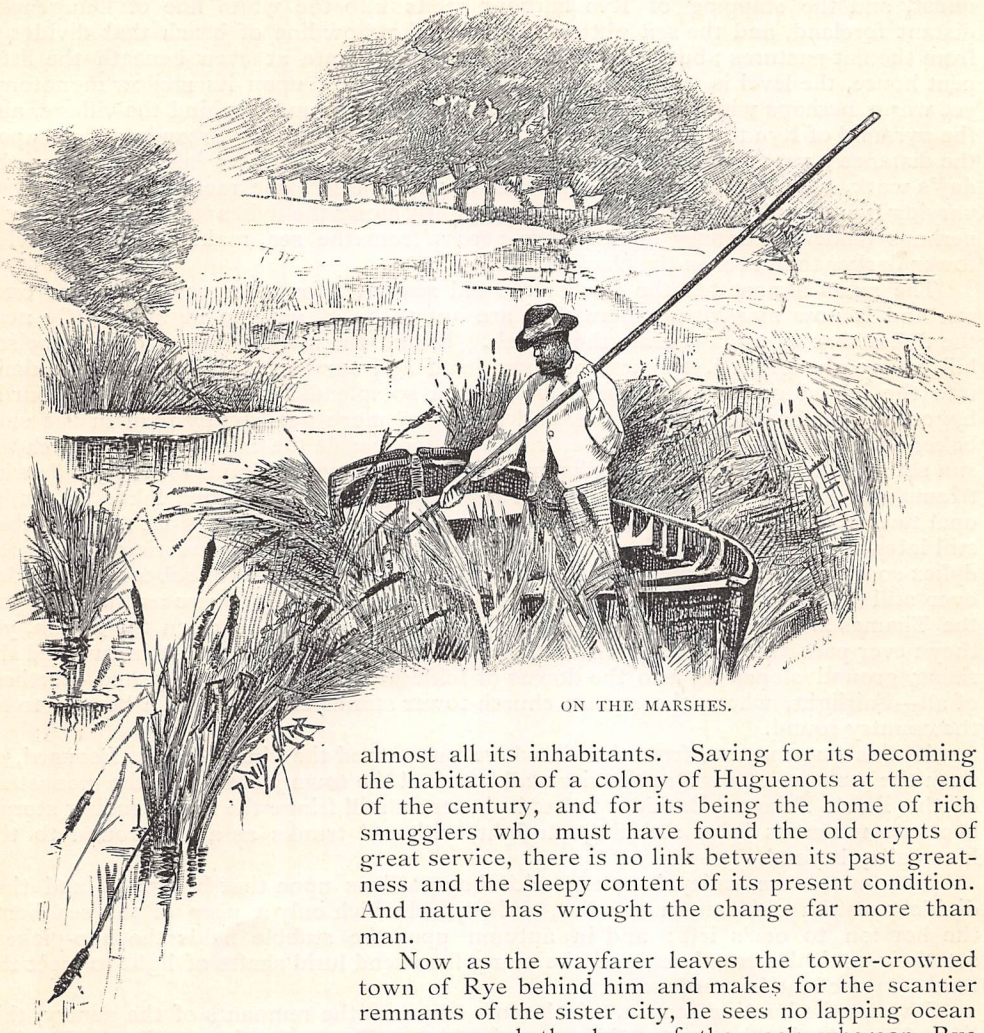
BACK FROM RYE MARKET.

than a hundred rods of cutting through good firm marsh ground, the sea might be brought into a great fleet two fathoms deep, and so into the old channel where the tide ebbed and flowed."

But all that this mournful cry brought forth was a visit from Queen Elizabeth in 1573, when she was so much impressed by the fine old buildings, and the mayor and

twelve jurats in their scarlet robes, assembled by the efforts of the old resident families—Ashburnham, Peake, Fane, Stapley, Weekes and others—that she gave the place the name of Little London, and in the year 1586 granted several estates in her manor of East Greenwich to the mayor and jurats of Winchelsea.

Gradually even the harbours of Camber and of Rye became more and more stopped up and spoiled, and the town of Winchelsea lost all its commerce, and very soon



ON THE MARSHES.

almost all its inhabitants. Saving for its becoming the habitation of a colony of Huguenots at the end of the century, and for its being the home of rich smugglers who must have found the old crypts of great service, there is no link between its past greatness and the sleepy content of its present condition. And nature has wrought the change far more than man.

Now as the wayfarer leaves the tower-crowned town of Rye behind him and makes for the scantier remnants of the sister city, he sees no lapping ocean waves around the base of the rock whereon Rye stands red against the sky, but it is a stretch of level marsh that he must cross, grim and weary of a winter's day, placidly flaxen beneath a scorching summer sun ; it extends on his left to where a strip of yellow beach hems the grey sea-line ; it extends on his right to where the ridge of the Udimore hills sinks into Rye town at one end, and carries the eye far away to the slopes of Brede, and to the gentle undulations of many soft downs in the distance ; it extends in front of him to where the chalk cliffs of Hastings rise out of the flat land and present their white front to the sea, and it wraps the rock of Winchelsea around on all sides, save on that one where the New Gate opens on to the neck of primitive land that leads to the village of Pett, and, indirectly, to Hastings again.

Standing on the little public terrace close to the finest of the three old gates, the marsh is a level land beneath us, green or brown, grey or golden, monotonous or changing with the breath of the wind upon the long grass and rushes, and the hurrying of clouds overhead—according as the season be bursting spring-time with its emerald

green, against which the distant sea-line is blue as the veronica along the dyke-banks; or rich harvest or mellowing autumn, when the white sheep are dotted upon the burnished turf and moss, and the brown tassel-grass makes planes of many shades whereon russet cattle crop lazily. When the village children run out of school at noon along the paved path leading to the little terrace, the marsh is faintly flaxen with the sun upon it, and the heavy fortress of Camber is sleepily grey in its midst, and the shipping of Rye harbour melts into the white line of Dungeness' distant foreland, and the sea glitters beyond the yellow line of beach that divides it from the flat pastures; but when the villagers congregate at even beneath the little pent house, the level is grey with the shades of twilight upon its mellow monotony, yet warm perhaps with the reflections of some glorious sunset behind the village, and the pyramid of Rye town, as they see it through the old gateway, stands purple upon the distance; yet two hours later again, labourers smoking their last pipe, after the day's work, see a soft and delicate pall resting upon this same monotonous yet ever-varying marshland; it is the sea mist lying lightly along the dykes which the moonlight perhaps tenderly illumines as it strikes across from the sea, making the dark ivied tower darker than ever in the black shadow.

The mists almost tell the tale of the old sea-way, for wherever there was once sea and is now marshland, there they are apt to lie of autumn nights, chiefly near the dykes that nowadays drain the marsh. Round the northern side of Winchelsea hill, where the great Rye marsh narrows itself and curves round below the windmill into the inland marsh that must have formed so splendid a land-locked harbour in bygone days, the mists find a way and rise even more persistently than in the sun-baked level by the sea. From the breezy hill-top beside the mill, one may watch the sun set gloriously red behind the distant downs, washing the clouds on every side with triumphant crimson, bathing the hills in warmest purple, and leaving lakes of tender opal tints upon the horizon whereon waves and streaks of fire still float at will: then still later—the afterglow fading slowly, very slowly, gilding the wandering lines of the dykes so that they are as metal snakes upon the grass, mellowing the sober land studded over still with the familiar cattle—the mists begin gradually to rise as they do upon the Thames after a hot summer's day. They seem to float idly upon the marsh, yet they never pass the boundary where the neck of original land cuts it in two and the rising ground slopes up into the downs of Icklesham, Pett, Guestling, and—furthest of all—Fairlight, where the square church tower stands on the ridge, a beacon to all the country round.

All this one may see from the hill where once stood the church of St. Leonard, or from the grassy slope where the city wall hemmed the town just beyond the monastery of the Black Friars. Beside it twisted pine-trees still fringe the lane, sending storm-bent stems across it or standing straight, with red trunks as a foreground to the blue valley beyond.

In summer the valley is green with hop-gardens upon that bridge of land that divides western and eastern marshes, and beyond which only a peep of the sea hems the horizon to one's left; and in autumn upon the stubble fields the hop-pickers set their conical straw huts, and the camp fires send lurid shafts of light to meet the tender rays of the harvest moon.

Save for the hunting season, which more concerns the remnants of the gentry, this is perhaps the liveliest time of the year in this smallest and quietest of quiet English towns. A few visitors stow themselves away in one or two picturesque little cottages, and of the permanent population the greater part take themselves to the hop-fields, faithful to a time-honoured belief that the picking is salubrious, and to a pardonable desire for easily-earned gains.

But the village is a sleepy village at the best of times, fit witness of the vast and quiet land that lies spread beneath it, and that no ingenuity of man can cover again with the stormy element that once brought the town its prosperity. The seasons pass over it, each leaving its silent mark, and the weather sweeps across it, bleak or stormy, serene with the dog-days or mellow with the harvesting; but its days of event and excitement are past; it is as a tale that lives in the memory, as the sad and peaceful evening of a boisterous life. And the mists cover it tenderly with a veil of infinite mystery that the harvest moon illumines but cannot dispel, for it makes the silvery pall more deceptive than ever, so that hills might even seem to rise from the plain, and the treacherous sea to lap once more around the base of the cliff that it once encircled.

TO 'FRISCO.

By SIR JULIAN GOLDSMID, Bart., M.P.

LAST summer I had the opportunity of carrying into practical effect the long-cherished idea of crossing the Atlantic and seeing something of Canada and the great republic of America; and it occurs to me that a short paper on the means of locomotion and method of travel may not be altogether without public interest.

First as to the ships which work as regularly as ferryboats to and fro. The Inman with the *City of Paris*, and the *City of New York*, the White Star with the graceful *Teutonic*, the Cunard with the *Aurania* and other ships, have made such advances in build, accommodation and speed, that a comparison with the passenger ships of twenty years ago is hardly possible. The tonnage has rapidly increased—the highest figure now being 10,500 tons—and what the next big ship will be it is impossible to predicate; but it seems likely that we shall again come to the size, if not the lines of the *Great Eastern*.

A feature in many of the ships is their large fresh-water capacity, which goes up in some cases to 32,000 gallons, while quantities of sea-water in addition are condensed during the voyage for various purposes. Then there is the water ballast, which can be let into and out of the trimming tanks in the double bottom. The fire arrangements and apparatus, which now include steam fire-annihilators, are of the most approved type, and separate water-tight compartments have in some ships been adopted longitudinally as well as transversely. The boiler rooms are frequently separated by bulkheads, which practically make them independent of each other. Moreover, these vessels comply most completely with the conditions of government service for armed cruisers, and are admirably fitted for the work in which they will be employed in case of war. In addition, the great speed which is obtained by such steamers as the *City of Paris* and the *Teutonic* would be of marked advantage and usefulness in case of active operations

The staff on all these ocean steamers includes the captain, the chief officer and six or seven others, the doctor, the purser and the chief engineer with a large number of assistants. The crew, comprises A.B's in varying number, quarter-masters, look-out-men, masters-at-arms, carpenters, and boatswains. The class of men who enter the service as sailors and in other capacities is on the whole a good one. I asked the captain of one ship whether he carried irons. He said he had none on board, and that in the last fifteen years he had only had to apply force to one sailor at sea by fastening his arms behind his back, as he was mad drunk. Now and then a steerage passenger had had to be held by three or four men owing to the same cause, or rather curse, but as a rule the passengers as well as the crew are remarkably well behaved.

Now with regard to the duties of the staff. The captain is a man having a large sea experience, whose knowledge and frankness inspire confidence and who is a firm believer in the capabilities of the ship he commands. He exercises a general supervision over all on board and inspects every part of his ship. Most of the ships sail out and home across the Atlantic once a month, and in the course of these frequent voyages the captain makes acquaintance with many interesting people, and adds to his store of information and knowledge of men.

The chief officer replaces the captain when necessary. He takes his share in scientific observation, but as a rule has no regular watch, as his other duties are both arduous and multifarious. He is responsible for the order and cleanliness of the ship and for the proper readiness and condition of the boat gear, pump gear, the sluices, and all the various apparatus on board ship. In common with the doctor and purser he conducts daily inspections, and has, in fact, the immediate control of the general internal arrangements of the ship.

The doctor is responsible for, and has charge over the health of officers and crew, passengers and servants. He dispenses his own medicines, and in cases of illness has the same authority over the diet of his patients as the first hospital physician or surgeon in London has over that of the cases in his ward. In the steerage there are generally two hospitals, one for males and one for females, each provided with a proper staff.

The purser has entire management of the stores; sees to the Custom House manifests of freight, and is in charge of all specie and valuables as well as of the mails. To passengers he is a most important officer, as he decides on all their requirements, reasonable and unreasonable, and in fact, controls the whole economy of the ship in that respect.

The chief engineer has a most responsible task, both by reason of the machinery under his control and on account of the large staff under him, including engineers on the engines, electricians, hydraulic engineers, and refrigerator engineers. He has to look after the admission of the water-ballast, of which two or three hundred tons are frequently let in for the purpose of steadying the ship, while in heavy weather, as many as a thousand tons are often admitted. In a well-arranged engineering department on board ship, each engineer is in special charge of a certain portion of the machinery, so that any repairs required can be effected during the week in port at either end. The object of every chief engineer should be not only to see that his machinery is acting regularly, but to keep it in order for the next voyage. The firemen and stokers are also very numerous. The practice is to have three shifts in each twelve hours, and a man has the same four hours on and eight hours off both day and night. On the big ships each fireman has three fires to attend to. I am told that there are ships on which the men may have five or six.

These big ships, with their powerful engines ranging up to 10,000 horse-power, make their twenty knots an hour as easily as old ships used to make ten; and the triple expansion boilers with their feed-heaters and all the other modern improvements, materially lighten the labour of the engineer. Welsh coal is still found superior to American and on the largest steamers as much as three hundred tons a day are burnt.

I had a talk with the chief engineer upon our ship, and asked his opinion with regard to ocean speed in a fog, one of the questions then being discussed by the Maritime Conference at Washington. He replied that he did not believe in the present half-speed rule, as half-speed in one vessel is the whole speed of another! It would be best to go full speed and rely on the proper precautions and on the improved stopping power: the engines could be reversed in ten seconds. I further questioned him as to whether there would be any advantage in making Milford the permanent port of call? In reply, he pointed out that though Milford might save four hours for passengers it would be a very serious thing to take cotton and other materials away from the great commercial centre, Liverpool.

Passengers by sea nowadays have many advantages. For one and all the ventilation is admirable. The electric light is generally adopted throughout the ship, and adds to individual comfort. Some ships, too, have cabins on the upper deck, although on the main and lower decks there is no want of air and sweetness. Many cabins are heated with steam, and have private baths; indeed all through the ship the bath and sanitary arrangements are ample and complete. A vast drawing-room with a piano, a large dining-room with an organ, and a writing-room with a library of books add to the luxury of modern ocean travelling, while apart from the conversation and flirting common on ship-board, passengers have all kinds of deck games, and other amusements. The smoking saloon is large and of an evening much crowded, when stories go round, the speed of the ship during the last twenty-four hours is discussed, and lotteries on the run are arranged.

Meals on board are of great importance, and even draw a passenger from the

absorbing occupation of watching a ship in the distance ; or examining the operations of some fishing boat with its little crew of hardy fishermen ; or admiring a great school of porpoises, or the movements of a mighty whale. Another frequent occupation on board is the regular tramp up and down the deck which good sailors always indulge in. On most of the Atlantic steamers a concert is given, at least once during each voyage, in aid of some nautical charity, when much unknown talent is displayed by the passengers.

The second class accommodation is lofty, airy, and well found. There is a good saloon, and the electric light and sanitary arrangements are similar to those of the first class, while a portion of the upper deck is reserved for a second class promenade. In the steerage there are proper divisions for families, for men, and for women, and everything is done for their comfort. Indeed of steerage passengers the lot is very different from what it must have been in an old sailing ship, as shown by the fact that many of them come home nowadays to see their friends or pass the winter. It was on a ship such as I have thus briefly described that we crossed the Atlantic and in due time landed in New York.

In the course of our visit to the States and to Canada we travelled about 9,000 miles on the railroads of various companies, both East and West. Everywhere in trains I was asked by the Americans, "Well, what do you think of our arrangements? Are they not far superior to those on English lines?" My answer always was that the conditions of travel are so absolutely different in the two countries that it is impossible to make a fair comparison. In England the distances are short, the number of trains per hour very large, and the kind of accommodation which is of necessity required when you travel for days together is entirely unsuitable when you are in your compartment for a few hours, or even minutes, only. I think however that the ordinary Englishman prefers the comparative privacy which a small section of a carriage containing only six or eight people necessarily gives.

The ordinary American cars, are of one class only to which all have access. Hence the door is always on the bang. Nor is this banging of doors confined to the passengers. The conductor goes through every car after a stop at each station, collects the tickets, and departs banging the doors after him. He is followed by the brakesman whose duty it is to attend to the car fire, regulate the brakes, and announce the name of each station before the train comes to a standstill. He bangs the door too. Then comes the youth with the newspapers. These he disposes of as quickly as possible and disappears with a bang ; ere long he re-enters, this time as a vendor of apples, and as before he departs with a bang. He returns again with an armful of novels and serials ; these he places promiscuously on the knees of the passengers or on the vacant seats near them, hoping that some may be induced to buy, and again takes his departure. After a decent interval he reappears to collect his scattered goods and receive payment for the literature. His next visit will be in charge of candy and chewing gum—articles most agreeable to the American palate—his next with grapes and pears ; and by that time the turn of the papers has come round again, and the round of banging continues steadily. Then, as if this incessant banging were not enough for the toughest nerves, there is frequently added the intermittent squall of a baby, or the whistling or kicking of a small boy, or the impatient stick-tapping of an irritated traveller. The Pullman drawing-room car creates another class by the extra fee which is paid for entering it. Then again a further distinction has been created by running special trains at a higher rate of speed, composed entirely of Pullman sleepers and Pullman drawing-rooms. The Pullman sleeper is a well arranged carriage, and generally contains berths for sixteen or twenty-four persons, which in the day-time are converted into seats. The upper berths are let down from the ceiling of the car and the black attendant has a considerable amount of work to get through in preparing them for occupation at night and removing sheets and mattresses and shutting them up in the morning.

In each car is proper retiring accommodation both for men and women, and on the Pullman cars the washing apparatus is all that can be reasonably desired. In one car on the admirably managed Canadian Pacific there was even a bath, a luxury indeed. I am told too, though I did not see it myself, that on one special Pullman train there is a barber's shop, in which gentlemen can be shaved whilst making the journey.

On the long-distance trains there is either a stoppage at certain fixed stations for

meals, or from time to time a dining-room car is attached, to which all the passengers can go and obtain a good meal at a reasonable price. The arrangements of this kind are, I think, superior to what we have even on our well managed Northern lines; but of course in England it would be impossible to have dining-room cars to which all passengers should have access during the journey without adopting the American build of cars.

There are also a great number of private cars in America, and one such car is often seen at the end of a train. The private car will hold ten to sixteen persons, has a dining-room, a sleeping-berth section, a state-room for two or three people, a lavatory, a kitchen and pantry, and food and ice storage accommodation. The service is attended to by a black cook and a black steward. It is a favour to get one of these cars, and a considerable charge is made for its use. Some important American personages have their own private railway-car, fitted with every luxury; while the high officials and directors of the various companies have their cars. Apart from the privacy, the principal advantage is that you can have your car hooked on and off where you choose, and you can sleep of course anywhere; whilst the principal disadvantage is that if the train is travelling at any speed you have to put up with considerable rattling and swinging.

There are many manufacturers of first-class sleeping cars. Pullman's are the biggest works, but the Mann cars and the Wagner cars and many others are also admirable in construction and finish. When I was at Chicago I had an opportunity of going over to Pullman city, a truly marvellous place, with houses, shops, a lecture-hall, reading-rooms, an hotel, a theatre, and every other possible accommodation for some seven thousand inhabitants, all built by the Company in the course of eighteen months. It is an interesting and signal example of the energy and enterprise which characterize the Americans.

And now as to the American system of dealing with luggage. When the luggage has been weighed you receive a brass ticket with a number punched on it, for each piece of baggage, and a corresponding number, with a chain attached to it, is fastened to the piece in question. A representative of the Express Company of the city to which you are going, appears in your car, some half-hour before your arrival at your destination. You make your bargain with him, obtain your receipt, hand him your checks, which he slings on a great brass ring on his arm, and do not trouble yourself further about your property. It will usually be delivered at your hotel about an hour or an hour-and-a-half after you reach it. It is almost impossible for any ordinary traveller to get his luggage out in a reasonable time unless he follow the universal system. This arrangement is more suited to American travelling than it would be to the hurry and scurry of English lines. I think the ordinary Englishman prefers to wait a few minutes, enlist the services of a friendly porter, seize his goods as they are tumbled out of the van, get them placed on a handy hansom, and carry them off himself to his abode. He would hardly care to sit kicking his heels at home waiting for his property be delivered by the "Express." Moreover, there is another reason for the "Express," which does not yet apply so much in England. The Americans carry a small hand-bag, which suffices them for the time, and their other goods are deposited, not in portmanteaus or ordinary boxes, but in mighty cases called "Saratoga trunks," bound with tin, or iron, or brass, which it takes a couple of men to move, and which would be too heavy for an ordinary cab. On the whole then, I may say that the system in vogue in each country would hardly suit the other.

On our first arrival when driving through the streets of New York, I was especially struck with the overhead railway. This railway is supported on great iron columns, and goes down the sides of many important streets on a level with the first floor of the houses in front of which it passes. For five cents ($2\frac{1}{2}d.$) you can go from any one point on the system to any other. The railway is especially used on a fine holiday by thousands of people bound for the Central Park, the pride of the city. To the traveller this line is far more pleasant than our underground with its smoke, darkness, draughtiness, and stifling atmosphere; but in London the owners of property along the lines of streets traversed would hardly put up with the interference with their privacy, and the deterioration of the value of their property, which must inevitably accompany the building of such a line.

A development, not at all uncommon in the United States, even upon the big lines of railway, is the steam barge for taking trains over rivers or branches of the sea.

There is a good example of this in the coast line between New York and Newport; and another in the main line between Sacramento and San Francisco. The necessity for such an arrangement hardly arises with us, as our rivers are brooks in comparison with the American waters.

The great Sound steamers are another American peculiarity. Most of them have two or three decks, all out of the water, can enter almost any shallows, are driven at a very high speed, and are, I believe, essentially unseaworthy. But as they seldom go into the open, have excellent accommodation, and are lighted splendidly with the electric light, the ordinary citizen uses them without fear, and sleeps comfortably through the night on his voyage from New York to Boston or elsewhere. Every now and then one sees an account of the explosion of the boiler of a great river steamer, and the death and injury of many on board, but that does not seem to attract much attention, and is generally due to the pernicious system of racing, so largely in vogue on the Mississippi and elsewhere.

In the principal cities of America, tramways are of three kinds—horse cars, cable cars, and electric cars; but the cable cars and electric cars are, in many places, gradually driving the horse cars out of the field. There are several systems of electric cars, but perhaps the one most generally in use is the Thompson Houston; and large numbers of their cars are made every year. Naturally at the commencement when the lines are first laid they do not always give very profitable results; but in most cases after a short time there is no class of investment which is more successful or more popular amongst American capitalists.

It is not uncommon to find no carriage of any kind at a railway station, but only the car which is waiting outside to take passengers both for the hotels and the city generally. The charge is almost universally five cents per passenger for any distance.

The American private carriages are light and simple, and are generally drawn by good serviceable horses. Nearly every vehicle has a cover over-head, supported by iron rods and framing, which extends even over the coachman's seat; as the heat of the sun in summer would often be dangerous. The carriages, though light, have to be strong, as the American roads in most cases leave much to be desired. In fact the Americans have had so much to do in developing their country that they have not had time to see to the roads. That is to come.

In many cities of the States the telegraph wires are not taken over the tops of the houses as they are in England, but are affixed in dozens to enormous posts all the way down many of the great thoroughfares. Here again I must say the American municipality rather cultivates the useful than the beautiful.

I may fairly claim that I have shown that the convenience of travellers both on sea and on land is very carefully considered; and to those who dread the discomfort which constant change of domicile must necessarily involve, I can offer this consolation, that everything is now done to reduce it to a minimum.

One can hardly imagine how splendid is the scenery in the Selkirks, in Canada, and in various parts of the Rockies both in Canada and the States; and it might well be worth while to take the long journey over there if it were only to enjoy the magnificent climate of San Francisco and the beauties of the gardens of Monterey. Then I should add that everywhere Englishmen are received with open arms by our American brothers. Men of all degrees, from the President and the Secretary of State to the cowboys and the miners, are ready to greet the visitor. They are anxious to give him of their best, and to make his travels agreeable.

When I left San Francisco, the manager of the Great Palace Hotel said to me, "Good-bye, I shall see you again in two years."

"Why in two years?" I asked.

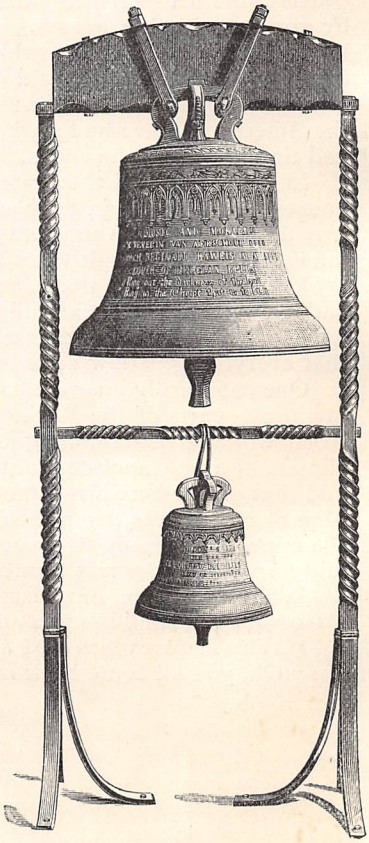
"Oh, you all come back in that time," he replied; and I feel sure he is right.

BELLS AND BELFRIES.

By the REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

N my study hangs, beneath a Belgian canopy of the sixteenth century supported by twisted columns profusely carved in the taste of that period, my Belgian bell. Full and shapely, and glowing with silver sheen it weighs six-hundredweight, and yields multitudinous tones, recalling at times, when touched tenderly, the whisper of the trees in the night-wind, or when struck loudly the melodious thunder of the ocean. In that bell indeed seem to sleep all wails of pain and all shouts of joy. A vast cauldron of potential sound and each sound a fitting voice for some soul-secret else inexpressible, is that bell. I cannot speak or move but what it will answer me, while so sensitive and complex is its nervous system that not a vibration in the room escapes it. I have but to attend, and any noises, like the shutting of a door, the clapping of hands, a sneeze, a laugh, the inflexions of the voice, the tread of the foot, all are analyzed in the hollow vibrations of the bell, and each is found to be composed of infinite varieties and combination-hums, tones and over-tones. If I strike a chord on the piano or take my violin, the mysterious bell-life wakes up with spontaneous clamour, and re-echoes exultingly the clear notes in metallic timbre. A very microcosm of sound is this bell,

> "Full of the ringing voices,
> Full of the tidal pulses,
> Songs of the golden sea."



BELGIAN BELLS. CAST BY SEVERIN VAN AERSCHODT.

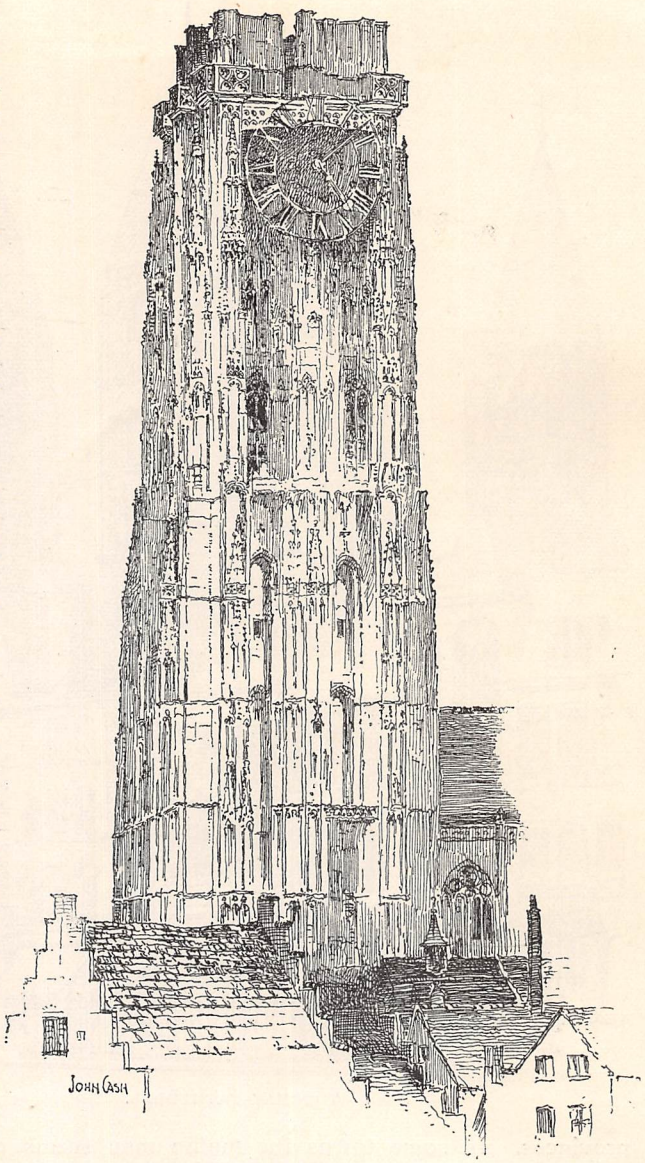
And then people wonder what there is to be said about bells! When they have quoted Schiller and recited Edgar Allan Poe and made a few indispensable allusions to funeral and marriage bells, they seem glad to have done with this unexhausted world of bell sound, bell fabric, bell history and bell association. But in reality the civilized life of the world, past and present, has been chronicled by, and may be still summed up by the Paean of the bells, or the throbbing of the bells, or the sobbing of the bells, or the rolling, or the tolling of the bells! bells! bells! or the moaning and the groaning of the bells!

We need not vex ourselves as to whether the bells of Exodus xxviii. 33—35, worn by the High Priest were bells at all; nor need we bother Sir H. Layard

about his Assyrian bells ; nor is it vital to our purpose to know whether Oriental bells were invented in India and imported into China or *vice versâ*. It is enough to note that small bells preceded large ones, although large bells are generally held to have been used in India and China long before they reached Europe, but if, as Cardinal Manning has recently reminded us, the history of European civilization is the history of the Church, it is equally true that the history of the Church—I might almost add the State—is inseparably bound up with the history of bells.

Time would have been as dull in the old monasteries without bells, as it would be at Bruges, Mechlin or Louvain without the Carillons.

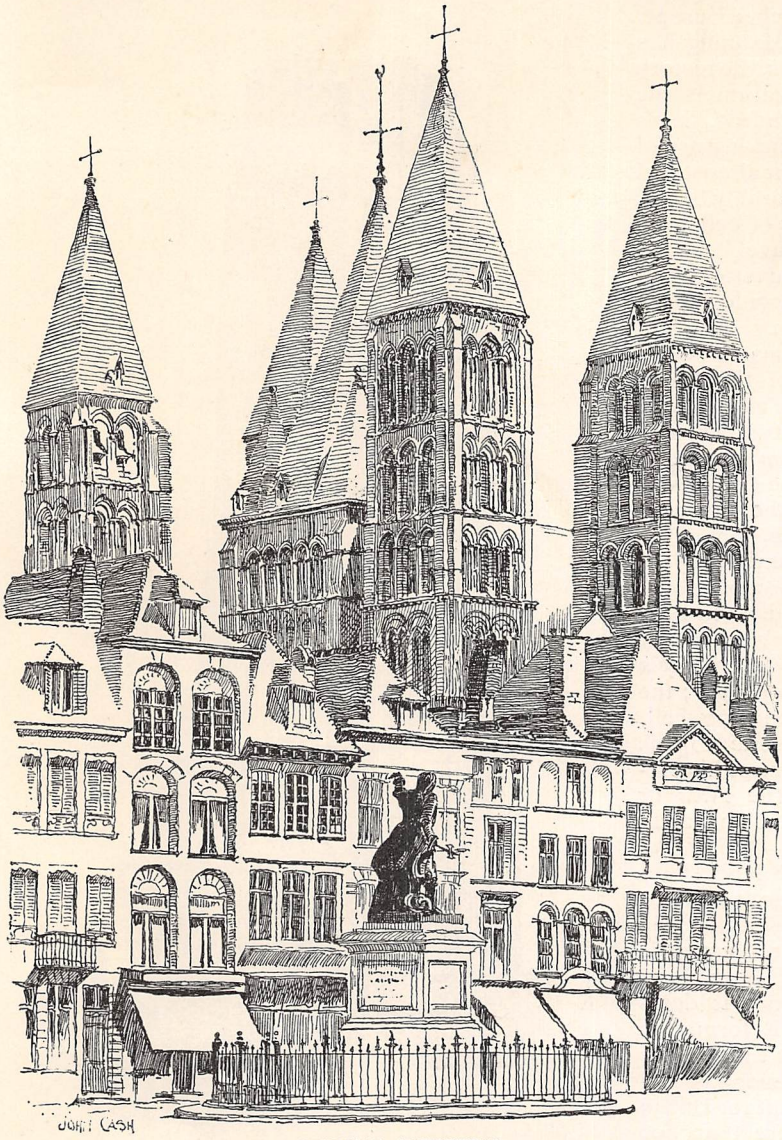
At the boom of the tower bell or *Signum*, in the early morn, the drowsy monk tumbled out of bed. The *Squilla* reminded him of breakfast, the *Campanella* recalled him from the cloisters. The Abbot's *Codon*, or hand-bell, must be instantly obeyed, whilst the large *Petasius* would be clanged if he failed to hear the *Codon*. The *Tiniolum* meant bed-time, the *Noctula* or *Dupla* called from sleep to prayer ; the *Corrigiuncula* or scourging bell, summoned the ascetic to his flagellatory devotions or his prescribed penance—the *Nola* or choir bell rang at the consecration of the elements—the *Sanctus* bell at the "Holy ! Holy !" I found a curious relic, a sanctus bell, still hanging on the old rood screen in Dr. Jessopp's church at Scarning, East Dereham, the other day ; it dates from before the Reformation but looks as new as though put up last year. Dr. Jessopp, asked me if I could account for this in a bell certainly more than 400 years old. The explanation occurred to me on examining the bell, which is not even worn by its clapper. "This bell," I said, "must have been put up new in Mary's reign during the Catholic reaction, then when the tide of Reformation returned again with Elizabeth the bell was of course disused along with all other distinctive parts of the Roman ritual, still the sanctus bell was left there and has been there ever since." Dr. Jessopp approved of the explanation.



THE BELFRY, MECHLIN CATHEDRAL.

Well we have given up announcing the miracle of transubstantiation or putting to flight storms and demons or managing exorcism by bell, book, and candle, but bells as sweet as the Angelus still ring over our English fields and woodlands on Sunday. The passing-bell in a country churchyard is full of pathos and memory, breaking

the stillness and arresting for a moment the busy haymakers as they pause to listen, and remember some old comrade who will no more be seen in their ranks. The solemn bell at our midnight services, now so customary on the last evening in each year throughout the land, is also charged with hallowed thoughts, indeed I know few things more thrilling than that watch-night bell, which seems as the crowd kneels within to beat away on its waves of sound the hopes and fears and tumultuous passions of the dead year; when its echoes have ceased those kneeling crowds feel that one more chapter in the book of life has been written, that ringing voice has sealed the troubled Past and heralded in with its iron, inexorable, though trembling lips the unknown Future.



TOURNAY CATHEDRAL.

But many of the altogether secular uses of bells which I have been at pains to point out in my article on bells in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* are equally suggestive in their way—some, like the dustman's bell, have vanished within our own time; others like the town-crier's bell ("Oh, yes! Oh, yes!—Oyez! Oyez! hear ye—") are banished to the provinces. In some towns the muffin man seems extinct, but the tricycle bell is a new invention, the omnibus bell is recent, and time would fail me to tell of the railway bells, the dock bells, the half-hour bells at sea, the sheep bell, and the stage bell. House bells worked with wires are scarcely one hundred years old, but ropes are now almost superseded and the old bell-pulls, still found in country houses, have yielded to spring handles, which are in their turn disappearing in favour of electric button bells; indeed it is plain that the whole of our secular life is somehow set to bells, even as the religious life of our ancestors was. What with the dinner-bell, the yard-bell, school, factory, and jail-bells, small cupola spring-bell, safety electric-bells, not to forget baby's coral and bells, bell-rattles, last reminiscence of the extinct fool's cap and bells, and fool's wand with its crown of jingling baubles, we seem never to

hear the last of bells. Indeed the most impressive uses, the most seductive qualities, the most musical aspects of bells remain to be still noticed. Bells are the land-marks of history as well as the daily ministers to our religious and secular life.

The bell's tongue is impartial and passionless as fate. It tolls for the king's death, "*Le roi est mort!*" it rings in his successor, "*Vive le roi!*" The cynical bells rang out as Henry VIII. led wife after wife to the altar, the loyal bells rang for the birth of Charles I., and the disloyal ones tolled again for his execution. The bells of Chester rang a peal for Trafalgar, alternated with a deep toll for the death of Nelson, and some of us can remember the tolling of St. Paul's bell as the Iron Duke's funeral passed up Ludgate Hill.

The long green bell which announced to the Pisans that the wretched Ugolino, starved to death in the bottom dungeon, had at length ceased to breathe, still hangs in the famous leaning-tower of Pisa. At the ringing of the Sicilian Vespers in the Easter of 1282, eight thousand French were massacred in cold blood by John of Procida. The midnight bells of Paris gave the sign for the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, 24th August, 1471, when one hundred thousand persons are said to have perished.

The bells which rang in the return of Charles II. rang a few years later for the coronation of his brother, and a few years after that for the removal of a rotten dynasty and for the entrance of its victorious rival in the person of the Prince of Orange. The curfew bell, which reminds us of William the Conquerer's primitive legislation, still survives in the low fen districts about Ely and the Cambridge flats, and is even now most useful to the traveller as he trudges through the marshy mists, which, while obscuring the lights of the distant city, act as favourable conductors, according to Professor Tyndall, to the sound of bells.

The great towers of Christendom have all their eloquent bell tongues, and as we pass in imagination from one to the other we not only catch the mingled refrains of life and death as it floats upwards from the fleeting generations of men, but we may literally from those lofty summits contemplate all the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them.

From the top of St. Paul's the boom of great Tom rolls over the crowded city on either side of the glimmering river, away to the distant undulations of the Hampstead Hills. From the summit of the Capitol at Rome may still be seen fragments of the Rome of the Republic and the Cæsars. Beyond the purple Campagna loom the Sabine and the Latium Hills, and taking a nearer survey the eye follows the Tiber until the ear is arrested by the distant bell in St. Peter's clock tower, answered by the brazen tongue of the Capitol. Eternal *Aves* for ever wafted from the sepulchres of the Cæsars to the mausoleum of the Popes!

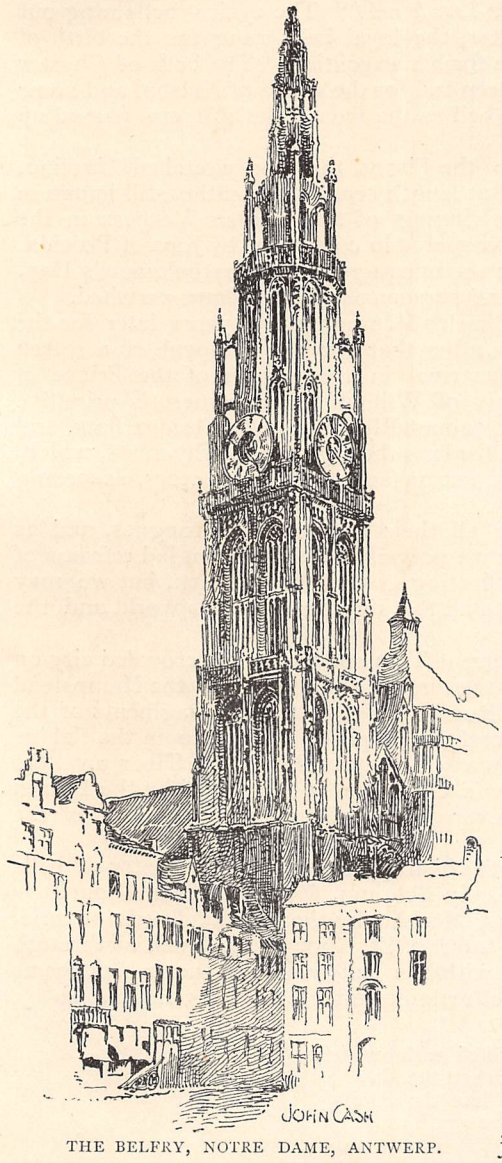
But nowhere in the world will you find the history, the music, the poetry of bells so concentrated and so irresistibly attractive as in Belgium. Even the casual tourist is fascinated as he crosses the great square at Mechlin by the tuneful floods of ærial sound which float at intervals from the superb tower of St. Rhombaud, whilst all through the night it never occurs to him to quarrel with the bell-broken silence which seems almost more silent but less lonely as the sweet melodies mingle with his dreams, so

> "The night shall be filled with music;
> And the cares that infest the day
> Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
> And as silently steal away."

Belgium is indeed the classic land of bells, and it is a picturesque fact that most of the great Belgian towers (except Bruges, which lies in a hollow), Antwerp, Louvain, Malines, Ghent, and St. Gudules at Brussels, are within sight of each other. From the summit of Notre Dame, at Antwerp, which has two carillons, one in each tower, numbering over three-score bells, one hundred and twenty six steeples can be counted in clear weather, far and near. All those towers have bells, and most of them carillons, that is, suites of bells from several tons weight to a few pounds, tuned in semi-tones, and played both by the clock-barrel and from a key-board. Antwerp has most bells, but a good many are out of tune. Mechlin has the best bells and the best in tune, and Bruges boasts of the heaviest metal. The belfry at Tournay, which groups itself imposingly with the unique five towers of the cathedral, has some good bells. The Ghent carillon has been ruined by the substitution of an iron belfry in place of the grand

old beams and rafters, which in the others act as admirable sound-boards. Since this ill-advised reconstruction the Ghent bells sound poor and tinkly.

In the Louvain tower there still hangs a bell pierced by a cannon fired by Philip of Spain, and this accidental war-mark seems to strike the historic key-note of the Belgian bells, and reveals the secret of their importance and their romantic interest. They are in fact intimately associated with war and with civic life as well as with popular religion. In the prolonged struggle of the Low Countries with Spain the bells, which sent their voices far out over the grassy flats and long, regular roads, thronged with transports and armed men, assumed an importance and a power unknown elsewhere. The bells warned the city of the enemies' approach and signalled to the watchmen to close the gates, and to the captain in command to marshal the troops in the market-place, or to concentrate on this or that rampart or square or breach. These brazen alarums were thus frequently the saviours and protectors of the people. In the sixteenth century the Belgian citizens began to multiply the bells, to increase their weight; they loved them for their associations, they treasured them for their uses. He who held the bells practically held the city. The conqueror knew this; it was his habitual aim to capture the belfry, and either melt down the bells for cannon or use them as signals against the town. Under these circumstances it is truly surprising that such towers as St. Rhombaud and Antwerp should have survived, but many belfries and some bells still bear the old scars, and it is here that we have the unlooked-for point of contact between Belgian bells and the art of music.



THE BELFRY, NOTRE DAME, ANTWERP.

The wars of the Low Countries occurred chiefly in the sixteenth and seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, that is to say, they were contemporary with the rise of the great singing schools in Italy. The Cremona violins and the development of the musical art in Germany. The multiplication of bells suggested naturally that they should be tuned in the newly-discovered octave, the perfect cadence of which the rising art was just then so proud.

The strong and varied emotions which the bells excited in the breasts of the citizens soon converted the bells into playthings in time of peace, and thus the clang which had up to that time been merely a war signal or a call to prayer, got naturally turned into music.

We thus arrive at the three leading characteristics, or *sine quâ non*, of the Belgian carillons, namely that each bell shall be a note, secondly that it shall therefore have its fundamental and leading harmonics, third, fifth and octave in tune together, thirdly that the bells shall be numerous enough to accomplish something worthy of the name of music instead of the ding dong of our City belfries or the wearisome and purgatorial sequences of your famous peal of eight or twelve bells which is usually the beginning and the end of the English founders, and the English ringers' ambition.

I do not wish to be hard on English bell ringing. It is a healthy and ingenious

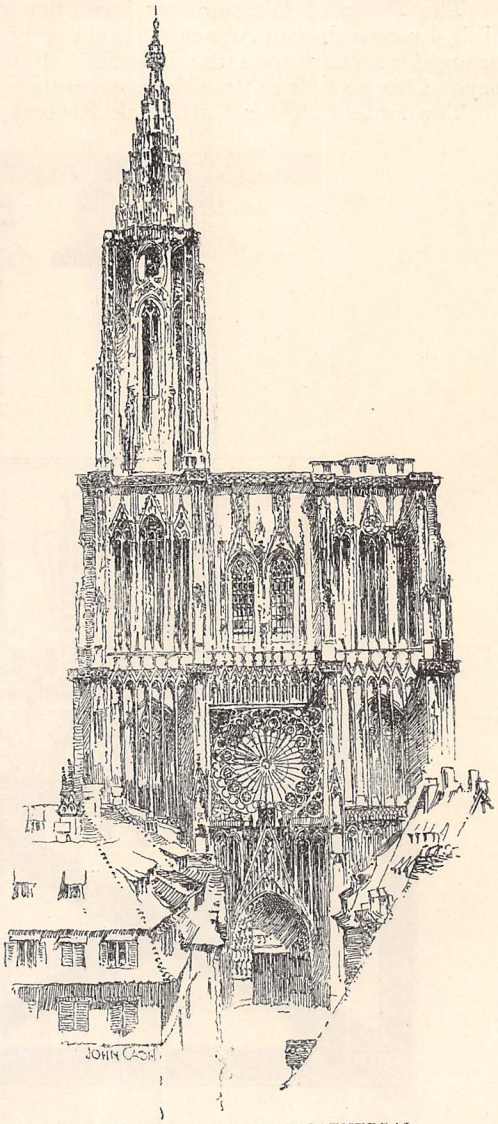
exercise, and distance certainly lends enchantment to the sound. Its popularity seems reviving, and even ladies, who now shoot and play cricket and the violin are, I am told, taking to bell ringing, but *music* it is *not*, nor does your true bell-ringer care twopence for the sound or the tune; all he thinks of is whether the bell swings easily and whether he can dodge it, snap it, triple bob major it and so on in time.

About 1657 the ingenious Fabian Steadman invented the present purgatorial system of change ringing *ad infinitum*. The affair is simple; it requires a little arithmetic and a strong arm—no fine musical ear and certainly no love of music. Take three bells and begin 1 2 3, 1 3 2, 2 1 3, 2 3 1, 3 1 2, 3 2 1. This is much simpler than writing a tune and you can go on for ever. The full changes on twenty-four bells would occupy, so the mathematicians assure me, at the rate of two strokes a second, 171,000 billions of years.

That would be Steadman's heaven. But the bell-ringer's Paradise is the musician's Inferno. I may here add that the deterioration of English bells is also largely due to bell ringing. The best form of bell not being the easiest to ring.

I have no doubt that the best English bells were inspired by the Belgian bell founders in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. This statement always makes our English bell founders angry, but one has only to set down a few dates side by side and the thing is next to proved.

Peter van den Gheyn, of Louvain, 1560, is contemporary with the Braziers and Brends of Norwich. Hemony, of Amsterdam (the most prolific of all the founders), 1658, with Myles Gray, 1625-59, of Colchester. Between 1679 and 1755 flourished Richard Chandler, of Buckingham, Ruddle of Gloucester (who cast the Fulham bells), and the same period is marked by P. van den Gheyn, by Dumery, de Haze, and Declerk, &c., in Belgium. Now at this day there is a P. van den Gheyn bell hanging in the tower of St. Peter's, Cambridge, and a Dutchman named Waghaven had a foundry as far west as Glamorganshire. I drew out this argument to demonstration in my lecture on bells, 1879, before the Royal Institution. Now the true bell model comes no doubt from Belgium, where it has never been departed from. The bells of Severin van Aerschodt in the nineteenth century are as the bells of Hemony in the seventeenth century, but the English bells of the last century departed from the Belgian model—(to which, since my writings on Belgian bells, some of our founders have thought fit to return). The truth is, that instead of giving the bell its right proportional length, our English founders fell to shortening it. Why? Because the squat bell was easier to ring and pleased the ringers better than the longer bell. Of course the founder worked to please those whose condemnation meant his loss!



THE BELFRY, STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

I am glad to notice a great revival of interest in bells since the appearance of *Music and Morals*, which contains two chapters on "Bells" and "Carillons." Deans and Chapters have applied to me about their bells from all parts of England. Many of them

have for the first time been moved to go up into their towers ; they have swept and repaired their belfries, retuning and, in some cases, recasting their bells, whilst a few efforts have even been made to introduce into England some Belgian bells and to attempt a little carillon music.

The Duke of Westminster has a fine carillon cast, at my suggestion, for Eaton Hall, by Severin van Aerschodt (unhappily since dead), but great pressure having been brought to bear upon the illustrious founder to supply the bells to time it proved beyond his powers to tune them accurately.

The suite cast for Cattistock Rectory, also under my direction, by Severin van

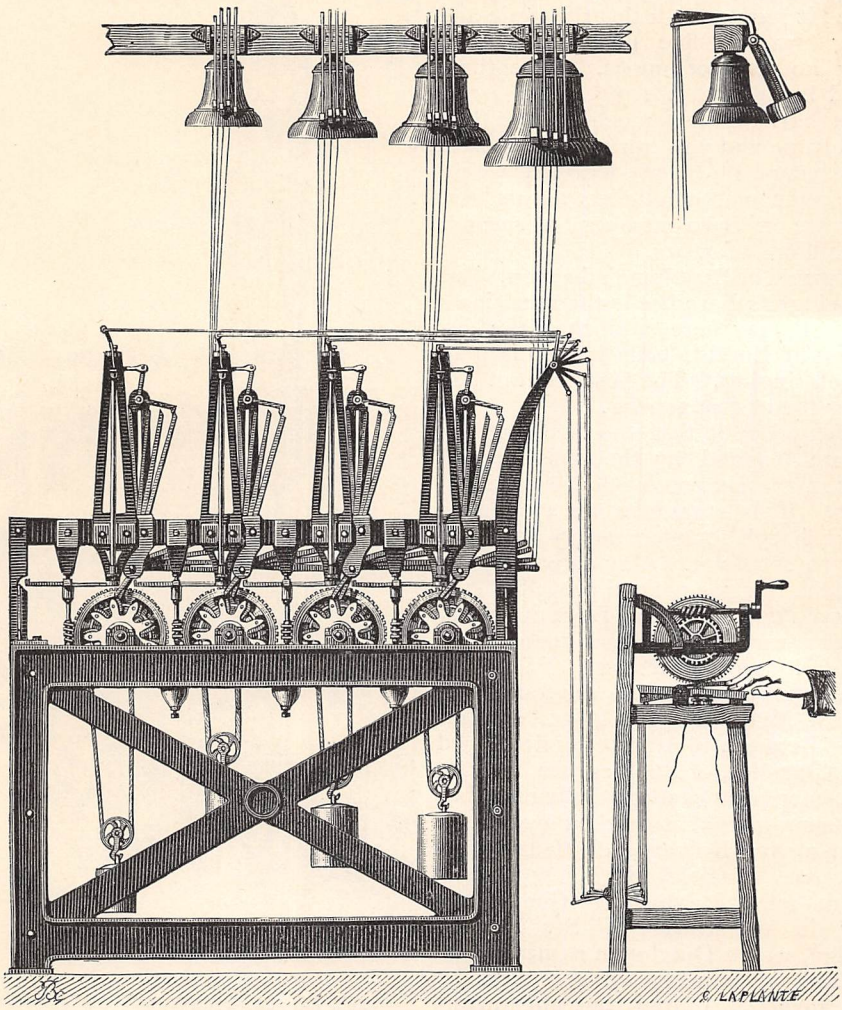


DIAGRAM SHOWING METHOD OF PLAYING A CARILLON.

Aerschodt, are in this respect much more satisfactory. The bells at Beeding were lying in Severin van Aerschodt's factory waiting to be tuned when poor Severin was actually on his deathbed, but they are fairly correct and in quality of course exquisite. Still the English public have not yet grasped the conception of a Belgian carillon, which is nothing short of a vast aerial instrument, not only capable of being ground by a clock-barrel to tunes in unison, but fitted with a keyboard at which may be seated a skilled musician with a pianoforte score of Handel, Bach, or even Mendelssohn before him. The carillonneur treats the pegs as keys, just as you treat organ and pianoforte keys ; instead of pipes or strings he operates on a suite of bells, ranging from several tons to a few pounds and forty or fifty semi-tones ; had we such a carillonneur and such a carillon, grand music might be

rolled over London and Salisbury Plain like the strains of melody and harmony which for an hour every Sunday and feast day are heard from Mechlin or Utrecht or Bruges towers when a skilful executant like Denyn is seated and makes melody and harmony for the town and country six miles round. Here in England at best, even when we have got a dozen or two of Belgian bells we grind or hammer out a tune in unison and call it a Belgian carillon. Belgian fiddlesticks! Indeed this thing will never be done until our organists take it up, the organists and none others should be the carillonneurs. Let them go to Belgium and learn how to play the carillon-clavecin, or keyboard, and then we shall have real carillon music, such as sets all time to music in the Netherlands, not till then.

The largest bell in the world is the big bell at Moscow, it weighs 193-8(?) tons. It is cracked and has been converted into a chapel. Some say it was never hung but cracked in the casting; others declare it was hung and fell down and cracked. I have in my hands good authority for both statements. Little bells as old as the sixth century are still preserved in Ireland and Scotland. The oldest are quadrangular and made of thin iron plates hammered and welded. Such is the four-sided bell of St. Gall, of the sixth century, still preserved at Gall in Switzerland. Such is St. Patrick's bell.[1]

Queen Mary's silver handbell is much more recent and more shapely.

St. Patrick's little bell, richly jewelled and inscribed, 1091, is still preserved at Belfast. It is supposed to be much more ancient, and is said to be alluded to in the Ulster *Annals*, 552 A.D.

The *Carolus* at Antwerp is a favourite bell, having a fine rich tone. It is said to be worth £20,000 on account of the amount of silver and gold in it (neither metal is good for bell sound, tin or copper being the proper ingredients). The *Carolus* was given to Antwerp by Carl V. It is not often allowed to be rung now, but as I wanted to hear the sound some years ago I managed to get into the belfry. I then crept under the bell and swung myself upon its clapper till I sounded it; the experiment was perilous, deafening but satisfactory. It weighs seven and half tons. There are very few bells extant earlier than 1400 A.D., but the *Horrida* or *Tocsin* in Strasburg Cathedral dates from 1316.

Bells have been famous for their inscriptions. Here is an inscription on a famous bell at Ghent, which is also repeated in many other places—

> "Mynem naem is Roelant;
> Als ich clippe dan ist brandt
> Als ich luyde dan is storm in Vlaenderland."

At Strasburg the "Holy Ghost" bell dated 1375, 3 nonas Augusti, weighs about eight tons, and bears the beautiful inscription, "O Rex Gloriæ Christæ veni cum pace." It is only rung when two fires are seen at the same time by the watchman on the tower. The gate bell in the Strasburg tower has been recast; it originally bore this celebrated inscription—

> "Dieses Thor Glocke das erst mal schalt.
> Als man 1618 sahlt.
> Dass Jahr regnet man.
> Nach doctor Luther Jubal jahr.
> Das Bös hinaus das Gut hinein.
> Zu lauten soll ihr Arbeit seyn."

Notre Dame at Paris has a good bell of 1680, weighing seventeen tons. Erfurt one of thirteen tons of finest bell metal.

The bells of Hemony and the van den Gheyns, which abound in the Belgian towers are all of the finest quality. The Italian and French bells are as a rule poor. There are a few celebrated bells in England—Great Peter, York Minster, cast in 1845, ten tons, cost £2,000; Great Tom of Lincoln, five tons, and Big Ben, the pride of London, thirteen tons! Nothing more exasperating to a bell connoisseur than Big Ben has perhaps ever been hung or left unhung. Did I require any proof of my much-abused dictum *Music and Morals*, "the English are not a musical people," I have only to point to Big Ben. Did I seek confirmation of my statement that the English know nothing about bells, Big Ben and his four discordant quarters, which are actually teaching

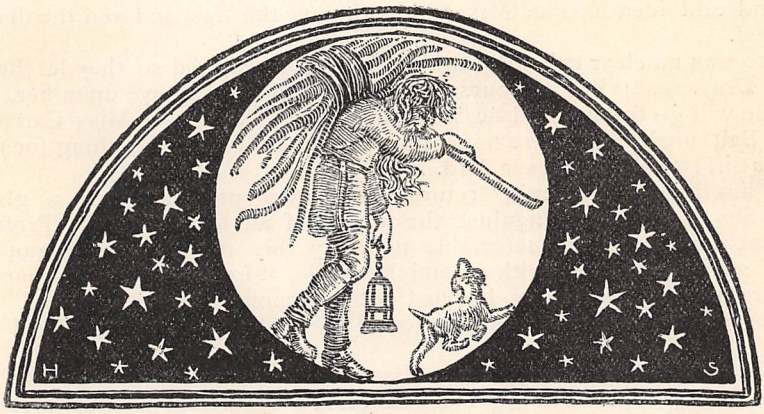
[1] *Vide* Catalogue Archæological Museum, Edinburgh, 1856.

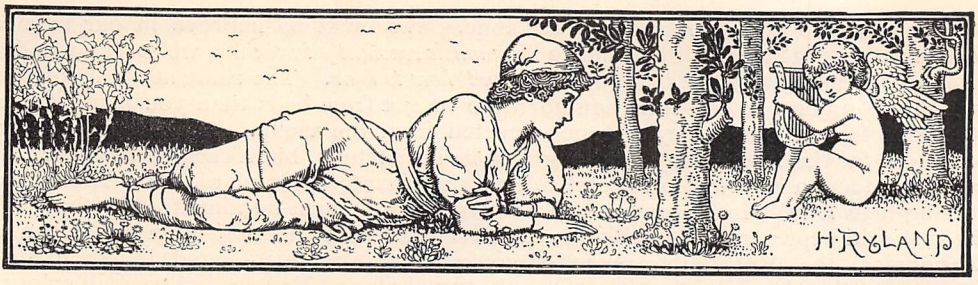
generation after generation of London school-boys to whistle out of tune, Big Ben is again my justifier. To think that the Lords and Commons should have sat for thirty years under the hoarse, gong-like roar of that brazen fiend and listened to the quarters timing the dreary periods of Parliamentary oratory, without any sense of shame or annoyance, and still dare to call themselves the representatives of a musical people! The thing is absurd! But I feel nevertheless, in deference to public opinion (*sic*), that however I may dismiss the Westminster quarters and the new St. Paul's peal—with its big bell by Taylor of Loughborough, all of which are far superior to Big Ben—yet this article in the eyes of the majority of my readers would be most defective without some account of Big Ben. Well, there he hangs in the tall Westminster campanile, whose walls are of a uniform thickness of between five and six feet—what a noble and saintly carrillon they might enshrine, instead of this Dagon and his four discordant satellites. The great clock disks measure seventy feet in circumference, they are illumined by a blazing wall of light composed of perforated gas tubes, ranged in tiers and measuring 340 feet. The large clock hand swings round at a foot a minute. Telegraph wires from Greenwich regulate the time. I am glad to dwell on these imposing accessories, I must come at last to Big Ben. The original bell was cast by Warner of Clerkenwell, who is also the founder of the present four quarters. Warner's bell cracked as Mears's present bell has cracked. Cracked Ben bears the following inscription—"This bell, weighing thirteen tons, three quarters, fifteen pounds, was cast by George Mears, at Whitechapel, for the clock of the Houses of Parliament, under the direction of Edmund Becket Denison, Q.C., in the twenty-first year of the reign of Queen Victoria and in the year of our Lord MDCCCLVIII." A hard Gothic pattern runs round the top; the only other decorations are the usual heraldic grating and the arms of England. The lettering is of the worst kind of narrow Gothic type, intended evidently to conceal all information from the reader. A couple of hundred years' of dust will make it quite illegible. I hope Big Ben will be hauled down long before that. Much is unhappily heard of Big Ben, but nothing much more need be said. He was cracked from his birth. He is a disgrace to the nation. But so ignorant and insensible are the Londoners to these little characteristics that few have ever discovered them, and so absolute is British apathy in all such matters that you could not get a single M.P. to rise in his place and ask for the removal of this hideous Westminster gong. How should it be otherwise when throughout the length and breadth of the land our countrymen, the M.P's. themselves, delight to go into dinner to the sound of gongs. And we are still told that "the English are a musical people!" They dine to the roar of one gong, and legislate to the roar of another.

THE BARNAN COULAWN, OR CAPPED BELL OF ST. CULAN, BROTHER OF CORMAC, KING OF CASHEL, WHO DIED A.D. 908; IT IS ENCLOSED IN A SHRINE OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY. (IN BRITISH MUSEUM.)

Before bell music can ever be introduced into England two things have to take place. The people must be more generally musical and more particularly instructed in

the true nature of bell music and bell tone. We must so improve in our musical organization that we shall be glad to *hear music constantly in the air*, we must so understand bells as to *know what to listen for and how to hear*. The same accuracy of tune which we require in the voice can no more be got from bells than you can get from the pianoforte the accuracy of tune expected from the violin. A few bells—church quarters for instance—may, and ought to be in fair tune, but a carillon of more than an octave and a half will never realize even the pianoforte standard. The difficulty of tuning bells *together* increases with the *number;* what must be aimed at is that each bell should represent an intelligible fundamental note floating upon an ocean of harmonics, the dense atmosphere of confused and mingled sound is like a mist, to transfer the idea from the acoustic to the visual plane. You see lights of all colours, surrounded with dim haloes—the mist marries and interweaves their radiations—but still the dim, vaporous globes of emerald, ruby, amethyst, and sapphire flame are sufficiently pronounced, and the charm of the situation is just this mystic and indistinct intermingling of their distinctive properties. It is so with carillon sound, the bell notes float upon a sound-ocean, the sounds intermingle and marry through the combination-hums of an infinite variety of radiating harmonics. Yet the fundamental notes of the scale retain their individuality. The audition of bell-sound is an education—as the eye has to be educated for colour, so the ear has to be educated for sound, and specially trained and accustomed to the peculiarities of bell-sound, musically employed in carillon playing. The Belgians have been trained for centuries in this. We have not even begun our training—we never shall begin till we have real carillons of fifty and sixty bells, and real carillonneurs to play them as lovingly and knowingly as our great cathedral organists play our great cathedral organs. The big towers are there—the bells can be got. When will the hour strike? When will the man appear? When shall we have a big London carillon and a great London carillonneur?





THE PROFESSOR'S PIANO.

By MISS CLEMENTINA BLACK.

PROFESSOR AIRD, as the whole scientific world knows, has for many years occupied the Chair of Applied Mechanics in the renowned and ancient University of Saltburgh, N.B., and for some time past has been giving particular attention to a further development of the phonograph. On his return from a brief holiday in Norway, last summer, he went one evening to visit his geological colleague, Professor Drayson. A niece of Professor Drayson's, a Miss Margaret Hall, was staying with her uncle, and Dr. Aird, as he glanced at this young lady, who was about nineteen and extremely pretty, found it in his heart to regret that Providence had given him only nephews.

From geology, the two professors presently diverged to gossip. "That young Skipwith has made a pretty use of his talents," remarked Professor Drayson.

"No? Really? In what way? I have been so out of the way of news in Norway."

"Oh, don't you know?" cried uncle and niece in one breath; and Miss Hall fetched a newspaper ten days old in which Professor Aird read of a great diamond robbery executed by an impecunious young gentleman and his wife. The wife had been found and identified as Mrs. Skipwith, but the husband and the diamonds had disappeared.

"There was no clear evidence against her, you see, and so they let her go," said Professor Drayson. "But, of course, the police will have an eye upon her, and sooner or later she will go to him, and he will be taken. She was a Miss Carroll, and has friends in Saltburgh. I believe he met her here. It is a terrible thing for them."

"Poor girl!" said Professor Aird.

"She has herself to thank," returned the other professor with a glance at his niece. "She married him against the advice of all her friends." Professor Aird, feeling that something uncomfortable underlay this observation, began to seek a change of subject, and said with an amiable smile, "I see that another pupil of yours, that clever young fellow Ashley, has just got an appointment in America."

"Don't speak to me of Ashley," cried his colleague, furiously, "I won't hear his name."

There was a moment's silence. Miss Hall had neither moved nor looked up. Professor Aird, as a peace-loving man, said a few indifferent words to show that he was not offended, and then took his leave. Miss Hall smiled upon him with marked friendliness, and shook his hand with something like fervour. It was clear to him that she was trying to make amends for the roughness of her uncle.

"So Skipwith has stolen diamonds; and Ashley is to teach geology to the young Yankees." said the professor to himself as he walked homeward. And then he wondered whether Professor Drayson could possibly have desired that American appointment for himself.

The rooms tenanted by the Professor of Applied Mechanics were large, but they were always filled to overflowing by strange instruments, vessels and drawings. His landlady, as he entered, was seeking an unoccupied table-corner whereon to set a tray with his frugal supper. He sat down, absent-mindedly and she, deeply interested in her own news, remarked: "I have let the second floor rooms, sir, to a gentleman by the name of Johnson."

The professor started and looked up, and murmured vaguely, "Indeed! Then a sudden thought passed across him, and he said eagerly, "I wonder if you could make room up stairs for that old piano? I really haven't space for it here."

Mrs. Lester was quite willing, and offered to have the instrument carried up at once.

"I will carry it up in pieces in the morning, and set it up myself, if you have no objection," said the professor.

Accordingly next morning Professor Aird dismembered his piano, and carrying the pieces up stairs, rebuilt it in the sitting-room destined for Mr. Johnson. It was but a mere shell, this piano, it possessed neither hammers nor wires, and beneath the locked keyboard the professor erected a piece of mechanism, quite foreign to the normal structure of a piano. This, which any expert would have recognized as forming part of a magnified phonograph, was composed mainly of a large disk of skin or parchment, stretched like a tambourine, a long, grooved, metal cylinder and several long and narrow strips of tinfoil. Having arranged all these components with great precision, the professor fitted in the inclosing panel, and going to the farther end of the room, recited with slow and distinct utterance a soliloquy from *Hamlet*.

This strange incantation over, he returned to the piano, unfastened the lower panel once more, and shifted some inner screw. Slowly and distinctly there issued from the interior of the piano the echoed words, "To be or not to be? that is the question." The voice was clear and a little monotonous, and it had that slight nasal twang peculiar to all phonographs, which marks, perhaps, their American origin.

The professor listened with a face of rapture to this Punch-like mimicry, and then shutting in his machinery, went back happy to his room. Surely this great work which had occupied him for the last twelvemonth was going to be successful. The phonograph, that mysterious over-hearer and reporter of men's speech was about to receive new powers. The discreet phonographs of other inventors do but retain and repeat what is addressed directly to themselves; the phonograph of Professor Aird with its larger disk and more sensitive mechanism was intended to reproduce every word uttered in the same room with it. Such a machine, if it did but fulfil his hopes would redeliver the whole dialogue of a play, or all the debates of a Parliamentary session. An Aird-phonograph would henceforth be stationed in every court of law, and tell its tale, by means of a telephone, in every newspaper office. But before introducing his cherished instrument to the world, the professor was resolved to test it fairly, and dreading self-deception, had snatched at the chance of stationing it in a stranger's room, where it might imbibe and reproduce conversations with which he could not possibly be acquainted beforehand.

Early in the evening the new lodger arrived. The professor listened anxiously for sounds of speech; but Mr. Johnson being alone, was naturally silent. Later in the evening, however, the eager professor heard a step ascend the stairs, heard some one knock and enter, and then the welcome murmur of earnest conversation. Before very long there came a step again upon the stairs—nay, two steps, and two voices, speaking low. Was Mr. Johnson going out with his friend? The steps reached the house-door; it was closed noisily and no one returned. The professor thereupon crept furtively up stairs, withdrew from the heart of the piano a strip of the foil whose tiny indentations formed the mysterious reproductive language of the phonograph, and left the instrument ready to register another report. Arrived in his own room he placed the precious strip in a twin phonograph, which he set in motion, and sat down before it with an expectant smile.

In about a minute the machine began to speak. The two voices of the dialogue were clearly distinguishable, and the following conversation arrived unmistakably at the professor's ears:—

A. Well, here you are, Harry.

B. Yes, here I am. Thanks very much for taking the rooms. But are there not a good many people in the house? Do you think it quite safe?

A. Quite. The people on the ground floor are out all day, and on the first floor there is nobody but old Aird, who might as well be deaf and blind for anything he notices of what goes on around him.

"H'm!" said the professor with a slight tone of offence.

B. Old Aird! Good Heavens, Tom, but he will know me!

A. Not a bit of it. I should not know you myself with that beard.

"Who on earth can it be?" thought the bewildered professor, trying in vain to abstract the phonographic twang, and to identify the voice behind.

B. And how is she? Does she know? Have you seen her?

A. Yes, I saw her. She says you must on no account attempt to meet her; it would not be safe; they watch her so. But she will come all right on Thursday morning.

B. I won't go without her whatever happens. What a cruel thing it is that I can't go boldly up and claim her.

A. Well, you can, if you don't mind going to prison.

"Prison!" echoed the professor, who with every word was growing more certain that the speaker was the unhappy Skipwith. And in the horror of this confirmation he missed the next word or two, and only heard the answer to them.

B. And to have to wait till Thursday! Oh, the law's delays are intolerable.

A. I would not complain of the law's delays if I were you, when you are meditating a flagrant breach of them, with indefinite penalties to follow.

B. I don't care about penalties when once I am out of the island. There's no extradition for offences of my sort.

"What can that mean?" thought the wondering listener.

A. I advise you to make the theft secure before you begin to boast. But come along. I came to fetch you for a stroll. You must not venture out by day, you know; and you will be beside yourself by to-morrow night, if you stay shut up all the time in this dull room.

The professor sat before the silent phonograph and gazed blankly at its stationary works. He even forgot in the amazement and horror of these revelations to rejoice in the success of his invention. He was like the legendary possessor of some supernatural power who invariably finds a curse wrapped up in his gift.

Was this indeed Skipwith to whose voice his familiar had listened? And if so was the wretched young man plotting yet further crimes? What was it that his accomplice had said? "I would not complain of the law's delays if I were you, when you are meditating a flagrant breach of them with indefinite penalties to follow." Indefinite penalties? Of what crime in a civilized country are the penalties indefinite? The professor was as ignorant as any other law-abiding Briton of the intricacies of his country's criminal law; but he had a confirmed impression that it was only offences of a political character for which there was no extradition. Plots and explosions, and rumours of plots and explosions were rife at that time. Was this misguided young man (the professor perceived clearly that the man who could call him "*old* Aird" must be young) taking part in some conspiracy! Was it some dynamite outrage that these young ruffians were hatching? And in what manner ought he, Professor Aird, to intervene? Could he, in fairness, make use of knowledge obtained by an elaborate process of mechanical eavesdropping? And yet, on the other hand, could he, as an honest man, permit the planning and execution of a flagrant breach of the law?

"Oh! if I had never set up the thing at all!" sighed the unhappy professor. And he resolved to stop his phonograph from reporting any more of his fellow lodger's conversations. He took a box of matches, and stepped lightly to Mr. Johnson's dark and empty room.

He had just struck a match, and was on his knees between the feet of the piano, when a sound came to his ears and sent a chill of alarm to his inmost heart. Some one had opened the house-door with a latch-key. The professor blew out the match and listened breathlessly. In the silence he remarked that rain was pattering sharply on the windows. No doubt Mr. Johnson had been driven back by stress of weather and would come in to discover him. And if he went out, Mr. Johnson would meet him on the upper flight of stairs and would know when he came. But there was a second door leading to an adjoining room. There he might wait till his neighbour should come up, and thence steal down unobserved. With furtive speed the professor accordingly withdrew to Mr. Johnson's bedroom, and noiselessly closed the door of communication.

A step came up the stairs, and he felt a horrible certainty that Mr. Johnson would make his entrance here. Of course he would; he would be wet, he would come to change his clothes. What a horrible, compromising, inexplicable situation for a peaceful professor of science!

Mr. Johnson however passed into the next room and struck a light. The professor

heard him utter a quick inarticulate exclamation. A sound followed which might be the tearing open of a letter. A new and even greater dread had by this time taken possession of the professor. How if the outer door of the bedroom should be fastened? Could it be reserved for him to pass the night shut into a cupboard or crouched beneath a bed? And Mr. Johnson, he recollected, did not dare to go out by daylight At that moment the professor was almost ready to regret that he had ever had the idea of inventing a phonograph. Slowly, step by step, guided by what little light shone in at the window he made his way to the door and laid his hand upon the handle. It turned with a faint squeak that sounded in his ears thunder-loud, and the door opened. He slipped out and crept back thankfully to his own domains, vowing never again to trespass on those of his neighbour.

Next morning he had arrived at a resolution. He would not denounce Skipwith to the authorities, but he would make an effort to see Mrs. Skipwith (who was clearly in Saltburgh), and would warn her, with threats of exposure, that the projected crime of Thursday, whatever it might be, must be abandoned. He set forth accordingly to call on Professor Drayson, who could probably give him the addresses of her friends in Saltburgh. Professor Drayson was out, and his sister, a severe lady of whom Professor Aird stood in some awe, received him. Miss Hall was also present.

"Can you tell me," the professor asked presently, "the address of some people, called, if I remember rightly, Carroll, of whom your brother was speaking the other evening—relations of that poor Mrs. Skipwith?"

"That 'poor' Mrs. Skipwith!" repeated Miss Drayson. "You are too charitable, Dr. Aird. No, I do not know their address."

"I do," said Miss Hall. "They live at 15 King Street. But they are gone away to the Highlands for a fortnight."

"A fortnight!" echoed the professor in dismay. "Dear me, how very awkward." And he fell into a browner study than usual so that he scarcely remarked the coming of a servant to the door, and the summoning away of Miss Drayson by means of the portentous formula, "Can I speak to you a moment, please, ma'am?"

As soon as the door was well closed upon her aunt, Miss Hall rose, came across to the professor, and said in a hurried, lowered voice: "Dr. Aird, will you do me a great favour? Will you post a letter for me without looking at it, and never tell anybody about it?"

"But, my dear ——" expostulated the professor faintly.

"It is to Mr. Ashley. They won't let me see him or hear from him. They have been so cruel to him. And you know—*you* know, Dr. Aird, that he is not the sort of person to deserve that."

At the name of Ashley the professor softened. Young Ashley was to his mind a most deserving and promising young man. And he was on the eve of crossing the Atlantic to that American appointment. This could only be a letter of farewell.

"Here comes my aunt," whispered she.

He held out his hand, received and secreted the letter.

In two minutes' time he had already begun to repent; but Miss Drayson was in the room and it was impossible to give back the letter. So he posted it without looking at the address, and went home reflecting what he in his turn should write to Mrs. Skipwith. It took him the whole afternoon to compose a letter which should not betray the secret to any outsider, and yet should serve as an effective warning to desist from the contemplated crime of Thursday.

At last the letter was finished and posted; and he had nothing to do but to meditate upon this extraordinary chain of events and listen to the footsteps of Mr. Johnson overhead. When the darkness had fully gathered Mr. Johnson went out, and the professor, unmindful of yesterday's terrors and resolves, hastened up stairs. But behold! Mr. Johnson had locked his door, and carried away the key. This was a very suspicious circumstance and baffling to boot. Who could guess what unattainable revelations were hidden away in the bosom of the phonograph-piano inside that locked apartment?

The professor was still reflecting upon these things when Mrs. Lester brought him his supper. On the tray lay a letter addressed to G. Johnson, Esq., which she was going to carry up stairs.

"And what do you think of Mr. Johnson, Mrs. Lester?" the professor asked with elaborate carelessness.

"Well, sir," answered Mrs. Lester, "I don't really know what to think of him. There's something about him that I don't understand. I should not wish to think any harm of anybody, least of all a lodger, but it *has* crossed my mind that he might be one of them Irish Fenians."

The professor looked up with sharp interest.

"Sometimes I don't rightly think his name is Johnson at all; and it's plain enough to see there's something on his mind, for he don't seem to notice what it is he eats, and that's a sure sign of a bad conscience. And when I just opened a book in dusting his table (which I would never have thought of doing, sir, if I hadn't had my suspicions of him), there the first thing I saw in it was something about things that would heave up rocks of hundreds of tons weight. I declare, sir, I don't know what to think. But he's going on Thursday, that's one thing."

"Going on Thursday!" The professor sighed and shook his head, and said gravely that we must hope the best. Then when Mrs. Lester had gone he sat before his untouched supper and listened to the steps of Mr. Johnson who was just mounting the stairs with a companion.

Some three-quarters of an hour later the visitor came down alone and pausing just before he reached the professor's door, called back: "Harry! Harry! I have left my stick." It flashed across the professor's mind that that letter had been addressed to G. Johnson, and also that the Christian name of Skipwith was Henry. He sprang up and opened his door. The upper landing was dark, so that he did not see the face of Johnson; but the other man he saw clearly and recognized at once. This was that mischievous young Stirling whose range of invention had made him in his student days the terror, and yet in a certain sense the favourite of the whole body of professors.

"What, Stirling!" cried Professor Aird, and smiled in spite of himself. It seemed a less offensive thing to be called "old Aird" now that he knew the offender to be Tom Stirling.

"Good evening, sir," said Stirling, in a tone of unabashed friendliness.

"Step in a moment," said the professor, and Stirling stepped in.

"Who is your friend up stairs?" inquired Professor Aird, sternly.

"Oh, a man I know, called Johnson."

"Do I know him as a man called Johnson?"

"No, sir, I don't think you do."

"What is his other name?"

"Henry."

"Then why are his letters addressed to G. Johnson?"

"I am sure I can't say, sir. Perhaps he has two names."

"Two, at least, I should think," said the professor drily.

Stirling acknowledged the hit by a smile.

"Is it Skipwith?" asked the professor point-blank.

A swift change passed over the ostentatious candour of the young man's countenance. He turned red; his mouth twitched; he looked as if he might be about to laugh—or possibly to cry; finally he clasped his hands together and said in a stifled voice: "Oh, sir, don't, don't betray him!"

"I don't wan't to betray him," said the professor, hesitatingly. "But I won't have any more wrong done. What is it that he is going to do on Thursday?"

"Leave the country with his wife."

"And what, before?"

"How do you know anything about it?" cried Stirling.

"Perhaps I have second sight," said the professor.

"Yes, that must be it," replied the other solemnly. "I don't deny that you have found us out, and I don't ask you to shield him. I'll only ask you not to do anything before Thursday morning unless you hear from me. On Thursday you may make everything known to the police if you like."

"You give me your word that this thing—whatever it is—won't be done before Thursday?"

"It can't be done before Thursday," replied Stirling earnestly; and the professor, remembering words from the phonograph to the same effect, believed him.

"Very well; I will take no steps before Thursday, unless I hear from you, or unless I see some special reason to do so."

With that Stirling went away, and the professor was left, for the second time that day, to question the morality of his own good-nature.

Thursday morning came, and nothing had been heard from Stirling. The professor, with a mind made up to stern action, sat at breakfast reading his morning paper. All at once he dropped his knife and fork and fell back in his chair. The *Scotsman*, as it leaned against the coffee-pot, presented to his astonished eyes a paragraph describing the arrest of Skipwith on the previous afternoon—in London! Without pausing to reflect, he snatched up the paper and rushed violently up stairs. He knocked at Mr. Johnson's door. No answer. He went in. The table was prepared for breakfast but the room was empty.

"Not up yet," said the professor and knocked at the door of the bedroom.

Again there was no reply, and again the professor followed up his knock by an entrance. And again the room was empty. The bed was smooth and undisturbed. A portmanteau stood, buckled, on the floor. A label upon it bore the name and address of Stirling.

The professor rang the bell with vigour, and Mrs. Lester, in the kitchen proceeded to make Mr. Johnson's tea. In about a minute the bell was rung again. She hastened up and found Professor Aird standing with a dismayed countenance in the middle of the room.

"Where is Mr. Johnson?" he asked. "When did he go?"

The landlady glanced through the open door at the empty sleeping room. Her blank face was answer enough.

"Was he here yesterday morning?"

"Oh, yes, sir, and yesterday night too, up till ten o'clock." And then she fell to wringing her hands and wondering which of the public buildings would prove to have been blown up.

"Let some one fetch me a cab," said the professor; and leaving his unfinished meal, he betook himself at once to the lodgings of Mr. Stirling, where he learned that Stirling had gone out some five minutes earlier in company with an unknown gentleman, and had left no message as to his return.

The professor full of the darkest forebodings walked slowly home, pausing upon the way to complete his interrupted breakfast. It was thus nearly an hour later when he returned to Mrs. Lester's. A cab stood at the door, and on his entrance he was told that Mr. Stirling was waiting to see him. The professor sprang up stairs like a schoolboy.

"Well, sir," cried he, as he burst into his own room. "What is the meaning of all this, I should like to know."

Stirling with a face of deep seriousness drew from his pocket a small, wedge-shaped package and held it out in silence.

The professor hastily tore open the paper and beheld a cardboard box such as is used for the transmission of wedding-cake. He frowned; the receptacle seemed to him indecently frivolous. Then it flashed across him that the stolen diamonds might be within it. The box however contained an orthodox fragment of bride-cake. The professor stared at it, stupefied and hardly remarked that as he opened the box three cards fell to the ground.

Stirling picked them up and presented them, displayed on his palm.

The professor saw printed upon the first, Mr. Henry Ashley; upon the second, Miss Margaret Hall; and upon the third—which was duly bordered with silver—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ashley. On the first was added in pencil, (Mr. G. Johnson), and on the last, (In spite of the Lord Chancellor).

Light began to dawn on the bewildered professor. "Then it was Ashley and not Skipwith?" cried he. And Stirling with a broad grin nodded. "I begin to understand," said the professor slowly. "But why 'In spite of the Lord Chancellor'?"

"Because Miss Hall was a ward of court, and Ashley was forbidden to see her."

"Ah!" said the professor still meditative, "then it is marrying a ward in Chancery, is it, which is the offence for which there's no extradition." Then with a sudden change of face he cried out, "Come up stairs, sir! Come up stairs, Tom, I want to show you something."

And thus it fell out that Tom Stirling—the unlikeliest man in all Saltburgh—was the first to learn the secret of the professor's piano.

TWO AFRICAN CITIES.

By HAROLD CRICHTON-BROWNE.

With Illustrations from Photographs.

MY first view of Rabat was from the sea on the morning of April 7, 1888. The engines of the good ship *Empusa*, on which my chief, Mr. Thomson, and I were passengers to Mogador stopped, and I crawled on deck to breathe the early air. All prospect of landing, however, vanished when I saw the long huge waves sweeping past, and dismay took the place of hope when it was announced that it was too rough for the lighters to come alongside the ship, and that we must steam about the bay till the sea settled down. And steam about the bay we did during the whole of that day and next night, but the sea manifested no disposition to settle down, and so at the end of twenty-four hours we resumed our onward voyage without having landed any cargo.

When I next caught sight of Rabat six months later, on my return journey by land, it presented to my eyes a very different appearance. It was about noon on a brilliant day in October. The atmosphere was so full of sunshine that there was no room for wind, and everything basked silently in the golden glory. And there in the distance, planted on an eminence rising out of a country covered with vines, and olives, and orange groves and gardens, surrounded by a battlemented wall, and with the sea gleaming beyond, stood the prettiest and most picturesque town in Morocco, except, perhaps, Azemour and Demnat.

I left Mr. Thomson at Casablanca; or rather, he left me there, being suddenly recalled to England to take command of an Emin Pasha Relief Expedition which was then in contemplation. With an interpreter and a party of seven men—Moors, Jews, and negroes—I journeyed along the coast, a distance of sixty miles, till I neared the town where I was to wait for some days for letters and instructions before starting for Meequinez and the interior.

On our way we passed a number of wayfarers, unusual on a Moorish highway, and many mules and camels laden with wool, maize, millet, and skins for exportation, and English cottons French sugars and candles for the inland towns. Besides the traders, we saw many peasants belonging to the Zemmúr and Beni Hassen tribes, as ill-looking fellows as are to be seen in Barbary, and two or three ladies of rank on their travels, one the sister of the Kaid of Rabat, who had a number of attendants and was seated astride a mule and clothed in a blue *hadoon* and white linen face-cloth.

Rabat stands on a cliff of red and gray sandstone on the left or southern bank of the river Bouregrag where it flows into the sea, and with its shining white walls and cupolas, inclosed orchards, commanding Kasba, tall minaret, and noble tower of Hassen it presents, as viewed from any side, a striking and attractive aspect. It was founded in the year 1190 A.D. by the Sultan Yacoub El Mansor, who designed it as a place of arms, but, with the enlightenment of a Moorish potentate of the period, aimed at making it at the same time a centre of commerce and a seat of learning. Here he built a castle, fortifications, and barracks, and also markets and shops, temples and

colleges, and here he speedily attracted crowds of merchants, artizans, and scholars, by an edict which, if not in accordance with the strict rules of political economy, seems to

BABEL SELAH BENAT, SALLEE.

have served the ends he had in view—an edict which ordained that every man in the new town, according to his trade and occupation, should receive a yearly stipend. The growth of Rabat under the fostering hand of the Sultan El Mansor must have been prodigious, but its prosperity was short-lived, for after his death it fell into rapid decay,

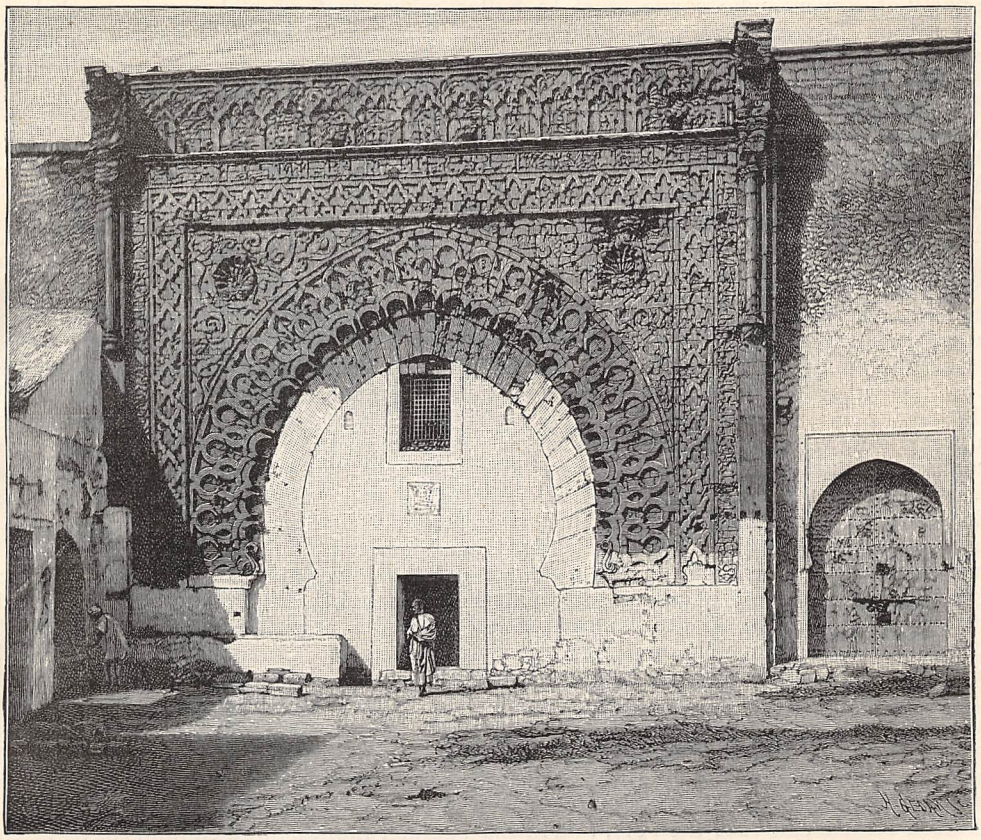
and that at the end of the fifteenth century scarce the tenth part of it remained. Still, however, even at the present day, Rabat continues to be a place of considerable consequence. It contains a population which may be estimated at not less than 26,000, while Sallee, which, although on the opposite side of the river, is practically a part of it, contains 10,000.

Sallee possesses few objects of interest. There is a battery mounted with obsolete guns facing the sea, a redoubt at the entrance to the river, and a huge, dark, gruesome dungeon, in which Christian captives brought in by pirates were, in former days, huddled together, until they were sent up the country. A wall three feet thick surrounds the town, in which are two fine arched gateways, the Babel Ansera and the Babel Selah Benat. But the houses are small, the streets straight, and the bazaars inferior to those of Rabat.

The fortifications of Rabat, which are said to have been rebuilt by an English renegade in 1772, but give indications of much more recent repairs, and the batteries overlooking the sea are mounted with guns of various descriptions, some of Portuguese make, some hailing from Gibraltar at a remote date, and some comparatively modern. The Kasba, or citadel, is a large square structure with encircling walls close to the sea, in connection with which are some remarkable bomb-proof magazines and vaults, and a gateway of rare beauty, formed of an arch of a horse-shoe shape slightly pointed, which, as well as the wall above and around, is ornamented with graceful arabesques cut in sandstone, and retaining great sharpness of outline. The cemetery near the sea presents no special feature of interest, except that there are littered about in it a few bones, which have rather a revolting appearance. The edict prohibiting the exportation of bones which was in force in Morocco a few years ago has been withdrawn, and now considerable quantities, in which it is suspected those of the faithful mingle somewhat largely with those of the dumb companions of their toil and victims of their appetite, are sent out of the country. Burials in Morocco are shallow affairs, and dogs and jackals have resurrectionary tendencies, and when they have done their work it is not to be wondered at that the Moors should endeavour to make a little profit out of the osseous relicts of their countrymen, more especially as it is dangerous to leave human bones lying about in Morocco. A horrible superstition exists in Morocco that there is no surer way of injuring an enemy than by administering to him some dead man's bones. These have therefore been sometimes ground down and mixed with bread, cake, or kuskussu, and so given to the objects of hatred or jealousy, with the invariable result, it is alleged, that effects resembling those of the evil eye are produced. The man or woman who has partaken of the bones grows wan and thin, suffers from a complication of maladies, and finally dwindles away.

I made repeated inquiries for the Sultan's Palace, and was directed to a large, unsightly building like a barrack, situated outside the walls and to the south of the town, which is used, I was assured, by his Shereefian Majesty on his periodical journeys between Fez and Morocco; but that was not the palace of which I was in search, for it was of no great antiquity. It was only after many cross-questions and crooked answers—for my stock of Arabic was limited—and much hurrying to and fro, that I was at last guided to what is really a ruin in the heart of the town—a ruin with crumbling pillars, broken arches, roofless chambers, and grass-grown floors, but a noble ruin, and the palace of my quest. And why, it may be asked, was I so filled with anxiety to see this particular ruin? Because it was the scene of a transaction of which every Englishman feels proud—the startling achievement of Whittington's cat. The spirit of modern scepticism has of course thrown doubt on that incident. Attempts have been made to show that Whittington, instead of being a poor boy from Lancashire, was the son of a Gloucestershire knight; that he was never a scullion or turned a spit under the persecutions of a vindictive cook; that he never ran away, to be recalled from Highgate Hill by the prophetic chiming of Bow Bells; and that the story of his cat is a bit of folk-lore told of many different persons in different regions of the world, and in some inexplicable way tagged on to the biography of a wealthy and benevolent Lord Mayor. But for my part I prefer the testimony of the ancient chap-books to the cavillings of to-day, and shall always implicitly believe the story of Dick Whittington as it was told me in my earliest years by thoroughly veracious persons, who made it a rule to punish lying with the utmost severity. Nothing shall disabuse my

mind of the belief that Whittington had a cat, a black and white one, bought for a penny, which freed him from rats and mice in his garret, and which, being his only possession, he ventured forth in his master, Hugh Fitz Warren's, ship. Nothing shall make me doubt that that ship—the *Unicorn*—driven by contrary winds to the utmost coast of Barbary, anchored at Rabat, and there exchanged hatchets, knives, looking-glasses, and kerzies for gold, which was more plentiful there than lead and copper in England. And above all, nothing shall shake my conviction that the captain of the *Unicorn*, being bidden by the king to a banquet at which rats and mice held high festival as well as men, sent for the cat, which destroyed the vermin, delighting the Court by its noble sport, and was purchased for great store of jewels and pearls, which enriched the virtuous Dick, and enabled him to marry Alice, his master's daughter, and



ARCHWAY IN THE KASBA, RABAT.

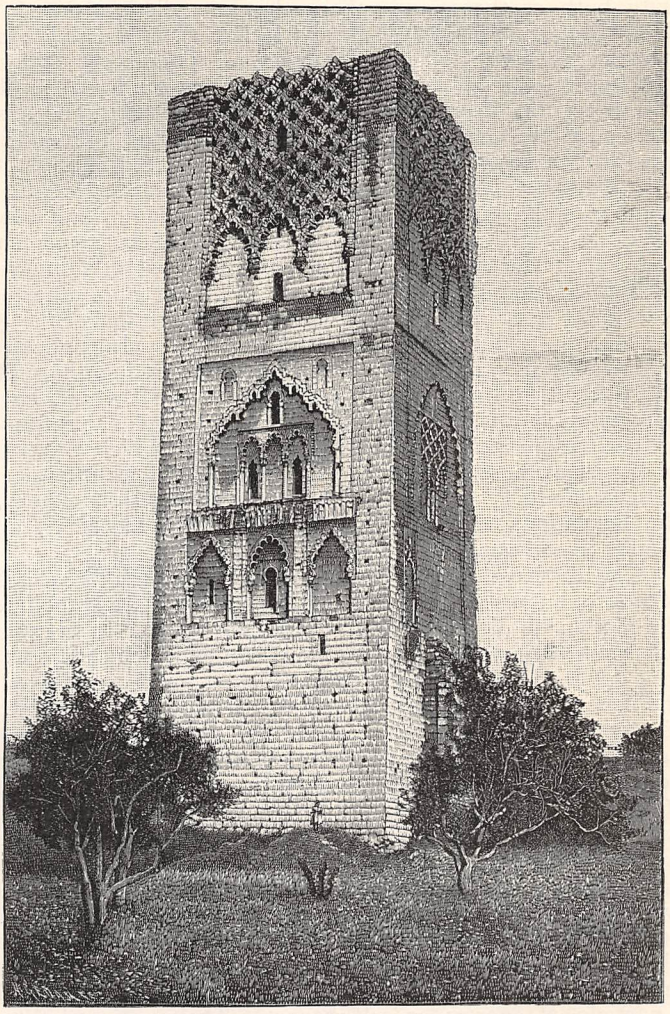
enter on his successful mercantile career. Why, the internal evidences of truthfulness in the old narrative are, to my mind, convincing. Is not the king described as sitting cross-legged, just as eminent Moors do to this day, on a rich carpet, one of the kind no doubt, for which Rabat is still famous? and were not the movements of the cat compared to those of the lion, of which there was great plenty in the country at that time? Then have I not seen the very place where the whole affair occurred, and am I not able to testify that vermin abound in Rabat to this hour? It would be an inestimable blessing to that town and district, and indeed to all Morocco, could Miss Ormerod send out a predatory insect with a taste that might diminish a most pestilent pest, or could M. Pasteur supply some kind of flea cholera that might be let loose to plague an intolerable plague. I have often thought when in Morocco that the sum of the suffering caused by the small ills of life amounts to more in the long run than that caused by great calamities. Cuts in shaving perhaps in the centuries cause more pain than wounds in battle, and certain it is that the bites of fleas occasion far more distress in Morocco than those of serpents and wild beasts of all descriptions.

Rats and mice too cause great and grievous depredations. I can well understand what a priceless blessing the first cat imported must have been.

Reflections like these passed through my mind as I gazed on the dilapidated hall in the old palace of Rabat, which was once also the University or Endarsa of the town, but I speedily recalled myself to admire the beauty of the pillars and colonnades of this fine building, and then to stumble down a narrow and precipitous street to the water-port, where some boats were moored. There, however, I was again instantly plunged into the mists of history, for standing on the rude quay and looking at the terraces of Sallee opposite it flashed upon me that it was on this very spot that Robinson Crusoe stood when brought in a captive by the Moorish pirates. While still a youth, it will be recollected, and on his second voyage between the Canary Islands and the African shore, Crusoe was after a brisk engagement taken prisoner by a party of Rovers, who carried him to Sallee, where instead of being forwarded up country like his shipmates, he had the good luck to be retained as the captain's proper prize, and from which he ultimately made his escape in a fishing boat, to discover that true Treasure Island that has enriched the boyhood of most of us. Before Crusoe's time the Sallee Rovers were the scourge of Christendom, and had become so truculent as to revolt from their allegiance to their Sultan, Muley Zidan, who thereupon entered into a treaty with Charles I. of England for their destruction. A squadron of English ships of war was sent to lie before the town of Sallee while the Moorish forces attacked it by land, and the result was that it was soon reduced, its fortifications demolished, and the piratical leaders put to death. But the resuscitation of Sallee, and its relapse into its old evil ways, as well as the re-establishment of an understanding between it and its Emperor, must have speedily taken place for in a few years its banditti were again found sweeping the Mediterranean and paying a regular tribute of money and Christian slaves to the Court at Morocco. The marvel is that such a handful of robbers in a den which could have been so easily destroyed should have been allowed to go on so long inflicting terrible injuries on all the maritime nations of Europe, most of which even stooped to pay tribute to secure a precarious immunity from their attacks. As late as the middle of the eighteenth century, we read that it was no uncommon thing for Sallee Rovers to lie off Lundy Isle and pounce on passing Bristol merchantmen. And the final suppression of these desperadoes came not from the indignation of civilized nations, but from purely internal causes. A difficulty in collecting tribute induced Sidi Mahomet, soon after the middle of the last century to subdue Rabat and Sallee with a strong hand, while the gradual accumulation of the sand-bar at the mouth of the river Bouregrag rendered it impossible for the Rovers to float ships of a size equal to cope with those of European nations, which owing to growing skill in workmanship and mechanical appliances, were steadily increasing in tonnage. At one time the Emperor's armed frigates used to enter the Bouregrag and be laid up there for the winter. Then came a time when owing to accumulations at the bar they had to be unloaded of their guns before doing so. And now there are only seven or eight feet of water in the channel at ordinary high tides. This choking up of the river mouth, while it helped to abolish the water thieves, has had a disastrous effect on legitimate trade. Only very light drafted vessels can visit the port, and in the summer months, and captains have often to submit to pay lighterage as well as suffer detention. As Rabat is the proper port for Meequinez and Fez, as well as for a rich district of country well populated adjacent to it, the clearing away of this bar must be one of the first duties of a reformed Moorish Government.

In my wanderings about Rabat I came on the prison, a capacious block, hideous enough, but less prison-like than similar establishments are in European towns from the mere lack of contrast, for all the neighbouring houses had outside walls as blank and windowless as it. This prison at Rabat was the scene some time ago of an unusual occurrence. A party of prisoners confined in it, despairing of release in course of law or by the Sultan's clemency, resolved to effect their escape if possible, and decided to do so by boring a hole under the outer wall of the prison. Being much left to themselves—their stick-bearing jailers only visiting them now and then to maintain discipline by a few impartially-distributed strokes—they had plenty of time for unobserved sapping and mining, which they carried on with cautious diligence. Every day a little earth was removed, and this was carried out of the prison by their wives and women in the dishes in

which they brought them their food. At the times of their jailer's visits the mouth of the hole was covered by a mat, on which a sick man was laid. Slowly and laboriously the work proceeded, and at last the tunnel was driven right under the wall to the other side, where only a thin covering of earth was left to conceal it. And even then the prisoners behaved with remarkable self-restraint. There was no hurried scramble to get out, no selfish anticipation of the general plan. They waited patiently until a day came when the prison officers absented themselves to attend a *fête* in honour of one of the Sultan's victories over a rebel tribe, and then they one and all quietly decamped. Their elopement when discovered was peculiarly aggravating to the authorities, for amongst them was a kaid who had offered an enormous ransom to the Sultan, which had been refused in the expectation that a little more pressure would insure a still higher bid, so large rewards were offered for their recapture, and in a few days all but one were brought in. And then the soldiers took cruel vengeance on the women who had aided and abetted them in prison-breaking, beating them with severity, and burning down the miserable huts in which they lived outside the walls and worked to earn a scanty maintenance.



SMA-HASSEN TOWER, RABAT.

Riding through the town and out of the southern gate, we met a gang of prisoners—rebels—on their way to Rabat prison, chained together by heavy iron hoops round their necks, and guarded by a strong escort of soldiers. They were footsore and weary with their long march, lank from insufficient nourishment, and stolid from brutal indifference or haggard from despair. An empty hoop dangling here and there showed when one more feeble and forlorn, or perhaps more fortunate than the others, had succumbed on the way. When this happens the head of the exhausted wretch is cut off and cast aside, and the line then freed from encumbrance is enabled to resume its march. The procession of prisoners and their guards was terribly painful to contemplate. The next sight that greeted us was of a more lively description, consisting of a crowd of people occupying the pretty outer market-place, in the midst of which stands a broken pillar, bargaining for oxen, horses, vegetables, and all sorts of wares, out of which I picked some pieces of embroidery of brilliant colours, audaciously but agreeably combined. Leaving the Soko or market-place, round which we had ridden to the consternation and irritation of the natives who freely blasphemed our prancing steeds, we held our way, down the side of the town wall and along the high left bank of the river which is

festooned with charming gardens, and turning to the right down a narrow lane, along which we had to go gingerly, for it was hedged with prickly pears, arrived at the foot of the Sma-Hassen. It is a superb structure and although in parts unfinished and damaged by lightning is still lordly and beautiful. Built of hewn stone, brought from Spain and by the hands of Christian captives, and 180 feet from base to summit, it presents on the outside, three tiers of large and elegant arches over comparatively small windows, and above the topmost arch a deep honeycomb of exquisite carving. It is most ornate in the North side or that facing Rabat. The work of the same architect as the Kutubia at Morocco city, and the Giralda at Seville, it has some features in common with both of these and others that are distinctive. It lacks the lanthorn of the Kutubia and is less rich in fretwork, but it has a simple grandeur of proportion, that is peculiarly its own and very impressive. The ascent of the tower is made not by stairs, but by a series of inclined planes, up which a horse might be ridden, but not I am bound to add, three horses abreast as Leo Africanus asserts. The lowest of these inclined planes which are made of a concrete of lime and sand, very hard and durable was broken away in the time of the emperor Sidi Mahomet, and by his order, so that now a ladder has to be used before a footing can be got. As the ascent is made a number of spacious stone chambers, chill, solemn, and tenantless, except by owls and bats, are passed, and when the top is reached, a magnificent view is obtained of Rabat and Sallee, the winding Bouregrag, the forest of Mamora and the restless Atlantic. El Mansor, who designed the tower as he did most other notable things in and around Rabat, intended it not merely as the stately sentinel of the great mosque, but as a look-out station, and as a beacon for ships at sea. In the latter capacity it is still of great utility. In the summer months heavy fogs frequently muffle the low country near the shore at Rabat and when these clear away it would be difficult for the seamen to ascertain his exact position on that sandy and dangerous coast which is destitute of natural landmarks, but for the Sma-Hassen which towers conspicuously. The ruins of the great mosque are adjacent. An idea of its greatness may be derived from the dimensions of the large *mitifere*, or underground cistern, which supplied water for the lustrations of the worshippers who frequented it, and which can even now be clearly traced out.

The dirtiness of the Jews is a subject of pious reflection with most travellers in Morocco, but erroneous notions on the subject are sometimes promulgated. No doubt the Mellah[1] is dirtier than the Moorish quarter in every town in Morocco, but, then, one must remember the restrictions under which the Jews live. They are cooped up in a confined space having gates locked on them at fixed hours, and are not allowed the benefit of such rude systems of scavengering as exist. They could not be clean if they would, at least as regards the removal of refuse, and it is remarkable, that however disgusting the streets and courts of the Mellah may be, the interiors of the houses are, as a rule, as well swept and garnished as any Moorish dwelling. Then if the Jews in Morocco were dirtier by nature than the Moors, the circumstances under which they have existed for centuries should be borne in mind. They have been so isolated and persecuted, driven into holes, and shut up in noisome prisons, that it has not been in their power to be dainty in their habits, and it would be little to be wondered at, had slovenliness become ingrained in their composition. They are never allowed the benefit of those extenuating circumstances which are invariably pleaded in connection with the shortcomings and delinquencies of other peoples, but are held up to hatred and contempt. The wonder is that the Jews of Morocco retain a particle of energy or self-respect. Their resistance to degenerative influences is astonishing, as any one would admit who had walked with me through the Mellah in Rabat and seen three lovely girls, evidently sisters—short, but well formed, with regular features and large languishing eyes—who issued from the door of one of the houses, as we passed. I have received much disinterested kindness from Jews in Morocco, and I should ill requite it if I did not protest against the indiscriminate abuse that is often heaped upon them.

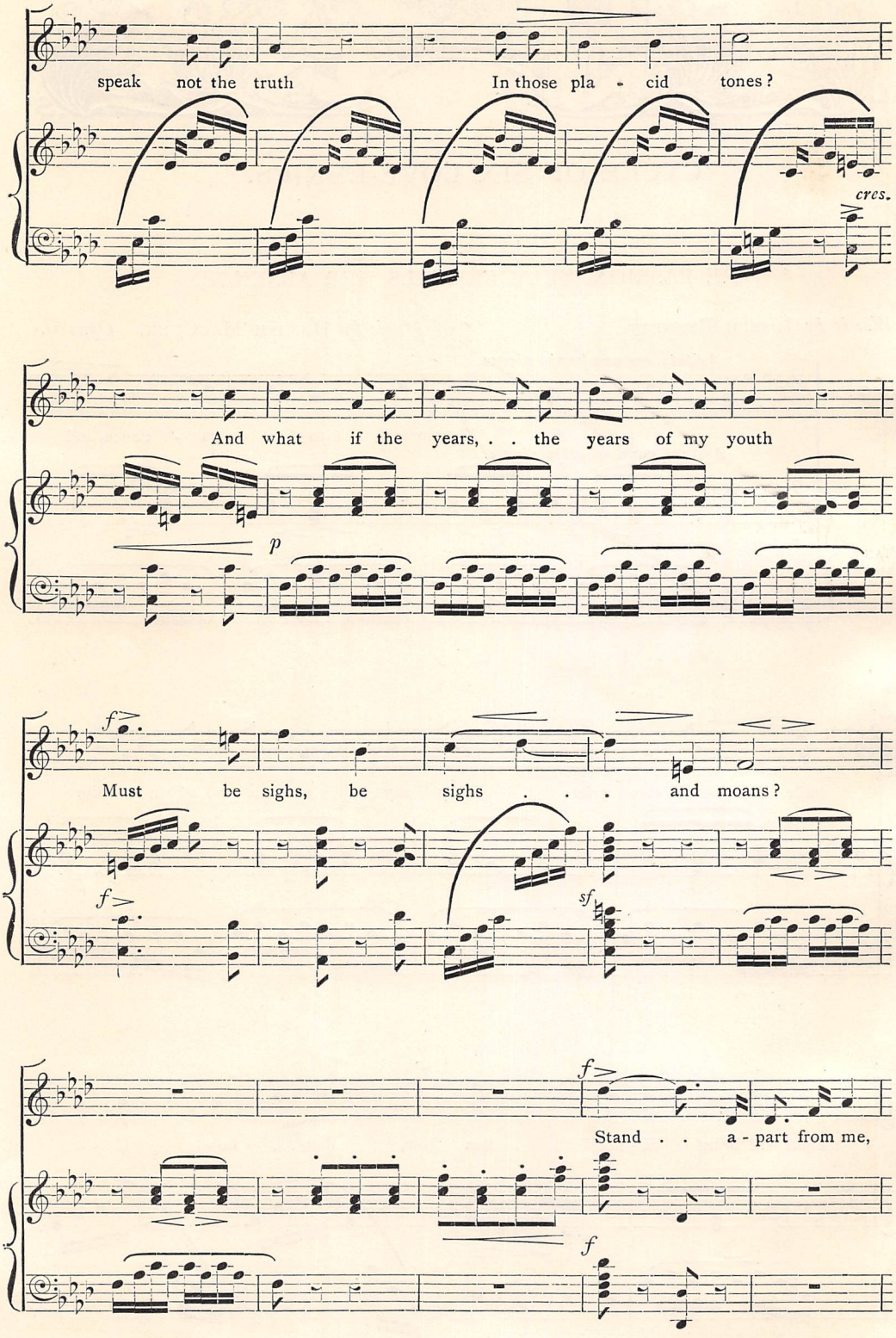
[1] The Jewish quarter.

CYCLE OF SIX LOVE-LYRICS.

III.

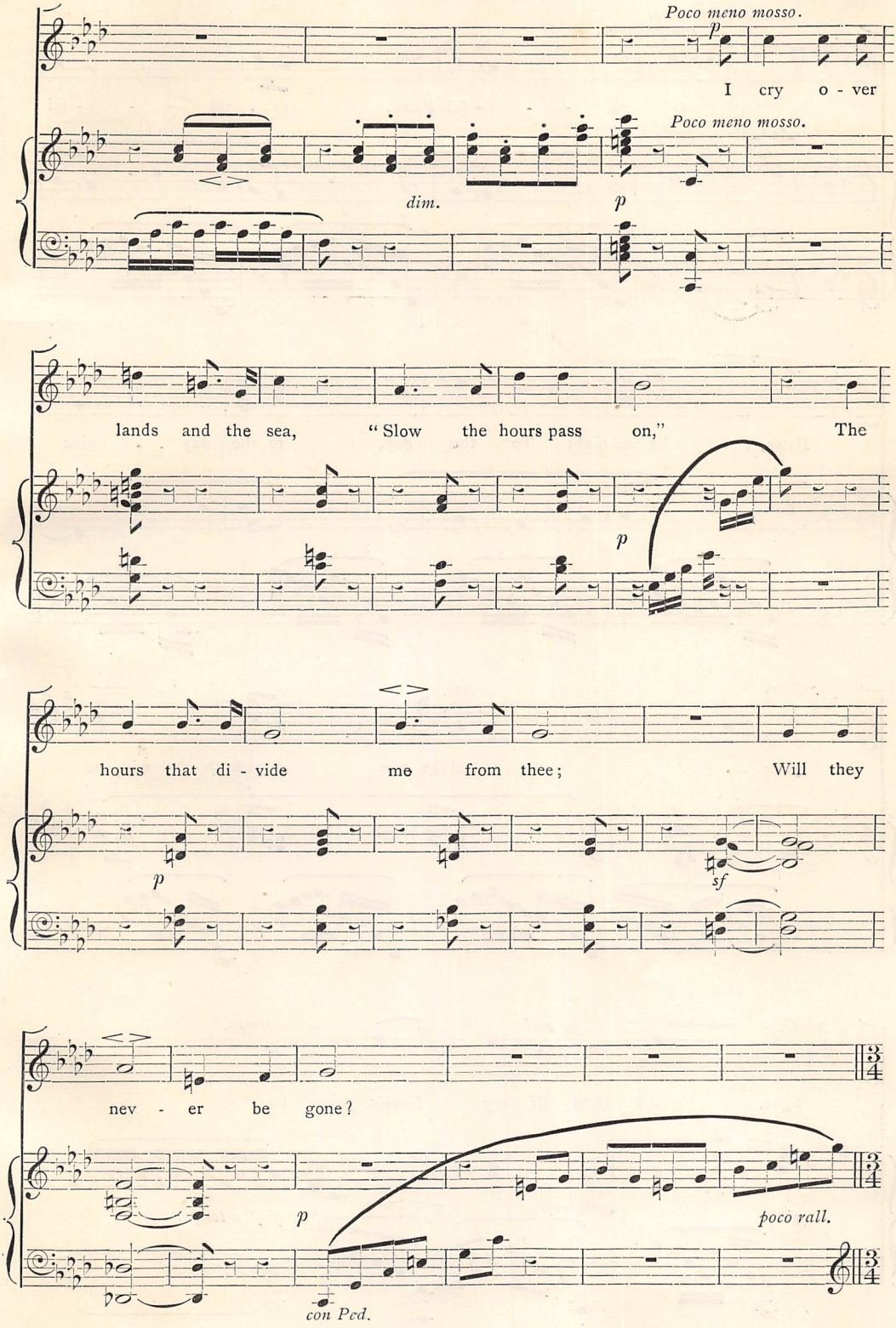
HE PASSIONATELY BEWAILS HER ABSENCE.

Words by JOSEPH BENNETT. *Music by* HAMISH MACCUNN. *Opus* 9.


speak not the truth In those pla - cid tones?
cres.
And what if the years, . . the years of my youth
p
f
Must be sighs, be sighs . . . and moans?
f
sf
f
Stand . . a - part from me,
f

pro - fit- less friends, Let me bear my pain,
sf p
Or, if ye would make me a-mends, Bring,
f dim.
bring my Love a - gain, bring . . my Love a - gain,
f dim.
p dim. poco rall. a tempo.
My Love, . . through the gate of the day! . . . . .
dim. poco rall.
p a tempo.

cres.
f
O en - rap - tur'd heart, en -
cres.
f
- rap - tur'd heart!
cres.
dim.
p
'Twas naught but my fan - cy, my fan - cy at play;
p
p
f
Still en - dure, en - dure . . . thy smart,
f
sf


Poco meno mosso.
p
I cry o - ver
Poco meno mosso.
dim.
p
lands and the sea, "Slow the hours pass on," The
p
hours that di - vide me from thee; Will they
p
sf
nev - er be gone?
p
poco rall.
con Ped.

Andante con moto.
con passione.
O pit - - i - ful Fates, O . . pit - - i - ful
Andante con moto.
pp
p
Fates, let the night To the day, to the day . . give
cres.
place, . . And the sun shine forth with the
mf
f
rall.
f
a tempo.
light, the light Of my Love's dear face.
f
colla voce.
dim.
sf p a tempo.

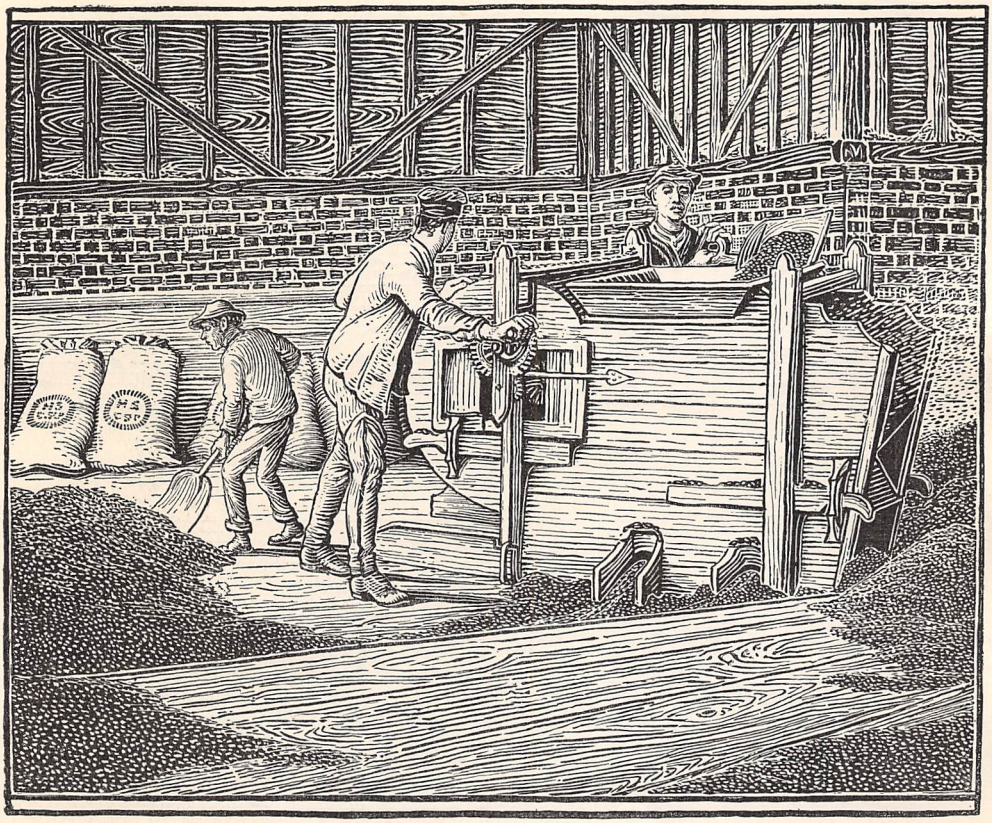
dim.
p
Shine forth . . . with the
dim.
p
light Of my Love's dear
dim.
Tempo 1mo.
face,
pp
cres.
f
cres.

They
ff
dim.
p
preach to me pa - tience, and smile At my heart's sore grief; They
p
say to me "Lo! in a while Time will bring re - lief!" But
f
how, but how if they speak not the truth In those

pla - cid tones? And what if the
cres.
p
years, . . . the years of my youth Must be sighs, be
f
f
sighs . . . . . and moans?
f sf
dim.
p
dim.
pp

The labours of THE·XII·MONTHS set out in NEW PICTURES & OLD PROVERBS

WISE SHEPHERDS say that the age of man is LXXII years and that we liken but to one hole yeare for evermore we take six yeares to every month as JANUARY or FEBRUARY and so forth, for as the yeare changeth by the twelve months, into twelve sundry manners so doth a man change himself twelve times in his life by twelve ages, and every age lasleth six yeare if so be that he live to LXXII. For three times six maketh eighteen & six times six maketh XXXVI And then is man at the best and also at the highest and twelve times six maketh LXXII & that is the age of a man.



FEBRUARY

Then cometh FEBRUARY, and the days begin to wax in length, and the sunne more hotter, then the fields begin to wax greene: So the other six yeares till he come to twelve the child beginneth to grow and serve and learn such as is taught him.

FEBRUARY fill-dyke, be it black or be it white:
But if it be white, it's the better to like.
— All the monethes of the year,
Curse a fair FEBRUEER.
As the days lengthen, doth the cold strengthen.
— No weather is ill, if the wind be still.
— Leap year was never a good sheep year.

THE RING OF AMASIS.

A ROMANCE.

By THE EARL OF LYTTON.

CHAPTER VI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Juliet to Theresa.

LARNSTEIN, 14*th June*, 1814.

AH, what a day, my dear Theresa! Conrad and Felix have both come home. Both of them well, both of them the same as in the old times, which seem to have come back with them, and yet—But I must tell you all about it.

I was just where I am now writing to you, in our old study. You know it well; the same little sunny room which you and I took possession of, and used to keep all to ourselves, when you were last staying with us, just before your marriage, while Conrad was still away upon his travels in Egypt. You remember the window that looks over the garden, and the espaliers under it? I was sitting at that window, and our dear mother close by, at her work-table.

Our last letters from Strasbourg had led us to expect their return, but not so soon, as they had not yet received their *congé*.

Well, all at once I heard a loud cracking noise in the espaliers under the window; and before I could turn my head to see what was the matter, a saucy young gentleman in uniform had climbed over the window-sill, jumped into the room, whisked me out of my chair, caught me up in his right arm, as if I were a feather; pulled me in this way across the room, and seizing mother in the same unceremonious fashion, with his other arm, squeezed and kissed us both out of breath; while the dear old lady, really speechless from pure joy, could only press his beaming, sun-burnt face to her bosom, and stroke her hand over his tossed curls without uttering a word.

We had scarcely recovered from our first delightful bewilderment at the unexpected appearance and frantic impetuosity of Felix (for of course it was he—who but Felix would have dreamed of jumping in at the window?) when Conrad also came in, through the door, holding father by the hand. He seemed almost overcome, as indeed I was myself, by the emotions of this happy moment. He could hardly speak. His dear hand was quite cold, and I noticed that he was trembling violently when I embraced him. Felix jumped about like mad; and, when he had hugged us all round for at least the fiftieth time, he began to seize his brother by the head, dancing him about, shouting, singing, and hugging him too, as if they now met for the first time after a long absence.

At last the Kobold is tamed. He is fast asleep now in mother's chair. I think the French cannon would not wake him, and I hope he will leave us all in peace for a while.

Conrad stayed with us longer. We had to force him to take a little rest. The poor boys have been nine days on the road without stopping night or day; and they came home in a wretched peasant's cart. For the postal communications are not yet quite re-established.

My dear, dear brother! while I am writing this letter, with Felix snoring loud enough to break the drum of my ear, I can see Conrad wandering about alone in the garden. I had hoped he was in bed long ago, and asleep by this time. But there he is (I can see him through the window) standing near my own little box garden and looking at the two beds I planted there before he went away.

I think I must have told you how I tried to make two massive hedges or beds of box, one of them shaped like a large C, the other like a large F. The F looks fresher, and thicker, and greener, and stronger than the C. It has grown so. I am sorry, but it was from no want of care on my part. I could not help it. There is one part of the earth where the box has withered down as fast as I planted it.

What a strange nature Conrad's is! So dreamy, so quiet, and yet he notices everything. Nothing escapes him; and he often attaches to the merest trifles a greater value than to things which are really important. I have observed that many times. Would you believe it, Theresa? Almost as soon as he came into the room, he had noticed from the window the withered side of the box C in my garden. I saw him looking at it.

As for Felix, that misbehaved urchin has never vouchsafed me a single thank-you for my pains. It is really too bad. He treats me as if I were one of his barrack companions. No matter, I will pay him out for it one of these days. I am determined to love Conrad a great deal better than him. But the worst of it is, he is quite capable of never even noticing *that*. And then, too, I am not quite sure that I could do it if I tried.

I love them both with all my heart. There can be no most or least in such love. The one is as dear to me as the other; and, thank God, I have them both. Perhaps, if one of my darlings had never returned, it is the dead one I should have loved the best.

Extract from the Journal of Conrad von Roseneck.

How few of us ever grapple close with the really great questions of human life! Here, already passed beyond the boundary-line of man's maturity, I find myself stumbling at the simplest of these problems.

All the books I have read, all the wearying thoughts with which my brain is loaded, give me no help. Astray in a dense labyrinth of inexplicable emotions, every one of which is a tormenting doubt, I halt irresolute, bewildered, and am ready to ask my road of a child.

Juliet to Theresa.

LARNSTEIN, 20*th June*, 1814.

The first emotions are over. We are all become accustomed to each other again, and our lives have resumed their old habitudes.

The feelings to which you referred in your last letter are like those you once described to me when we were talking of your husband and child, and how you love them each in a different way, I could never understand the notion of some persons, that it is impossible to light one candle without putting out another, or invidious to keep two burning at the same time. Why should one affection exclude or weaken another, when each is natural and in the right place? It would indeed be horrible, if any one could be jealous of his own flesh and blood: but you will never persuade me, my dear Theresa, to believe that there are any circumstances in which jealousy can be natural, or even possible, between parent and child, or brother and brother.

I promised to tell you how we are now passing our days. Well then, after breakfast father usually goes out with Conrad to look after the mills, the farm, and the cattle, or to see how the crops are coming on. Sometimes, they take their horses, and ride about the forest, inspecting the timber, that Conrad may judge how all his plans and suggestions have been carried out during his absence. It is really amusing to see how father behaves on these occasions. He is as eager and nervous as a schoolboy; doubting if he has done well, and impatient for Conrad's approval. When they come home, I can see at a glance if all has gone right, by the way in which he rubs his hands and chuckles to himself.

As for Felix, we seldom see anything of him until late in the evening. He has made a vow never to return home without a stag, or some enormous trophy of the chase; and he generally sets forth at day-break, before we are out of bed. Father is by no means too well pleased with these extensive devastations of Felix at this season.

The other day, moreover, Felix kept his vow by not coming home all night, and what a fright we were in! He reappeared the next morning, mounted upon a *charette*, and sound asleep between a wild boar and a magnificent ten-pointer. Before mother could scold him for the anxiety he had caused us all, he jumped into her arms, and poured forth such a breathless story of his adventures, that no one could put in a word. What won him his pardon, however, was that, as it happened, we were really in want of game; for we are expecting a houseful of visitors next week.

You must not fancy from all this, my dear Theresa, that Felix is rude or selfish, or that he has no taste for anything but dogs, horses, shooting and hunting. Conrad has only to say a word to him, and he will quietly lay his gun in the corner, sit down as sober as a judge, and instantly become the most sociable, sunny, and sweet-tempered creature in the world.

It is impossible to be seriously angry with him for his numerous misdeeds. He looks up to Conrad as to a second father; and indeed he may well do so, for he owes him much. During the campaign, Conrad, although he had never studied for the army, at once took the lead of his brother in all the details of military science and practice; and throughout the war he was the guide and teacher, as well as helpmate, of Felix. What a surprising spirit it is! Conrad is certainly the most accomplished and complete man I ever knew, or shall know. His powers of application, his self-possession, and his solidity of character, are *unique*. And yet he does not seem happy.

With all his priceless gifts, I can see that he is never free from a vague, hungry want of something more; and so, in the enjoyment of life, he is poorer than Felix who, with little or nothing, is as rich as Crœsus, and throws his happiness about with all the airs of a young millionaire.

Conrad, indeed, grows more self-involved daily, and seems to take little interest in anything but his own studies. He hardly ever speaks to me now; and I should almost begin to think him indifferent, if a thousand little silent kindnesses did not convince me of his thoughtful care. But all he does for me is done so quietly. Felix does nothing at all for me. On the other hand, he is always wanting me to do something for him. Yesterday, he kept me all the morning mending his great leathern shot-belt; and I did it so clumsily that at one time I ran the scissors into my finger, and hurt myself horribly. Before Felix had even noticed this, Conrad was at my side. He turned pale when he saw the blood on my hand; and, with a glance of reproach at his brother, left the room to look for some English sticking-plaster. Felix, however, when he saw what was the matter, jumped up, crying, "Nonsense! Nonsense!" seized my finger, thrust it between his lips, sucked the blood so hard that he nearly made me cry; and, before I could stop him, caught up the scissors, cut a great piece out of my cambric handkerchief, as if it were merely a rag of hospital lint, and bound up the wound so tightly that the blood stopped in a minute.

I felt a great pain at the heart when, a few moments afterwards, poor Conrad came back with the sticking-plaster, and found that there was nothing left for him to do. Felix, in his rough way, had done everything.

That is how it always happens; and on these occasions mother shakes her head, and steals a furtive look at Conrad as he sits beside us, so quiet, so self-involved.

Extracts from the Journal of Conrad von Roseneck.

20*th July*, 1814.

The idea which man calls God exists only within the consciousness of man himself. Let him take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, yet he will find there nothing that he has not carried with him. Whether we mount up into Heaven, or go down into Hell, we cannot travel out of our own thought, nor attain to any point beyond the reach of it.

We are not the masterpieces of a Supreme Being who has formed us in His own image; but our idea of such a Being we have formed in the image of ourselves.

We do not resemble Him; He resembles us.

* * * * * *

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Attraction and repulsion, centripetal and centrifugal force: these are the poles of all movement, and the same under every denomination. The conditions of union and disunion lie beyond our control, in the primordial forces that join and part; and those

forces are impersonal, inscrutable, independent of their effects, and obedient only to the inexorable laws of creation. The smallest atom may suffice for the field of their action, but the action itself has in it the common power of the whole universe. Infinity concentrated upon a finite point!

In the nature of man their action is spiritual, in that of the inorganic world it is material; and this is the only difference I can discover.

Hence, this lacerating conflict in our own bosoms. We are the battle-fields of forces we do not command. Armies whose leaders are unknown to us, powers we can neither summon nor dismiss, are camped upon our brain and tented in our veins. The war is theirs, not ours. We are the spectators, not the lords, of ourselves. Whatever the issue of the conflict, upon us falls the cost of it: for within us it is waged. It shakes us at the remotest outposts of thought; we are convulsed by it in the most central abysses of sensation; but nothing of it is our own, except the ravage and the pang.

And man fancies that he is something great, because something great is taking place within him. So the sundial measured out the course of the world from hour to hour; and it imagined itself to be Time, and dreamed that the movement of its own short shadow carried with it the vast promise of Eternity. But a little cloud passed across the sun; and the dial, awakening from its dream of Time and Eternity, relapsed into—nothingness.

As little as the dial could command the sun, can man command the Will in Nature, of which he is the index, and—if he dares to think himself more—the dupe.

* * * * *

To no force within ourselves or others have we power to say—"Be thus, and not otherwise. Pass here, and not there!"

In no one soul can the fiery effort of its intensest need avail to strike from the soul of another the spark that lights, and warms, and kindles—*Love*.

* * * * *

Machine or chaos? These are the conditions of our being. Is the choice between them always ours?

Juliet to Theresa.

21*st July*, 1814.

Do not think it necessary to warn me, my Theresa, because in my letters I speak of them so much. Together, they are not dangerous to my repose. Either of them, without the other, might be so. I am at peace, because I am in my place. My life is the necessary complement of theirs. We three are one. Two of us without the other would be but the moiety of a maimed being; and indeed I think that, quite alone, not one of us three could exist.

Felix and I are creatures to whom happiness is a condition of nature, rather than a consequence of conduct. We act more from tendency than from intention. It is the character of Conrad that gives measure and method to ours. He is the flywheel of the family watch, and regulates the movement of our whole circle. If any one of us could exist alone, perhaps it is he. For his nature is the most independent, and the most complete. It contains in itself, and to a degree I have never found in any other character, justice, judgment, sagacity, harmony, order, and the sense of duty. Alas, how difficult to poor Felix is the exercise of those two last qualities!

If a duty imposes its prohibition upon the path of his inclination, nine times out of ten he is sure to behave like a hero; but when the woeful tenth time comes, some rash impulse runs off with his judgment, and all his previous pains come to naught. Then, he is in such honest despair, he looks so whimsically woeful, puts on such a pleading face for pardon, sits so meekly in his sackcloth and ashes, and is so penitent and sad, that it is not in human nature to be angry with him.

Extracts from the Journal of Conrad von Roseneck.

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Of all mysteries it is the most mysterious, of all enigmas the least explicable. Before its lawless vehemence, all forethought fails, all judgment is disjointed, all calculation recoils or is crushed. In the presence of it, all other presences become impalpable; and by its power all other powers are paralysed. Yet it is itself impalpable to possession, and powerless to possess.

Gratitude, Friendship, Esteem, Confidence, Admiration, all these we may trace to their sources, and set in motion by an effort of the will. But the levers of Love are hidden deep beyond the sight of the eye that is strained, and the reach of the hand that is stretched, to discover them.

Yet to be master of these is the only thing that can make life worth having.

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So be it, then, at last! Here, where to reason were to be unreasonable, where sense becomes nonsense, and all is fatality or frenzy, why should I scruple to ally Passion to Superstition, weakness to weakness?

On this lost ring will I stake all that my life has left to win or lose. If I find it (and find it I *must*) then, let it be the first link in the indissoluble chain wherewith to bind her! Ay, though it be forged upon the anvils of Hell!

I can no more.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RING.

Juliet to Theresa.

(Undated.)

Fare thee well, thou unknown bridegroom!

Superstition, my dear Theresa, comes in aid of your admonitions. My fate is fixed, and a maid I remain, for I have lost my engagement ring.

We were playing at rackets in the new court, near the bowling alley; and I was so afraid of injuring or losing the ring which Conrad had given me, that I took it off and tied it up in my handkerchief, which I had left on the pedestal of the great sphinx he has placed at the corner of the alley. Afterwards, we made up a boating party down the river, and walked home by moonlight through the woods. I had quite forgotten my ring; but later in the evening, when we were all assembled in the drawing-room, I noticed that it was not on my finger, and ran up stairs to fetch the handkerchief in which I had tied it up. I found the handkerchief on the toilet table, where I had left it when I came in to change my shoes and put on my shawl; but I could not find the ring in it, and the knot into which I had tied the ring was undone. I shook the handkerchief carefully, and a little night-moth fluttered out of it. The poor little creature seemed terribly frightened, it fluttered about in great trepidation, and finally flung itself into the flame of my candle, where it burnt its pretty velvet wings. I am convinced that this moth was my unknown betrothed. The magic ring, which had vanished out of my handkerchief, and has not since been found, must have changed itself into that unlucky little lover who, in the delicate form of a sphinx-moth, has now come to an untimely end.

At any rate, I like better to believe myself the widow of a butterfly than to accept any of the more prosaic conjectures of the rest of the family, who insist upon still hunting for the lost ring in every corner of ground tripped over by the footsteps of your thoughtless friend.

Thoughtless! Yes, alas, I deserve the epithet; and I now reproach myself severely, not for having lost the ring—for that was a misfortune, not a fault, but for having jested about the loss of it. The fact is, I was vexed and distressed to see everybody sprawling about on the ground in search of my missing treasure; and, without thinking of anything but the ridiculous awkwardness of the situation of which I felt myself the guilty cause, I exclaimed—"Pray don't make such a fuss about it. The search is quite useless. Don't you know that my ring is an enchanted one, destined to rivet me inseparably to the man from whose hand I shall one day receive it. Till then, it will never come back, and you may be sure it will only reveal itself to that destined being to whom I am fated to belong for ever and ever!"

I had no sooner uttered these silly words, than I noticed, with a keen pang, the expression that came over Conrad's face. He said nothing, but I saw that he was deeply hurt to think I could so lightly console myself for the loss of a gift he had given me with the most serious and affectionate assurances of his brotherly solicitude for my future.

That future, however, is now determined quite to my own satisfaction. I shall die an old maid; for the fatal ring has vanished, and I persist in believing that the fairies have changed it into my little winged bridegroom of a moment, who has now roasted himself to death in the candle of his disconsolate bride.

Extract from the Journal of Conrad von Roseneck.

Lost! Lost for ever, and all has been in vain!

To what end but mockery and derision has man received the fatal gifts of intellect and feeling? What avail to him the boundless mind, the burning heart, these indomitable thoughts—the travellers of infinity, these subtle senses, this imperial will; when, served by all their powers, he cannot command the smallest of those blind trivial chances that sport with his destiny; and, in the plenitude of its perfection, this miracle of nature is but the miserable plaything of an accident?

We are mocked! We are mocked!

In that cold moment when the rising sun first touched me with its pale beam, revealing the labour of my long dark hours, I sickened at the sight and smell of the upturned earth at my feet, and shuddered at the thought of what one night had made me—the spectre of myself, hovering over the grave of my lost hope.

Yes, henceforth unnamed, unconsecrated, unapproached except in shameful stealth by those forbidden and unpitied mourners, my own mad thoughts—I bear within me the living grave of all that was my life; for all my life was in the hope that is dead for ever—dead even to all that lurks beyond death, whatever that may be!

Yesterday, to-day, this morning, an hour ago (it seems an age ago!) hope lived. But when he. . . . Gods, Gods! Why *he*, at every turn, in every tangle, of this bewildering maze of misery—*he* ever, and still ever *he!*—he, that had not moved a hand nor stirred a foot—*he*. . . . O heaven and earth! When her Evil Genius and my own dropped into his loose idle hand the ring it had robbed from mine, then the death-blow flashed in my eyes, and fell—

Dead! Hope is dead, Faith is dead, and this wide universe is one vast charnel. For what have we toiled, and striven, and trusted, and served and deserved, and refrained and restrained, and suffered, and prayed with such agonies of prayer? Let the angels go back to their lying heaven empty-handed.

Night everywhere, within and without—night for ever, here and beyond—night on my eyes, and in my soul!

And in this darkness there is no light but the lurid gleam of that accursed amethyst! It comes and goes, it passes and returns, it circles round and round me like a corpse-light about a grave.

And *they* follow it—troops of them, guided by its wicked glare! I see the grinning of their faces in the gloom, and feel the clutching of their fingers at my heart! My *heart!* Is this a heart, this chaos?

Felix! Felix! Why must it be thou, of all others on this mad miserable earth? Thou *only*, and still ever *thou!*

(*To be continued.*)

PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

Engraved by R. TAYLOR, *from the Picture by* PARIS BORDONE *in the National Gallery.*

A SUBMERGED VILLAGE.

By GRANT ALLEN.

Illustrated by W. BISCOMBE GARDNER.

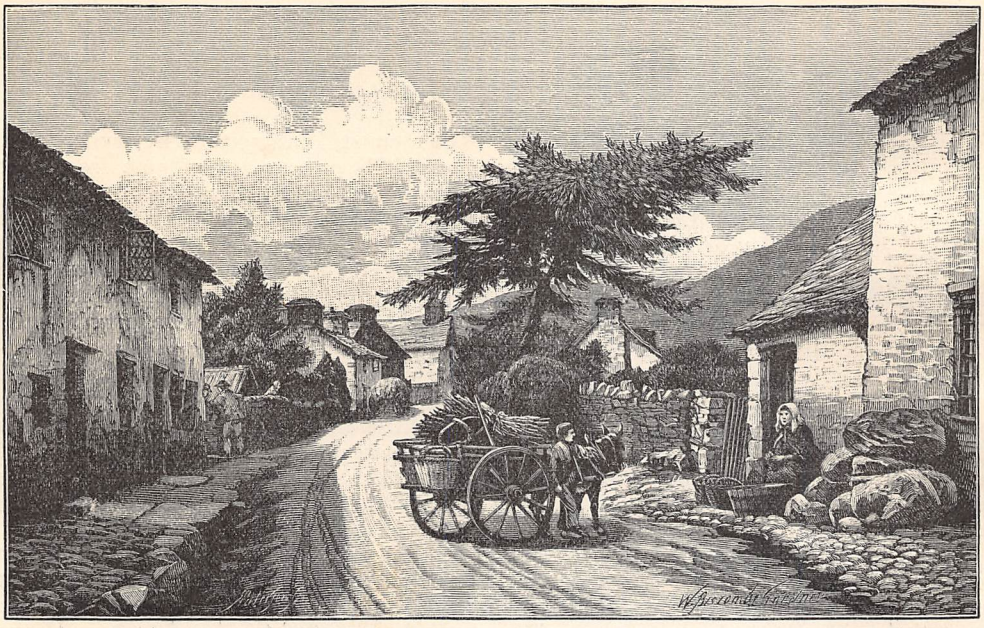
WHOEVER knows North Wales must know the Berwyns, that beautiful range of wooded green hills, one mass of pine from foot to crest, that borders the romantic road through Corwen Vale between Llangollen and Bala. As you go on foot or by rail up the valley of the sacred Dee, through Owen Glyndwr's country, *en route* for Barmouth, the Berwyns run ever on your left with a steep ascent; and from their sides a thousand foaming torrents tear down precipitate, in sheets of buttermilk, to flood the lake or swell the roaring river that carries off the rainfall from that great central block of Cambrian uplands. But though this north-western slope of the Berwyns is so familiar to the tourist bound for Dolgelley or Beddgelert, the south-eastern declivity on the other side of the ridge is as yet but little known either to artists or to the general public; and I even venture to say that until Llanwddyn village was unobtrusively swallowed up by the devouring waters of the Vyrnwy Lake, hardly anybody outside its own narrow dale had ever so much as heard of its very existence.

Nevertheless, these border hills of Merioneth and Montgomery, rearing masses of Caradoc sandstone, though they seldom rise much above 2,000 feet in height, might claim in one way to rank among the most distinguished mountains in Britain; for from their sides flow down in gorge-like channels many of the head waters of the Severn, the longest and largest among English rivers. The Berwyns, in fact, form the backbone chine and central dividing-ridge of this part of the country: for the rain that falls on their northern slope runs by Dee mouth into the Irish Sea; the rain that falls upon their western side flows by the Mawddach and the Dovey into Cardigan Bay; while the rain that falls upon their south-eastern shoulders discharges itself by the Severn into the Bristol Channel. At least that was the normal and natural distribution of the waters on the Berwyns before the Liverpool engineers, canny men of might at questions of waterworks, stepped in to improve the face of nature, and cause a great part of the supply to run across country by a main pipe line, regardless of catchment basins, watersheds, and the rest, into the tanks and cisterns of the population of Liverpool.

Chief among the Severn feeders that take their rise upon the Berwyn slopes is that beautiful torrent stream the Fyrnwy, whose ancient Cymric name I fear I must write for English eyes and ears in the vulgarized Saxon form of Vyrnwy, now sanctioned by usage and the Corporation of the City of Liverpool, who are, no doubt, "above orthography," as the Emperor Sigismund was "supra grammaticam," Whichever way you spell it, the pronunciation is the same; for in our Ancient British tongue a single *f* is pronounced like *v*, and two are needed to give the consonant its English value. The Fyrnwy or Vyrnwy, then, rises (or rose) in a most romantic glen, on the flanks of the great sandstone ridge, where it has cut itself a broad and deep valley at Llanwddyn, the lower end of which has a gorge-like character, immediately

suggesting to the restless engineering mind the practical notion of a possible reservoir. Your engineer, indeed, lives and moves and has his being in a constant attitude of regarding nature from this strictly professional point of view. "Hullo! here's a river running through a wide vale, with a narrow neck at its lower end," he says to himself joyfully, when he sees a beautiful bottle-shaped glen. "Hooray! I see a chance for a dam. Let's immediately dam it." And he proceeds forthwith to find somebody who will stand the expense of damming, and pay him by the way for his arduous labour of superintendence.

So, long ago, the wily engineer, on the hunt for an opening, fixed his eagle eye upon the Llanwddyn glen as just the very place for an enterprising soul to stick down a dam in. Mr. Bateman first proposed to turn the smiling valley into one of his suggested monster reservoirs for the supply of London. But as London, then innocent as yet of a County Council, preferred in its irresponsible way to go on imbibing the diluted sewage of the sparkling Thames for its principal support, the enter-



LLANWDDYN, VYRNWY VALLEY.

prising engineers turned their wandering thoughts to the sister port of Liverpool, which thirsty town was just then beginning to find itself very short of drinkable water for boiling its tea-kettle and other domestic purposes. Liverpool promptly admitted that it wanted washing—as a matter of fact, its water-supply was then one of the worst, and is now one of the best in all England. For, hi, presto! the word was given, and straightway the quiet valley, whose lonely heather had never yet felt the heel of the cheap tripper, was invaded all at once by stone and mortar and navvies innumerable, and the work of building a great dam across its lower end was set about in real earnest. This dam and the lake which it has formed may fairly rank among the greatest engineering triumphs of the present century. To say the truth, Liverpool is a trifle proud of its new reservoir, and not without reason; for instead of draining and disfiguring a natural lake, as that Vandal Manchester intends to do with Thirlmere, she has added an artificial one of rare and singular beauty to the scenery of the most delightful part of all Great Britain. The Vyrnwy Lake, in place of being what the Mock Turtle would call an Uglification, adds much to the charms of the district in whose bosom it reposes; and there can be little doubt that in years to come (partly by the aid of the valuable advertisement Mr. Gardner is now bestowing upon it gratis) it will rank as one of the most frequented tourist resorts in all North Wales.

For except at the lower end, by the dam itself, there is nothing of the artificial reservoir in any way about the new sheet of water with which the genius of its engineers

has endowed Liverpool. The outline of the glen along the level of the lake runs broken and sinuous ; and the water, rising to the top of the dam, fills in the natural contour, winding in and out, round cape and headland, past bay and inlet, with the gracious broken variety of a native mountain tarn. A viaduct carries the new road of circumvallation for the use of tourists across the massive block of masonry at the foot of the dale ; and thence a carriage-drive, twelve miles in length, follows the shore in gentle bends, past mimic capes and tiny wooded islets, to the point of departure. The hills rise steep on either hand with their pine-clad or heathery heights ; and in the background, the summits of Aran Mowddwy and Aran Benllyn show their bald heads above the lower and greener mountains of the middle distance.

That is what the visitor who goes to the Vyrnwy Lake to-day in clear sunny weather sees before his eyes as he looks up from the Straining Tower at the lower end or from the huge bank of stone that hems in and restrains the enormous mass of water, five miles long by half a mile broad, the largest artificial mere, I suppose, now any-

LLANWDDYN CHURCH (FROM PONT CEDIG).

where existing behind a masonry embankment. But only two years ago, when Mr. Gardner went down to that remote Llanwddyn that is now no more, to sketch the illustrations that accompany this paper, there was no lake at all where the water now stands, but in its place a deep and peaceful Welsh glen, in whose centre lay the picturesque old-world village, with its mouldering church and sleepy inn, while further up the valley, on the slopes of Moel Eunant, the smiling manor-house of Eunant Hall overlooked from its broad windows the pastoral district. The dam, to be sure, was already built, as the sketches show, but the water had not yet begun to be impounded ; the village life went on much as usual in farm or public house, and the villagers eat and drank, married and were given in marriage, just as if no deluge of more than forty days' duration had been decreed against them by the Corporation of Liverpool.

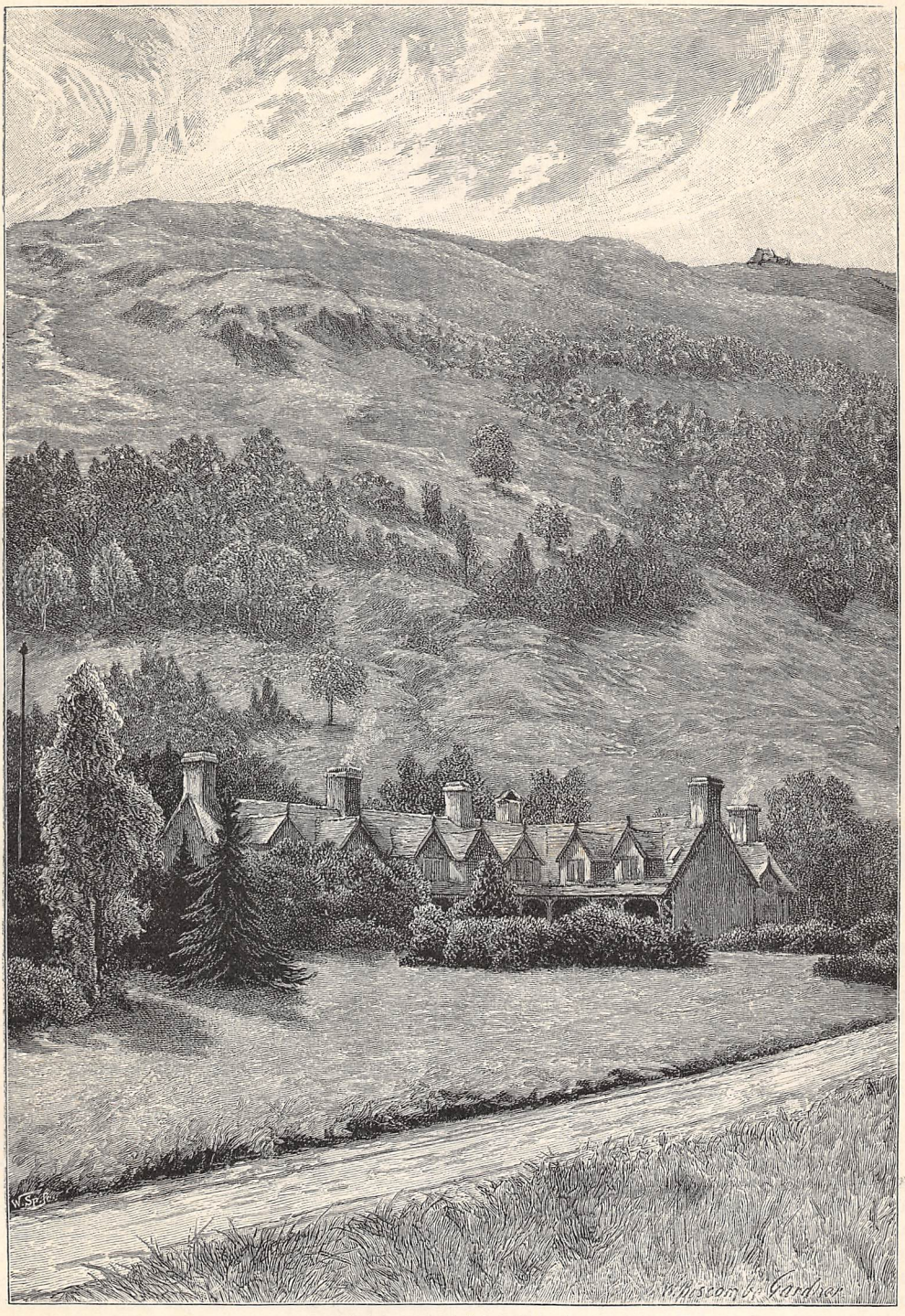
In course of time, however, the preparations were complete. The villagers, whose rights had all been bought out by anticipation, emigrated elsewhere. The dam was closed with a screen of masonry so thick and solid that no Johnstown disaster need ever be contemplated in the Shrewsbury valley. The waters of the five principal tributary torrents, which flowed before through the Vyrnwy to join the Severn a little above the county town of Shropshire, collected slowly above the submerged site of all that smiling loveliness. Church and churchyard were covered bit by bit by the new lake, which rose, an inch at a time, along the sides of the hills ; and when the final level has been reached (for so big a dish fills very gradually) the Straining Tower which, when I write, still bases itself on dry ground, will stand out like some old Rhenish castle, isolated

from the shore, with a pretty bridge of four arches' span just uniting it gracefully to the bank opposite. Altogether, the authorities are to be congratulated in this instance on their generous care for the picturesqueness of the final effect. Engineering and beauty go so rarely hand in hand in these practical times that when the unusual conjunction does now and again occur it deserves to meet with hearty recognition. So, well done, Liverpool.

Still, there is something to my mind inexpressibly pathetic in the bare notion that so much hidden loveliness lies to-day, by man's deliberate design, buried fathoms deep beneath the calm clear water, where no human eye will ever again see it. Look at Mr. Gardner's beautiful and touching pictures, and then reflect for a moment that all they represent is now as utterly swept away as Thebes or Babylon or the land of Lyonesse. The pretty gable-ends of Eunant Hall are gone for all time : the torrents that rushed under the Cedig bridge are stilled below many feet of calm lake : no wife will lie beside her husband in Llanwddyn churchyard ; no son will visit his mother's grave beneath the dark shadow of that heavy little Cambrian church. How curious to look at the careless folk who hang at leisure outside the village post-office, and to think that on the roadway where they stand in the sketch, the trout are now playing hide and seek among the dismantled walls : how strange to glance at the low roofs of Tyucha Farm, and then to remember that waving pond-weeds and long tresses of chara are beginning now to supersede the house-leeks and stonecrops upon those discoloured tiles. Of course everything possible was demolished before the waters were let in, for health's sake as well as for decency's : and even the bones of the dead were reverently removed as far as practicable to a new resting place. But even so, the pathos of such a general uprooting of human ties remains for us still, almost as when Evangeline's Acadians were turned loose upon the world, or when the Highland cottagers of a far northern shire were dispossessed *en bloc* to make room for a few head of antlered deer among thousands of broad acres of lonely heather.

And yet, this constant disturbance of the Celt from his ancestral dwelling-places in every part of Britain has its compensating side—for the rest of the world at least—in the wide diffusion at the present day of Celtic enterprise and Celtic energy through the whole of our islands. The short squat men are the making of Britain. Indomitable in their pluck, inexhaustible in their nerve and muscle, invaluable in their steady working power of brain and limb, they have shown the world already a thousand times over that "it's dogged that does it." Dr Beddoe, who has probably studied race-questions in Britain far more closely than any other observer, says, without any hesitation, "In opposition to the current opinion it would seem that the Welsh rise most in commerce, the Scotch coming after them, and the Irish nowhere. The people of Welsh descent and name hold their own fairly in science, the Scotch do more, the Irish less." But there is one exception—the Welshman is no fighter : a peaceable animal by nature, he finds the peaceful methods of arbitration and argument lie more in his line than bodily warfare. Consequently, as military commanders, "the Scotchmen, and especially the Highlanders, bear away the palm, the Irish retrieve their position, and the Welsh are little heard of." In other words, much as it may surprise many people to learn it, the Welsh, among their rugged hills, are the most civilized and civilizable people in all Britain : their merits and their defects are both those which high civilization develops and fosters. In commerce, science, art, they thrive ; in war, they fail. Could one put more briefly the civilized temperament ?

From this point of view, too, there is a certain natural fitness of things in the fact that the water impounded in the Vyrnwy Lake goes in the end to supply Liverpool. For Liverpool, as everybody knows, is the "Capital of Wales." There are said to be more Welshmen in Liverpool city, and more Welsh spoken in Liverpool streets daily, than in any one town in the Principality, not even excluding Cardiff. The fact is, Wales is a teeming mother of men ; and though South Wales finds employment for most of her spare hands in the great manufacturing and seaport towns of the Glamorganshire district, North Wales has little or nothing for them to do on the spot (bar slate quarrying), so that they almost necessarily overflow into Liverpool and other parts of Lancashire. For many many years this constant return-wave of the fruitful Celt upon the Teutonized regions has been going on uninterruptedly, so that now an enormous proportion of the population of England has a more or less distinct tinge of Celtic blood in its veins, however unsuspected. The return-wave seems to have begun as

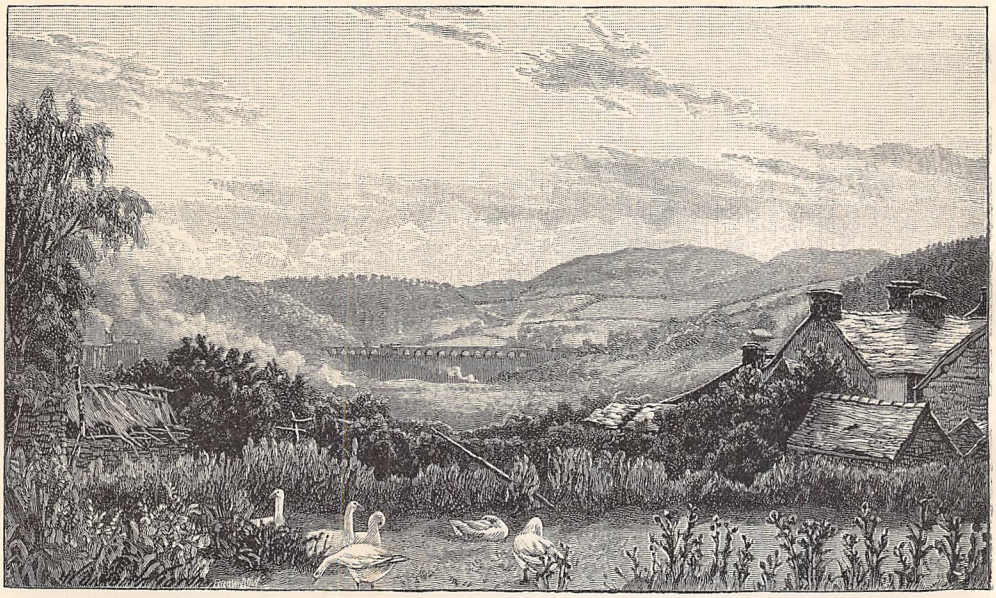


EUNANT HALL (FROM N.E.).

early as the days of the Tudors—themselves Welsh by origin and Welsh in sympathies—under whose dynasty Welshmen felt themselves no longer aliens in the English portion of Britain, so that numerous families of Lloyds, Joneses, Griffiths, and Prices

then settled in London or other large towns, where their descendants nowadays have often not the slightest notion they are not of purely English ancestry.

It is by their names indeed that you can oftenest trace in other districts such Cambrian settlers as those who have lately been turned out of their old home at Llanwddyn to make way for the needs of parched and panting Liverpool. From farmhouses like Tyuchaf, a swarm of hearty and lusty young Welshmen, pullulating by thousands in the upland dales, have poured down upon the adjacent parts of England. Dr. Beddoe thinks at least a third of the population of the border counties must be of directly Welsh parentage. The outward migration follows the run of the rivers, which rise in the Welsh hills and flow down towards the plain to join at last the Severn or the Mersey. Fortunately, the name-test is simpler in the case of Welsh families than in that of almost any other component element of the British population. For Welsh surnames are few and markedly distinctive: most of them are derived from familiar Cymric Christian names, and many of them have three or four well-



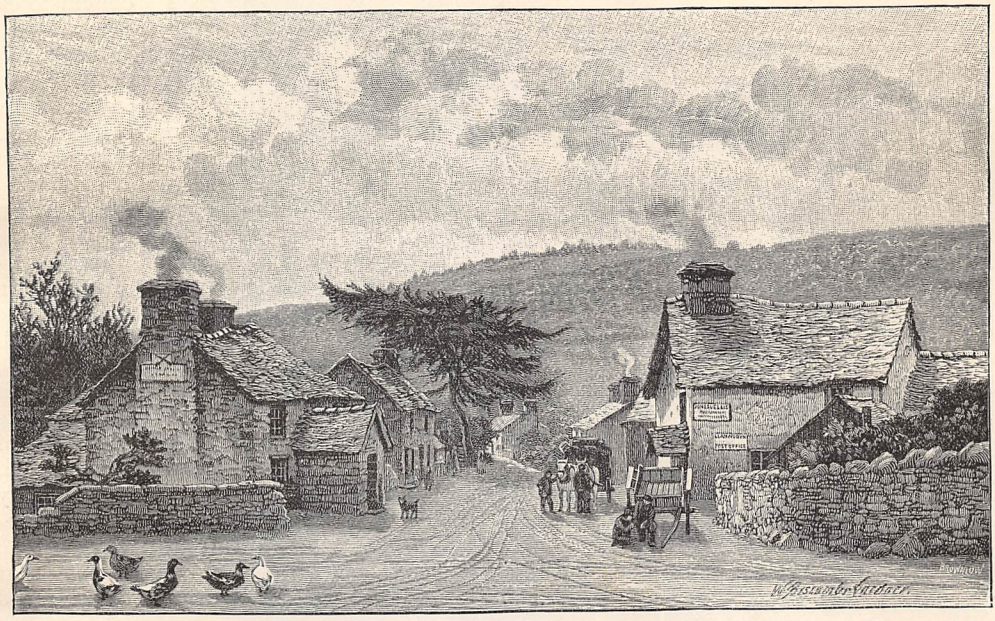
THE DAM OF VYRNWY LAKE (FROM LLANWDDYN).

known alternative forms, all strikingly Welsh in sound and meaning. Evans and Bevan, Owen and Bowen, Griffith and Griffiths, Price and Preece, Hughes and Pugh, are the principal among these; and after them come Jones, Lloyd, Meredith, Craddock, Rhys, Howell, Powell, Pritchard, Richards, Parry, Gwynne, and Williams. Any persons bearing any of these, or of some dozen other equally Cymric names, in whatever part of the country he may be born, is undeniably Welsh by descent, on the father's side at least, as one can see at a glance by the evidence of his surname. Yet I have known Powells who pretended to be pure-blooded Englishmen, and Lloyds who fairly lost their tempers if anybody talked about their Cymric ancestry.

Tried by this test, it is surprising how many unsuspected Welshmen turn up everywhere in every grade and stratum of English society. The fact is, such sleepy villages as Llanwddyn have long fed London and Liverpool with men and women, just as truly as the Vyrnwy Lake now feeds one of those towns with pure water. These breezy uplands of the Berwyns, the Arans, and the Carneddau are the true nurseries of our urban population, as the Scotch Highlands are of our army, and the Connemara bogs of our colonial agriculture. Slowly and steadily, by a peaceful process of natural selection, the Celt is swamping the Teuton in Britain. More than any other British type, he retains unimpaired the reproductive faculty of early and vigorous races. Already he possesses nearly half the voting power of the United Kingdom; and he must needs increase while the so-called Saxon decreases, because all the great feeding-beds of towns, the nurseries of men, are situated in the Celtic half of Britain, while

in the Teutonic half the population, being largely urban and therefore decadent, can only be kept up at its full level by continuous importation from these more wholesome breeding-places. Those who fear such a change however fall into a grave error as to the nature of race distinctions. They are in most cases themselves quite half Celtic by birth ; and there is no real danger of the Celtic element making any change for the worse in the state of Britain, because, as a matter of fact, a very great proportion of what is best in our mixed population is and has always been of largely Celtic origin.

It is with some degree of consolation therefore that one can stand on the dam of Vyrnwy Lake and gaze up to the beautiful green hills beyond it which have seen so many revolutions of human occupation. How strange are the historical changes in this respect that that calm barrier ridge has looked down upon serenely ! Its sides are studded indeed with the grass-grown mementoes of that most ancient race who piled up the long barrows and the cromlechs of Britain, and some of whose descendants



LLANWDDYN POST-OFFICE AND CROSS GUNS INN.

may still be recognized by their long oval skulls among the folk that flock on Thursdays to Llanfyllin market. These were the people of the Neolithic age ; the small long-skulled race of whom legendary memories still remain in the popular mind as "the fairies ;" and so persistent is the recollection of their subjection and enslavement by the Celtic invaders that Professor Rhŷs has heard a man taunted in Carnarvon town at the present day with being of fairy ancestry. Then come the relics of that second immigration, the later people who raised the round barrows, who burned their dead and buried their ashes in urns, and who possessed a knowledge of bronze and of metallurgy in general. Both these prehistoric types have left memorials of their presence thickly scattered on the Welsh hill-sides, the cromlechs which result from the denudation of chambered tumuli being especially numerous throughout the Principality. After them the Roman ran his roads in long straight lines through the land ; and the conquered Briton, driven from the Severn valley at last by the fall of Uriconium, took refuge from the Saxon in those impregnable fastnesses of his rugged Powysland.

There for a long time the Briton held out among the hills against the intrusive Teuton ; but after the Norman Conquest, the Montgomeries built their castle at Trefaldwyn and called the Principality they carved for themselves out of vanquished Powys after their own name, Montgomeryshire. Mementoes of all these peoples, and of the resulting intermixture, may be found to this day among the villages of the Berwyns. The truth is, we talk glibly enough in our hasty way about Celts and

Saxons, but who is Celt and who is Saxon, it would puzzle the best ethnographer among us all to determine with the slightest approach to accuracy.

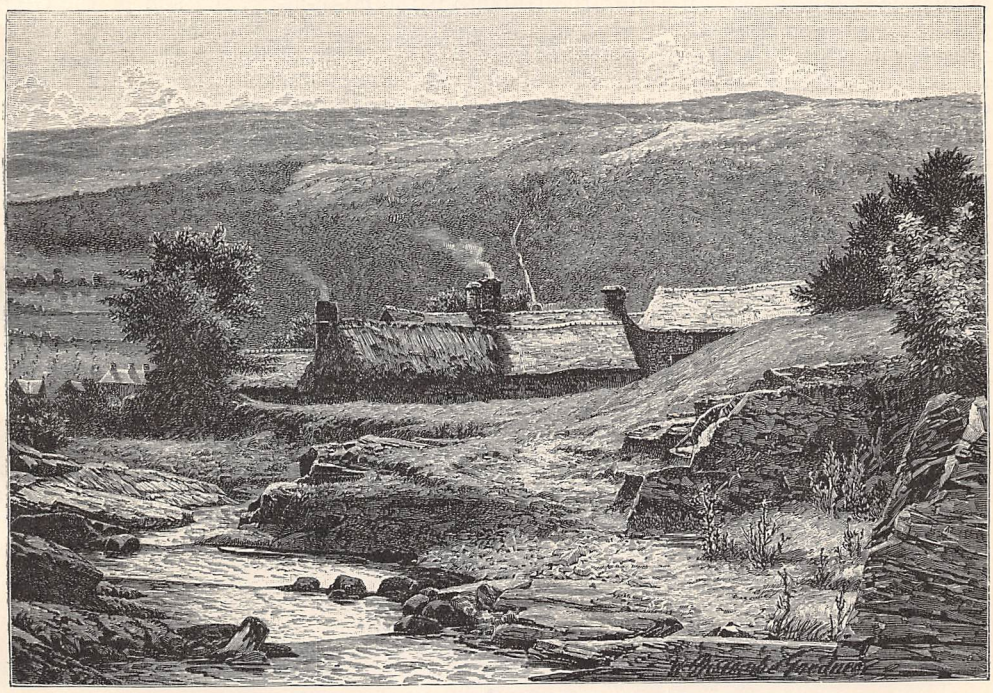
"With easy pains you may distinguish
Your Saxon, Norman, Danish, English,"

says Defoe, satirically; for even in his day, men of sense perceived the folly of the ordinary hard and fast lines of popular ethnology. And modern historical criticism has but emphasized and strengthened Defoe's conclusions. Hampshire and Wiltshire, for example, the kernel of Wessex, are usually regarded as among the most Saxon shires in England; but the best living authority upon British anthropology would be amply satisfied, he says, if it were admitted as probable that at least half the blood in Hants and Wilts was of Teutonic origin. The remainder may be Celtic or præ-Celtic in character; for no race that ever once appeared on British soil has yet died out leaving no trace of its presence on the population behind it. There are men still living in many parts of Britain whose skulls exactly resemble in every measurable particular the skulls of the very earliest præglacial inhabitants.

ON THE CEDIG (ABOVE LLANWDDYN).

These facts, I hold, which are forced upon us so vividly among the cradles of men here in the remote Welsh uplands, are not without their moral and social significance. The great lesson driven in upon us by the irrefragable conclusions of modern ethnography is the lesson of the folly and futility of all race rivalries and race animosities. Not only is it true that God has made of one blood all the nations upon earth, but it is also true that the blood of all nations is so mixed and so blended that no pure race now exists anywhere in civilized Europe, Asia, or America. Nor has it ever been clearly shown that any one stock, in Europe at least, is intellectually or morally superior to any other. For years, for example, it has been usual to regard

the fair-haired and blue-eyed type as the true Aryans, and as the highest embodiment of European culture. But the most recent historian of the Aryans, Canon Isaac Taylor, has shown grave reasons for doubting this supposed pedigree, and has pointed out that culture belongs historically rather to the smaller and darker people of Central Europe than to the big-bodied and fair-haired Scandinavian mountaineers. The tall blue-eyed race has everywhere in Europe formed, by conquest, for several centuries, the dominant aristocracy ; but the men of thought, the men of art, the men of leading, and the men of letters, have belonged, if anything, rather to the smaller and conquered than to the larger, fairer, and conquering type. On a balance of all good qualities, mental and bodily, I believe no one race can be shown to possess any marked superiority, all round, to another ; but if in energy and activity of a military sort the so-called Teutonic type has the best of it, in brain and eye the so-



TYUCHA FARM, LLANWDDYN, VYRNWY VALLEY.

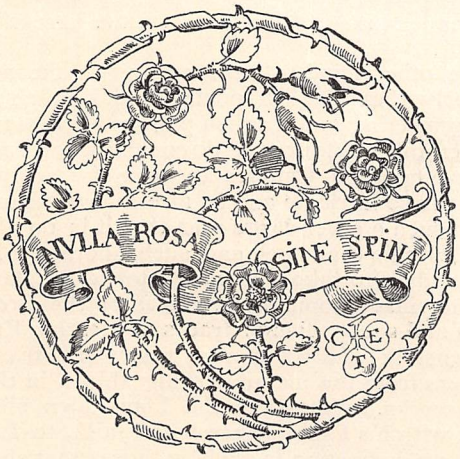
called Celt seems on the other hand to have somewhat the advantage. It has been shown pretty conclusively that English poetry and English art have been mainly Celtic, while English engineering and English politics have been mainly Teutonic.

Nor is that all. Even this mild form of dogmatizing on race-superiorities is itself deceptive ; for there are no pure Celts, and there are no pure Teutons. All over Britain, the intermixture is so intricate and so nice that one can hardly do more than say roughly of such and such a given large area that it is on the whole a trifle more Celtic or a trifle more Teutonic than such and such another. Here in the immediate neighbourhood of Llanwddyn (to take a crucial instance) we have traces of palæolithic and neolithic types in the village population : traces of the Bronze Age and the Iron Age Celt in the farmers and shopkeepers : traces of Mercian English and pure Saxons from Wessex in the townsfolk and yeomanry ; traces of intrusive Norman and recent mongrel industrial settlers from the manufacturing shires, in the Montgomery element and the navvies of the works. Yet when the Llanwddyn villager, or the Llanfyllin townsman betakes him, with his Cymric speech and faith, to London or Liverpool, he is simply a Welshman ; no distinction is made in those great absorbing and assimilating centres between the Silurian from Glamorganshire and the Cymry from Snowdonia, between the tall and long-faced representative of the Aryan conquerors and the short, squat, dark-complexioned descendant of the Turanian substratum. Language and locality alone are taken into account ; and so every Welshman is Welsh alike, whether

he belongs to the Mongoloid or the Siluroid type, to the once dominant Cymry or the long conquered Gael, to the Norman conquerors or to the Mercian capitalist class.

And the moral of this is, as the Duchess would have said to Alice, let us not be excessively puffed up with personal pride because we think ourselves, on one side out of a hundred, of pure Norman origin; and let us not despise our fellow-subjects anywhere because we imagine they have a smaller fraction of the blue Aryan blood, whatever that may be (a most doubtful point), than some of the rest of us. Everybody is a bit of a Norman and a bit of a chimneysweep. So far as history teaches us anything it teaches us this: that occasion, not race, makes aristocracies and *canaille*. The very same people who are noble here are *roturier* there; the very same physical characteristics that mark in one place the haughty ruling caste mark in another the crouching pariah or the leper whom his neighbours shun with religious awe for fear of ceremonial contamination. In Spain, the Hidalgo is the Hi-d'-al-go, the son of the Goth, the representative of the conquering Teutonic overlords; but just north of the Pyrenees his brother, the Cagot, is the dog of a Goth, the heretical Arian refugee, who refused to conform to Catholic usage, and whose descendants therefore till lately entered the church, like accursed beings, by a separate doorway. It is the same everywhere. The race that for the time being has the upper hand anywhere prides itself largely upon its noble and masterful manly qualities: it despises with all its heart the servile characteristics of the servile race. Change their places and you change their natures. The servile race becomes in broader circumstances generous and wide-minded; the degraded overlords sink forthwith into ignoble serfs. So the Saxon went down before the Dane, and the Dane before the Norman; and in the second generation after the Conquest the English-born gentleman of Frisian blood degenerated into farmer Godric, the illiterate churl whom the mailed Norman knight despised as a vulgar boor. No race of slaves was ever yet anything on earth but slavish; no race of nobles ever failed to develop the chivalrous qualities of courtly life. Even the unspeakable Turk himself is "at least a gentleman," say his friendly apologists; and the Southern slaveholder, whatever might be the vices of his private life, had usually the dignified and complacent manners of a Louis Quinze nobleman.

These are the thoughts—I confess somewhat rambling—that first casually suggest themselves to me as I gaze once more at Mr. Gardner's exquisite sketches of a vanished village. Let us be thankful at least that, if Old Wales is to disappear thus piecemeal, so tender and sympathetic a pencil as his was at hand before it sank to preserve to us the memory of so much ruined beauty.



RUGBY UNION FOOTBALL.

By H. VASSALL.

RUGBY Union Football, as it is now played, is the direct descendant of the game played on the Close at Rugby as described in *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. The rules in vogue at Rugby were copied more or less closely by other schools which had playing fields suitable for the purpose, such as Clifton, Marlborough, Cheltenham, Wellington, Haileybury, Sherborne, and many others ; and it was to the desire of the old boys of such schools to continue their old winter game after they had left school that the formation of clubs at the Universities and in London was primarily due. In this way the famous Blackheath Club, the *doyen* club of the country, was started in 1858, to be soon followed by Richmond, Civil Service, Harlequins and the school clubs in London. The idea was quickly taken up in the provinces, where several clubs were founded in the "sixties," the lead being taken, we believe, by Liverpool. In a marvellously short space of time what had hitherto been only a schoolboy's game became a national pastime, increasing by leaps and bounds until its supporters, whether as players or spectators, surpassed in number those of the old established game of cricket itself.

A small revolution was thus simply accomplished in the national habits—a change which few will deny to be for the good of the country when they consider that to many individuals of the hundreds of thousands who are now to be found week after week enjoying the open air of the football field, the principal attractions for the national weekly half holiday had previously been the drinking bar and the billiard room.

This rapid spread of the game all over the country forms one of the most noticeable features of the great athletic revival of the latter half of the nineteenth century. We need not stay to inquire whether that revival is due to a reaction from Puritanism as has been ably suggested, or to the natural desire of young Englishmen to find relief in hard muscular exercise from the hard work necessary in these days of increased competition. It is sufficient for our purposes to look at the results ; there is now scarcely a county in England where the game has not gained a firm footing ; in many counties there is scarcely a town, and in Yorkshire and Lancashire there is scarcely a village, which does not boast a football club playing regular matches throughout the season.

Mutatis mutandis the same remarks hold good to a minor extent for Scotland, Ireland, Wales and the colonies, and it is worth recording that in the last twelve months we have read accounts of Englishmen teaching the natives to play the game at Constantinople, and founding a new club in British Columbia, places which might naturally have been picked out as most unlikely spots for the game to thrive in. Less than thirty years ago football was almost unknown at the Universities, whereas nowadays every college has special caps and colours for its team, and the representatives of the Universities at football have been given their "blues" on equal terms with those of rowing, cricket and athletics—so numerous indeed have the votaries of football become that the boating men complain that they are being robbed of their most promising material. At the same time it is noticeable that, whereas in the early

Inter-University matches all the players were drawn from the English public schools, of late years quite a large proportion of them hail from the Scotch schools and elsewhere, whilst representatives of many of the old English schools are only conspicuous by their absence—a fact which we attribute mainly to the excellent system of school matches in vogue in Scotland, compared with the lack of such matches in England. It is true that school authorities in England were for a long time frightened by the traditions of the historic match between Marlborough and Clifton in 1864, which ended in a hacking match of considerable ferocity; but hacking and tripping have long since been eliminated from the rules, and as Marlborough has lately shown in its annual contests with Wellington that such matches can now be played in the best spirit and with mutual advantage, we hope to see school matches rapidly multiplied in England, and a much-needed fillip thereby given to English school football.

We must now refer to the history of the governing body under whose management and guidance the game has assumed its vast proportions in the country.

As soon as matches between clubs became common, the need for organization was felt, especially in the matter of the rules under which such matches were to be played. In the early days of the game the two captains had to settle before each match what the rules should be, and serious disputes were only avoided by allowing the rules of the ground on which the match was played to prevail.

In 1863 the followers of the dribbling game formed the Football Association. Their rules forbade all carrying of the ball, and thus put an end to the Utopian scheme which had been mooted of framing a common code for all players. In 1871 the players of the Rugby game formed an organization of their own, at the instigation of the Blackheath and Richmond clubs, called the Rugby Union, which made a modest start with thirty clubs on its list—a number which has been since raised to upwards of three hundred. From the very first the two organizations have prospered side by side without clashing; and though their views have often been widely divergent, as for instance on the burning question of professionalism, on which their respective policies are diametrically opposed, yet there is every reason to hope that their relations will always continue to be of a cordial and harmonious character.

The first task undertaken by the Rugby Union was the codification of the laws, and then followed the arrangement of international matches with Scotland, which adopted their code of laws, as did Ireland and Wales, with which international matches were arranged as soon as they were in a strong enough position to play the mother country. The Rugby Union laws were soon adopted in the colonies—first by Australia and New Zealand, and afterwards in all parts of the globe where Englishmen were to be found. There was at one time a scheme on foot for an Australian team to visit England, but it fell through from lack of funds; and when in more recent times the idea might have been revived with success, the Victorian game had practically supplanted the Rugby Union game in Australia. But a by no means representative team of New Zealanders did visit this country in 1888, and there is a prospect of a visit of a team from the Cape.

Meantime at home the game continued to advance with marvellous strides under the management of the Rugby Union until the international match with Scotland in 1884, when the first check occurred in the shape of a dispute on a point of law. Hitherto the only recognized body for settling disputes had been the Rugby Union Committee, but the Scotchmen naturally objected to this dispute being settled by one of the parties to it. They consequently claimed that it should be referred to an international board consisting of representatives from England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. If England had agreed forthwith, much further trouble might have been averted; but they argued the case to the bitter end. There was no Scotch match in the ensuing season; and then at last a compromise was arrived at by which England agreed to the international board for the settlement of disputes in international matches, but for that purpose only, on condition that Scotland yielded their contention on the point of dispute in the 1884 match. The Scotch match was forthwith resumed, and many people were sanguine enough to hope that things would work smoothly again; but they were doomed to be disappointed. The Scotchmen were only biding their time for an opening for bringing matters to a crisis, nor had they long to wait for their opportunity. In the following season the Rugby Union made a long-demanded change in the laws, by which three tries were made equal to a goal. This change the Scotchmen declined to adopt, not that they objected to the change

per se, for they have since adopted a more radical change of the same nature, but because they considered that the change should have come through the international board. The Rugby Union had consulted each member of that board as usual before making the change, but they had sent no reply. The board now proceeded to declare war with the Rugby Union by announcing that all international matches must in future be played under laws approved of by itself. To this resolution the Rugby Union declined to accede, because they considered that the sacrifice of the autonomy of English football was too great a price to pay for the continuance of the international matches, and on this point their policy has been endorsed by general meeting after general meeting. The Rugby Union was created to govern and to legislate for English football, which has spread over vast areas, from which demands for reform are continually arising. The three hundred clubs of the Rugby Union are more than treble those of the three other countries combined, and yet they proposed on national grounds absolute equality of representation for the four unions on the international board.

It is true that they have since offered England an extra vote, but as they have also passed a bye-law which makes a two-thirds majority necessary for all motions at their meetings, the increase was more apparent than real. They say that they do not wish to interfere with the laws of each country but only to settle the laws for international matches ; but if they are to have any reason for existing at all, uniformity of the laws of the four countries would have to be their first object. The Rugby Union made several attempts at a compromise, but they were all rejected by the board, as well as the offer to play matches under the laws of the country in which each match was played. The result was an absolute deadlock, out of which it is now hoped that a way has been found by referring the whole question in writing to two arbitrators, Major Marindin, nominated by England, and the Right Hon. J. H. A. M'Donald, nominated by the board, whose award shall be final ; after which we may hope for an immediate resumption of international matches for England.

We have said above that the modern game comes directly from the old Rugby school game, but the style of play has altered so much that an old Rugbian of Tom Brown's standing who had not seen the game in the interval might be justified in wondering whether they were indeed the same game or no ; he would still find the old characteristic features of the game, those, that is to say, which have always distinguished it from the sister game of association, such as the scrummage, though shorn of its ancient glory ; the drop-kick and the punt ; running with the ball and tackling ; but otherwise he would see but little resemblance. It is interesting to follow the evolution of the game from the slow and hap-hazard to the fast and scientific. The main factor is the number of forwards played. We thought nothing of fifty a side at school. This necessarily meant very long scrummages, from which it was no easy task to disentangle one's self at the end ; the half-backs could stand well back and yet have plenty of time to secure the ball and get away. The solitary three-quarters had to make his own openings, but he had no nasty rush of close-dribbling forwards to meet ; there were two backs to do the tackling and the kicking, and it is safe to say that all players behind the scrummage in those days had an easier game to play and more time to do it in than those who hold the corresponding posts in the modern game.

The reduction of the numbers, first to twenty a side, and then to fifteen a side, caused a complete revolution in the game. Pace and dribbling became the first requisites for a good forward, instead of, as before, the mere power to shove. The half-backs had to stand much closer to the scrummage, and to be very smart if they meant to get the ball at all ; the three-quarters' work became so heavy that they were increased first to two and then to three with only one full back, because it was soon found that three-quarters must be the main line of defence against the rush of opposing forwards, who proved much more difficult to deal with in the open than they had done in the days when they were locked up in the scrummage for most of the game.

The new fast and open game gave scope for the introduction of refinements in style which would have been impossible in the old game.

The most important of these was the development of "passing" into a scientific system which was carried out at Oxford, and afterwards adopted all over the country with various degrees of success. The secret of scientific passing consists in transferring the ball to one of your side who is in a better position to make headway with it

than yourself, and it is the captain's business to see that his men back up the runner so that they will be in a better position when the critical moment arrives, and to see that no passing takes place or is called for except under such circumstances. By constant practice on these lines a captain can make his team well-nigh irresistible in fine weather ; and for wet weather when the ball is slippery, or for a high wind when it cannot be thrown accurately, he should make his men practise dribbling on the same lines—that is to say, passing with the feet instead of with the hands. Combination of some sort he must have under all circumstances if he hopes to succeed. A team of strong men, who play no game in particular, but trust to luck to bring the ball right for them, will be easily beaten by a team of inferior physique who make their own game instead of playing the ball as it happens to come. Moreover, if their game is to be an interesting one to watch, the scrummages must be of short duration ; but fortunately the interests of spectators and players coincide in this matter. Forwards have not failed to appreciate the fact that they have far more direct influence on the result of the game when the play is open than when they are wearing themselves out by shoving in the scrummages, with the result that a football match is much more interesting to watch than it used to be in olden times, and a captain has to pay more and more attention to securing good forwards, for without them he can hardly hope to win his matches even if his team is much stronger behind the scrummage than his opponents. This season's University match and North *v.* South match afford excellent illustrations of the theory : in the one case Cambridge and in the other the North were supposed to be vastly superior behind the scrummage, but in each case they lost the match because their forwards were routed. Perhaps we shall some day see the number of forwards reduced from nine to seven, with six behind the scrummage as at present. Such a reduction would be welcomed by spectators, because it would tend to increase the amount of open play and to decrease the length of scrummages which are always uninteresting to watch. It would probably be a benefit to the game also, as the scrummage is the place where most chances for tricky and unfair play occur ; but before coming to a definite decision on that point we must see the system fairly tried by some first-rate teams, as it is possible that the increase of pace would be more than the forwards could stand.

In many parts of the country the growth of the game has been fostered by the institution of challenge cups, to be competed for by the clubs of the district, and a fierce controversy has for many years raged as to their utility. To our mind there can be little doubt that they engender enthusiasm for the game where it is in its infancy or in danger of being ousted by the rival game of association football ; and if the cups could be withdrawn from competition after serving their original purpose there would be little to say against them, but county committees have never yet found themselves strong enough to adopt this policy. A cup once started is bound to continue, because the clubs take such keen interest in the competition that they would depose any committee which deprived them of the attraction. The county of Durham did once try to withdraw their cup, but they had to start it again the following season in deference to the pressure brought to bear upon them by the clubs. The objection to their continuance is that the desire to win the cup becomes so great that it leads to a "win, tie or wrangle" spirit amongst the competitors, which has a very bad effect both upon the play and the players.

And further, many of the ablest supporters of the game have come to the conclusion that the rise of veiled professionalism is due either directly or indirectly to these contests. The competing clubs naturally desire to secure good players, and the huge sums obtained by way of gate-money in cup-tie matches—often amounting to hundreds of pounds for a single match—undeniably afford the means for making secret payments to players—a temptation to which it has been proved that some clubs have yielded in the past. At the same time it is equally certain that many clubs have been absolutely honourable and above-board in their dealings with vast sums of money ; and as the suppression of cup-ties cannot be said to come within the range of practical politics, the best energies of those responsible for the management of the game must be devoted, as they have been to a notable degree in Yorkshire, to the terrorising of evil-doers by exemplary punishment. The county of Yorkshire has the largest and best-managed cup-contest in the kingdom, and it is in this county that a large majority of the cases of professionalism, whether proved or suspected, have hitherto occurred ; and though we have not a shadow of a doubt that the determined stand made by the Yorkshire committee, backed by the

Rugby Union Committee, will be rewarded by the success it deserves, still we cannot refrain from thinking that Lancashire and other counties are well advised to avoid the perilous path, and to hold aloof from cup-ties in spite of the immediate advantages which would probably accrue to them from adopting them.

We have rather begged the question that professionalism in the Rugby game is an unmitigated evil; but as apologists have been found bold enough to support that state of affairs on its own merits it may not be amiss to explain shortly what it would mean. The arguments adduced in favour of professionalism are mainly those of necessity and analogy. As soon, it has been said, as Rugby football is admitted to be a pursuit at which regular wages can be earned, men will present themselves ready to earn such wages, and with equal certainty clubs will be found ready to make such payments. How much better therefore to legalize the system with proper restrictions at once, instead of driving men and clubs into a devious course of secret payments, which can do nothing but harm to the fair name of the game? Again, it is argued that the system of professionalism has worked very well at cricket and has not been a failure in association football. Why not therefore give it a fair chance at Rugby football too? To which we would reply that the Rugby Union Committee are convinced to a man that the introduction of professionalism would mean the ruin of the game as a pastime, and that it is therefore their bounden duty to act up to their opinion, and to use every means in their power to stamp out the first symptoms of the disease.

Matters had gone so far in association football that we are ready to believe that they had no other course open to them than the legalization of the professional; but the Rugby Union were lucky enough to enter upon the contest before the professional element had grown too strong for them, and they have every reason to be encouraged to continue in the course they have adopted by the success which has so far attended their endeavours, and to hope that ere long they will have restored the game to its original purity.

Professionals are a success at cricket, because amateurs give so much time to the game that they are able to hold their own with them; but what shall we say of running, rowing, and a host of other sports, in which the advent of the professional has worked nothing but harm? In the nature of things the professionals soon become too good for the amateurs, and must either drive the amateurs out of the field altogether or else be separated from them in a class by themselves.

There is every appearance that these alternatives will soon have to be considered by the association; but in any case Rugby Union football is very different from association, and is even less suited to the admission of the professional. The contact of body to body is much closer; the openings for foul play are both more frequent and more difficult to detect; and it must not be forgotten that, if once the professional is called into existence, he must do his level best to win his matches for the sake of his bread and butter. If he cannot win by fair means he will be sorely tempted to win by foul, and it is a by no means difficult task to imagine a state of affairs in which the alarmist outcry against the game as brutal and dangerous would be more than justified by the facts.

The Rugby Union Committee have given referees ample powers to deal with all known forms of rough play; and as long as referees remember that on their fearlessness in exercising those powers the credit of the game largely depends, we have no fear for the results under present conditions; but if their difficulties and responsibilities were to be increased by the creation of professional teams, we should have serious doubts as to whether any one would be willing to undertake the well-nigh impossible duties of the post.

THE FORTH BRIDGE.

By ARTHUR J. KNOWLES.

THERE are two rival railway routes to Scotland, both finally arriving at Perth. The London and North Western and Caledonian—owning what is known as the West Coast Route—run *viâ* Coatbridge, near Glasgow, while the Great Northern, North Eastern and North British—owning the East Coast Route—run *viâ* Edinburgh. The distance from London to Coatbridge or from London to Edinburgh is about the same by the two routes, and the East Coast possesses the better, because more level line. But, in consequence of the barrier of the Forth, the East Coast Route has to make a long *détour* to the west after passing Edinburgh, while the West Coast can run fairly straight from Coatbridge to Perth. In addition to this the East Coast run from Larbert to Perth over the West Coast line, and have to pay a heavy toll for the privilege of doing so. It will therefore be evident that it was a great object to the East Coast companies to get across the Forth as low down as possible, and since 1865 various schemes have been brought forward for doing this. The first Act for the construction of a bridge at Queensferry—the site of the present bridge—was obtained in 1873, but it was not till 1880 that any work was actually begun. In that year the construction of a suspension bridge designed by the late Sir Thomas Bouch was commenced, but the disastrous failure of the Tay Bridge, which had been designed by the same engineer, prevented this being proceeded with. Nothing daunted however, the East Coast companies instructed their engineers, Mr. (now Sir John) Fowler, Mr. Harrison and Mr. Barlow, to report on the practicability of crossing the Forth by a bridge or otherwise. The result of their deliberations was the recommendation of the present bridge, designed by Sir John Fowler and Mr. B. Baker, and in 1882 an Act of Parliament was obtained authorizing its construction. It was accordingly begun in January, 1883, and has thus taken just seven years to complete, a by no means extravagant time considering the size and novelty of the undertaking.

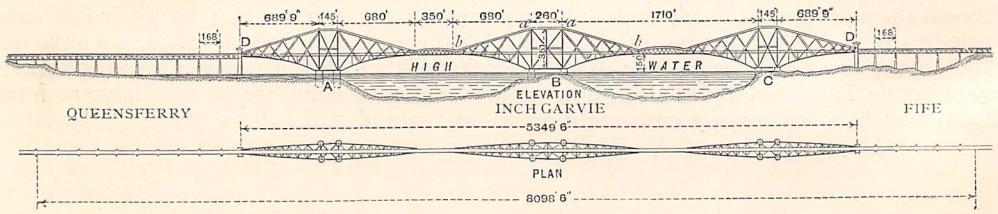


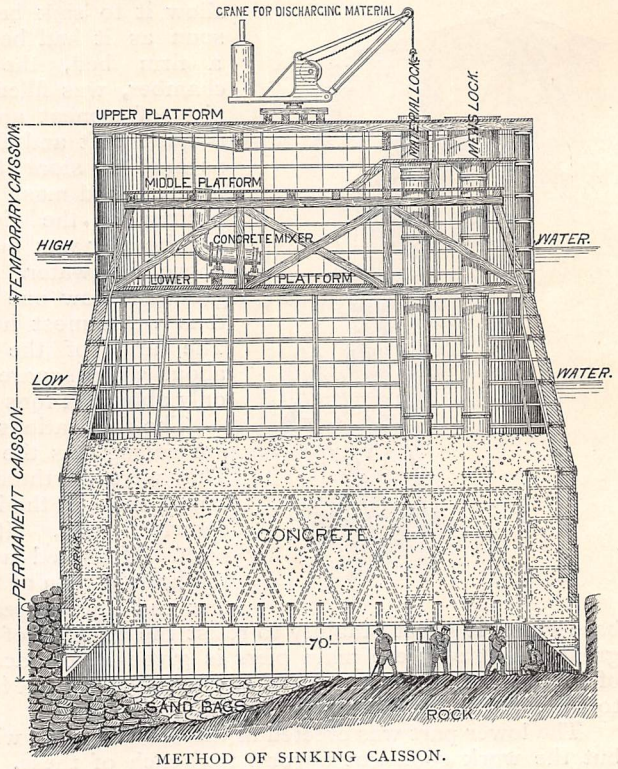
DIAGRAM OF PRINCIPAL DIMENSIONS.

The bridge consists of three main piers, A, B and C, formed of steel tubes well braced together, each main pier resting upon four masonry piers rising from the bed of the Forth. From each side of these three main piers there projects a "cantilever" or bracket, *a b*, jutting out over the water for a distance of 680 feet. A cantilever may be popularly defined as anything overhanging or projecting from its support, and a good illustration of one of the cantilevers of the bridge is furnished by an ordinary five-barred gate hanging by two hinges to the gate-post, and not resting on the ground anywhere,

being held up only by the hinges. Imagine a gate 680 feet long, 340 feet deep at the end by the gate-post, and forty feet deep at the other end, fastened to a gate-post 360 feet high by two hinges, one at the top, and one at the bottom of the gate. The network of bracings crossing each other all along the cantilever would be represented by the bars of the gate, their object being to stiffen the frame so that it shall not drop down at the end away from the hinges. The bottom members of the cantilevers are steel tubes, twelve feet in diameter where they spring from the main piers, and gradually tapering, till at the outer ends they are only three feet square. The top members are box lattice girders tapering from twelve feet deep by seven feet wide, to five feet deep by three feet wide. All the intermediate bracings are composed of tubes or lattice girders according to their having to resist a pushing or a pulling force, so that one can see at a glance which parts are in compression and which in tension.

The cantilever on one side of the pier balances the one on the other side, and the ends, D D, of the Queensferry and Fife cantilevers nearest the shores, are held down to a massive masonry pier by a weight of about 1,000 tons, so that when a train is in the middle of the big span these shore cantilevers may be kept from lifting.

The distance between the main piers is 1,710 feet, but the cantilevers jutting out towards each other only cover 680 feet each—1,360 feet together, leaving a space of 350 feet between their ends. This is bridged across by an ordinary girder resting upon the ends of the cantilevers. It is called the central girder, and it may be as well to state that it fulfils no other purpose than to bridge across the gap between the cantilevers. Many people imagine that the bridge as it stood in September, 1889, was in a very insecure state, and that the insertion of the central girders bound it together like the keystone of an arch. This is not so, they are simply so much additional weight on the ends of the cantilevers, and the bridge was as secure then while being built as it is now when completed. This security while building is one great advantage of the cantilever type of bridge, especially in a stormy place like the Firth of Forth.

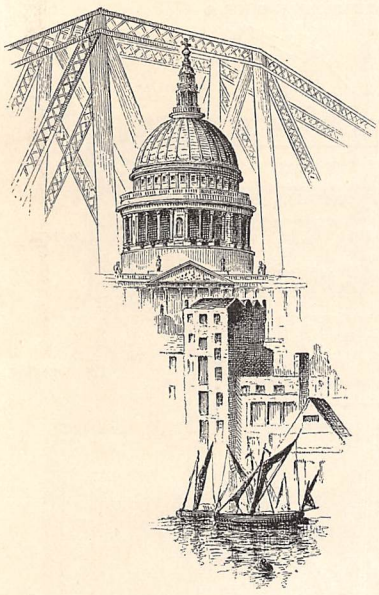


METHOD OF SINKING CAISSON.

The masonry piers on which the main steel piers rest are many of them situated in deep water, and had to be constructed by the pneumatic or compressed air process. A large iron cylinder—called a caisson—was built on shore, deep enough to reach from the bottom of the foundations to above high water level. This cylinder was seventy feet in diameter, and the lower edge was made sharp, so that when it rested on the bottom of the river it cut into the ground. Seven feet above the cutting edge there was an air-tight roof, forming a chamber at the bottom of the cylinder seventy feet in diameter and seven feet high, with no bottom to it. The cylinder was launched like a ship and towed out till it was exactly over the place on the bed of the river where it was to rest. It was then loaded with concrete so as to make it sink till the cutting edge rested on the ground. Air was now pumped into the chamber, with the effect of driving out the water. In order that this air might drive out the water from the chamber, it had necessarily to be able to overcome the force which was causing the water to come in. This force varied according to the depth of the chamber below the

surface of the water and was due to the weight of a column of water of that depth, and the same diameter as the chamber, namely seventy feet. To overcome this force the pressure of the air had to be raised till it was equal to the pressure produced by this column of water, and so long as this pressure was kept up no water could get into the chamber. In sinking through clay, the water was kept out to a great extent by the clay pressing against the side of the caisson as it sank, none coming through the clay itself, and consequently less pressure was necessary than the depth of water would theoretically require. The greatest pressure used was thirty-three pounds on the square inch above the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere, equivalent to that produced by a column of water about seventy feet high. The mercury of a barometer placed in the chamber would then stand at about ninety inches. A curious illustration of the reality of this pressure was furnished unintentionally by a visitor who descended into the chamber. Having a flask in his pocket, he refreshed himself with a drink when in the chamber, corked his flask, and put it back into his pocket. On coming out of the chamber the flask suddenly exploded. It had been filled with air at a pressure of thirty pounds to the square inch, and when that pressure was removed from the outside of it by bringing it into the open air, and still remained within, the flask was not strong enough to stand it, and gave way.

The water having all been expelled, the workmen descended into the chamber and dug out the earth, or blasted the rock from under the edges of the caisson, so as to allow it to sink below the bed of the river. As soon as it had been sunk deep enough to give it a firm bed, the whole caisson, including the chamber, was filled up with concrete. This consists of cement and gravel mixed with water and is quite soft and fluid when put in, but soon turns as hard as stone, transforming the hollow cylinder into a solid mass of rock resting securely in the bottom of the river. On the top of this the granite pier was built to a height of eighteen feet above high water. The total weight resting on the ground below one of these piers is about 24,000 tons when most heavily loaded in a gale of wind. The area of the bottom of the caisson being about 3,850 square feet, the maximum pressure is only about six tons on a square foot.

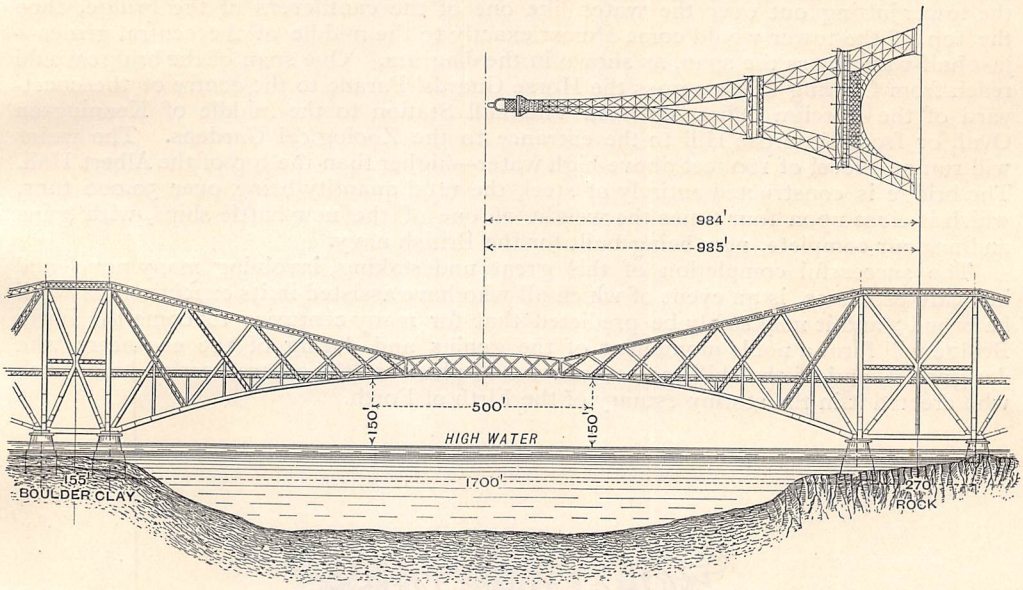


The foundations having been got in, the next proceeding was the erection of the three main piers. They were all three built in the same way, but the centre one—on the island of Inch Garvie—is the one described here. It is 260 feet long, and 360 feet high. Measured across it is very much wider at the bottom than at the top, the dimensions being 120 feet and thirty-three feet respectively. This broad base gives it great stability to resist the pressure of the wind. A good idea of the great height of these main piers is given by the accompanying sketch, showing one of them towering up behind St. Paul's Cathedral, the level of the ground corresponding to the level of high water at the bridge.

The lower part was erected in the ordinary way with cranes resting on the staging, but the work soon got beyond the reach of these. Then immense platforms were constructed, embracing the whole of the pier, and resting upon parts of the permanent work already built. A strong railing surrounded the platform, and upon it were placed cranes and other appliances for building and riveting, as well as hoists to raise men and material from the staging below. Then the erection went on above the platform as far as the cranes could reach. When this was done the whole platform was lifted by hydraulic rams and secured to the parts of the pier which had just been built, and then the cranes set to work again until they had done as much as they could reach, when another lift took place and so on till the platform reached the top of the pier. Just below the platform and surrounding each vertical column were large cages covered with wire netting. They contained riveting machines, and riveted the columns as they were built.

The main piers being completed, the next step was the building of the great cantilevers jutting out on each side of them. The method adopted for doing this was very striking on account of its simplicity and daring. Three movable steam cranes were used, one placed on the sloping top member of each cantilever, and two on the internal viaduct or railway. By means of these the material was lifted up from barges in the river below, and immediately put in place and bolted up. The cranes were then moved forward so as to rest on what they had just been building, and in this way the cantilevers were extended out over the water without any support from the ground beneath. This system of building out by "overhang" as it is called, had to be adopted on account of the great depth of water—about 200 feet—between the main piers, which rendered any kind of scaffolding out of the question. Platforms for the workmen to stand upon were hung from the various members of the cantilever as they were built out and moved forward with them.

The central girders are built in exactly the same way. They were temporarily tied back to the ends of the cantilevers and built simply as an extension of them till they met in the middle of the span. The two halves were then connected, and as soon as this was done the temporary connections with the cantilevers were severed, and the central girders left free to expand and contract. In all metal structures an



THE BRIDGE AND THE EIFFEL TOWER.

allowance has to be made for their change of length under the influence of heat or cold. For instance, the rails between London and Edinburgh are at least 200 yards longer in summer than in winter, and to provide for this a small space is always left between the ends of the rails when they are laid down. In the large spans of the bridge allowance is made for an extreme movement of twenty-four inches, which is all to take place at one end of the central girder. At this end the girder hangs from a rocking pillar, to the top of which it is fastened. The effect of any change in the length of the central girder or the cantilevers is thus simply to push or pull the top of this pillar backwards or forwards, the bottom end resting in a ball-and-socket joint at the end of the cantilever. The connection also allows of movement sideways. This takes place when the sun is shining on one side of the cantilever. The side in the sun expands, while that in the shade does not, the result being that the cantilever bends away from the sun. A movement of over five inches from west to east was observed one sunny day last summer between the morning and the afternoon.

Another cause of sideway movement is wind, which is calculated to cause a deflection of rather under nine inches when blowing with a force of thirty pounds on the square foot.

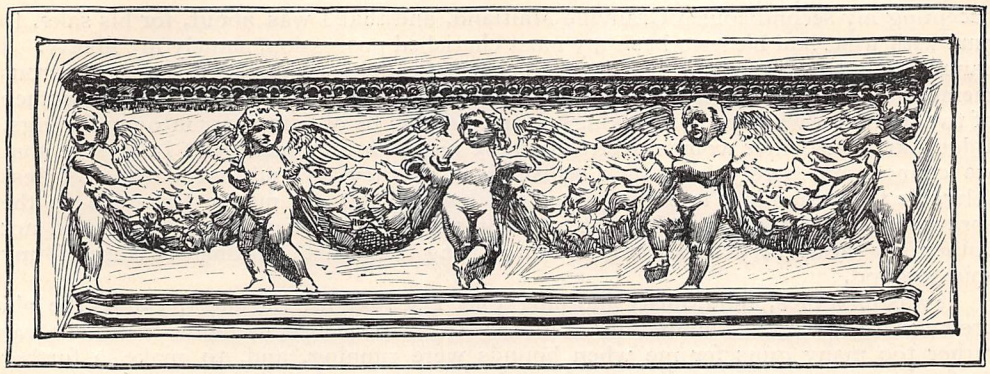
The bridge is designed to carry trains of unlimited length on each line of rails

weighing one ton per foot run, or trains on each line made up of two engines and tenders weighing in all 142 tons, at the head of a train of sixty short coal trucks weighing fifteen tons each. Also to resist a wind pressure of fifty-six pounds on the square foot over the whole surface, equivalent to about 8,000 tons.

It must not be supposed however that the imposition of loads a little greater than these would be sufficient to destroy the bridge, or that a wind blowing with a force of sixty pounds to the foot would blow it over. All engineering works are designed with a certain "factor of safety," or in other words are always made much stronger than is theoretically necessary. The factor of safety for the bridge is over four, that is to say, it is four times as strong as is necessary to carry the loads just mentioned, while to overturn it would require a wind pressure of four hundred-weight or 448 pounds to the square foot, which is eight times the maximum pressure for which the Board of Trade require allowance to be made.

Although it is quite impossible to convey by words or drawings any adequate idea of the size of the bridge, yet a comparison with some well known works and places may be of interest. The Eiffel Tower caused a good deal of interest last year and was ascended by a very large number of people. Suppose it placed in a horizontal instead of a vertical position, with its base in the centre of Inch Garvie main pier, and the tower jutting out over the water like one of the cantilevers of the bridge, then the top of the tower would come almost exactly to the middle of the central girder—just half-way across the span, as shown in the diagram. One span of the bridge would reach from Charing Cross across the Horse Guards' Parade to the centre of the court-yard of the Foreign Office, or from Vauxhall Station to the middle of Kennington Oval, or from Primrose Hill to the entrance to the Zoological Gardens. The trains will run at a level of 160 feet above high water—higher than the top of the Albert Hall. The bridge is constructed entirely of steel, the total quantity being over 50,000 tons, which is close upon four times the weight of one of the new battle ships, with guns and armour complete, now being built for the British navy.

The successful completion of this great undertaking, involving many novel and intricate problems, is an event of which all who have assisted in its execution may well be proud; and it may safely be predicted that for many centuries to come the Forth Bridge will form a noble monument of the genius and daring of the engineers who designed it, and of the skill, perseverance and pluck of the contractors and workmen who erected it in the stormy estuary of the Firth of Forth.



THE OLD BROWN MARE.

By W. E. NORRIS.

I.

WHAT my parents can have been thinking about when they branded me at the baptismal font with the name of Diana I cannot imagine, seeing that by so doing they were departing, like Zacharias and Elizabeth, from all family traditions, without, so far as I am aware, any equivalent excuse for following that memorable precedent. Old Colonel Wharton, our M. F. H., says it was a brilliant inspiration on their part; but I am not quite so sure of that. Only those who are afflicted with an appropriate designation know how irritating it is to be reminded of the fact at every turn, and I am sure that if half the hunting men of my acquaintance had taken the trouble to think before they spoke (most of them think twice before they leap), I should not have been annoyed so many times, while jogging homewards after a long run, by the complacent remark of, "Well, Miss Selby, I must say that you deserve your Christian name."

Certainly I do deserve it. If I can do nothing else, I can go straight, and I ought not to bear malice against my poor father and mother, both of whom died when I was a mere infant, for having innocently caused me to lose my temper and say snappish things more than once. How were they to foresee that hunting would ever become the one pure and unmixed pleasure of my life? Nothing, I suppose, could have seemed to them more improbable; for ours, I must confess, is not what is generally accounted a good hunting country, and as for my relatives and guardians, they assuredly did their best, so long as they had any authority over me, to prevent my joining in what they were pleased to call an unladylike pursuit. I am not going to argue the vexed question of whether women are or are not out of their proper place in the hunting-field. For one thing, I haven't sufficient space, and for another, I have nothing to say about it that hasn't been said a hundred times before. It is enough for the purposes of this brief narrative to state that at the age of seven-and-twenty I had been my own mistress for a good many years and had consulted my own inclinations without any morbid disquietude as to what my neighbours might think about me. I lived during the greater part of the year at my house, Newton Selby, with my worthy old duenna Mrs. Robertson, and I had learnt how to manage my estates, and I had, I believe, a conscience as void of offence as that of the majority of human beings.

Being pretty well off, I need scarcely say that I had at one time or another received offers of marriage from every eligible and ineligible bachelor in the county, as well as from a considerable number of London men whom I had met during my annual visits to the metropolis, and if, as Mrs. Robertson assured me was the case, I had acquired a character for eccentricity, I can only attribute this to the circumstance that I had been compelled to decline all these gentlemen, with thanks. What may perhaps be taken as some proof that I was not really wanting in common sense was that I had ended by

accepting my second cousin Granville Maitland, and that I was about, for his sake, to part with what had hitherto been my most cherished possession, namely my liberty. I cannot exactly say what induced me to accept Granville, who was a grave, decorous member of Parliament and who cared very little for sport; but I daresay that women of twenty-seven who are not strikingly beautiful will be able to enter into my feelings. I don't know whether women are really more unselfish than men; but I am sure that we cannot contentedly lead such selfish lives as they do and that loneliness is less tolerable to us than it is to them. Anyhow, I was going to marry Granville in the spring, and as he was up in London, attending to his parliamentary duties, I did not bother my head very much about him during this last hunting season of my spinsterhood.

It was on a nice, mild, misty morning that I set off for the meet, riding the old brown mare. I had not hunted her at all that season, because, to tell the truth, she was rather too many guns for me when hounds were running, and, to make a further confession, my nerve was no longer what it had once been. Still it was absurd to keep an animal like that eating her head off in the stable; added to which, it so happened that for the moment I had nothing else fit to carry me. The mare had a perfect temper, and would have been right enough in the shires: the only trouble was that she wanted to fly everything, and it will be readily understood that in a country of high banks and stone walls that was not always precisely what her rider wanted to do.

Old Colonel Wharton shook his head when he rode up to say good morning and recognised my mount. I knew very well what he was thinking; but I must say that he had no business to have such thoughts, for never in my life have I injured a hound. However, he was too polite to put his unflattering apprehensions into words, and as we moved along towards the covert-side he introduced a young friend of his who, he said, was staying with him for a day or two and whom he hoped to persuade that there was such a thing as hunting in our parts, though there might not be a great deal of uninterrupted galloping. I did not notice much about this young Mr. Longfield except that he had a handsome, boyish sort of face and a fair moustache, and that the Colonel had put him up on the roan. So like old Wharton to have given his friend the roan—a sly little horse, clever enough at banking, but with about as much speed as a costermonger's donkey. Mr. Longfield was in no danger of breaking his neck; but if galloping was what he wanted, little was he likely to get of it that day.

Well, we found at once and had a nice little burst of about fifteen minutes, followed by a check. The mare overpowered me, as she always does, but carried me splendidly, and of course I was a little sorry to be caught up by the rest of the field. However, after a short delay, the hounds got upon the scent again, and away we all went, helter-skelter, down a narrow lane into which we had to jump. I could hardly tell how many people were ahead of me, and naturally I did not care; because I knew that, if I only got half a chance, I should soon dispose of the crowd. Only I was very anxious to get once more into the open; for those muddy, slippery lanes are apt to be awkward when your horse is practically running away with you. And presently we came to a sharp turn—the very thing that I had been dreading. They all got round it safely, except that unfortunate Mr. Longfield, who, I suppose, must have taken the corner too close. At any rate, down the roan horse came, and I was on to him before I had time to realise anything more than that a catastrophe was inevitable. It may have been my fault or it may have been the fault of the brown mare—which is another way of saying the same thing: what is certain is that we were both sent flying and that one of us had a moment of great uncertainty as to whether she was in this world or the next.

When my head had ceased whirling round and I had risen to my feet and wiped some of the mud out of my eyes, my first thought, as I need scarcely say, was for the man whom I had probably killed, and I shall never forget the sickening sensation of terror with which I beheld him stretched flat upon his back, his arms extended helplessly and the two horses, who had scrambled up, standing over him. Four or five men had pulled up and were ready with the usual senseless suggestions, to which I paid no heed. All I wanted to know was whether he was still alive—which, to my unutterable relief, I found that he was, though he showed no signs of consciousness. Most fortunately, we were not only within a couple of miles of Newton Selby but were close to a public-house, whither I immediately sent one of these officious individuals to secure a conveyance of some kind. Then I despatched another with

an urgent summons to the local doctor, while the rest of us took a gate off its hinges and placed the injured man upon it.

He recovered consciousness before we reached home, but had evidently a very confused idea of where he was and what had happened to him. I told him it was all right, only he mustn't talk. Of course I was by no means sure that it was all right; I could but hope for the best, and Mrs. Robertson, to do her justice, behaved admirably when our melancholy procession arrived at the door. Mrs. Robertson, as I have good reason to know, is in the hour of ease somewhat hard to please; but when pain and anguish wring the brow she rises to the level of circumstances. She took in the situation at a glance; she asked no questions; she gave us all the assistance of which we stood in need, and the only silly thing that she said was, "Well, thank God, it isn't you, my dear!"

For my own part, I had no inclination to return thanks so prematurely. I don't know how other people may feel about such things; but it seems to me that, since we must all die sooner or later, I would rather be killed at once than live on for a few more years with the memory of having killed somebody else. It was, therefore, no small relief to me to hear the report of rosy-cheeked little Dr. Bowles, who was soon upon the spot and who made a long and careful examination of his patient.

"He will pull through, Miss Selby," the excellent little man said confidently. "He has had a nasty squeeze and three of his ribs are broken; but, so far as I can ascertain, there are no internal injuries. Of course there are cuts and bruises and the shock to the system; but these are comparative trifles at his age. He will want careful nursing for a time, though, I'm afraid."

Well, if that was all, his requirements could easily be met. I myself knew very little about tending the sick, having had no experience in that line; but Mrs. Robertson, who had been companion to any number of invalids in past years, was as good as any hospital nurse and asked for nothing better than to be given an opportunity of displaying her capacities. This she did with such happy results that in three days' time Mr. Longfield was pronounced to be out of danger. There could be no question of removing him, Dr. Bowles said, and indeed I should not, in any case, have sanctioned his removal to Colonel Wharton's bachelor establishment, where he would have had no comforts, nor any competent person to look after him. I scarcely saw him until he was able to leave his bedroom, Mrs. Robertson being decidedly of opinion that it would be improper for me to do so, and being also, I think, a little jealous of any possible interference between her and her charge. He was a dear, good young fellow, she told me, and most patient and cheerful; only he was much distressed at the idea of inflicting so much inconvenience upon strangers.

I sent him a message to the effect that I should have been at least equally distressed if I had inflicted the inconvenience of sudden death upon him, and as soon as he was well enough to be carried downstairs to the drawing-room I made him the apology which I believed to be his due.

"Oh, but indeed, Miss Selby," he protested, "it is I who ought to beg your pardon. One has no business to tumble down all of a heap just under another person's nose, and it's the greatest mercy in the world that you weren't more hurt."

Now it was obvious that another person's nose had had no business to be so near him when he fell, and that if she had had it broken for her pains she would have deserved little pity; still I could not help being grateful to him for his magnanimity, nor could I have helped liking him, even if I had wished to do so. He was very young in his ways, very simple and natural, and ready to tell me anything about himself that I might care to hear. I learnt that his home was in the adjoining county, that he was the only son of his mother, who was a widow, that he was a barrister by profession, though not by practice, and that he had vague hopes of some day obtaining a legal appointment from somebody or other. It would have, he admitted, to be an appointment which did not necessitate much knowledge of law, but he had been given to understand that most legal appointments answered to that description. Meanwhile, he seemed very well contented to live down in the country and amuse himself with field sports. We became great friends, as was only natural, I suppose, seeing that our views and pursuits were so much alike; and after the lapse of a few days I discovered that we had yet another taste in common in the shape of love of music. My instructors have never attempted to deceive me with regard to my playing of the fiddle. They are unanimous in saying that I possess but an elementary knowledge of

that art; yet they admit that my ear is keen enough to keep me in tune, and if I can't do anything wonderful with my beloved instrument, I can at least do the little that is within my compass respectably. I daresay that may have been why Mr. Longfield declared, with every appearance of sincerity, that he had never in his life listened to so divine a performer. When he was able to sit up he took to playing my accompaniments for me; so that, upon the whole, we found a spell of cold weather less wearisome than frozen-out fox-hunters usually do.

One morning he announced to me, with some unnecessary apologies, that his mother was coming over to see him. He said that she intended to take up her quarters at the village inn; but that was, of course, absurd, and in response to the telegram which I despatched to Mrs. Longfield I received a grateful acceptance of my proffered hospitality. Well, I can't honestly say that I liked the woman. She was one of those juvenile widows who always impress one with the idea that if they have not married a second time it has been no fault of theirs. She was profuse in her thanks to me for the care that I had taken of her son; she vouchsafed no notice to Mrs. Robertson; she kissed me a good deal more than I liked—does any woman, I wonder, really like kissing another member of her sex?—and she dropped hints which were not agreeable to me. In short, to put matters plainly, she signified, without ambiguity and with very little delicacy, that, although I was twenty-seven and her dear Jack was only twenty-five, she would look upon an alliance between us as a most auspicious event. I was very glad when her engagements compelled her to leave us. She was so kind as to say that she could do so with a mind at ease, being convinced that her boy was as safe in my keeping as he could have been in her own.

Possibly I ought to have told her that he was even safer than she imagined, by reason of my engagement to Granville Maitland. Mrs. Robertson was of opinion that I ought to have done so; but really that sort of thing is not so very easy to say: besides, I, like all heiresses, had had such an experience of match-making mothers that I was little disposed to show any consideration for them as a race. My engagement to Granville was not generally known in the county; so that by this time most of our neighbours, including Colonel Wharton, had begun to scent a romance. The time-honoured materials were ready to their hand—the handsome young man, the rich young woman, the accident and its invariable results. It was reasonable enough that they should smile and look knowing when they called to inquire; and I did not think it worth while to undeceive them.

Yet they were not deceived. People who take a commonplace, every-day view of things seldom are, and I don't know that there is anything very surprising in a disabled young man becoming enamoured of a comparatively young woman with whom he is brought into contact all day and every day, even though she be a black-browed young woman and two years his senior and no great beauty. Especially if you throw in the fiddle. What, I own, did rather surprise me was the extreme reluctance that I felt to administer the requisite dose of cold water to my young convalescent. I had never experienced the smallest compunction in previous cases of a similar kind, because of course I was old enough to know that of all unhappy mortals a man who has been crossed in love is the first to find consolation; but then in previous cases I had been willing and anxious to get rid of my admirer, whereas I did not at all wish to get rid of Mr. Longfield. However he soon grew so demonstrative that it was impossible for me any longer to shirk a distasteful task, and one afternoon, when he had almost told me in so many words that he loved me, I rushed at it headlong—perhaps because I could not trust myself to linger upon the thought of how delightful such an avowal might have been to me under other circumstances.

I walked away from the piano, at which he was sitting, replaced my violin in its case and remarked casually: "I am so glad that our musical performances have helped to while away the time for you a little. I suppose I shall have to hang up the fiddle and the bow for good before long, because my future husband unluckily isn't an admirer of music. Did I tell you that I am going to be married in the spring to my cousin Granville Maitland? I daresay you know that rising politician by name, if you haven't met him."

A very long time—quite a minute, I should think—elapsed before he answered me; but when he did so his voice was under control, though he could not keep a slightly reproachful ring out of it. I forget what he said—some nonsense, I believe, about the high character which Granville bore, and his worthiness of the great prize that he

had secured. Poor boy! And yet it was ridiculous to pity him. It would have been a great deal more to the purpose, as I could not help feeling after I had left the room, to pity myself; for indeed I may as well admit at once that I loved him.

I can truly say that I had never loved any man before, and I can add with equal truth that I was fully conscious of my folly in loving this youth, who was sure to forget me as soon as he should be out in the world once more. I knew that he was really fond of me for the time being; I did not suspect him of having been attracted by the *beaux yeux de ma cassette;* but then I also knew that I was twenty-seven, while he was only twenty-five. All the same, I had very little sleep that night, and before morning I had resolved that everything should be at end between me and Granville. My conclusion—and I still think I was right in so concluding—was that I ought not to marry him, loving somebody else. I do not deny that I had hopes with regard to the effect of this decision upon somebody else; but I do say that I should not have acted otherwise even if I had had no hopes, and I was well aware that I was about to lay myself open to the taunt of having fallen between two stools. Before breakfast I telegraphed to Granville to come down at once; after which I made some excuse for driving off to the neighbouring county town and lunching there. I wished, if possible, to get the impending interview over before I saw Mr. Longfield again.

II.

Granville came down from London by the afternoon express, as I had felt sure that he would do. In fact, I timed my return so as to meet him just when he drove up to the door, and we entered the house together. The best plan was to get what I had to say over in as few words as might be; so, when I had led him into my sanctum and had given him a cup of tea, I told him point-blank that I did not love him well enough to marry him. I explained, perhaps rather foolishly, that circumstances had forced this conviction upon me; whereat he smiled in the slow, exasperating way which I believe is considered to be one of his strong points as a debater.

"This does not surprise me, Diana," was his comment upon my penitent confession.

"I am quite aware, my dear Granville," I returned (for I own that his composure irritated me a little), "that nothing ever does surprise you. I am very glad that you are not surprised and also that you are not particularly distressed."

"That," he observed," is merely your assumption; I am not conscious of having said or done anything to warrant it. My sole meaning was that I can appreciate the force of circumstances. I hope you are now in a fair way towards curing the young Mr. Longfield whom you so nearly killed."

Granville will certainly be a Secretary of State one of these days. He shaves his upper lip, he wears a short, reddish whisker, his hair is growing thin, and when he has said anything particularly rude or disagreeable he has a habit of closing his eyes and folding his hands. He is the very incarnation of official impenetrability, and I doubt whether all the Irish members in the House of Commons could contrive to make him lose his temper for a single moment. After I had informed him that Mr. Longfield was recovering rapidly there was a short pause. Then he resumed:

"You have heard, I presume, that Sir Edward Sutton is dead?"

"I have not," I answered. "It may be very ignorant of me, but until now I had not so much as heard that he had ever been alive. Was he a Minister or an ex-Minister or anything of that kind?"

"Oh, no," replied Granville, smiling; "he was only the husband of Lady Sutton. I thought you might possibly have heard of him, or at any rate of her, from your interesting patient; but perhaps he has not been well enough to read the newspapers lately. Otherwise he might have been somewhat moved by the news that the lady to whom he was engaged not so long ago is once more free."

I daresay I turned pale. It really did not signify whether I concealed my emotion or betrayed it; for Granville evidently read me like an open book. In answer to my would-be indifferent inquiries, he told me all that he knew about Jack Longfield and Lady Sutton. It was a sad story, he said, though of course quite an every-day one. The young people had been neighbours; they had fallen in love with each other and there had been a sort of engagement, which had not been sanctioned by their respective families. Then old Sir Edward Sutton had presented himself, and the consequences

had been what they are in nine out of ten of such cases. The poor girl, Granville said, had hardly been to blame in the matter. What could she do, with her father and mother against her, and her lover so hopelessly impecunious?

"Well," I said, "filial obedience will meet with its reward now, I suppose. She has been delivered from her husband, and it only remains for her to live happily upon his money with her lover, who won't be impecunious any longer."

Granville shrugged his shoulders. "I suppose so," he answered; "but lovers are not always constant. Probably you know better than I do whether hers is."

That was just what I did not know; but if I had known I should have kept my knowledge to myself. I don't think that in any case I should have been bound to take Granville further into my confidence, and every one will allow that I was not so bound after the unmistakable manner in which he had shown me that the rupture of our engagement was a matter of absolute unconcern to him. I did not love him, and I was relieved to discover that he did not love me; yet I imagine that no woman living would feel such a discovery to be otherwise than unflattering.

Under all the circumstances, I was not sorry to hear that his duty to his party and his country would compel him to be in the House of Commons that night, nor did I contradict him when he considerately added that his enforced departure would probably spare me some embarrassment. Before he went away he was so kind as to say that I should always retain his friendship and his best wishes; so we parted upon amicable terms, and I gathered that if I was glad to be rid of him, he was at least equally glad to be rid of me. The truth is that we had never had anything in the world in common.

Mr. Longfield, I presume, heard of my *fiancé's* flying visit from Mrs. Robertson. That good soul had become greatly attached to the young man; she had seen us together, and no doubt she was anxious to prevent any possible misconception on his part. I did not tell her that I had thrown Granville over, nor did I think it necessary to impart that information to my guest, who, in the course of the evening, found an opportunity of saying:

"Mr. Maitland was here to-day, I am told. I am sorry I didn't see him. I should have liked to see him."

"I don't think you would," I answered; "he isn't much to look at, and as a conversationalist he cannot be called brilliant. He had no news to give me, except that a certain Sir Edward Sutton is dead. He seemed to think that that would interest me; but, as I have never had the pleasure of meeting Sir Edward Sutton, it didn't."

Well, of course I was watching him narrowly while I spoke, and of course I noticed how the colour rushed into his pale cheeks. He told me, in a rather unsteady voice, that he had known Lady Sutton all his life, and I believe he went so far as to add that he was very sorry to hear of her bereavement. He changed the subject with suspicious haste, but that he had not put it away from his mind was proved by the irrelevant replies which he returned to each successive observation that I laboriously made until it was time for him to go to bed. When I wished him good night he made me a little formal speech in which I was thanked for my great kindness and hospitality and assured that he could not remain much longer as a burden upon my hands. He hoped that in a few days he would be strong enough to travel up to London, where he had some business to transact. Did I, he inquired, happen to know whether Sir Edward Sutton had died in London? Because, if so, he would like to call upon the disconsolate widow.

I was not able to enlighten him upon that point; but the next morning I ascertained, by searching through back copies of the *Times*, that the late baronet had expired about a fortnight before at his residence in Berkeley Square, and I lost no time in acquainting him with the circumstance. Perhaps I half expected that this would lead him to speak more frankly to me; but it did not. He only seemed to be perturbed and excited, and several times during the day he reiterated his desire to get up to London as soon as possible.

Now, it was simply impossible for him to incur any such fatigue, and the effect of his mental disturbance was to throw him back and bring on a return of the feverishness from which he had been free for some time past. Dr. Bowles was not at all pleased when he saw his patient.

"Mr. Longfield has been worrying himself, Miss Selby," his medical adviser told me in an accusing tone of voice. "That won't do, you know. If we are to have worry

I won't be answerable for the consequences. I don't think you quite realise how little strength the young man has to spare."

I realised, at all events, that it was necessary to relieve him from worry, and that must be my excuse for the course which I determined to adopt. If there was any indelicacy—and I daresay there was—in my seeking out, within a few weeks of her widowhood, a woman who was a total stranger to me and questioning her as to whether she still remained true to her first love, I couldn't help it. It was not delicacy that was likely to restrain me from doing anything in my power to save Jack's life. So I discovered that it was incumbent upon me to hold a consultation with my solicitors, and, having instructed Mrs. Robertson to telegraph for me at once if any change for the worse should take place in Mr. Longfield's condition, betook myself to the hotel in Brook-street, which I have frequented ever since I came of age.

I am not generally accounted a nervous person, but I cannot deny that I experienced considerable trepidation and discomfort as I rang Lady Sutton's door-bell. I was going to do a very bold and unconventional thing, and the chances were largely in favour of my motives being misconstrued. The butler informed me, with an air of grave surprise, that her ladyship was not receiving visitors at present, but I gave him my card, telling him to say that I had special reasons for asking to be admitted ; so, after a short interval, during which two sable-clad footmen had kept an eye upon me lest I should decamp with the umbrellas, I was requested to walk upstairs.

As I entered the drawing-room, who should come bundling out and almost knock me over but Granville Maitland, M.P. ! He looked slightly confused, but did not explain his presence or ask for an explanation of mine ; he only mumbled something which I suppose was meant for a greeting, and trotted downstairs very quickly. I don't know whether he was as much astonished as I was ; but I could not devote more than a second or so to thinking about him, because I had to concentrate all my mental powers upon Lady Sutton and the unauthorised mission which I had undertaken on Jack Longfield's behalf.

She was a very pretty little woman, with golden hair and blue eyes, and I hope it is not ill-natured to say that she had evidently taken some pains to render her widow's garb attractive. As she held a pocket-handkerchief in her hand, and as her eyelids were rather red, it was to be presumed that she had recently been in tears, though whether these had been shed as a tribute to the memory of her late husband seemed less certain. One comfort was that she knew all about me and about Jack's accident. Mr. Maitland, who had been a most kind friend to her, had given her all the particulars, she said.

"And if you have come for—for the reason that I suppose, Miss Selby," she continued hesitatingly, "you may feel assured that you have nothing to dread from me. Mr. Maitland, I know, has told you my story, and I am sure you must have concluded what is perfectly true, that I have justly forfeited any claim I may ever have had upon Mr. Longfield."

"I think you have," I answered candidly—for, although I had foreseen the sense in which she was likely to interpret my visit, I was not the less annoyed with the woman for verifying my prevision—"but if he doesn't think so, that is a matter of small consequence. You and Granville Maitland are mistaken in imagining that I have any wish to supplant you : what I do wish is to see the poor young fellow in good health and spirits again, and I shouldn't have intruded upon you if I hadn't been convinced that you alone have it in your power to cure him. If you can tell me that you still care for him I shall be quite satisfied, and I will go away at once."

Thereupon she began to cry and accused me of placing her in a cruelly false position. Her husband was only just dead : how could I expect her to send a compromising message forthwith to one whose love she had rejected for the sake of more material advantages ? She was persuaded that by doing so she would lose what little respect he might have preserved for her.

I replied that, in my opinion, there was not much danger of her incurring that loss and that she might trust me to refrain from compromising her. "Besides," I added, "neither you nor I nor he can afford to stand upon ceremony. The doctor says that unless Mr. Longfield's mind is set at ease he won't answer for the consequences ; so his mind must be set at ease. Of course a few words from you will do it."

I did not get those few words out of her without some trouble. She tried very hard to make me confess that the interest which I took in Jack Longfield was not of a purely

friendly order ; she rambled off into a long history about the pressure that had been brought to bear upon her and the many excuses that she had had for discarding her first love ; but in the end I induced her to say that, since it was a question of life or death, I might give him her best wishes and kindest remembrances. As that seemed to be sufficient, I took my leave ; and, at the risk of appearing prejudiced, I must remark that she struck me as being a silly and selfish little creature.

On my return home I had the gratification of finding my patient decidedly improved in health, though restless and somewhat excited. He made no secret of his anxiety to be off. Indeed, when Mrs. Robertson had dropped asleep after dinner, as she always does, he asked me whether I should think him rude if he departed on the morrow. He really ought to be in London, he said.

"I shall not think you in the least rude," I replied, "and I quite agree with you that the sooner you go up to London the better. That is, if you can obtain leave from Dr. Bowles. By the way, Lady Sutton gave me a message for you. Her kindest remembrances, I think it was."

"I didn't know that you were acquainted with Lady Sutton," he said, flushing suddenly.

"I was not until to-day," I replied, "and to confess the truth, I shouldn't have been now if I hadn't forced my acquaintance upon her. You must try to forgive me for having taken such a liberty. The responsibility really rests with the doctor, who gave me to understand that unless I could comfort you with some good news you would very likely fret yourself into a dangerous illness."

I then made such explanations as appeared to be needful, while he listened to me shamefacedly. It was easy to divine what his sensations were. He had certainly made love to me, and, being a gentleman, he naturally felt a little uncomfortable at the thought that I, of all people, should be instrumental in securing for him a happiness of which he had despaired. However, I spared him as much as I could, and he thanked me for my kindness, without looking at me, and speedily made his escape. I am sure it was quite as great a relief to me as it was to him to say good night.

But when the post came in on the following morning I received a letter from Lady Sutton which astonished me greatly, and the contents of which I had no choice but to communicate to Mr. Longfield.

"Dear Miss Selby," she wrote, "It is most painful to me to have to tell you of something which I had hoped to keep secret for many months to come ; but after you had left me to-day, I felt that, in justice to poor Jack, I ought not to conceal the truth. I will leave it to your kindness and good sense to decide whether he had better be told at once or not ; only *please* do not let him come here. I know I must seem to have been faithless to him ; still there *is* a difference between the sort of boy-and-girl flirtation that he and I had once upon a time and the love of riper years. Besides, I quite thought that he had forgotten me.

"I am afraid you will be rather displeased to hear that I am engaged to Mr. Maitland and that we are to be married in about a year's time ; although, as you yourself no longer care for him, I don't know why you should mind. Knowing him as well as you do, I am sure you will believe that he scrupulously refrained from telling me what his true feelings were until you had set him free."

The letter was a tolerably long one ; but there is no occasion to quote more than the above passages from it. Indeed, the remainder did not greatly interest me. The question was whether it would be safe to tell Mr. Longfield all, and I had by no means made up my mind that I would do so when he came, with a very serious face, to inform me that Dr. Bowles had sanctioned his immediate departure for London. However, I need scarcely say that I found half measures impossible. I tried to dissuade him from attempting to see Lady Sutton on the ground of her recent bereavement, and I tried to hint very gently that there was a chance of her being no longer quite of the same mind as she had been before her marriage ; but these subterfuges were of no avail.

"You are keeping back something from me, Miss Selby," he said at length. "Please don't do that, because it isn't kind or friendly to deceive me, although I know you mean to be both."

So then I blurted out the truth clumsily enough, and I must say that the effect which it produced upon him was startling in the highest degree. Up to that moment I had firmly believed Jack Longfield to be a modest and even a somewhat timid young man : certainly I had imagined that he was a good deal in awe of me. But these illusions were

rudely dispelled when I found myself being kissed and embraced without so much as a preliminary word of warning, and when he did speak, the assertion that he made was characterized by anything rather than modesty.

"I knew all along that you loved me," he declared unblushingly; "but you felt that you were bound in honour to that fellow, and when I heard that old Sir Edward was dead I felt much the same thing with regard to Lady Sutton. How can we ever thank them enough for having taken a fancy to each other!"

I pointed out to Jack that his case was far from being upon all fours with mine. I had never pretended to be in love with Granville—a man with whom it was preposterous to imagine that anybody could fall in love—whereas he had undoubtedly been enamoured of a woman much younger and prettier than I was. Well, he admitted that he had once been enamoured of Lady Sutton; but he would admit nothing more, and perhaps I was not overwhelmingly anxious that he should. Beauty, after all, can only be defined as that which pleases the eye: if my sallow countenance pleased his eye more than her ladyship's pink and white one, it was not for me to complain of his bad taste.

So it has come to pass that in these days Jack hunts the old brown mare. I wanted to turn her out to grass when he peremptorily forbade me to get upon her back again; but he says his weight makes all the difference to her and that she is safe enough for him, though she would not be so for me. If it comes to that, I may as well acknowledge, without wasting more words about it, that his hands are better than mine. In every way and all ways he is better than I am, I think—which, no doubt, is just what a wife ought to think about her husband. I do not know whether that is the light in which Lady Sutton regards Granville; but I am sure I hope it is. If my heartiest good wishes are any comfort to that couple, they may rest assured that they possess them; for, as Jack truly says, we have every reason to be profoundly grateful to them both.

MIDNIGHT.

By D. H. B. ROBERTS.

Midnight: the winds were quiet, and no sound
  Troubled the silence of the garden old:
Clear showed its dark-red walls and mossy ground:
  The apple-trees' trim leaves and fruit of gold
  Were as a fairy vision to behold,
Motionless, tranquil: 'mid the peace profound
Old Earth was wakeful, thinking; all around
  The night was rich with sweet scents manifold.

The harvest moon rode lonely in the steep.
  I drew my window-curtains, and the proud
    Still beams, into the chamber passing straight,
Alighted, softly as descending sleep:
  Clad in such light, the vain sweet shadows crowd
    With noiseless pinions, through the ivory gate.

CATS AND KITTENS; OR, "IN DEFENCE OF THE CAT."

By J. E. PANTON.

Illustrated by LOUIS WAIN.

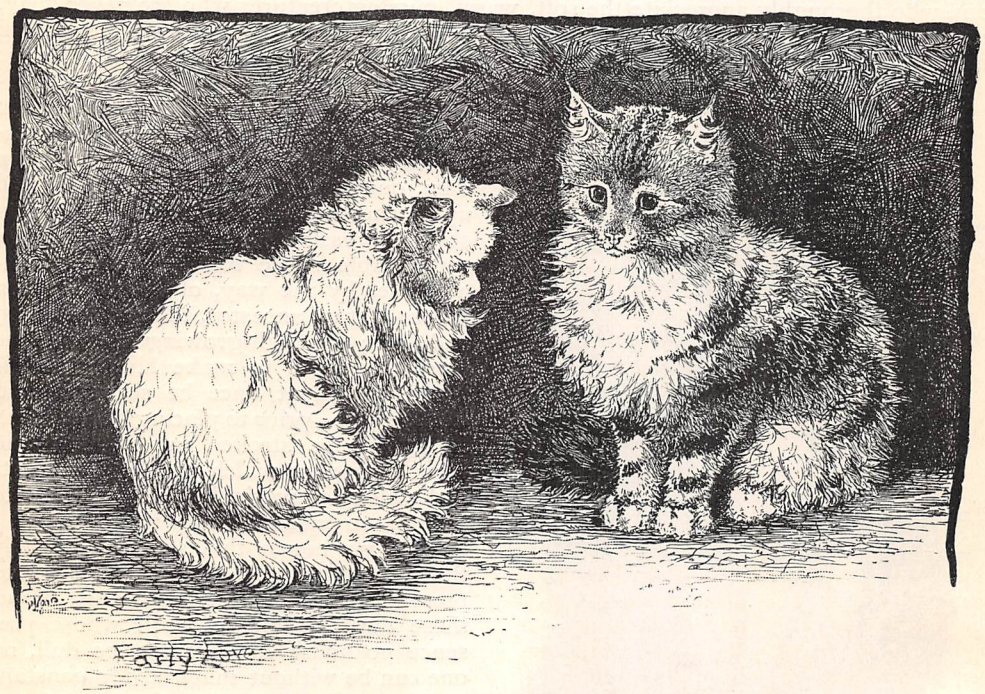
IT is impossible to believe that those who so ruthlessly condemn the "harmless, necessary cat," and as ruthlessly demand its extirpation, or at least its taxation, can have ever studied the fascinating animal, or have even attempted to treat her with the kindly respect and warm affection that are the sole means of developing those valuable characteristics which make a cat a real companion, and which are never formed at all in the unfortunate specimen of the race who all too often spends an uneventful life of catching uncongenial mice in an equally uncongenial London kitchen.

It has been stated over and over again that a cat is not for one moment to be compared to the more intelligent, affectionate, and reasoning dog; that she (it is always she—please to remember that) is a time-server, has no real love for anything save her own comfort; that she is utterly selfish, never answers to her name, and that above all she is most uninteresting and stupid; and that except for mousing purposes she had better be extinct at once, for she is entirely untrustworthy, and as useless to the world at large as she is disturbing and destructive to gardens; and to the nocturnal rest of any who may be unhappy enough to have to sleep near a colony of cats who meet beneath the light of the moon, and discuss—not always in the very sweetest voices possible—the matters of state in cat-land, and make love, fight, argue, and no doubt obstruct the course of business, in the present parliamentary fashion prevalent among beings of higher organization than poor Puss is supposed to possess.

But again we venture to state that all this long catalogue of *cons* can be replied to emphatically by as equally a long list of *pros*, and that those cats who are selfish, uninteresting, and unaffectionate, come of a long line of misunderstood ancestors, whose wrongs rankle in their hearts, and have caused their descendants to cease to cultivate virtues which were never comprehended, and which were allowed to languish and die out, under the cold breezes of unappreciation; while we can point triumphantly to a score of examples on the other side, which will, we trust, prove conclusively, that a cat who is properly treated, spoken to kindly, called by its own name, and has its senses cultivated by an appreciative owner, not only becomes in every whit as companionable as a dog, but in her turn bears progeny that are in advance of their parents, and bid fair in time to develop qualities that have been denied the race for generations.

In the first place, who ever expected a dog to come at call, if the mere word "dog"—even softened to "doggie"—represented its patronymic? Why, the veriest cur in the kingdom would resent the rudeness, and would refuse to follow any one who denied him his orthodox cognomen; and yet stately Angora, beautiful Chinchilla, aristocratic Persian, noble Siamese, common or garden tabby and tortoiseshell alike, are all expected to know immediately that she and she alone is required when any member of the family calls "Puss," and is called idiotic if she merely pricks her ears and stretches herself again to sleep, refusing to believe that she only can be meant by such a

universal title. And on the other hand, who ever talks to the cat as the dog is invariably talked to by his master? Is he not consulted on the subject of his walks, taught to know his way about, to understand friends from foes, encouraged to show his feelings, and be, in fact, a happy, natural creature? while Puss is left curled up in her chair or on the rug, and though stroked and sometimes kissed is never really spoken to or consulted, or taught in any way to use her faculties, or to spend her life in anything save sleep, and an occasional stalk after a mouse, or a harmless bird; which she is as often as not punished for killing, regardless of the fact that she has only followed out entirely the instincts born in her, and which have been neither softened nor subdued by a course of education; such as teaching a setter or a pointer



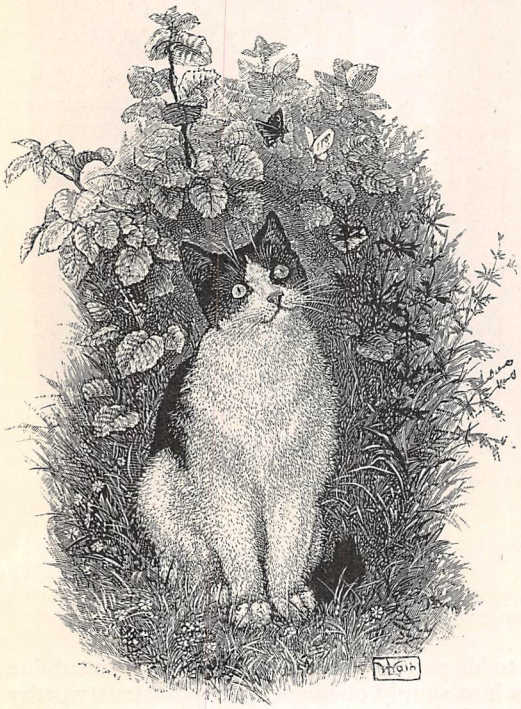
PERSIAN AND LONG-HAIRED ENGLISH TABBY KITTENS.

to bring the game unharmed in his mouth to his master; and that causes him to subdue his inborn destructive faculties, and makes him simply obedient and quite trustworthy even during this most tempting opportunity of doing as he likes.

It is obvious that the present lowly state of the domestic cat is the outcome of the fact that the race has become so numerous as to be no longer valuable; for in the bygone ages not only were they appreciated properly in Egypt, where, as all the world knows, temples were erected to their honour and they were treated with reverence and affection, but in the time of one of the old Princes of Wales, who died in 948, says the nameless author of *Recreation in Natural History*, which is dedicated to "the ingenious YOUTH desirous of obtaining knowledge on the most important subjects," cats were of considerable value: the price of a kitten before it could see was fixed at a penny; till proof could be given of its having caught a mouse, at twopence; after which it was rated at fourpence—a very considerable sum in days when money was so scarce; while, as a farther proof of the estimation in which cats were then held, the author goes on to relate that a law was made by the same prince, who rejoiced in the name of Hoel Dha, or Howel the Good, which declared that if any one should steal or kill the cat which guarded the prince's granary the offender was to forfeit either a milch-ewe, her fleece, and lamb; or as much corn as, when poured on the cat, suspended by the tail, the head touching the floor, would form a heap high enough to cover the extreme tip of its tail: though whether this punishment was inflicted on the stealer of the prince's cat alone, the historian does not think it necessary to state.

The Mohammedans were equally attached to the cat; obviously because of their

Prophet's great love for the animal; who, as is well known, preferred to cut off the sleeve of his robe to disturbing the sleep of his pet, which had curled herself up comfortably on that voluminous portion of his attire; and in the time of the Prophet, cats were allowed to enter the mosques and were caressed there as Mohammed's favourite animal; while the dog that should dare to appear there would pollute the place with his presence, and would be punished with instant death. But as time went on, and cats increased and multiplied, they appear to have gone out of favour, except in the minds of old maids and venerable bachelors, who have always been fond of them, and have, no doubt, had more time than the generality of folks, to study their amiable characteristics and learn what delightful companions they can be when properly treated and really understood; and who thoroughly appreciate the soft, warm, purring creatures who are never dirty, never rough, and who are always willing to be stroked and petted in the soothing manner, that in some mysterious way is transmitted from the stroked to the stroker; and which has often in my own case resulted in bringing rest to an over-worked brain, and sleep to eyelids that had resolutely refused to close before, when Sam, our large black Manx cat, jumped up on the bed, and began his usual process of pressing down the clothes into a comfortable space for himself—a reminiscence, by the way, of the days when his far-distant ancestor, the tiger, used to pad down the high-growing grass in the jungle in order to make himself a lair which should at once be secretive and comfortable—prior to placing himself near enough to be stroked in the even and regular manner which pleases him best, and which as invariably sends us both to sleep in an equally speedy manner.



SHORT-HAIRED BLACK AND WHITE KITTEN "PETER."

But we began this article especially that we might write about kittens, and at present have not said one word about these darlings, blessed with whose presence no house can possibly be dull, no one can be without material for constant and hearty laughter, and the veriest cat-hater—the individual who from lack of training in his or her youth, declares he or she cannot live in the house with a cat, and who "shoos" them remorselessly the moment they appear on the scene—has been known to declare that, given a kitten which would always remain in the kitten-stage, the antipathy would no longer exist, and affection instead of detestation would be given to the delightful little creatures.

Who, for example, could resist the fascinations of the two charming aristocratic kittens in the first sketch before us? The white Persian puss is looking half-asleep, and the long-haired English tabby (which species has the most perfect of all faces, surrounded by a soft fluffy gray ruff) is pretending not to see his companion; but in a moment the soft paw will be extended, the white paw will stretch out to give an inquiring or tentative pat, and in a second the two kittens will be scampering hither and thither, up and down the curtains, in and out of the chairs; one will hang on the seat, and tap the tail of the one on the floor, and finally they will both indulge in a regular game of hide-and-seek, copying the graceful movements, and often enough the absolute tactics, of a couple of children employed in the same game; until the spectator, exhausted with laughter and anxious for peace, catches up the miscreants, and either soothes them to sleep, or turns them bodily out of the room to resume their antics on the stairs, where presently they may be heard tearing up and down, and making as much noise as a small regiment of soldiers.

The white Persian is rather a risky subject, as a rule, for one to give one's affections

to. She is delicate, highly organized, and requires immense and constant care, and is not, in our opinion, capable of so much culture as the less aristocratic long-haired tabby. She is given to softer living and has few ambitions, and being quite content with a warm corner by a fire, does not discriminate as finely between old and new friends as does a kitten whose pedigree is shorter and whose intellect is quicker and more capable of being cultivated. Out of the several Persian kittens we have possessed none have ever really grown up, or lived more than a couple of years; we have kept them daintily and warmly, we have watched them carefully, and had what servants call "the best of advice" for them, but they have never rewarded our care by living to a respectable old age; and we have therefore come to the conclusion that we shall not attempt to keep them any more; for no sooner have we become attached to them than they develop some complaint, and either dwindle away to a small, miserable heap of

TORTOISESHELL, SIAMESE, AND RED TABBY KITTENS.

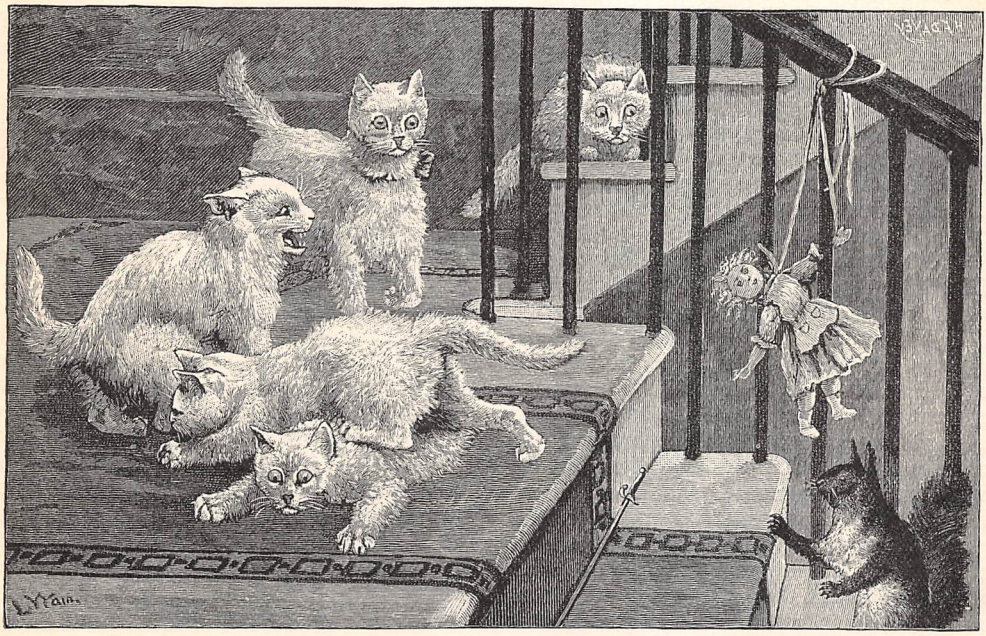
dingy fur, or die quite suddenly in the most heart-breaking manner. The long-haired English kittens are, in our opinion, quite as pretty, and certainly live much longer; their only faults being that they are virulent poachers and night disturbers—two faults which must be legislated for very young, for, if cats are properly brought up, they never wander about at night, but come home with a regularity, at exactly the same time, that is really astonishing: one old cat, for example, a regular short-haired tabby, which we possess, and which is the fourth of his generation we have brought up—his great-great-grandmother having been given to us by "Idstone" of the *Field*—always presenting himself at one of our windows just before ten o'clock every night, when he jumps in, makes his way to the kitchen, and at once curls himself up on his own chair, where he sleeps most comfortably until the maids open the down stairs windows, when out he jumps and takes his "constitutional" until he knows it is breakfast-time, when he comes in at once, and demands with a curious open mouth (for he is absolutely dumb, and has never mewed in his life) his ordinary saucer of milk. Now Max began by being a regular chicken-slayer and night-wanderer, but being punished severely and managed judiciously has overcome both faults; and no doubt all evilly-disposed cats can be managed in the same way if only trouble is taken with them in the matter in very early youth. Of course among cats there are not the numerous differences in breed and race that there are among dogs, and we have no such contrasts as, for example, exist between the St. Bernard and the toy-terrier. Yet that there are great

differences no one can deny; the face of Peter, the short-haired, black and white kitten on page 452, being entirely different from either of the fluffy pets in the first sketch. He is square, and sturdier, has far more character, even if he possesses less refinement and beauty, and could be taught far more than either of the lovely ladies whose fur seems to absorb so much of their time and intellect, and who would be likely to grow up far more selfish members of society than such as Peter, whose appearance is not so perfect, but whose qualities would be appreciated by any real cat-lover a thousand times more than the mere good looks of the couple of beauties, who would, we feel convinced, utterly refuse to have anything to say to him. And yet it was just such a sturdy cat as this of whom we must stop to tell an anecdote which is absolutely true, and which happened to one of our oldest friends. She was going home through the snow one wretched December night, when she discovered she was being followed by the most miserable little mewing cat she had ever seen. She carried it home, fed it, made much of it by her fire, and was rewarded for her trouble by seeing him develop into a square-shouldered, broad-browed, black-and-white, short-haired kitten. She kept it for a fortnight, and one day was told the creature had disappeared. She was in despair, and was on the point of offering a reward, when her maid came rushing up to tell her that Frisk had returned in company with a very beautiful gray Chinchilla kitten, which was wearing proudly a broad riband with his name and address on it, worked in gold thread. With a sinking heart Miss S. looked at the two cats and read the address: the new cat looked too polished, too beautiful altogether, to steal, and yet the square where evidently she lived was a good four-mile drive away. Both cats seemed absolutely content, absolutely happy; Frisk purred as never before. Honesty had a severe struggle, but at last it conquered; and putting both cats into a large, soft basket, Miss S. drove off, and discovered that Frisk had absolutely fetched the Chinchilla cat all the way to Miss S.'s house. "The fact is," said the owner, "Frisk, as you call it, is the kitchen cat, and we never take any notice of him, and we never encourage Pearl to do so either. I think he must have been happier and made much more of with you than he was with us, and he must have returned to fetch Pearl. We don't care for him, and you may keep him if you like," and Miss S. departed, taking Frisk with her, who lived to a great age, highly appreciated by all who knew him, albeit he made one more attempt to fetch Pearl, and being discovered with her, was punished severely and kept in a dark closet for twenty-four hours, until Miss S. could send to fetch him. He never went after her again, though he seemed at first to pine for her. She forgot him almost as soon as his back was turned; in fact, her own mistress thought she never forgave him the long wet walk through the streets, finally landing her in a house in a far less aristocratic neighbourhood than her own, and in a far less comfortably-furnished abode than the one she had left. Frisk looked despairingly at her when Miss S. took him in her arms to carry him off, but Pearl was idly biting or smelling at a fuchsia, and bore his departure with great calm!

CHINCHILLA LONG-HAIRED KITTEN.

That cats are cruel is a fact we have perpetually dinned into our ears: they may be, but we maintain stoutly, not more cruel than the dog who chases a hare despite its screams, the hound which runs the fox to earth, or the tiger which slays its thousands. Nature herself is cruel, so is all connected with Nature; and a cat's cruelty is, after all, very mild, and is really caused more by her love of play than from her delight in pain. Sam, one of our cats, will chase bees, butterflies, and moths, the whole of the summer months, and we have never seen him destroy a single specimen of either insect. He will spring feet into the air after a bee, and will strike it with his paw and bring it down unfailingly among the grass; he will stand over it for a moment, give it a pat, and once more knock it down, should it respond to his gentle hint by flying up; but he will then leave it alone and pass on elsewhere, continuing the amusement

untiringly for as long as there are any creatures to play with, the greatest amusement being found in the great cockchafers, whose buzzing seems to be taken for a challenge to him; and it is most entertaining to watch the weird, tailless, Manx creature springing three or four feet into the air in the dusk after the cockchafers, never resting until he has caught one or more of them, releasing them unhurt once he has fairly captured them. But there is no cruelty here, Sam merely wishes to play, just as the three kittens in the sketch wish to play with the tortoise, who does not understand them, and is no doubt wretched—as wretched as a miserable toad the shrieks from which once roused us from our work, and we rushed out, thinking murder was being committed, to discover that Sam was playing in the conservatory with a toad, which did not enter into the spirit of the game at all, and which was yelling with fright; for



WHITE SHORT-HAIRED KITTENS.

every time it hopped Sam put a black paw on its back, it would then scream, and Sam would remove his paw, only to repeat the same amusement at the next hop: there was no attempt to harm the toad, and evidently the cat's sole ambition was to see it hop, and he took the only steps he knew of to obtain the desired movement.

The Siamese cat is not often seen in an English household, as it too is remarkably delicate, and can hardly ever face a winter. It is of a particularly beautiful soft brown colour, and has black markings singularly like those of a pug. Its fur is shorter and less silky, but makes up in colour what it lacks in any other attraction. Its temper is not quite to be depended on, and though we have never ourselves had any specimens in our care, all our informants agree in confessing that almost any other cat is pleasanter and safer to live with. But we must own to hankering after a specimen, as we have been often and solemnly warned against Manx cats, while our own experience teaches us that it is by far the most affectionate and intelligent of all the cat tribe; far more teachable and in every respect far more like the dog in its habits and in its capabilities of becoming a real companion. Sam came to us in a hamper by carrier, when he was only about six weeks old, and he certainly was the very funniest creature we had ever seen: his hind-quarters were and are considerably higher than the front legs, he was quite black, though, as in all young cats, the stripes of the tiger were visible in an intense light, and the soft black patch which did duty for a tail was so absurd that he was saluted with a chorus of laughter, which annoyed him intensely, and caused him to retire under a chair, where he remained until forced to emerge from his retreat by the pangs of hunger. He was never a rollicking, idle kitten like the majority of small cats, and has always taken life soberly; he never ran after an empty

reel—he *could* not run after his tail, poor dear!—and his only relaxation consisted in chasing bees, toads, and other creatures, as related before; but he is the only cat of whom we ever heard that nearly pined to death the only time he was ever left alone with the servants, when all the family were away together; the only cat who knows when you are ill, and spends his days on your bed trying his best to comfort you; who knows his name like a dog, and comes running when called, and who is capable of keeping three big dogs in such constant awe—an awe that custom never stales—that they slink away appalled before him, and no more dare eat before him, or share his milk, than they dare steal or poach or bite, or commit any of the ungentlemanly sins so often ascribed to the canine race. When we go away to stay, Sam and Max go too: they never attempt to stray, they never attempt to get lost, they walk solemnly all over the house, then over the garden, and finally each selects a permanent chair, and, to do them both justice, their selection generally speaks volumes for their love of comfort. They have had three complete moves in their time, and have never even in the most uncomfortable moments of those moves given us the least anxiety about their welfare; and we never boarded them out, save once, when Sam ruthlessly turned out the cat of the house, and refused to allow him to enter his own domicile all the time he was there—a course of conduct which resulted in our being obliged to keep him ourselves, in all and every muddle, for he really caused acute misery by his conduct to the small mistress of the banished cat, who could not understand a stranger being cherished and her own pet being relegated to the stable entirely.

Sometimes cats are decidedly cruel. We had one, Wrinkleface by name, who deliberately and actually and with her own paws beat her first kittens to death. She was very young, and she could not understand why she must remain in a basket away from her adored mistress. She kept leaving the squealing little creatures, and at last we shut her up with her family in the tool-house, where later on she was discovered by us with three dead kittens in the basket, and actually banging the head of number four against the wall until the poor little creature was quite dead. The others had been trampled on, and we shall never forget the fiendish way in which she looked first at the corpses and then at us, finally leaping out of the tool-house and coming indoors as if nothing had happened. For months we never petted her or spoke to her, and the lesson went home; she became an admirable mother, although she was not always lucky, for a white terrier, whose ears she had boxed more than once, watched her out into the garden (we saw him do this ourselves), and then, rushing hurriedly down stairs at the top of his speed, he went and killed every one of that litter while the mother was out in the garden; and yet people talk of the noble animal the dog, and have nothing but abuse for the cat. Still there never was, we maintain, a clearer case of a meaner revenge than this! Cats are constitutionally brave, yet are undoubtedly timid: they will keep great dogs at bay, but an unknown object will terrify them almost to death; their fur begins to rise, their backs are arched, their claws come out, they make an admirable show of defence, but at last terror is too much for them, and with a howl of despair they rush wildly up a tree should they be out of doors, or career madly to some place of safety indoors, should they be suddenly confronted with any animal with which they have never made acquaintance before; while perhaps their most curious trait is the utterly inhospitable manner in which they receive a strange member of their own race, for nothing will induce the cat denizens of a household to be even moderately civil to any new cat or kitten which may be introduced to them without a stand-up fight—a fight that only too often continues for weeks, and sometimes, indeed, it is months before the latest arrival becomes really a member of the family, free as are all the rest of its privileges and emoluments.

We were once the proud and happy possessor of thirteen cats, all of which had been born on the place, and were all progeny of a venerable Tom called Tim, and of Wrinkleface mentioned before, and it was a most curious study to see how Tim kept his numerous family in order. We had in those days a very large garden, and as the dogs roamed freely therein, Tim and his family had a habit of taking the air on the branches of a large fir we always used to call the "cat-tree," and a more strange sight surely was never seen in any other garden than the dark wide branches each forming a resting-place for a white, black, gray, or Chinchilla kitten, while Tim lay solemnly out on the top branch of all, and woe betide the son or daughter that aspired to share that elevated spot! a box on the ears soon reduced him or her to order, and never while Tim lived did he allow any other cat to climb above him or share his perch: he

was head of the family indeed, and ruled the whole twelve, Wrinkleface included, with a paw of iron. A curious survival of some far-back ancestor used often to be found among these special cat-friends of ours, for, while both Wrinkleface and Tim had not the smallest evidence of blue blood in their appearance, one kitten in each family would be an almost perfect specimen of the long-haired English tabby, and once we had a quite beautiful French-gray, or Chinchilla-coloured cat—but only once. This cat used to beg like a dog, learned to open the door, first by jumping up at it and striking the handle until it turned, and then by standing on an adjacent table and stretching out its paw from that to the handle; he would ask to be taken for a walk, and would

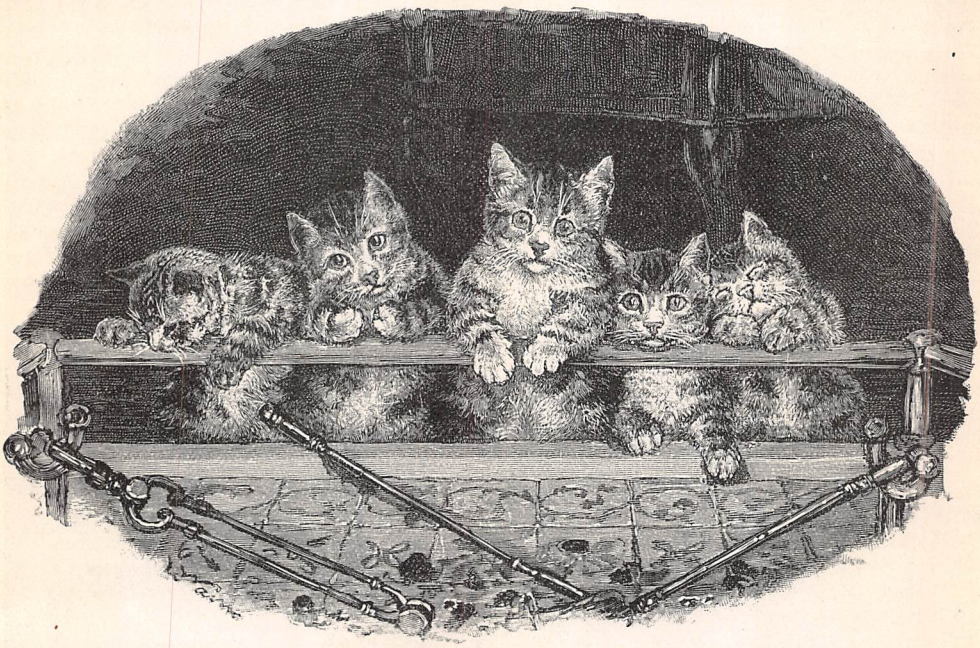
THEIR MORNING MEAL.

solemnly pace up and down the long garden walk, following his mistress as steadily as possible, and stopping every now and then to scent the white pinks or violets of which the garden was full in spring and summer—and, in fact, was the cleverest animal we ever saw, and our one regret is that, overdone with our thirteen, we gave him away, and had no real opportunity either of developing or watching talents which were so far above the average; but he never forgot us, and the moment he heard our voices in his mistress's house, he used to come rushing up to us, and purr round us, talking to us in a manner that was as pathetic as it was undoubtedly clever, and out of the common.

A winter's absence from our home dispersed our family of thirteen, and although they were left on board wages, and amply fed by the usual hands, they resented our absence, found homes for themselves with our neighbours, and when we returned prior to giving up the old home for good, we found that Tim had fallen a victim to his fondness for ambitious heights, and had broken his neck among the machinery of a neighbouring brewery, and that only Wrinkleface and one kitten were left to us out of all that goodly tribe. It was a severe blow; still, as we were emigrating to a much smaller garden, perhaps it was as well that our family was diminished for us; we should never have had the heart to do this ourselves.

We have found quite common cats produce one or two beautiful kittens in a litter among four or five quite hideous brothers and sisters, and when we moved to our present abode we experienced a very curious example of this. We found in the stables one of the plainest and hungriest cats it has ever been our misfortune to see; we did

not like or want her, but we cannot be unkind to any creature, and in consequence we fed and entertained her, and to our astonishment our own cats were quite civil to her. When she had been our property for some time, we were led to believe that she had taken advantage of our hospitality and had foisted a family upon us; but nowhere could the family be found, and we were beginning to think we had suspected her wrongfully, when one morning on the front door-step we found, apparently alone and unattended, the most beautiful red-and-white long-haired kitten, of quite six weeks old, that we had ever seen. We brought it in, fed it, made much of it, welcomed the beauty in every way, and wondered to whom it belonged; made all inquiries without any result, and after two days we named it, and introduced it properly to the rest of



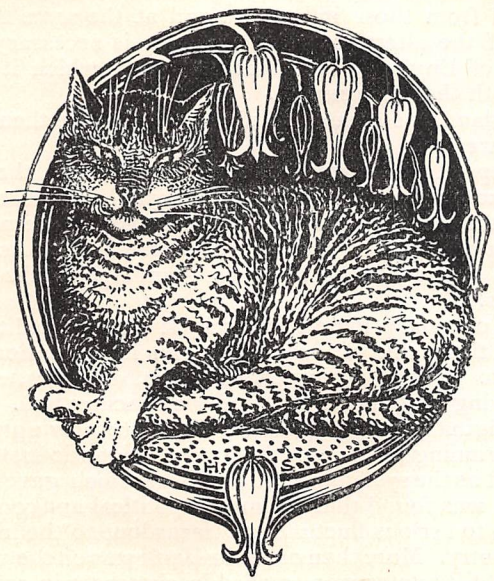
ENGLISH SHORT-HAIRED TABBIES.

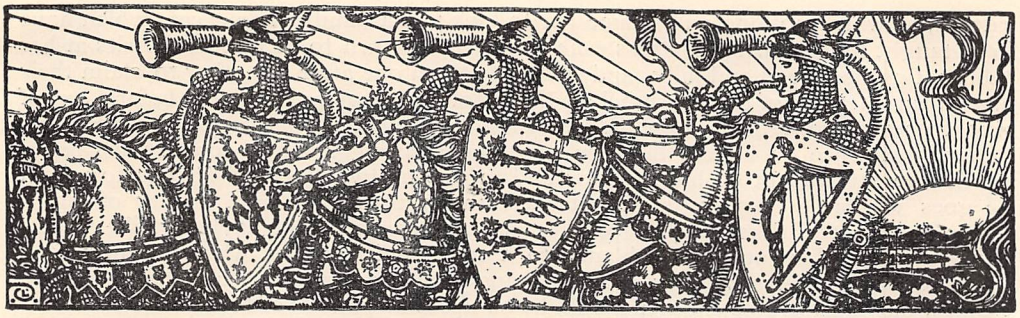
the family; and then on the third morning we were astonished to find a second kitten, equally beautiful, equally long-haired, but this time owned and obviously chaperoned by the stable cat, who as obviously had introduced number one tentatively, and to see what we should do, and then produced number two, believing, by the reception given to number one, that we should not resent her family as much as she feared we should do. But the matter did not end here, for although the stable cat now stayed indoors, and seemed quite happy with her beautiful children, we were attracted by the sound of mewing to an arbour covered thickly with twigs, and there among the twigs, and just like birds in a nest, we discovered two more kittens, but these were just as ugly as their mother, and had evidently been forgotten by her in her pride and joy at our reception of the beauties; or could she have subtly argued to herself that she would introduce the lovely sisters first, and then would have brought forward the others? However, her plot was frustrated, for we could not bear three editions of the stable cat, and reluctantly gave orders which resulted in the death of the plain members of the family.

If space allowed, we could tell endless anecdotes of Thomas, the white cat who lived to the honoured age of twenty-two, who went to bed every night of his life in a basket with a couple of blankets, and who would not sleep in them if they were the least soiled or dirty, who would literally scream with rage if his mistress went up stairs without first putting him to bed like a child, and who finally, when he found he was dying, dragged his poor old limbs quite a mile away to the stable of a friend to save his mistress the anguish of watching his last moments; of Peter, who plays games with her owners, and who can take a piece of bread in her paw from the centre of a napkin-ring without moving the ring, and who, despite her name, has constant families of

kittens, at which nothing will induce her to look; of a family of four cats which have been taught by their little mistress each to wait their turn to be fed, as she sits at her table eating her bread and milk, and calling to them one after the other to claim their share; and, finally, of our much-beloved Sam, of whom we have spoken before, but of whom pages might be written did we dwell at length on his curious cunning, his patient insistence on having his own way and securing his own comfort, his really passionate attachment to his mistress and to one or two favoured friends to whom he goes without a demur, curling himself up on their laps as a matter of right, his as passionate dislike to other people, and his detestation of anything like "company"—in fact, his entire resemblance to a crusty old bachelor, who is civility itself when no one interferes with his special arrangements, and who adores one or two old cronies, but is miserable enough should he be upset or put out of his routine.

We could quote anecdotes of other cats, notably of one, who, like Schwartz, attempted to commit suicide by throwing itself repeatedly head foremost from a high shelf on a stone floor, and although it did not accomplish its end, bruised itself so much that it had to be killed; of another cat, who was put into a sack and thrown into the river to be drowned, and which, having found a hole in the sack, swam home, and presented itself a dripping ghost before the eyes of its outraged and frightfully alarmed master; of another cat at the Wareham Mills, which used to sit and fish for the eels which were always to be found there, and which brought them out and ate them in the cleverest way possible; but we fear we have already transgressed the space at our disposal; however, we trust we have said enough to prove our case, and to enlist sympathy in the cause of this most misunderstood creature: if we have not, a glance at the trio of fascinating tabbies gazing into the fire must surely do the rest, for who could resist the inquiring eyes of the middle darling, or the sweet, sleepy fat ball of gray fur which is already giving way to the attacks of slumber, and is falling against his next-door neighbour, in a manner that will result in a moment in an agonized squall of reproach, and the probable administration of a "good pat" from the small outstretched paw?.





HOW TO INCREASE THE REVENUE WITHOUT TAXATION.

By WILLIAM GATTIE.

STATED in a few words, my proposal is to substitute a National Note for the existing Bank of England note, to transfer to the General Post Office the function of issuing notes, now performed by the Issue Department of the Bank of England, and to transfer to the Royal Mint the business of purchasing uncoined bullion, now conducted in the Bullion Office of the Bank of England. I shall endeavour to show that, by the adoption of this scheme, at least £200,000 a year might without difficulty be added to the national revenue.

Such a change, although radical in procedure, is by no means fundamental; and, so far from departing from the sound principles laid down in the Bank Act of 1844, would tend to insure their absolute observance—an end which the existing system has failed to obtain. But as this system has been in operation, at any rate as regards its form, for nearly two centuries, it has, like everything else that has had a prolonged existence, become more or less sanctified by time and veiled in a certain mysticism. In order to free the public mind from those influences, and at the same time to prepare the way for an explanation of the alterations I advocate, it is necessary to go briefly into the origin of the Bank of England, the principles upon which it was founded, and its financial relations with the Government.

The Bank of England was created in 1694; and its title then coincided exactly with its functions, which were

To receive deposits of current coin or bullion from the general public, and to give in exchange a promissory note payable to bearer on demand; and

To deal with the store of cash so accumulated for purposes of loans on commercial paper, &c., in precisely the same manner as a private banker deals with the aggregate of balances standing to the credit of his several customers.

Upon this simple original principle, whereby it was enabled to relieve the necessities of the Government, the Bank of England began its operations in the house of the Company of Grocers. There, during many years, directors, secretaries, and clerks, might be seen labouring in different parts of one spacious hall. The persons employed by the Bank were originally only fifty-four. They are now upwards of nine hundred. Out of this small beginning has arisen the present gigantic institution.

Yet, well adapted as the system was to the times which gave it birth, it was doomed to come to an end. It was found that in times of political and commercial excitement the bank note was liable to serious fluctuations, hazardous to the institution itself and embarrassing to the country. More than once the Bank was on the verge of disaster. On a certain Saturday night its notes were cashed in sixpences in order to gain time, and a Cabinet Council hastily summoned on the following day authorised the suspension of cash payments. It became necessary, at length, to take measures to secure the convertibility of the note.

The Act of 1844 was practically the death-warrant of the very principle which brought the Bank into existence; and it furnishes a subject for curious reflection

on the contradictory influences produced by altered situations, that two great statesmen —Charles Montague and Sir Robert Peel—should both have earned the gratitude and eulogy of their country for the creation and destruction respectively of the same principle. Under the Act of 1844 the Bank, although retaining the right of issuing notes in exchange for coin and bullion, was debarred for the future from advancing the funds so obtained on commercial bills and other securities. That is to say, the issue of bank notes against securities other than currency and bullion was limited thenceforward to the amount (£14,000,000) at which it stood at the time of the passing of the Act.

An exception, however, was made in the event of the discontinuance of the issue of a country bank, the Bank of England being permitted to increase the amount of the securities in the Issue Department by a sum not exceeding two-thirds of the issue so discontinued; but it was provided that the whole of the net profits derived from the consequent increase in the issue of bank-notes should be credited to the Government. It was also enacted that an annual payment of £180,000 should be made by the Bank to the Government in consideration of their exclusive privileges and their exemption from stamp duties.

The history of the existing Government debt to the Bank of England of £11,015,100 is little known, save to those who have made the subject an especial study. The first portion of this loan, which was really the first transaction that started the Bank, was made in 1694, and amounted to £1,200,000. It was immediately subscribed, the rate of interest being 8 per cent. per annum, with £4,000 per annum for management, making in all £100,000 per annum. In 1708, or thereabouts, the Bank redeemed exchequer bills to the amount of £1,775,027 17*s.* 10*d.* at 6 per cent., and at the same time advanced without interest £400,000. In 1713 a further loan was effected of £2,000,000 at 5 per cent. In 1716 the interest on the exchequer bills redeemed in 1708 was reduced from 6 per cent. to 5 per cent. In 1721 the Bank advanced £4,000,000 for the purchase of South Sea Annuities, at 5 per cent. till 1727, and after that date at 4 per cent., bringing up the total amount of the debt from Government to £9,375,027 17*s.* 10*d.* Between 1727 and 1738 further transactions took place, leaving a balance of £275,027 17*s.* 10*d.* in favour of the Government, and so reducing the total amount due in 1738 to £9,100,000. In 1742 the Bank advanced without interest £1,600,000; in 1745 exchequer bills amounting to £986,800 were redeemed at 3 per cent; and in 1816 the Bank advanced £3,000,000 at 3 per cent., bringing the total to £14,686,800. In 1838 an Act was passed providing for the repayment of one-fourth of that sum, or £3,671,700, and the loan was thus reduced to its present amount of £11,015,100, bearing interest at the uniform rate of 3 per cent.

This debt from Government now stands as the far greater portion of the fixed amount of securities against which notes may be issued, as may be seen from the weekly account published by the Bank. Take, for example, that of the 8th of January last:—

Notes issued	£33,484,890	Government Debt . . .	£11,015,100
		Other securities	5,184,900[1]
		Gold coin and bullion .	17,284,890
	£33,484,890		£33,484,890

This account contains all the figures relating particularly to the function of issue. The bullion of course varies every week, and the notes issued against it vary to an equal amount; but the value of the securities can never be increased, except when the issues of country bankers are discontinued, or when the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in times of commercial panic, sees fit to suspend the Bank Act. This item of £16,200,000 is the nucleus of the question under discussion, because the interest it bears—averaging about 3 per cent, and amounting to some £490,000—is the whole and sole source of the profit on the bank-note issue. The point to be determined is whether this should be the property of a private joint-stock company, subject to a payment to the Government of £180,000 a year for exclusive privileges, &c., and also of the net profit on all further issues against securities above £14,000,000, or whether it should be the exclusive property of the State.

[1] Increased from £2,984,900 (the amount in 1844) owing to discontinuance of country issues.

It only remains to explain the function of the bullion office of the Bank of England in connection with the issue of notes. The procedure is very simple, prompt, and complete. The owner of bullion, after having it melted by an accredited firm, has merely to take it to the bullion office together with a "weight list"; if he so desires, he can obtain an immediate advance of about nine-tenths of the value, and in the space of one or two days he receives whatever balance may be found to be due upon calculation of the exact value of his bullion by the assay reports. Payment is made to him at the bullion office in the form of a cheque, technically known as a "bullion warrant," and he can either convert this into bank notes or coin in the issue department, or pay it into his bank, the latter course being that generally adopted. In fact, the process by which the Bank purchases bullion is practically the same as that of issuing bank notes in exchange for gold coin, excepting of course that it is necessary to calculate the standard value of the bullion.

That such operations could be as well conducted at the Royal Mint as at the Bank of England is sufficiently obvious, and it would clearly be both convenient and appropriate that the Mint should be the repository of the bullion from which the coin is manufactured. More than a century ago Edmund Burke proposed that bullion should be warehoused and coined under the same roof; and the system of purchasing bullion was actually introduced in 1829 by Mr. Herries, then Master of the Mint. It fell through however, the chief reason being that the Mint was not associated with an issue department. This difficulty would be met by the institution of an issue department at the General Post Office, where the seller of the bullion could, if he pleased, obtain its value in notes or coin just as he can now at the Bank of England. In short, the relation between the two Government offices would be identical with that now existing between the two offices of the Bank.

In connection with the proposed transfer to the Mint of the purchasing of bullion, I would suggest, further, that the necessary melting and assaying, now performed by private firms, should also be undertaken by the Mint—in somewhat the same manner as in the United States—at the cost of the owner, a cost which he incurs now; but that he should be paid the full value of £3 17*s.* 10½*d.* per oz. of standard bullion, instead of £3 17*s.* 9*d.* per oz. as at present. The first alteration would be a source of profit to the Mint, and the second a source of considerable profit to the importer; but the benefit would reach farther. The effect of abolishing the existing "double price" of gold would be to increase its importation, and also on certain occasions to influence favourably the rate of discount. At present a prohibitive duty of 1½*d.* per oz. is imposed upon the importer of gold, the consequence being that the imports of gold bullion, which, if full value were offered for them, would in a large majority of cases be brought to the national store, are sent abroad whenever the foreign market is in a position to attract gold from England by offering a price between £3 17*s.* 9*d.* and £3 17*s.* 10½*d.* per oz. This re-exportation of gold, instead of its remaining at its original port of destination, is liable to be followed, when there is a pressure, by a rise in the rate of discount; and thus the interest of money may be raised throughout the country by one or one-half per cent., entirely owing to this difference of 1½*d.* per oz.

Apart from this consideration, it seems an obvious injustice that the importer of bullion should, by this indirect method, be made the only trader who has to pay for the manufacture of the coin of the realm.

The position of the Postmaster-General as a banker and the issuer already of a certain form of convertible paper currency is so well known to the public that I only refer to it in order to point out its analogy in principle to the position of the Bank of England before the Act of 1844. That establishment for a period of one hundred and fifty years dealt with money deposited with it by the people as a banking balance. The Post Office invests their deposits in the public funds, and the profits arising from these investments are from time to time passed to the credit of the State; and this is exactly what I propose should be done with the profits arising from a fiduciary issue based on public securities. Thus it will be seen that the scheme involves no new principle, but simply seeks to place all the Government obligations of a banking nature on the same footing.

The central situation of the General Post Office fits it admirably for a Bank of Issue; and its numerous branches in the provinces, from which notes could also be issued, would present favourable opportunities for increasing their circulation, and therefore ultimately increasing the profits of issue. For this purpose the existing staff

at those provincial branches at which it might be considered desirable to issue notes need be very little increased; and, as regards the operation itself, there would be as little labour in issuing a note, as a postal order. Another argument in the interests of economy, touching the fitness of the Post Office for this kind of work, is furnished by the employment of female clerks, to whose capacity a very considerable portion of the labour connected with the management of the issue of notes is excellently adapted, particularly the sorting and arranging of cancelled notes, a duty which now occupies about eighty clerks at the Bank of England.

It seems, then, that the function of issue is no longer of necessity proper to a banker; that, by the Act of 1844, the process of issuing notes became purely automatic; and that the Royal Mint and the General Post Office are in all respects well fitted to undertake the business. It remains to consider in what way the proposed change may be most conveniently accomplished.

The broad and general lines I would propose are :—

That the Bank of England should hand over to the Government *en bloc* the whole of its assets and liabilities connected with the issue of bank notes, as shown in the published weekly account at the date of transfer; and

That the outstanding Bank of England notes in the hands of the public should be redeemed as occasions arise by a national note, the form of which would of course have to be determined.

Thus the Government debt to the Bank of England would be liquidated by redeeming with the national notes the same amount of Bank of England notes issued by that institution on the security of that debt. To put the situation in another form. Say, A owes B a sum of money, and B owes C an equal amount; if A pays C what B owes C, plainly this discharges A's debt to B. In the same manner the Government would purchase with the national notes the amount of "other securities" against which an equal amount of Bank of England notes had been drawn. The bullion would be similarly dealt with; in fact, in consideration for the assets the Government would meet all liabilities that the Bank had incurred on account of issue.

The change of locality would involve no departure from the existing conditions of the Act of 1844, excepting that the bullion would be kept at the Royal Mint, and the current coin and notes would be in charge of the General Post Office, instead of their being in the bullion vaults and treasury respectively of the Bank of England. In its capacity as a bank, the Bank of England would have to draw its requisite supply of notes and coins from an issue department at St. Martin's le Grand, instead of at Threadneedle Street. The bankers who keep their drawing accounts at the Bank would be able to obtain their notes and coin in precisely the same manner as they do now, and the general public would get their wants supplied in a hall at the General Post Office in lieu of the hall of the Bank of England.

In introducing any such change, the most vital consideration is the preservation of the convertibility of the note. I believe that the security for this would be even better than it is now; and for the following reason: The holder of a bank note has never been legally declared to be a preference creditor; and, in the possible event of the Bank's becoming involved in its capacity of a private banker, he would probably only rank with the depositors as a creditor of the Bank, which is, of course, a limited company. The holder of a national note, on the other hand, could only fail to recover in the event of a national bankruptcy; and even then his position would not be improved by being a holder of a bank note, because the security for the payment of that note consists in the main of Government obligations.

Let us imagine an extreme case. Suppose that, owing to some sudden commercial panic, the depositors in the banking department were to insist on payment in cash of their balances, and were to keep the money in their own pockets, a glance at the weekly account shows that the Bank would at once lose all its gold. No one would maintain for a moment that such an event is in any degree probable; but it is an extreme possibility, and strictly and only in that sense may fairly be suggested by way of illustration. It is, however, a matter of history that the Bank stopped payment in 1696, and were assisted out of the difficulty by the Government, and that in 1797 a similar catastrophe was averted by Government interposition. For twenty-four years (1797-1821) bank notes were inconvertible into cash, and during the war with the First Empire they were at a discount of from 5 to 25 per cent; and even in our own

times, it has been found necessary to suspend the Bank Act on three occasions; the last being in 1866, when the reserve at one time fell as low as £860,000.

No matter how powerful a bank may be—and the Bank of England stands head and shoulders above every bank in the world,—if that bank is a bank of issue as well as a general banker, its stability must on occasion be more severely tried than if it had only one set of creditors. It should not be forgotten that the Bank of England was established solely as a bank of issue, and that what may be called its private banking business has only grown to its present dimensions during the present century. It is manifest that the note-holders' security is prejudiced by the fact that the depositors have the power of drawing all the gold out of the Bank at a moment's notice; and it is not unlikely that Sir Robert Peel had this in view when he introduced his Bill in 1844.

While the abolition of this dual responsibility would transfer to the State the whole of the profit on the issue of notes, I believe that it would ultimately prove advantageous to the Bank of England itself. Freed from the restrictions entailed by the necessity for maintaining the convertibility (*i.e.* the credit) of the note, the Bank, with its gigantic capital, its distinguished history, and its boundless and unimpeachable credit, backed by the patronage and support of Government, would be in a position to compete, at an overwhelming advantage, with every rival for the lion's share of the banking business of this great commercial country. At present, after deducting the bankers' balances, with which the Bank cannot deal with the same freedom as with ordinary deposits, the aggregate balance on private accounts is only about equal to the capital—a state of things without parallel in any great bank.

Before quitting the important subject of security, it may be well to remind the reader that, although a bank note may be, and in fact is, a national currency, the holder has no claim upon the Government; whereas, with the proposed national note, he would have a direct claim against a State with the highest credit in the world and a revenue of ninety millions. The bullion would of course afford the same guarantee that it does at present; and, whether it were the Chancellor of the Exchequer or the Lords of the Treasury who had the control of the issue, the amount of its excess beyond the reserve of gold would be fixed, as now, and should only be increased by consent of Parliament.

It will be convenient to explain here the grounds on which I conceive that the profit on the issue of notes, if undertaken by Government, might be considerably increased. On looking at the various amounts of bullion that have lain uncalled for in the Bank vaults since the passing of the Act of 1844, it would seem that at the present time at least four millions of fiduciary notes might safely be added to the issue and invested in the redemption of Government stock, which at 2½ per cent. would yield an additional profit of £100,000. In other words, I would suggest that the fixed amount of securities against which notes can be issued should be increased from sixteen to twenty millions. This suggestion is justified, I think, by the fact that since the passing of the Act of 1844 the bullion in the Bank has never been below £8,000,000, except in November, 1857, when, under stress of a severe financial crisis, following upon the inflation caused by the Australian gold discoveries in 1852, it fell to between six and seven millions. In subsequent years the average amount was, as a rule, from sixteen to eighteen millions, and since 1871 it has generally stood at about twenty millions. Consequently, the issue of Bank of England notes, which fluctuates, as has been seen, with the bullion, has since 1844 never been less than £21,000,000.

It may fairly be inferred that the fiduciary issue might now be raised at any rate to twenty millions; and it is probable that, with the more complete security offered by the national note, and the facilities for increasing its circulation in the provinces afforded by the numerous branches of the Post Office, the issue, and therefore the profit resulting from it, might be still further increased in the future. The attraction of bullion to this country by offering for it its full equivalent in coin would also have an effect in the same direction, since it is clear that, the more the bullion base of a paper currency widens, the more it can be drawn against with safety.

It would, of course, have to be decided in what districts the national note should be *payable* out of London, and whether it would be wiser, at the beginning, to make payment in the provincial issuing offices only permissive. To make it compulsory might, until the working of the system could be fairly gauged by experience, prove a source of serious inconvenience. To restrict the payment of notes to the London

office would tend, no doubt, to keep them longer in circulation, but might, on the other hand, have a deterrent effect upon the issue. This matter, however, is one of detail, and only calls for passing mention here.

I now proceed to consider the important question, what it would cost to conduct the new business, which, as already seen, would produce, under existing conditions, a gross income of about £490,000 a year. The chief difficulty consists in there being no sufficient data upon which to base the calculation. It is true that there is a parliamentary paper published nearly thirty years ago, which purports to give the cost of issue, but the figures are so extraordinary, that, without an explanation which does not accompany the paper, they are of little value as a guide. I quote this document as it stands, in order that the reader may judge of it for himself, and also because it is a curiosity in the way of official returns.

Bank of England, 7th February, 1861 (No. 12, page 13). The Committee (of the House of Commons) makes the following report in reference to the issue—

"ISSUE DEPARTMENT.

"The expenses of the Issue Department of the Bank of England have been returned to us as follows :—

"Wages	£89,731
Pensions	8,063
Rent	25,600
Repairs	8,568
Directors' Allowance	2,926
Rates and Taxes	2,300
Stationery	1,811
General Charges	6,790
Bank Note Paper	11,623
Interest on Cost of Machinery	1,500
Compensation paid to Bankers	20,493
	£179,405

"This statement shows a great increase of charge over the amount of the account presented to the Committee in 1832; and the aggregate is largely in excess of the estimate submitted to the Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1844. The augmentation is chiefly explained by the compensation paid to country bankers for issue under the Act 7 and 8 Victoria, Cap. 32, and the increased charges for rent and for renewal of bank notes.

"The profits of the Issue Department of the year have been returned as follows :—

"Interest on fixed securities	£445,117
Gain on foreign coin and bullion	10,811
	455,928
"Deduct expenses as above	179,405
"Profit	£276,523

"Of this sum the public receive from the Bank :—

"1st Composition in lieu of stamps	£60,000
2nd ditto, for share of profit of the circulation department	128,078
	£188,078
"Net Profit	£88,445."

The first charge which attracts attention in this account is the amount of wages. The total amount paid under this head for the whole service is about £200,000 per annum. The number of persons employed by the Bank was at that time about 900 in all, and on reference to the "official" part of the London Post Office Directory, it will be found that the number of persons employed in the Bank Note and Issue Offices is, even now, at the most 150. According to the above figures these individuals would be receiving some £600 a year each, while the remaining 750 would have to share the other £110,000 amongst them. Of course this is absurd, but it is what the account teaches as it stands. Next comes the £8,000 for pensions; by what system this amount is apportioned to the Issue Department is not shown, but presumably it would be found to be subject to the same criticism as "wages."

The next astonishing feature is the modest charge for rent, taxes, and repairs,

amounting to upwards of £36,000 per annum, of which nearly £9,000 is for repairs. This latter sum would seem a liberal estimate of what is required for the whole building. The Bank Note Office, the Hall, a part of the Bank Treasury, a part of the Bullion Office, the weighing room, some of the vaults, and part of the printing room, are roundly the accommodation furnished for the above sum.

Then comes Directors' allowance, which is a most difficult item to understand, because it is in the very essence of the Act of 1844 to dispense with any directional management. The only duty which devolves upon the Directors in connection with the Issue Department is to act in the capacity of custodians of the bullion vaults and to take stock once a year. For this service £2,926 seems a large sum; in fact, it represents nearly half the annual allowance to the whole Board at the time the account was published. The charges for stationery and bank-note paper, amounting to over £13,000, are probably open to the same comments as the wages, &c., but there are no means of appraising them, and this applies also to "interest on cost of machinery," and that comprehensive term "general charges," amounting together to over £8,000.

Even with the scant materials available, however, it is possible to arrive at an approximate estimate of the cost under the suggested arrangement. From the Official Directory it has been assumed that about one hundred and fifty clerks are employed in the Issue Department. Supposing their work to be transferred to the Post Office, it might be divided between male and female clerks—say fifty male clerks at an average salary of £200 per annum, and one hundred female clerks at an average salary of £70 per annum, amounting in all to £17,000 per annum.

The next large item of annual expenditure would be the cost of the note itself. For this the figures in the account rendered may be taken as a general guide. There is no specific charge for printing, but it may fairly be assumed that the several charges for bank-note paper £11,623, interest on cost of machinery £1,500, and stationery £1,811, amounting in all to £14,934, cover the total annual cost of plant and material. This would bring the annual expenditure to £31,934. The charge for compensation to bankers would of course remain as at present; but it may be omitted from the estimate as it is no doubt recouped by the profits on the additional issue.

The only other outlay of a substantial character that has to be provided for is the cost of making the necessary alterations at St. Martin's le Grand; but when the amount of saving under the head of rent, &c., comes to £36,000 per annum, this hardly seems worth consideration. A survey of the space now devoted to the purpose of issue at the Bank of England (exclusive of the bullion office and vault for bullion, for which accommodation already exists at the Mint) would readily supply data from which an estimate could be made. Just now a very favourable opportunity occurs for carrying out any alterations, as the Post Office is largely increasing its premises, and it is difficult to conceive that a sum amounting to half a year's rent at the present rate of charge would not be ample to fit up the additional offices that might be wanted. But taking this at £20,000 as an extreme figure, and calculating the rental on this at 10 per cent., which is also a very full estimate, the charge for rent would show a reduction of some £34,000 per annum, and would bring the total charge for conducting the issue at the Post Office to £33,934 per annum.

Such additions to the staff of the Mint as might be found necessary should be very trifling, and under any circumstances an expenditure of £2,000 per annum should fully meet the requirements. Therefore the gross charge over all would be, say, £36,000, as against £158,912 according to the Bank return, giving a total yearly saving of about £123,000. Adding the net profit shown by the same return, and deducting the profit on bullion which it is proposed to surrender, we have in round numbers a net profit of £200,000 a year, the sum named at the commencement of this article.

Thus by a simple change of procedure, without infringing any principle, or imperilling any security, but rather setting both on a sounder footing, a considerable addition might at once be made to the income of the State. There seems to be no reason why the change should not be immediately effected, as the engagement between the Government and the Bank is terminable upon a year's notice.

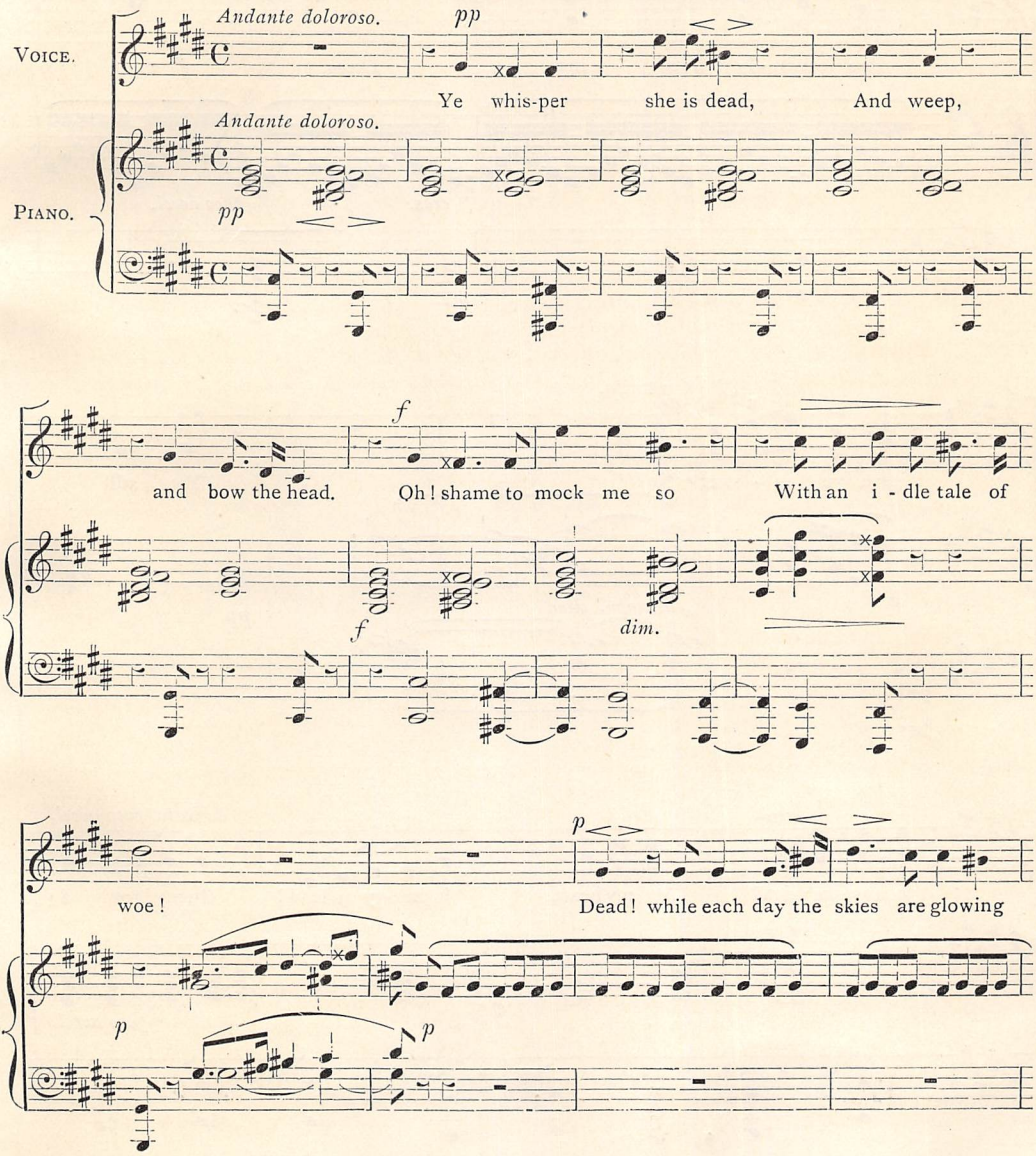
It is, after all, essentially a question for the tax-payer to decide. In the course of this article I have endeavoured to rend the veil that has imparted something of a mystic aspect to several very commonplace subjects, and to demonstrate to the satisfaction of the general public "How to increase the revenue without taxation." It remains for them to say *when*.

CYCLE OF SIX LOVE-LYRICS.

IV.

HE HEARS OF HER DEATH.

Words by JOSEPH BENNETT. *Music by* HAMISH MACCUNN. *Opus* 9.



And all the Au - tumn flow'rs are blow-ing, And bub - bling brooks . .
p
cres. poco accel.
Are bright - ly flow - ing, These, these
cres. poco accel.
f a tempo.
give ye an - swer "No!"
p
Yet still
f a tempo. dim.
pp
Agitato. poco accel.
ye say she's dead! And my heart is hea-vy as lead! On my brow a
poco accel.

Poco più Allegro.
cold sweat stands;
I wipe it with trem - bling hands.
Poco più Allegro.
cres.
sf
cres.
a tempo 1mo.
An - gels who hea-ven's
molto rall. e dim.
a tempo 1mo.
gate are keep- ing,
Ev - er watch-ful, nev - er sleep-ing,
Have ye seen a
poco rall.
spi - rit weeping,
Pass your shin - ing, shining bands?
poco rall.
No an - swer from the skies,
Nor ev - er earth re - plies,

cres.
In vain my strain - - ed, strain - ed sight,
cres.
cres.
Doth search
a ray of light.
f
dim.
And now I sit
in gloom ap-pall - ing,
With less'ning hope
lunga. f
sf
sf
sf
f dim.
for com-fort call - ing,
White on my heart de - spair is fall - ing,
poco rall. al fine. dim.
pp
f
dim.
p
Like a win - ter's night. . .
pp
fp

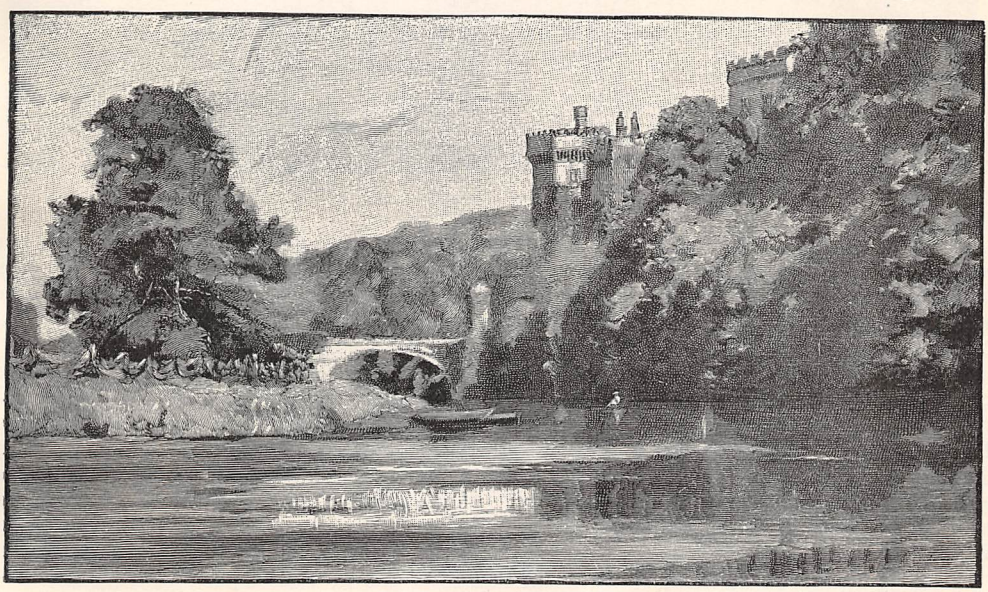
THISTLES.

LISMORE.

By ADRIAN STOKES.

With Illustrations by MARIANNE STOKES and the Writer.

Our first impressions as the train rushed southward from Dublin, where we landed, were dreary and sad ones. The country became more and more deserted—houseless, save for a few ruined cottages that appeared to have been abandoned before they were completely built,—then cowless even, and frequented only by crows. Still there were some promising signs. The sky was of a very fine quality of gray, and the gorse was in full blossom. We passed from time to time large tracts studded with its glorious



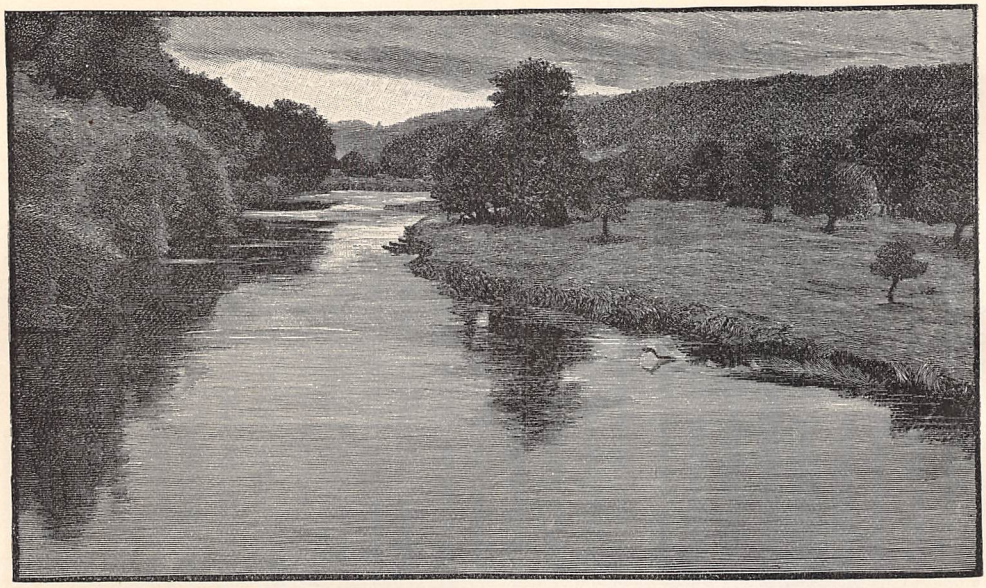
LISMORE CASTLE FROM THE RIVER.

gold, in splendid contrast to the deep brown purple of the bogs. The pervading tones were low and harmonious, but nowhere was there to be seen one scrap of emerald green.

On arriving at Lismore—our destination—we found ourselves in a very fertile and beautifully wooded valley, down which the river Blackwater gently winds. Here are a castle, a cathedral, and a bridge, a few streets of uninteresting houses, and a large hotel which is shut up. Noble trees arch over the roads leading to the bridge and

grow luxuriantly in the castle grounds down the steep slopes on the south side of the river, and on the level "inches" to the north.

The castle is very large, and grand, and ducal, built in a commanding position, with a drop of a hundred feet or so from the state-room windows sheer down to the dark water, and were it not that castles are so sadly out of fashion, no doubt most of us would admire it very much. It belongs, together with the town and much of the surrounding country to the Duke of Devonshire—one of the greatest, and, I am told most generous landed proprietors of Ireland—who used to spend a portion of each year here, accompanied by many guests, doing unlimited good to the neighbourhood, until his son, Lord Frederick Cavendish, was murdered with Mr. Burke in Phœnix Park. A result of that terrible deed is that Lismore Castle, once the scene of much festivity and open hospitality is now unused except as a vast office where the duke's agents do their work.



THE RIVER FROM THE BRIDGE, LISMORE.

Queen Elizabeth thought that Ireland might be made a valuable addition to her kingdom, and one of the chief instruments she used in endeavouring to attain this end was Sir Walter Raleigh. He is perhaps the most interesting historical character who ever lived at Lismore, and endless accounts are to be found of his ability and bravery, his daring exploits and miraculous escapes.

When Captain Raleigh was sent to Ireland, the Ormonds and Desmonds—the two great families of the south-east—were constantly fighting amongst themselves, or combining under the leadership of the Earl of Desmond, to rebel against the English rule. In reward for splendid services against these nobles Raleigh received from the crown a grant of 42,000 acres of land lying about the Blackwater. He gave to his followers the castles and important places by that river, reserving Lismore for himself. Later he built a house, in which he lived for a considerable time, and which still exists at Youghal, an old town by the mouth of the river. In the garden of this house potatoes were grown for the first time in Europe. Raleigh also introduced cherry trees which he brought from the Canary Islands. They seem to have long thrived, but only a few are left now, here and there about the country—grand old fellows, gray and battered, and barren and about to disappear. From the branches of one of these trees—where she had presumably scrambled after the tempting fruit—fell Catherine Fitz-Gerald, Countess of Desmond, at the ripe age of 162. The shock caused her death. This spirited and illustrious lady was born about the year 1464, was married in the reign of Edward IV., lived during the reigns of Edward V., Richard III., Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth, and died at the latter end of James I.'s or the beginning of Charles I.'s reign.

She is said to have walked in wrath from York to London at the already advanced age of eighty, to give a bit of her mind to a landlord who would only renew a lease until she was a hundred, when she had asked for it for the rest of her life. The Duke of Devonshire's agent told me that in looking over old papers he had found one on the margin of which was written, opposite to the description of a farm, "The lease of this to fall in on the death of the Countess of Desmond, now aged seven score years." Her memory is still cherished in the country where she generally lived. Her death is said to have occurred about four miles from Lismore, at Tourin—now Sir Richard Musgrave's place—where the fatal fruit tree grew; she was buried at Youghal in the Protestant church, where there is a monument in her honour.

Lismore Cathedral is a Gothic building surrounded by trees, carrying an extremely beautiful and simple spire, and containing some rude and ancient tombstones dating probably from the ninth century. On one of these is roughly cut "Bendacht for an Martan" (a blessing on the soul of Martan), on another "Bendacht for an main Colgan," and on a third "Suibne mac Conhuidir" (Sweeney, son of Cuodhir). This Sweeney died in the year 854. Saint Deelan preached Christianity here about thirty years before Saint Patrick, and made many converts in the year 402. Saint Carthog, who died in 637, obtained the territories about Lismore as an endowment for a cathedral to be established there.

EVICTED.

During a stay of four months at Lismore I never approached the bridge without pleasure, or crossed it without delight. Whether on a hot and drowsy summer morning in a glow of tempered sun—a quivering veil of purple or of blue drawn over every deep warm shade—when down the river groups of red cattle stand in the shallows, and the fishers shoot their nets. Or again in the glare of noon, what a strong effect is that facing homewards! The full-leaved towering trees are vivid black against the glare. The road over the bridge in sharp perspective leaps towards them, one side a hard cool shadow and the rest luminous, palpitating yet almost colourless gray. On the left hand the cathedral spire overtops the trees, and on the right are those dark and battlemented towers of which I have let another speak.

Again on a gray day—such as the one on which I tried to draw the view looking east from the bridge—when all is tender and silvery and wet, what a quiet melancholy reigns over that scene, where the river with graceful curves steals away to the sea! And yet it is in the evening, when the sun has gone down over the river in the west, that one is most likely to be touched. When a rosy glow on the distant river is reflected from a glory low down in the sky, and broken here and there by cool breezes, while the upper clouds, slowly changing, are reflected in the near water. Then the solemn trees and their reflections fall into simpler masses and deeper tones, and the broad meadows turn to a mellower green. The silence is only broken by the splash of a salmon that has leapt, and the heron under the bank strains out his slender neck. If from some loiterer clad in sportive check a whiff should drift, in the stillness, of an after dinner cigar, I do not know that it takes away much of the charm.

I have crossed the bridge, too, by moonlight, and seen, as it were, the noonday effect repeated in half tones, or—a mist rising up from the river—instead of one dark

mass of trees, a succession of planes standing in grotesque forms one behind another and growing fainter and fainter as they retire.

If the day has been sultry and the night is cool and fine what can be more pleasant than to continue one's walk beyond the bridge and up the glen, the road overarched by trees throwing fantastic shadows over the moonlit spaces. A rushing noise from the glen stream comes across the fields, or a little further on, from close below us, where it brawls among rocks. On each side rise steep wooded hills. It is at such a time as this that the castle, seen through a break in the trees, looks its best, and would look better still were the windows lighted from within.

The country both up and down the Blackwater valley, though the river is called the Irish Rhine, is gentle and peaceful in character. Several of the best houses have a ruined tower or two in their grounds, and that is the only possible excuse I can find

SMOKING THE BEES.

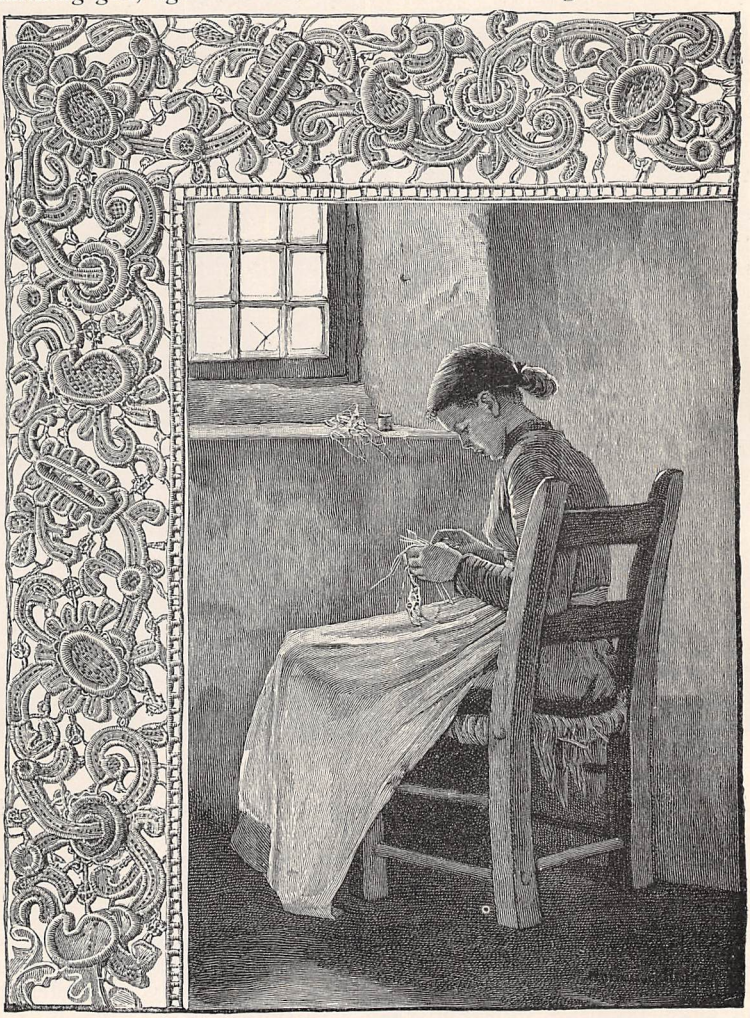
for the name. The trees, of which there are great variety, seem to grow easily, and even at midsummer do not become monotonous.

Through hunting for models and employing them we found some brave poor people to whom we became attached. One family, living about a mile from the town, was in every way admirable. It consisted of a husband and wife, their bedridden old mother, and seven children, all living in a small cottage with two rooms, one of which contained two roomy beds. How they all stowed themselves away at night I never liked to inquire. Still, they were healthy, clean-looking, and well dressed. The husband, a fine tall fellow, sober and industrious, earning nine shillings a week, the wife, a grandly-built peasant who welcomed us with dignity, and the children bright and rosy.

I have heard education advanced as one cause of prevailing discontent in Ireland, but have no reason to believe that the standard is unduly high. The person I knew more intimately than any other of his class was a boy named David, aged fourteen, who used to carry my things when I went out to paint. He had, he said, been for seven years to the Christian Brothers' school, but could neither read nor write. On one occasion I asked if he was called after a relation, or King David, on which he smiled and said—as was his wont—"I dunno, sir." I then asked if he knew anything about

King David. "Sure," he replied, "I've heard people talking of him, but I don't know where he's king of." Then I tried geography, asking if he could tell which is the capital or largest city of Ireland. "How would I know then, sir? Sure I've never been further than Tallow." And yet this lad was no fool. When from forgetfulness I paid him his wages twice over in one week he took the money without the slightest change in a naturally mobile countenance.

We also knew a charming girl, aged thirteen. She had for a long time been at the top of the highest class in the convent school, and knew, of course, more about history and geography than most people. Yet she firmly believed that priests have power to root people for ever to the ground where they are standing by some blighting curse, and that the little black rolls which she could produce by rubbing the palms of her hands together on a hot day proved man to have been originally made of clay.



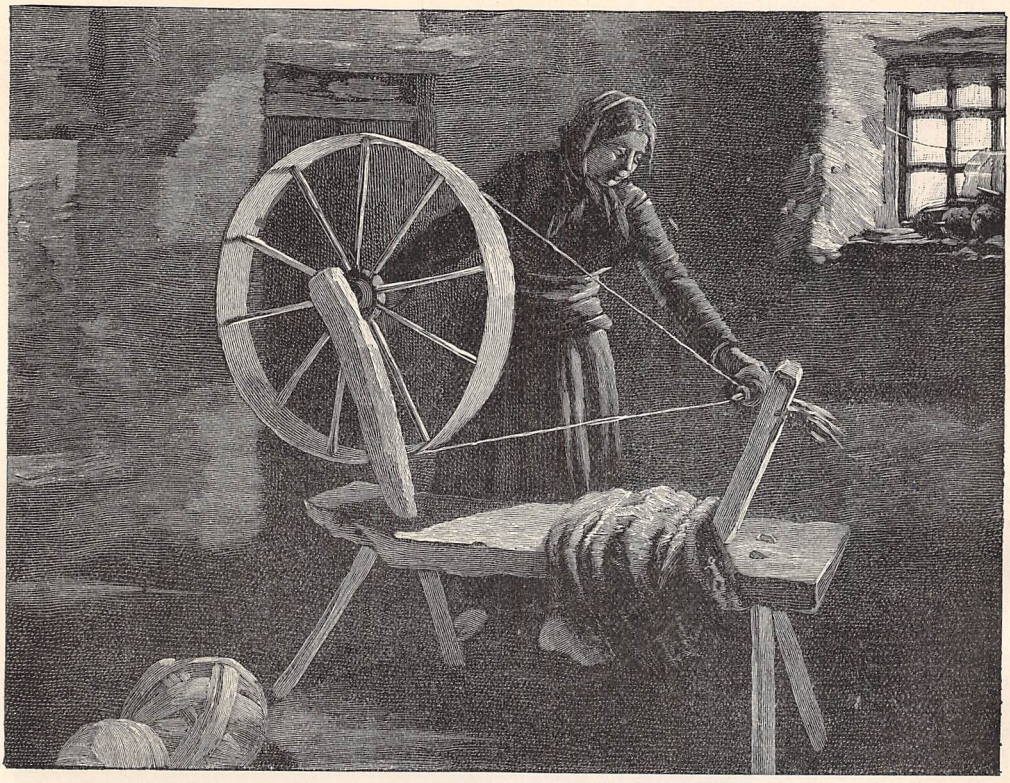
LACE MAKING: CAPPOQUIN.

Numberless homes are rendered intolerably wretched by drink, and one of our drawings (that on page 473) represents two children who have been driven by misery to desert their parents and venture on the world alone. Let us hope they will not happen on a tourist route and add to the already ample swarms of those who follow every carriage and car crying, "The price of a book, sir, yes, sir," &c. These running vagabonds are a greater pest than anything of the kind in Europe. The horrid imps, whose rags are merely assumed, have regular beats, and after following for a mile or so resign you to another youthful band as bad, or worse than themselves. On such a drive as that from Bantry to Glengariff, or on to Killarney, one is never free from them. Away from tourist haunts we met with few beggars.

In the neighbourhood of Lismore new wooden hives have been introduced. It is easy to understand that moveable frames are a great advantage, as they enable one at once to find out the causes of failure, such as loss of queen, or disease in brood-nest, and these would have remained undiscovered until too late in the old straw hives. Other advantages are that the honey can be taken away without destroying the bees, and also that the honey to be taken is made in a different part of the hive from that in which the bees congregate round the eggs and bee-food, so that the honey is much purer. It would be well if cottagers could be induced to take up scientific bee-keeping

more largely. Ireland has been backward in taking it up, but as may be seen from the illustration there are some places where it is done largely.

It was a great pleasure for us to find, on entering a poor cottage, a simple graceful girl making a piece of most artistic and valuable lace. We learnt that a school had been started by ladies at Cappoquin—a few miles from Lismore—and that many girls



WOOL-SPINNING IN A COTTAGE.

are now able to help in supporting the families to which they belong by this refined and admirable work.

At another cottage, up towards the mountains, we saw a fine stalwart woman busy at an ancient wheel, spinning wool shorn from her own black sheep, to be made up into strong frieze for her husband and twelve children. She was a bright hearty creature, and later in the year showed us her pack of boys in new coats prepared for the winter. Each day while drawing in the cottage my wife was received most kindly, made to forget that she was more or less in the way, and offered a tempting luncheon of eggs, potatoes, milk and cake. In out-of-the-way places, and where new notions have not yet taken root, we have found this kindly goodness to be the rule.

The labours of THE·XII·MONTHS set out in NEW PICTURES & OLD PROVERBS

WISE SHEPHERDS say that the age of man is LXXII years and that we liken but to one hole yeare for evermore we take six yeares to every month as JANUARY or FEBRUARY and so forth, for as the yeare changeth by the twelve months, into twelve sundry manners so doth a man change himself, twelve times in his life by twelve ages, and every age lasleth six yeare if so be that he live to LXXII. For three times six maketh eighteen & six times six maketh XXXVI And then is man at the best and also at the highest and twelve times six maketh LXXII & that is the age of a man.

MARCH

Then cometh MARCH, in the which the labourer sowseth the earth and planteth trees, and edifieth houses, & the child in these six yeare waxeth big to learn doctrine and science, and to be faire and honest, for then he is XVIII yeares of age. — • — • — • — • — • — •

— MARCH hack ham • — • — • — • — • —
Comes in like a lion & goes out like a lamb. — • — •
— A peck of MARCH dust is worth a king's ransom. —
— MARCH winds & APRIL showers, — • — • —
Bring forth MAY flowers. — • — • — • — • —
— Hail, brings frost i' th' tail. — • — • — • — •
— As many mulises in MARCH so many frosties in MAY.

THE RING OF AMASIS.

A ROMANCE

By THE EARL OF LYTTON.

CHAPTER VII.—*Continued.*

Juliet to Theresa.

(Undated.)

AH, my dearest Theresa, my sweetest friend and more than sister! How shall I ever tell you what has happened?

It is all so strange, so wonderful! and my happiness is so unspeakably great! Yet my hand is not trembling as I write these lines, nor does my heart beat faster than before. There is a light upon my soul, and a stillness in my thoughts; and I know, by the stillness and the light within, that the spirit of joy is sleeping safe.

Yes! I now believe more than ever in the magic power of my ring. But of this you shall judge yourself, for I must tell you all about it. Only I warn you that my story is going to be a long one; so you must be patient, my dear, for I mean to spare you no detail. Every bit of it is important—of course, I mean to myself, who am its heroine—as you shall see.

Well, to begin at the beginning. On the morning after the day I lost my ring, we were awaked by the sound of horns and hounds in the court of the quadrangle. Our neighbours, who were resolved to run a stag that morning, had taken us by surprise. Mother was up at once, and we dressed ourselves in haste to receive them. Felix and Conrad, however, were beforehand with us; and when we got down stairs, we found the whole party assembled in the armour-room, where a large fire had been lighted, for the morning was chilly.

Felix was entirely absorbed in arranging the details of the chase. His *piqueur* was standing near him; and it was only just at the last moment, when he turned round to take the horn and hunting-knife from the *piqueur* that he noticed me standing by the hearth, and put out his hand to bid me good morning. As he did this, one of our guests exclaimed, "Why, look! the picture has taken life." And at the same time he pointed to the old hunting-picture that hangs over the fire-place.

Every one looked up, and we were all struck by the resemblance. For, as you know, the picture represents a sportsman, life-size, in the act of receiving his belt and bugle-horn from the hand of a lady, with all the gallantry that belonged to our grandfathers' grandfathers. With a slight change of dress, I might have passed for the Châtelaine, and Felix really looked the counterpart of the painted sportsman—minus, I need not say, the praiseworthy gallantry.

"Come," cried another, "complete the picture, Felix! Down on one knee, and let the lady arm you!"

"Oh," said I, "if Felix kneels to me, he will have to get up with one knee white and the other black."

For between me and him the draught through the open door had strewn across the floor a long train of ashes from the hearth.

"He is much too vain for that," I said, pointing to the ashes.

"I am," said Felix, "but one may be gallant without being dirty!"

And, taking out his handkerchief, which he tossed on the floor at my feet, he flung himself down with one knee upon this impromptu cushion.

Scarcely had his knee touched the ground, however, when he gave a little cry, as if something had hurt him; and, as he staggered up again, in the effort to steady himself he caught hold of a table that was standing near him. In a moment he and the table, with all the bottles, glasses, and dishes upon it, fell over with a horrible clatter, and Felix cut his right hand badly with the broken glass.

Conrad lifted him up. He looked quite dazed, and his clothes were covered with blood. Conrad examined the cuts, extracted the splinters, and bound up the wounded hand with his handkerchief. But it was so swollen and painful as to be quite disabled; and Felix, to his great discontent, was forced at last to yield to our united remonstrances, and stay at home, letting Conrad take his place in the field.

They were all gone, and the house was quiet. More weakened by pain and loss of blood than he would admit, Felix had fallen into a feverish uneasy sleep, with his head leaning on my shoulder. I could not move without waking him, so I sat still. Mother was making up some bandages for his hand, and we talked on under our breath. She asked me why the grass and mould had been freshly turned up this morning all round the pedestal of the great sphinx in the bowling green. I knew nothing about it, but supposed it must have something to do with the loss of my ring, which I had left there.

"It was, perhaps, the midnight work of my betrothed," I said laughingly.

At this Felix woke up.

"Betrothed! Who is betrothed?" he asked, in the sharp, querulous tone of a feverish person.

"Nobody," said I.

Mother left the room just then, to look for some ointment.

I told him all that stupid story over again, with as much nonsense as I could contrive to put into it—how Conrad had given me the ring, the destination of it, and how that destination must remain unattained.

Felix continued looking at me all the while, in a strange, unsettling way.

"Betrothed?" he went on murmuring to himself, "betrothed! Is it then possible for you to betroth yourself one of these days, Juliet! And to whom, to whom?"

I tried to laugh at him, but I could not. He kept looking at me so strangely, as if he then saw me for the first time in his life.

"And if you *were* betrothed," he said after a pause, "why then—then, you would cease to be my sister, Juliet?"

"No, no, I shall always be your sister, my dear, good Felix!"

And, as I said this, I put my hand in his; but he did not take it. He only shook his head mournfully, muttering, "All would be over then!"

And so he relapsed into his reverie. He looked so serious that it made me serious too, and I felt sad. I begged him never to talk of this again, for it pained me.

All at once he started up, and stared at me with the same curious, puzzled look.

"How was it?" he cried. "Ah, I remember! Didn't you say, yesterday, Juliet, that you would marry the man who should find this magical ring of yours?"

"Well, yes, I did say that—"

Then my voice broke down. I could not go on, but I meant to have added that what I had said was said without meaning anything by it.

He became quiet, and thoughtful. There was something almost sombre in his face, and the silence was extremely painful to me. To change the current of our thoughts I asked him the cause of his fall, and how he came to stumble when he was already on his knee.

"Yes, by the way," he said, as if awakening out of a dream, and rubbing his knee, "it was something here. There must have been a stone, or a nail, on the floor. I felt it run into me, and I feel the smart of it still."

"Your wounded hand," I replied (glad to have found a new subject of talk), "has made us forget the occasion of it. Come with me, and let us look together for the cause of your fall. When we have found the fatal object, whatever it may be, we will fling it to the bottom of the deepest well in the house."

I took his left hand in mine as I said this, and he let me lead him into the armoury. There, we found everything just as we left it. The servants, busy elsewhere, had not

yet put the room in order, and the cinders were on the floor, and the handkerchief in the same place, before the hearth. While he stooped to pick it up, I was looking about among the broken glass, to see if anything had rolled there from the place where he was kneeling when he fell.

"No," cried Felix, feeling the folds of the handkerchief with his left finger and thumb, "it is here, I feel something hard."

I assisted him to open the handkerchief, and imagine my surprise when I saw him draw out of it—the ring! I was speechless.

We looked at each other in silence. God only knows what was passing in that moment between our two hearts.

* * * * *

The next page of this letter is missing. It must have been either lost or torn out. The rest of the letter, which I print below, begins in the middle of a sentence.

* * * —arm in arm, up and down, as if it had always been so.

Then, at last we began to ask ourselves how the ring could have got into the handkerchief. We had returned to the end of the alley, and were standing under the sphinx. Felix remembered now that he, too, had placed his handkerchief on the pedestal, and taken it with him when he went away. So I must have mistaken his handkerchief for mine, absorbed as I was in the game; and afterwards, supposing that the ring had been lost in the wood or the alley, I never thought of looking for it in any handkerchief but my own, where I made sure I had placed it.

The sun was now sinking, and the lateness of the hour admonished us that the hunters would soon be coming back. Father, in his joy, had been for announcing our engagement at supper. But mother had opposed this idea with a firmness and decision of which I could hardly have conceived her capable. She said it would be most unbecoming to render definite the step we had taken, without first talking it over with him who would one day be the head of the family.

There was something unusual in the emphasis with which mother had said this; and I confess that the thought of Conrad embarrassed me. For the first time in my life I felt shy of meeting him.

We were then crossing the skirt of the forest on our way home, and I thought I heard a low moaning sound in the underwood.

"Did you hear that?" I said to Felix; and he also fancied he heard something moving in the bushes. But, after searching the thicket all through, he could find nothing. Still, I could not feel convinced that my ears had deceived me; and mother's objection to the immediate announcement of our engagement was so obviously suggested by some doubt about its effect upon Conrad, that I was filled with vague misgivings, which I confided to Felix. He, however, only laughed at me, declaring that nobody would be better pleased with the news than his dear old Conrad; and he talked on in this strain with such hearty, joyous conviction, that at last I began to share his confidence. After our return to the château, we separated for a short while to prepare for the reception of the guests. I had hardly finished dressing before the huntsmen came back. The whole house was in a bustle—servants running from room to room along the corridors, doors opening and shutting.

I got down to the drawing-room as quickly as I could. Felix and father came in at different doors, very much agitated. Conrad had not returned with the others. The servants were questioned, but they had seen nothing of him. At last some of the hunting party came down, and told us that Conrad, just after the death of the stag, had ridden away from the field, saying he had business to attend to in the neighbourhood, and they would find him at the château on their return. Then father remembered that Conrad, when he set out, had said something about taking that occasion to inspect the progress of the land surveyors, who have begun their triangulation on the other side of the wood, and are to send in their plans to-morrow. Conrad is so thoughtful about everything! This reassured us, and we went to supper with good heart. While our sportsmen were clinking their glasses, however, and devouring their venison like ogres, I could not help observing how anxiously mother glanced every moment at the door and the window. It was quite dark in the fields outside, and I saw that she was uneasy.

To say the least, I felt more uneasy myself than I cared to show. Father's valet came in suddenly, and whispered something in his ear. The old gentleman started in

his chair, and mother insisted on knowing what was the matter. Father's only answer was to send for Conrad's groom. The man came in looking frightened and confused, and said that his master's horse had returned to the stable riderless, its bridle broken, and its flanks covered with foam. I was just in time to catch mother in my arms, as she tottered towards me and swooned away. All the men made haste to saddle their horses, and rode off as fast as they could, to look after Conrad. Felix went without his hat.

In a few moments the whole house was silent and empty. Not a sound to be heard but mother's moaning from time to time, and father's unquiet step, up and down the supper-room. Each horseman had taken a torch with him, for the night was unusually dark. There was no moon.

I stood in the embrasure of the great window, leaning against the pane, and pressing my forehead on the glass in a state of mind I cannot attempt to describe. The scene outside was a strange one. Vast shadows of the horsemen, as they passed, waved up and down on the white wall of the quadrangle, in the glare of their own torches. The clatter of the horses' hoofs, and the confused cries of the riders grew rapidly distant. For a long time I could see the fitful flashing of the torches along the forest. They crossed and recrossed each other here and there among the trees, like wandering stars. By degrees, they scattered themselves wide asunder, and finally vanished into the darkness. O, Theresa, what a dreadful night that was!

One by one the horsemen came back, each with no good news to tell. The morning dawned at last. It was heart-breaking. Conrad had not been to the Land Survey. This was all they had been able to ascertain. Some accident must have happened to him before he could get there.

A dreadful drowsiness kept coming on me at giddy intervals. It brought no rest, but bad dreams. I thought I saw the corpse of Conrad covered with blood, lying in the grass under a hollow oak. Then, I heard again the same low moaning sound I had heard before in the underwood. The sound woke me, and I started up. It was the moaning of mother, who still sat in the chair where I had placed her, clasping her knees and rocking her body backwards and forwards.

To add to our anxiety, Felix had not yet returned. A new search was organized. Just as the seekers were starting, father took my hand, without speaking, and led me into the park. It was still early morning. We reached the little hill at the bottom of the park without having exchanged a word. One can see from the top of that hill the whole plain of the surrounding country, open to the horizon, and crossed in a great curve by the winding course of the Weidnitz. There is a wooden bench on the brow of the hill. Father sat down there, and hid his face in his hands. I drew the dear old grey head towards me, and leaned it against my bosom, as I sat beside him staring stupidly at the cloudy prospect beneath us. I could think of nothing. My mind had lost the thread of all things, and my sight was blurred by the tears in my eyes.

The course of the river made a white streak across the plain; and, like a black dot on the white streak, a small boat was drifting down the stream. The whole land, however, whitened by a low mist, had the appearance of a livid sea; and the black dot, as I gazed at it, seemed to disclose an open coffin in which, stretched at full length, lay the corpse of Conrad. The face of the corpse was white as marble, but unmarred by any wound, and its features were more placid than ever, and more stern. All at once, the corpse began to move. It lifted itself, and sat half up in the coffin. I saw it stretch an imploring hand towards me, and tried to rush forward to it, but could not. Every time I endeavoured to move, an invisible power retained me. Suddenly, this illusion passed away. The sea and the coffin had disappeared, and I saw the boat drifted by the current into a creek of the river.

"Father!" I cried, "look! look!"

I could say no more. We both looked, and saw a man rise out of the boat, and step down on the bank of the river.

It was Conrad.

How we left the hill I know not. I only remember that we were instantly by the riverside clasping him in our arms. Father, for all his joy and all his pain, could find but one expression, and kept murmuring over and over again, as he embraced him, "Conrad, my dear, dear boy!"

Conrad let us talk on, without answering a word. His face was ghastly pale, and

his features quite inert. His teeth were chattering, his limbs shivering, and his eye wandered listlessly over our faces, with a heavy leaden look. It was with the utmost difficulty we could get him to speak of himself.

Yesterday evening, he said, he left the hunt immediately after the death of the stag, being anxious to rejoin Felix, whose accident had made him uneasy. He tried to find a short cut to the château, and lost his way in the wood. There was still twilight in the fields when he entered the forest; but there, the night had fallen already, and the bridle-paths were quite dark. The better to track his way through the thick underwood, he alighted, and tied his horse to a tree.

While he was still trying to make out his bearings, the horse, frightened by something, broke loose, and galloped off. For some way he followed the noise of the hoofs, but this only led him further astray. After wandering about in the wood for more than two hours, he heard a sound of waters; and, pushing on in that direction, found himself at last on the banks of the Weidnitz. Then, for the first time, he knew where he was, and perceived that he had taken the wrong road. He resolved to follow the course of the river, but was hindered at every step by the dense thickets. Worn out with prolonged exertion, he had made up his mind to pass the rest of the night in the wood, when he stumbled upon something among the thick reeds along the river-side. It was an empty boat, probably left there by the foresters. With a good deal of difficulty he got it afloat, and found that it would hold out the water.

There were several pine trees in that part of the forest. He cut a branch from one of them—the longest and straightest that his hunting knife was strong enough to cut. With this he tried to punt the boat down the river. But the waters were so swollen that the spar was of no use to him. Then he lay down in the boat, and let it float him along the stream, without attempting to guide it. The cold on the river numbed him, and he soon lost consciousness. The grating of the keel against the shallow bottom of the little bay, where it touched land, was the first thing that aroused him.

"O Conrad," cried father, "if you knew what anxiety you have caused us! I wish you had trusted the instinct of your horse, it would have brought you home safely. Those beasts can find the stable at any distance. And such a night as we have had of it!"

Conrad answered nothing, but only drooped his head lower, as if he was weary of the weight of it. That man, so strong, so inured to fatigue, seemed broken by the work of a single night.

"Well," said I, "we mustn't scold him. See how ill he looks, father, and how weary!"

"True, child, true!" said father; "go in first, and prepare mother."

So I went in before them. Oh, how glad I was to be able to tell her! I would not close this letter, my dearest friend, before I could give you the good news of Conrad's safe return; but my eyelids are beginning to droop, and I am very, *very* tired.

Thank God, Conrad is safe! How soundly I shall sleep now! Rejoice with us, dear friend! Good night!

CHAPTER VIII.

AN UNACTED DRAMA.

Six pages from the Journal of Count von Roseneck.

First Page.

When I started the beast on his road with a stroke of my whip, I thought, "So be it, Death! There goes thy messenger! Let him snort his good news at the doors I shall not enter—*Fear no more, young lovers! He will not return to frighten you. But if you would never see him again, then, when you two walk arm in arm about the pleasant places of old, heed well that you walk not near the hollow oak. For there, where the grass is black with the useless blood that filters through the sodden leaves, his face might vex you if you chanced to see it.*"

What was it that held back my uplifted hand? Was it that puissant impuissance, Cowardice? No! how should he be a coward who trucks a life of torment against the short, swift stroke that promises a full release? Filial duty, then? Blaspheme not! In that moment I thought not of father or mother.

No! It was something more deadly than the flash of the suicide's knife, that shone out of the dark heart of the water into the deeper darkness of my own. It was the fiery phantom of that fearful Oracle. Its amethystine radiance filled the crawling ripples at my feet, and wrought them into signs and symbols. The spell of it was on me. Looking at it was listening to it. The light talked to me in an evil tongue, and the ripples whispered—

Thine be the bride, when ours is the ring!
Thou art ripening, brother, and ripening.

And I shuddered not. I was not afraid. The voices were familiar to me. I had heard them before. Often, often! There was a promise in them now, which I dared not construe. But I trusted it.

* * * * *

What dost thou here? What art thou seeking? Why lingerest thou along the paths of wholesome human life? Why art thou walking, thus disguised, amongst honest men? There is mischief in thee. Fly, while there is yet time—to the uttermost distance—far from all men, most of all from thyself, condemned one! Fly!

Second Page.

Woman, eternal schism in the soul of man! Robber of his strength, which yet strengthens not thee! thief of his will, which yet confirms not thine! Who gave thee, and to what end if not to thine own hurt, this merciless irresponsible power upon us? Thou hast no need to exert it. We ourselves bring thee our own defeats, in that conflict wherein he that is overcome is the only one that has fought.

Year after year, day by day, and hour by hour, how close have I lain my ear to the most secret cells of her sweet being, and how still my life was hushed to listen to the budding pulses of its bounteous growth! How tenderly I sought to nurse and train its delicate germs! For every one of them I knew what nature needed, and could antedate the blossom in the bud. Mine only was this sacred task, mine only the unwearied tendance, the constant forethought, the unsleeping care, it claimed.

And now?

A summer wind, a wandering breath, a fleeting warmth, perhaps a tune, a dance, the nimble influence of a casual touch, has fixed her fate and mine.

What know we? By the ways we watch loss comes not, but it comes. And perchance, perchance, in the heedless tremors of a waltz, or the momentary contact of a game, some drop of lighter blood, some pulse of brisker motion, has signed the irrevocable contract with the future gardener of this paradise—a Hussar!

Third Page.

Death, Ending, Annihilation! This is all I can see at the extremity of every course. All paths lead to it, none beyond it. Thou hast suffered that thou mightest suffer. Nothing more, nothing else.

Of what dost thou complain?

Thou wouldst live, thou hast lived. Who promised thee anything farther?

I would live? When did I ever ask to live? To whom have I ever said, "Open to me the doors of life?"

Never, consciously, at any time have I said that. In what, then, consists the contract? Whose the right to say to me, "Thou shalt not only live but choose to live?" Or where the power that can force me to retain, against my will, a property in pain gratuitously thrust upon me?

Who knows? The notion of right is man's own. The power is an independent fact. What, if the might be there without the right? What, if death be not the end—if there is no end to life, and therefore no end to suffering! What, if man's original sin be that he was born, as the theologians assert; and, by this unwilled crime of existence, he has forfeited—annihilation?

FOURTH PAGE

How deep the roots have struck! All that must now be torn up, only to find the fibres of it reaching deeper and deeper still! To cut out the rooted garden of one's soul, laboriously, patiently, bit by bit, with spade and pickaxe—the grave-digger's task!

And how can I? How can I retrack, along the devious windings of a life, from childhood to maturity, each of the numberless courses by which this creeping passion has stolen into the inmost core of my heart, to suck my blood, and gnaw my flesh, and weave its fatal web out of my soul's imperishable substance?

In the sorely-sensitive places where the latest wounds are green, at each cut of the knife fresh blood spirts up from deeper down. The wrenched nerves quiver with inextinguishable life. And, deepest down of all, deep down among the furthest depths of memory, the young eyes of Childhood gaze up to me, smiling through tears, "What harm have we ever done thee?"

No, I cannot! Smile, as of old, sweet innocent stars of the early time! What harm have ye ever done me? I know not. But you, I cannot harm, sweet eyes. Smile still!

FIFTH PAGE.

I have always looked upon life as a task, never completed, ever renewing itself, and by each accomplishment creating fresh undertakings.

So be it, then, even this time also! However intolerable be the task to which my soul is now awaked, yet at least she *is* awaked. Pause not, poor soul, to contemplate thy ruined fabric of the past! It is shattered, and thou canst not reconstruct it. These littered shards have been aspiring shafts and stately pillars. There they lie, upon the sordid earth—broken shapes of strength and beauty, that once sustained the palace of —a dream! And now? Nothing but dust and darkness!

Build not! build not!

The plan was good, the fabric bravely reared. But there Bliss settles not. She will not dwell in any house that is made with hands. Free as the bird of heaven, she soars from the bosom of God, hovers about the boundless air, and 'lights upon the trembling bough. There she sings, unasked, her glad, capricious song. And while thou listenest, upon sudden wings she flits away.

Build not! build not!

It comes and goes by other laws, this Happiness, for which so long we labour, and so late take rest.

Sleep—deedless, aimless, unmindful!

And on thy dreaming head the airy thing will perch, unsummoned. Know it not! Fear to recognize it, whisper not its name! As soon as thou callest it thine, thou hast lost it.

SIXTH PAGE.

Let me look back upon the centuries of suffering through which I have passed during these last few days. Have passed? Yes, that is all, and yet how much! Are not these two words the record of a costly victory? What is behind me? All the Powers of Hell repulsed. And before me? The unrelinquished resolution to go on.

Into my strengthened soul, with fire from what heavenly summits, and in glory of light how divine, streams at last a clear revelation of the sublimest image man can contemplate on earth—

DUTY!

Yes, transcendent angel whose steadfast foot is on the writhing snake, thy voice is to the soul as a trumpet sounding from another world; and in obedience to its summons there is consolation and repose.

For thou art Certainty; and where thou standest, there is the vanishing point in the long perspective of deeds.

Fearlessly, O my soul, and without reserve, surrender thyself to the adoration of this divine image! Duty alone betrays not the desires it excites, nor rejects the sacrifice it claims. And, in the contemplation of it, whatever thou hast the capacity to behold, that hast thou also the power to possess. Seest thou certainty? It is thine.

The course of that certainty is as the courses of the stars, endless and absolute, though it be a course of constant struggle. Never shall that struggle be over. Never, at any time, shalt thou be able to say of this or of that "Enough, it is finished!' Never at any time, dare, O wrestler, to boast, "I have overthrown!" The foe is ever before thee, and the cause is eternal, one with the Godhead.

Regret not! Rejoice not! Endure!

Priceless, and beyond compensation, is thine endurance; for the worth of it would be impoverished by reward.

Renounce, sacrifice, suffer! For what?

For the grandeur of suffering, the beauty of sacrifice, the nobleness of renunciation. Think not to barter sorrow for joy, as a huckster goods for gold. Ill were the bargain! For, though thou be rich, thy life is a pauper.

No! the farewells of the soul are eternal, and nothing is durable but the duty to endure.

O Venus Libitina! O Beauty, beautifying graves! O fair and solemn keeper of the registers of Death! Thy shrines are dark, thine altars cold, thy worshippers are dumb. But the obscurity and silence wherein thou dwellest, aloof among the sepulchres that bear no name, no record, and no date, are sweet with the presence of a timorous grace. For to thee, stern goddess, the Father of the Gods hath assigned the intimate companionship of Beauty's most attractive handmaiden, Chaste Shame.

Vex her not, my soul, with words! Silence is the chastity of action. Let no cry be heard. Crush the escaping groan of the desires thou hast strangled. Uncover not the pale faces of thy departed. Utter not their names aloud. Strike down this beggar heart, that craves for alms, and stops men's pity in the public street. And as, in compassion for the eyes fresh graves set grieving, Nature casts over the hillocks of the recent dead her grassy carpet of living green, even so do thou also, for their sake whom the sight of it might vex, make haste to hide beneath a smiling face the gaping sepulchre of thy dead joy!

Juliet to Theresa.

I am thankful to say that our anxiety about Conrad is over. His vigorous constitution has triumphantly resisted the fever which at first alarmed us.

My foolish shyness about telling him of my engagement was quite unjustified. When, after his recovery, father, in the presence of Felix and myself, made known to him the vows we had exchanged, my heart fluttered so fast, and I was so frightened, that I dared not meet his eye, though I felt he was looking hard at me. But Conrad only said, "What, dear children, did you really suppose that this could be news to me? Why, I have known ever so long, and long before you yourselves suspected it, that you belonged to each other. My fondest wish is now accomplished; and, indeed, I have only waited for this long-expected moment, to tell you that I, too, have made my choice; so that there will soon be two weddings at Larnstein."

I cannot describe to you, my dear Theresa, the astonishment with which we heard this news. It certainly released me from a painful anxiety. And yet, shall I own it? I cannot feel as thankful as I ought, for Conrad's choice has disappointed me. It hurts my ideal of his character, which has always seemed to me so disinterested. You know of that interminable lawsuit about the Weisemberg property at Oels? The present owner is childless, and the heiress is his niece. This circumstance is sadly in the way of the Weisemberg claim. Proposals have been privately made to terminate the dispute by an alliance between the two families. The object of Conrad's last visit to Breslau now turns out to have been the occasion it offered him for seeing the heiress. He tells us that the sight of her confirmed the favourable impression made on him by all he had previously heard of her character and education, and that his mind is quite made up. Nothing, however, is yet settled, so pray consider this letter confidential for the present. Is it not almost incredible? I can't reconcile myself to the thought of it. I can understand, indeed, from my knowledge of Conrad's character, that marriage would be to him, in any case, the result of careful deliberation. He is so unimpulsive! But when I hear him talk of this young Weisemberg heiress, whose heart already, I dare say, beats faster at the sound of his footstep, it pains me to think that to the man she is going to marry, she, poor child, is nothing more than an old lawsuit.

M M

Extract from the Journal of Conrad von Roseneck.

Woe be to the human being, man or woman, who has the misfortune to be regarded as a superior person!

The commonplace mind is so incapable of intelligent sympathy with what is above it, that when its admiration is not envious and reluctant it becomes terribly tyrannical.

In every character formed by the hand of nature, there are incalculable inconsistencies, incongruities, and inequalities; but from the characters we assign to each other, we require an invariable conformity to the pattern upon which our own minds have constructed them. Each is a rigid, unelastic mask which, when once on, can never be torn off. Has a man the reputation of superior strength or wisdom? To him, not even his dearest friends or nearest kindred will ever vouchsafe forgiveness of a moment's weakness or unreason. They have arbitrarily imposed upon him a character of their own making, which they call their ideal of the man. And in it they insist that he shall move, and breathe, and have his being.

But if he cannot? Well, then, let him cease to move, and breathe, and be!

Oh, to break loose for once, and for ever, from this detested stifling prison, which every hour grows narrower, closer, and more intolerable!

And if I could, what then?

In the very moment of my first escape into the free air of truth and reality—Trust, turned to scorn, and Affection, converted into execration, would exclaim—"Avaunt, detected impostor, hypocrite, and liar!"

Verily, verily, there is under the sun no such cruel despotism as that of esteem without sympathy!

Juliet to Theresa.

No date has yet been fixed for our marriage, and Conrad's courtship seems to make but slow progress. He talks vaguely of going to Breslau at the end of the month, and I suppose we shall be married after his return. I should certainly be thankful to see our dear Conrad happy and settled in the union on which his thoughts have so long been fixed, before we leave Larnstein. My own life here, however, is now so completely and perfectly happy, that I almost tremble at the thought of any change in it, however sweet the change may be. I have no fear that Felix and I will ever outgrow our love for each other. We are so exactly suited! But when I look around me, and see how large is the portion allotted to sorrow in every human life, I sometimes ask myself, in a sort of sacred awe of my own unclouded felicity, whether it is possible for happiness so great as mine to last for ever?

But here comes Felix. I had promised to walk with him to the mill this afternoon at four o'clock; and, though he is just half an hour too soon, I can't keep him waiting, for I am his slave at all hours of the day. So good-bye for the present, dearest friend!

Your loving, happy,
JULIET.

Extract from the Journal of Conrad von Roseneck.

What is this pertinacious insatiable tormentor?

A wish?

Have I not done with wishes, and struck my name from the endorsement of those base bills drawn by a fraudulent hope upon an insolvent eternity?

No, it is not a wish. I recognize it, at last, in its real nature. Less than a wish, and yet more—it is only a longing. But what a longing! Without having lost the fascination of a lie, it has assumed the terror of a truth. It no longer pretends to promise or affirm anything; but it still craves all, and with the savage hunger of a fierce wild beast. Spurred, instead of daunted, by the recognition of the unattainable, and goaded to frenzy by the greed of the forbidden, it rushes, empty, into emptiness. It is Seeking for seeking's sake, pursuit without a purpose, a race without a goal.

Bestial fiend, come forth from thy lurking place in the veins thou hast poisoned! I know thy hellish name. Thou art not Love, but Lust. And shall I yield to so vile a tempter? I, the martyr of a faith so fair!

Never! Only in disguise couldst thou dupe for a moment the credulity of a mind diseased. Named and known, I defy thee! Though thou fasten thy mad-dog's bite into my living flesh, not one concession shalt thou wring from my soul's unflinching purity. But, dare again to steal the semblance of Hope, or to profane, by uttering it, the word of Promise, and I will strangle thee dead, though I fall myself beneath the stroke of my own hand!

Joachim Furchtegott Schumann, to Baroness Mayendorff, née Countess Theresa von Lutzow.

LARNSTEIN, 15*th Sept.*, 1814.

HONOURED MADAM,

As in duty bound, and with profound respect, I take in hand my humble pen to acquaint your ladyship of the sad calamity with which it has pleased God to visit the noble family of my honoured lord and beloved master, the Count.

Also, honoured Madam, it is by his Honour's express orders that I make bold to pen these sad lines; for his Honour is in hopes that your ladyship's esteemed presence may alleviate the heavy affliction of her Honour, the Lady Juliet.

May it please your Honour to pardon your Honour's dutiful servant if, in the recital of this sad tale, as in duty bound, I occasion great grief to your ladyship's kind heart.

Yesterday, 14th *hujus scilicet* the day of the Elevation of the Blessed Host, being about the hour of 8 a.m., and the morning cloudy, it pleased the two young lords, my honoured masters, to go duck-shooting down the river. When they got into the boat, which is lugger-rigged, there was a light southerly wind blowing with the stream; so they set a small sail—just enough to steer by. And it was their lordships' intention to cross the same river, *videlicet* the Weidnitz, from the point of the long bend beyond the old mill, which is at the distance of about three-quarters of a mile, under correction I say it, as near as can be, from the castle opposite to the great marish, which also is well known to your ladyship.

The keeper's lad was with their lordships in the boat, which is a likely lad and an honest, as your ladyship knows, and they let the dog run after them along the bank, which is a black retriever bitch.

May it please your ladyship, the young lord Felix was in great mirth upon the morning of this melancholy occasion, being of high spirit and more than common cheer, as was remarked by said keeper's lad. The same deposes that, while his Honour, Count Conrad, was at the rudder, his Honour, Count Felix, being at the prow, and standing up with his feet astride upon each side of the boat, continued with great merriment to rock the boat from side to side upon the water, like a cradle. But his Honour's brother besought him very seriously to sit still, telling him that the water runs deep in that part of the river, as indeed it does, the current also being exceeding strong there, and that if by mischance his Honour were to fall overboard, he might not be able to swim by reason of his heavy shooting boots. Nevertheless, the young lord, because of the uncommon cheerfulness that was in him that morning, made light of all that his honoured brother was saying; for his heavy water-boots seemed to him, he said, as light as a pair of dancing pumps.

Now, at this moment, it happened, honoured Madam, as I am duly informed, that a hind rose in the brakes by the riverside; and the bitch, which is a young bitch, and a bit wild, but will do better when broke, as shall be duly done, ran out after the hind, and would not come back to call. So, then, the young lords, having landed the lad who was with them in the boat, as before mentioned, bade him fetch in the dog, and meet their lordships a few hundred yards lower down the water, just opposite the marish, as above.

The lad tells me that, while he was running after the dog, he could hear for some time the laughter of my honoured and lamented master, the young Count. It was a quarter of an hour, however, before the boy could bring in the dog, which when done was well punished, as duly deserved. The same then repaired to the appointed place, as above indicated. Who, when he got there, beheld with great surprise the boat already far down the stream beyond said point, and drifting quite empty. But of the two young lords there was no trace far or near. At first, the lad thought their lordships must have landed and gone up the fen; and that the boat, being ill fastened, had got adrift. So he waited a good while, keeping quite still, not to frighten the

ducks ; but at last, having heard nothing, and being himself afeard of something untoward, he fired off his gun. Yet neither to this signal, nor to all his shouts and cries, was there any answer. Then, looking all about him, in great perplexity, he noticed something hanging on to the branch of a willow tree, this side from the great fen. And, when the lad went up to the willow, to see what this might be, he found it was the hat of his Honour Count Felix. At that sight, the bitch began to howl.

Honoured Madam, among all the folk in our parts, specially sportsmen, this is commonly accounted a grievous bad sign, which it was no better, honoured Madam, on the present melancholy occasion.

Then, crying bitterly, the lad ran back to the castle, where he occasioned great alarm.

May it please your ladyship, the writer of these humble lines, your ladyship's dutiful servant, happened to be upon the spot ; and, taking with him a few followers, hastened to the fatal scene. There, having got a punt afloat, we tried with long poles to search the bottom. But the stream was running stiff, and I lament to say our search proved fruitless. By this time, the banks on both sides were filled with folk. Also, honoured Madam, many went up to their necks in the water, and no man thought of his own life, for the great love that is borne by all to the noble family of my lord the Count.

At last, some of the folk that was about in the water began to shout and call to us that were in the punt. Who, coming to the fatal spot, beheld there a piteous sight, which was my honoured master Count Conrad. They were carrying him in their arms ; for he was quite insensible, being also dripping wet, his face all befouled with mud and slime as was grievous to look at, and his hands clasped tight together behind his head. In this condition we carried him back to the castle, where, by the mercy of God, my gracious mistress, his Honour's noble mother, was suffering from an acute lumbago, so that the Herr Doctor was already there, who, by hot fomentations and other remedies at last brought him round with great difficulty. For he was really gone. But of his Honour, the evermore to be deeply lamented and now happily at rest, Count Felix, up to this hour, honoured Madam, no trace whatever has been found.

His Honour's bereaved brother, my heavily afflicted young master, Count Conrad, is still so troubled and distressed in his mind that the exact particulars of the above-mentioned melancholy occurrence cannot yet be ascertained. For his Honour, as is well known to your ladyship's kind heart, most dearly loved the late young lord, his lamented brother. And now, out of the great sorrow and heaviness caused him by this sad event, his Honour is still, as I may say under your ladyship's pardon, almost beside himself.

It appears, however, only too certain that the young lord Felix must have fallen into the water while he was rocking the boat, as above. And his lordship's bereaved brother must have tried desperate hard to save him, for his Honour's clothes were not only wringing wet, but also full of weeds and gravel, which must have got into them while he was searching for the defunct at the bottom of the river ; and his boots were so shrunk that we had to cut them off his Honour's legs.

In terminating these sad lines, and may it please your ladyship, without his Honour's express orders, I should not have made so bold to put pen to paper, I have also the honour to inform your ladyship that I have ordered relays of horses all along the post road, in order that your Honour may reach the castle as speedily as possible.

With the most profound respect, as in duty bound, so far as the melancholy circumstances will permit,

I am, honoured Madam,
Your Ladyship's humble and dutiful servant,
JOACHIM FURCHTEGOTT SCHUMANN,
Gärflich Rosenecksehe Güter-Inspector.

(*To be continued.*)

AT THE FERRY.

ENGRAVED BY O. LACOUR, FROM A DRAWING BY A. D. M'CORMICK.

THE RING OF AMASIS.

A ROMANCE.

By THE EARL OF LYTTON.

CHAPTER IX.

THE HAND OF SEB KRONOS.

THE papers entrusted to me by Count von Roseneck throw but little light upon the years which intervened between the events recorded in the last chapter and those I have still to relate.

All the letters written by Juliet to her friend Madame de Mayendorff, during the first period of her unwedded widowhood, had been removed from the correspondence before it was placed in my hands; and of what passed at Larnstein immediately after the death of Count Felix, I have no indication beyond an odd little notebook, filled for the most part with religious reflections, but containing also a few entries traced in a faint and almost illegible hand—probably his mother's.

The grief of the old count and countess for the death of their youngest son must have increased their anxiety at the precarious condition of their eldest and only surviving child. Insensible to the presence of all around him, Conrad continued to wander about like a restless spectre. He would pass whole days alone upon the spot where he had been found, after the disappearance of Felix, watching the river with haggard eyes; and at nightfall, the sound of his heavy trailing footstep up the stairs never paused at the doors which no hand opened. Over the floor of his own chamber, fast locked, that footstep sounded all night long; and the mourners, who made no attempt to interrupt his solitude, could hear him, as they passed the door of that chamber, muttering to himself, and often groaning aloud.

Suddenly, however, a great change came over him. Though still unnaturally taciturn, he resumed the daily regularity of his previous occupations. At daybreak, his horse was at the door. The whole day long he was busily engaged about the estate. Accompanied by the inspector, he visited every part of it, set all things in order, and made provisions for the future which seemed to imply the intention of a lengthened absence. In the course of a single week he was thrice at Breslau. The following week he went there again, and this time he did not come back. Three days later, the coachman who had driven him to Breslau returned with a letter for the old count, in which Conrad bade farewell to his family in terms that revealed the vehemence of his grief. The letter was filled with incoherent self-reproaches for the death of his brother. Life, he said, had since become to him an almost insupportable burden. He could not hope for relief of mind so long as he remained among the scenes which recalled to him at every moment the cause of his affliction. He was, therefore, on his way to St. Petersburg, with the intention of enrolling himself in the Russian army, now on active service in the Caucasus; and he implored his father and mother, and Juliet, if they should never see him again, to let their forgiveness rest upon his memory.

The family were not much surprised, either at this decision, or at the language in which it was announced. Though they knew that Conrad had no cause to reproach

himself, yet their calamity was so sudden, and the victim of it so nearly and dearly related to him, that they could easily understand how the fact of his having been the sole spectator of a catastrophe all his efforts had failed to prevent, must have increased the anguish and the horror with which he recalled it.

Conrad was absent from Larnstein nearly three years. His letters from the Caucasus were few and brief; but at last, in the spring of the year 1817, his father received from him a long one, announcing his return. Among the pulses, however, set beating faster in the old man's heart by his receipt of this good news, was one to which a message from a still more distant land had said, "Thou shalt be the last!" and he was found dead in his chair with the letter in his hand. He died without pain, from a stroke of apoplexy, which closed his eyes gently on the hope of his son's return.

It was as lord and master of Larnstein that Conrad returned to the house of his fathers, to find it *still* a house of mourning. The firm step which now crossed the long-silent floor of the old hall, was that of a man whose natural powers of endurance and command had been brought to maturity in the hardy life of a barbaric camp. His tall stature had acquired a stateliness which seemed to increase the height of it. His sinewy frame had the consistency of the bronze to which a sculptor confides his conception of a demi-god. His whole bearing and manner had grown more self-assured, and had in them the severe suavity characteristic of men who have fought down strong passions, and conquered the prerogative of a reliance on their own powers which imposes its authority upon others. It is the attribute of those who assume undisputed precedence in the great ceremony of life.

The most striking novelty, however, in the present conduct of Conrad von Roseneck was that he now spoke with frankness and frequency of all that was still most painful in the recollections of Juliet and his mother. So far from avoiding such topics, he seemed to seek occasions for dwelling upon them. But this he did with a tact so sympathetic, and so unobtrusive, that the two ladies were irresistibly drawn by it into a more and more constant and unrestrained interchange of ideas with him upon all that related to the death of Felix; and thus at last, these sore subjects began to arrange themselves, under his guiding touch, into harmony with the general effect of a picture of the past which, though pensive, was no longer painful. In the suggested composition of this mental picture he employed a consummate skill; softening, little by little, every harsh outline in the background; throwing, from time to time, new and brighter lights upon the foreground; and yet carefully concealing the relation of these effects to the initiative of his own suggestions. On the subject of that picture Juliet's thoughts had brooded for two years in the unbroken silence of a profound isolation. She now began to experience the long-missed charm of companionship in thought, and the comfort of a common interest, which Conrad had the art to invest with every appearance of the spontaneous result of her own volition. In this kindly task of consolation his efforts were indefatigable, and his patience unremitting.

Within little more than a year after his return to Larnstein, the old countess rejoined her husband, and was laid beside him in the family vault. As Conrad and Juliet stood together by the grave of their common mother, the death which re-united the old seemed to have bequeathed to the young couple a life insupportably solitary, if not henceforth united; nor could Juliet then find in her heart any voice to oppose the voice of Conrad when it pleaded for such a union—not with the passion of a lover, but the pathos of a tried and faithful friend. This plea, indeed, was urged with such perfect abnegation of all personal desire, and such a quiet resignation of whatever happiness it was beyond his power to crave, or hers to bestow; while, at the same time, every reason for compliance with it, to which an exclusive consideration of her interests might have prompted Juliet, was so delicately employed by Conrad in favour of his own, that she was innocently led to regard as a noble duty, and sacred sacrifice, the step from which, if asked to take it upon any other grounds, she would have recoiled with an invincible repugnance. Instead of saying to her, "*You* are an orphan," he said, "*I* am an orphan." Instead of speaking of the relations which had gradually been established between them by their common memories of the past, and their common sorrow for the dead, as if those relations were the conditions of a solace to which she had now accustomed her daily life, he alluded to them only as a source of saving strength to himself.

But in the innermost soul of Conrad all was not so peaceful as might be inferred from the smoothness on the surface. An indication of this occurs in the following

portion of a letter written by Juliet, some months before the death of the old countess, and her subsequent engagement to Conrad.

Juliet to Theresa.

(EXTRACT.)

I begin to fear that the fatigues of his last campaign must have shaken Conrad's health, to an extent which no one could guess from his habitual appearance, or his great muscular strength. There are moments when his face suddenly seems bloodless, his eyes fixed and glassy, and his features contracted by a fearful spasm. Such attacks are, he tells me, the after-effects of a violent fever, brought on by a wound that nearly proved fatal to him; and he suspects that the coarse remedies of the Russian army surgeons may have been more permanently detrimental to his constitution than the fever itself. Happily, these seizures, though painful, are not dangerous; but I shall never forget the evening when I first witnessed one of them.

Conrad and I were playing at chess, and mother dozing in her armchair by the fire. The night was wild and gusty. We could hear the doors creaking in the empty rooms above, and the whole house seemed full of sighing noises; while the dead leaves, blown round it by the autumn storm outside, kept up a continual patter on the window panes.

Conrad, as I need hardly tell you, is a splendid chess-player, whereas I am a very poor one. But he contrives to equalize our forces by calculating to a nicety the value of the pieces he gives me. That night, the game had lasted longer than usual; and I really think we were both very much in earnest about it, each of us doing our best to win. For the first time, I seemed from the outset to have divined the plan of my adversary's battle, and had so arranged my game that, whenever he tried to catch me, I was ready with a countermove which surprised him. At one moment, he seemed to have quite lost patience; and, seeing him so excited, I exerted all my wits to resist his attack, which was boldly conceived and hotly pressed. He was so bent upon harassing my Queen that his usual caution failed him, and he laid his King open to me. At last, however, exclaiming—"Now, Juliet, you cannot escape me!" he made a master move with his King's Knight, just as I had made sure of checkmating him. I was so vexed, that I had a strong mind to upset the board; when suddenly, as if by enchantment, the whole game appeared completely changed.

A single piece had achieved this miracle. A Castle, which I thought I had been keeping in reserve, well protected in a corner, on the enemy's side, was standing out in full check to Conrad's King. I did not notice this piece in its new position, till Conrad had withdrawn his hand from the board; and then I fancied for a moment that it must have been accidentally displaced by his sleeve. But as there were other pieces in the way, which, in that case, must have been upset, I am to this hour absolutely unable to imagine how my Castle got half across the board without my noticing it; for I am confident that I did not move it myself. I had no time, however, to investigate the mystery; for, on looking towards Conrad for an explanation of it, I saw that his face had become livid, his lips blue, and his eyes fixed in a fearful stare, with an expression of intense terror.

To add to the strange horror of this sudden metamorphosis, mother, who was dreaming in her sleep, began to mutter, "Yes, Felix, I know, I know!"

I tried to assist Conrad, who had risen from his chair. But he waved me back, and staggered out of the room, feeling his way with both hands along the wall, like a blind man.

I have never said a word about this to mother, who was fortunately asleep when it happened. But I asked her afterwards what she had been dreaming about, and repeated to her the words she had muttered in her sleep. She had forgotten everything, however, and could not even recollect that she had been dreaming.

We have never played at chess since that evening; and I feel that I shall never have the nerve to play this game again with Conrad.

In another letter, written much about the same time, Juliet says—

I am afraid, Theresa, that Conrad is trying to hide from me the real cause of these mysterious seizures, and that the frightful recollections of the 14th of September must have something to do with them.

I can perfectly understand this, though it makes me more anxious about him. For the first time in his life, Conrad has found himself confronted with Providence, and compelled to submit to the operation of a will higher than his own, and inscrutable by any of the intellectual methods to which his mind is accustomed.

Ah, my dearest friend, without faith in the love of God, how fearful would be the evidences of His power! I know it is in the nature of Conrad to look upon himself as responsible for the failure of his efforts to save my lost darling. For he is sensitively conscientious, and severely self-judging; whilst, at the same time, he is not a religious man—not, at least, in our sense of the word. His character, lofty in all ways, is childlike and submissive in none. I do not judge him on that account, nor even love and revere him the less. For he is certainly not an *irreligious* man; and his whole being is, not only just and upright, but generous, tender, and unselfish, to a degree that brings the tears in my eyes whenever I think of his goodness to myself, and our lost one. Father, whose own faith was as firm and pure as a crystal rock, used to say—"There is no cause to be anxious about Conrad's indifference to religious dogma. Instead of reproaching him for not having religious convictions, we should honour him for replacing the convictions he cannot conscientiously profess, by so strict an adherence to all the duties imposed on him by the noble severity of his own character. Let him alone. I have no fear for his future. The day is sure to come when love, the grand teacher of us all, will enter my boy's heart; and then the scales will drop from his eyes, and his hands will involuntarily clasp themselves in a prayer that needs no prompting from without."

With one other extract from Juliet's correspondence I may now drop the curtain on the picture it presents.

Juliet to Theresa.

Conrad has alarmed us exceedingly. This time mother was with us, and saw what happened. But luckily she only saw in it an accident. I saw more, and was dreadfully frightened. This event, however, has been the salvation of us all from a dreadful death; and I now recognize in it the hand of Providence, which uses evil for beneficent purposes.

It was a fine warm afternoon. Conrad had engaged us to drive over, in the pony-carriage, to the old water-mill by the Giant's Seat.

He accompanied us on horseback, sometimes riding beside our little carriage, and sometimes on before, to the spot at which he had promised us a pleasant surprise.

But here I must tell you, by the way, that Conrad has contrived, with extraordinary skill and taste, to bring all the most beautiful views about Larnstein within the circuit of the park itself. The old straight carriage drives have been done away with, or so changed that they now wind in and out among the thickets, sometimes plunging under deep masses of foliage, sometimes sloping into long green vistas, or breaking upon the loveliest open views.

After winding about in this way for about three-quarters of a mile, we came unexpectedly upon a sight of the old mill which was quite new to me. Unnoticed by us, the foliage on each side of the road had given place to a high grassy terrace overhanging the ravine. The whole scene was as enchanting as it was unexpected. To the right, the Giant's Seat rose abrupt, and bare of herbage. A vast white cloud was settled, in slumberous masses, on the summit of it; and the height of the rock, with the afternoon light full upon it, had the strange effect of seeming to give height to the sky itself, which above the cloud was of the deepest blue. In that deep blue air, above the rock and the cloud, two brown hawks were hovering. Over one half of the ravine, beneath us, was drawn a transparent veil of purple shadow, while the opposite slopes were bathed in a warm yellow glow.

Deep in the bottom of the glen we could see the old mill, crouching between the cool wet slabs; and the only sounds upon the stillness were the distant noise of the shattering water, and the faint groaning of the mill-wheel, over which a little phantom rainbow appeared and disappeared at intervals.

We lingered about this delightful spot till the afternoon had deepened round us unperceived; and Conrad, reminding us that we had still to visit the mill, pushed on his horse toward the new mountain road, making signs to the coachman to follow.

I leaned back in the carriage, pensive and dreamy. There was something soothing in the stillness of the autumn air. The view we had just been admiring had drawn my thoughts towards Conrad, for it was indeed his creation. He was riding on before us slowly, and he never looks to more advantage than when on horseback. At the junction of this old carriage drive with the new road, there is a finger-post; which now came in sight, with its long arm and stretched forefinger pointed at us, almost as if it were trying to warn us back. So, at least, I have since fancied.

Conrad was just in front of the finger-post, and going to turn the corner. Suddenly he gave a faint cry. I saw him fling up his arms, and put his hands before his eyes.

He reeled back in his saddle, as if he had been shot through the heart; and the next moment he was stretched upon the ground, senseless. We jumped out of the pony carriage, and ran to assist him. At the same moment the groom, who was following, had also reached the spot and got down from his horse.

While we were still stooping over Conrad, we were startled by a stupendous noise close to us; and, looking up, we perceived that the mill had become invisible. Hardly a hundred yards in front of us, an enormous fragment of rock, wrapped in a smoking cloud of white dust, lay sheer across the road, and barred the passage we had so nearly reached. The ponies took fright, turned round, and dashed homewards at full speed; but the upsetting of the carriage, which impeded their pace, fortunately enabled the coachman to stop them and bring them back.

All this while, we were about Conrad. He soon came to himself, and no one but I had any suspicion of the true cause of his fall. Having seen, however, more than one of these seizures before, I could have no doubt as to the nature of this one.

For the rest, thank God, Conrad was not the least hurt, nor did any of us get a scratch or a bruise.

Before the groom returned with another carriage we had time to examine the landslip. The wall to the right, along the new road, is only just built. The workmen had not given it sufficient support; and it had broken down, bringing with it a portion of the rock itself, just at the moment when, but for Conrad's accident, we should all have been passing under it, and must infallibly, in that case, have been crushed to death.

I need add nothing to these extracts, which illustrate the point to which this unhappy man was brought.

No matter how strongly he might struggle against it, he remained a prey to the relentless action of a power unapparent to those around him, and incredible to himself. In vain did he endeavour to convince himself of the unreality of apparitions.

THE HAND was there.

The spectral amethyst on that unearthly hand continued to smite and pierce him with its tormenting rays.

Not always, however. Not when he was prepared, and even eager, to behold it. He could not bring it before him by expressly exciting his imagination. He had often tried to do this. For, if he could succeed in such an attempt, then, he thought, the spell would be broken, and he might rest assured that the spectre he could evoke by the power of his will, he should always, by the same power, be able to dismiss.

Failing in this attempt, he had hoped at least to accustom himself to the spectral visitant he could neither summon nor exclude. In that case, familiarity might destroy the terror of it. And he laboured to render the thought of the thing familiar to his mind. Labour lost! In the full enjoyment of untroubled health, and the restored pride of intellectual power, when the last apparition had ceased to affect him more than the dim recollection of a half-forgotten dream, then, by ways the most unexpected, and ever with increased significance, It returned.

In the thick of the barbarous battle he had seen that ghostly hand turn aside the musket that was levelled at his head. Among the autumn woods at Larnstein, when nothing else betokened the impending destruction, which but for its mysterious intervention, he could not have escaped, it had pointed from a common finger-post, to warn him back. And once before, over the chessboard, to which his superstition assigned a symbolic significance, when he had boasted that Juliet could not escape him, it had crossed his game with an unmistakable intimation that It, the Spectre, would know how to baulk him yet.

Would the thing execute its menace? Would his be always the only eye to see the apparition? Or would it, at some later time, reveal itself to others also? These were the doubts that now assailed him; and in these doubts he lived on, between the wildest hopes and the wildest terror.

He had built up for himself an elaborate edifice of internal law. In this system, the relations of cause and effect were so close as to leave no room for inactivity in the chain of consequences. The system accorded efficiency to action only, assuming that causation could not exist without it. The thing that was not *done* was not at all, and no effect could be attributed to that which had, itself, no existence.

This is why the inscription on the Egyptian ring had so powerfully fascinated his imagination. It was as if the thesis of his own invention had arisen from the tomb, fortified by the authority of twenty centuries. On the same principle it was, that he had so cautiously considered each external manifestation of his will, and so scrupulously weighed every action of his life. He reduced all his moral responsibilities to this equation—so much action, so much responsibility; and to the strict observance of his own law he had, at all times, and in all things, adhered with an inflexible fidelity; never opposing, never evading, never flinching from it. In the protection of this law he had long sought security, and to the assurance of this law he now clung with all the energy of despair. From his own point of view, and by the measure of his own system—a system maintained with unshaken conviction, and obeyed with unswerving devotion—he had never failed or been wanting; nor, under any provocation, had he ever humiliated himself in his own eyes. He dared not, he could not, do so. For his system left him not so much as a footsbreadth for escape from failure. A system which did not admit of weakness could not provide for pardon. On either side of the line traced out so clearly by his narrow law, all was chaos, and one step beyond his inch of solid ground, there was nothing but the abyss. Mediation was impossible where there was nothing intermediate. At the summit of his severe religion, in the place of a compassionate Christ, stood an inexorable Necessity, and its hand was not the hand of a merciful God, but the relentless Hand of Seb Kronos.

CHAPTER X.[1]

SILBERBLICK.

THE day fixed for the wedding of Conrad and Juliet dawned without a cloud. It had been settled that the ceremony should take place in the private chapel of the château, and in the presence of only a few witnesses, all of them intimate friends of the family.

Conrad had long been looking forward to this moment, for he felt that it would be the crisis of his life, and he was forewarned by many premonitory sensations that the Spectre would appear. By fixing in his mind the certainty of its apparition, he had endeavoured to prepare himself for the shock of a terror which was not unforeseen, although he could not calculate the precise moment of its assault. But it was neither of Heaven nor of Hell that he sought strength for the final conflict; and when he felt that he was master of himself, he went to meet his bride.

Those who have visited the silver mines at Freiburg or in the Hartz, are probably familiar with a beautiful but fugitive phenomenon which occurs during the process of melting the ore. It lasts only an instant, and the miners call it *Silberblick*. When, in its liquid state, the heated metal first comes into contact with the air, it emits a momentary iridescence of vivid colours in rapid motion. This iridescence is produced by the impure alloy which, under a light whitish cloud, suddenly combines with a portion of the oxygen in the atmosphere. While it lasts, the molten mass is seized with a whirling movement, and gives out the most brilliant tints. In a moment, however, the movement stops; and the metallic surface, losing all its lustre, becomes perfectly opaque. Then, there is a further change, and the dulness of the surface is succeeded by the smooth lucid polish of the pure silver Under the influence of

[1] This chapter, and the one that follows it, are an abridged account of circumstances, conversations, and feelings, recorded at much greater length, some of them in a memoir by Madame de Mayendorff, and others in an autobiographical statement by the count himself, which complete the papers I received from him.—E. de V.

intense heat, all the particles of foreign matter have been dissipated. But at the bottom of the crucible they have left a trace of their passage—one small black spot.

The miners say, "*Reines Silber blickt nie*," the pure silver has no *silberblick*. The fire, finding nothing more to consume, leaves—on the surface a smile, in the interior a raging heat, deep at bottom of all, a black spot. And this is the *silberblick*.

Such was the smile upon the face of Conrad as he stood before the altar at the side of his betrothed. His thoughts were not in the sanctuary. He was waiting for the Spectre, and arming himself for a supernatural combat. He knew it would appear; and, for the first time, he felt himself a match for his ghostly assailant. He was silently challenging the whole world of spirits to banish that smile from his face; and his senses, all on the alert, were throwing out scouts and outposts in every direction to signal the movements of his phantom foe. For he was confident of his power to withstand its onset, if he had but timely notice of its approach; and, in that case, the Ghost would be beaten before it could come into the field.

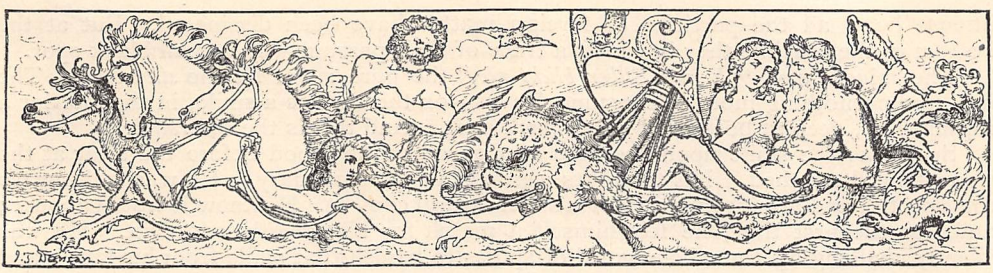
Meanwhile the nuptial service went on with solemn decorum. The moment was come for the benediction, and the priest called upon the bride and bridegroom to join hands.

Collecting all his forces, and setting them in battle order, Conrad once more scrutinized every nook and corner of the chapel. The survey, though instantaneous, was accurate and complete; and its result was reassuring. Wherever a shadow could lurk, wherever a single ray of dubious light could steal, behind every column, along every wall, probing every crevice, sounding each chink, tracking the motes in the sunbeam, and searching the faintest shimmer on the flint, his mind sent forth its sentinels and spies.

They reported that the field was clear; and boldly he put out his hand to join the hand of Juliet in an eternal union.

It was there.

(*To be continued.*)



ROWING AT OXFORD.

By W. H. GRENFELL.

ALL those who wish to be coached during the present term are requested to be at the College Barge at 2.15." This invitation is up in the Porter's Lodge of St. Giles's College, as it is up in the Porters' Lodges of the various other Oxford Colleges, at the beginning of the October term to catch the eye of the unwary freshman. Among those who are looking at it without any certain idea of what they mean to do that afternoon is one Graham, a freshman, who has just come up from a non-rowing school; but, although he has never handled an oar, nature has been physically kind to him and given him good lungs which he has well tested at his public school on the football field and running track, a straight, strong back, and legs which have already stood him in good stead. There he stands eyeing the inoffensive document, little dreaming what toil and drudgery and what glorious reward it may mean to him should he respond to its call. As yet he has not made up his mind in which direction to seek the athletic laurels of which his brows are not accustomed to be bare—triumphs on the running path, the cricket and football fields, he feels to be not outside his grasp, but fate or chance turns his steps towards the river, and little does he think he is about to court a mistress who will brook no rivals. He sits down in the College Barge, full of aspirants like himself, whose ideas, like his, have not got beyond the "put the oar in deep and pull it out with a jerk" school, and who still believe in the existence of the aquatic heroes in Ouida's books, who flourish an enormous biceps (about the worst thing a rowing man can have) in the face of an admiring and terrified captain, and after that never get into a boat or touch an oar till the day of the race, which they naturally win in a paddle.

THE RIGHT REVD. CHARLES WORDSWORTH, D.C.L., CHRIST CHURCH, BISHOP OF ST. ANDREWS. NO. 4 IN THE OXFORD EIGHT, 1829 (FIRST UNIVERSITY RACE).

Two men in earnest conversation are standing at the end of the barge—the one looks solemn and phlegmatic—the other quick and vivacious. These our hero is informed are the captain and secretary of the College Boat Club. The captain is a man of few words, but his whole soul is in the College Boat and its fortunes, and he has never been known to say much save on the one topic which absorbs his thoughts, and on which he has been known at times to wax almost eloquent. The secretary is less reverent and has even been known to jest on the sacred theme. The latter comes up to our freshman.

"Have you ever rowed before?"

"No."

"Have you weighed?"

"Yes. I'm 12st. 6lbs."

"All right then, will you row three in my four?"

Into the boat our hero gets—puts his stretcher the right length, and starts for his first row on the Isis. The secretary stands up in the stern and begins to inculcate the first principles of oarsmanship. Very difficult they seem at first, and so different from what he had expected. "Now you must try not to row with your arms. Do all your work with your body and legs. Get your hands out with stroke and swing your body down with his: slowly forward and sharp back, but keep swinging the whole time," and the mysteries of a sharp recovery, feathering clean, and raising the hands sharply over the stretcher are duly explained to him. Graham got out of the boat with the conviction firm upon him that rowing, or at all events rowing in racing form, was a very much more complicated exercise than at first sight it appeared, still he felt that he had received sufficient encouragement from the coach to make it worth while to come down to the river again—besides which the rowing men, especially to one who had all his friends to make, seemed such good sorts and so ready to take any amount of trouble over people they had never seen before. As he was walking back to college under the grand old elms in Christ Church Meadows—the captain and secretary were walking behind him. Says the secretary to the captain—"Did you see that chap rowing three in my boat? Well, he's awfully strong and plugged like fun and can swing his body right down to his knees—but he's awfully rough and knows nothing about it, and made the boat roll like a tub."

G. NICKALLS, MAGDALEN COLLEGE, PRESIDENT O.U.B.C. 1890; NO. 2 IN THE OXFORD EIGHT, 1887; NO. 7, 1888 AND 1889; NO. 6, 1890. WINNER OF THE WINGFIELD SCULLS, 1887, 1888, AND 1889; WINNER OF THE DIAMOND SCULLS, 1888, 1889.

"Yes," replied the taciturn captain, "I was watching him, he has the making of an oar, and we mustn't lose him: he knows nothing about it as you say—but it's much easier to teach a man something entirely new, than to get him out of a bad habit, and I would much rather coach a man who knows nothing than one who has been badly taught. I'll ask him to come to my rooms to-night and we'll see if we cannot get Smith to come to." From that hour our hero's fate is settled. He goes to the wine, he is flattered by the notice taken of him by so august a person as the captain of the college crew—he even meets Smith who rowed two in the last University race. The talk turns upon rowing, last term's Eights, whether the boat is likely to go up or down next summer, the prospects of next term's Torpids, and the chances of the present term's college Four. He is fired by the rowing mania—he too will see if he cannot do something to uphold the college flag upon the river. So regularly he treads the accustomed path to the barge, little thinking at first that he is destined to tread it almost daily during the four years of his Oxford career.

Under the careful coaching of the college rowing staff he makes quick progress; he puts his name down for his college novice Fours, designed to bring out those who have not rowed in Torpid or Eight, and practices every day: then comes his first race in a boat, attended with all the excitement of a novel experience. The race is rowed in heats; his crew wins, and he knows he has distinguished himself at three. This has brought him pretty well down to the close of his first October term, which finds him a confirmed "wet-bob," a devoted slave of the oar, and rowing in a trial crew for next term's Torpid.

The Easter term reveals him rowing five in his Torpid and in regular training. Down he goes to the river every afternoon as regular as clockwork at 2.15 to the college barge, to be coached as regularly by the staff of the College Boat Club. Often he sees the University Eight swing by at their practice on the home course before they

leave to row on wider, deeper, and rougher waters; and he wonders in his mind whether he himself will ever be such as they, and wear the broad blue ribbon of university aquatic ambition, and do battle for *alma mater* on the historic course.

At last come the Torpid Races, the event for which he has suffered much in many places, and our hero acquits himself well, and does yeoman service according to his lights. He has now raced in an eight-oared boat, and has completed the first portion of his aquatic career with sufficient distinction to be pretty secure of a place in the College Eight in the next, the summer term.

When that term opens, our friend is rowing at his old place five in the College Eight which is sixth on the river. He is now initiated for the first time into the mysteries of the sliding seat, and cannot help sliding too soon. Also, when the crew go into a light boat for the first time, he is painfully conscious of his want of watermanship; when the boat rolls he feels doubtful as to which has the best of it, he or his oar. As the races draw near, the crew goes into strict training, and breakfast together by turns in each others' rooms, and dine together in hall, on fare specially provided for them, according to immemorial custom.

SIR JOSEPH W. CHITTY, BALLIOL COLLEGE; ONE OF THE JUDGES OF HER MAJESTY'S HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE. NO. 2 IN THE OXFORD CREW (FIRST RACE) EASTER, 1849; NO. 4 IN SECOND RACE, DECEMBER, 1849; STROKE 1851 AND 1852; PRESIDENT O.U.B.C., 1851; WINNER OF THE UNIVERSITY PAIRS, 1849, 1850; WINNER OF THE SILVER GOBLETS AT HENLEY 1850, 1851. FIRST CLASS CLASSICAL GREATS, VINERIAN LAW SCHOLAR, FELLOW OF EXETER COLLEGE.

The first night of the Eights is now upon them: the first of the six nights' racing which is to decide the place of each college on the river for the year. Graham confesses to feeling akin to trepidation and a great dryness of the throat as he walks down to the barge with number six, but forgets about both in the preliminary spin. The feeling comes back however as he watches the second division races which are decided before the first. Ah! here they come! The leading boat is well away anyhow as she comes through the Gut; but the second boat's head is shooting across the stream—that means a bump; and one can hear the shouts of triumph from the partizans of the successful boat even from here. "I hope that won't happen to us. Anyhow, it's our turn now. I wish my mouth wasn't so dry; and the tea and brandy seem to have stopped about a quarter of the way down my throat."

By this time he is standing on the college raft. "Now, then, get in all," says the captain. "Shove her out!—Forward all!—Are you ready?—Paddle!" And Graham finds himself halfway down to the start before he has time to think any more about the matter. Then comes the most agonizing six minutes of the lot—the waiting at the post before the start.

There goes the five minutes' gun. Plenty of time yet. Half the college is on the bank, ready to run up with their crew, and armed—some of the trusted ones—with various implements for making diabolical sounds should the crew come within striking distance of the boat ahead.

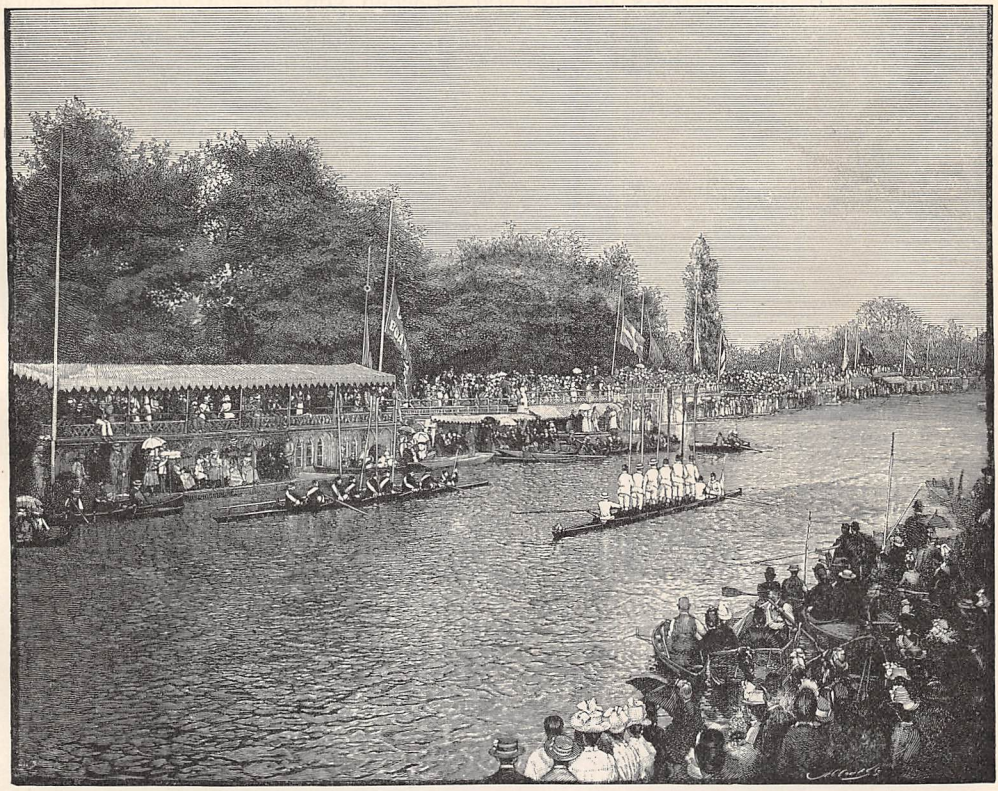
A few last words from the captain—"Now, mind you keep your eyes in the boat, and watch the time every stroke, and whatever you do, don't hurry."

Bang! There goes the minute-gun—only one minute before the start. "Shove her out. Paddle a stroke, bow. Hold tight to the bung, cox. Keep her stern out." The stroke of the Torpids is on the bank counting the seconds. "Half a minute gone." "Three-quarters gone." "Forward all!" Not a sound to be heard save the counting of the seconds from the bank—"Ten seconds more, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one, *Bang!* and simultaneously with the flash of the gun ninety-six oars swish through the water as twelve boats dash off in pursuit of the one in front and flight from the one behind. What a swirl there is on the water, and what a roar of voices fills the air! "Well started, St. Giles's. Well rowed, all! You're gaining—you're gaining!" Our hero hears but a confused din from the bank. He thinks of nothing but rowing his hardest, and never takes his eyes off the outside shoulder of number seven; but still, as he swings his body down, he cannot help

seeing the boat behind, and fancying that it is further from them than when they started —and now he is sure of it. Hurrah! there is no fear from them!

But what is this? the roar from the bank is increasing, and seems more mingled and confused than it was before, and every now and again there comes to his ear the cry of "St. James's! Well rowed, St. James's!" mixed up with "You're gaining, St. Giles's!" Ah, they must be near the boat ahead! and the two crowds of supporters on the bank must be mingling. How he wishes he could look round and see how close they were! But all he has to do is to watch seven's back and keep time, and pick it up if stroke should quicken.

Stroke's oar grazes the bank—they must be near the Gut now. He can just see the cox's face quivering with excitement while he shouts, "You're gaining every stroke!" And what is this? The boat is suddenly dancing up and down like a cork upon a troubled sea; he knows what that means—they are in the "wash" of the St. James's



PROCESSION OF BOATS.—SALUTING THE HEAD OF THE RIVER.

boat. Then above all the shouts he hears the voice of the old rattle, wielded by a reliable hand, which tells them they are within striking distance.

Stroke quickens. "Now then, pick it up." The rudder goes on hard—five can see the white foam fly—a fever of expectancy upon cox's face—then a gloomy look of disappointment, and the rudder is hard on the other way.

Ah! they have made a shot in the Gut and missed. The boat rolls—they have taken a bad Gut, and had a fruitless spurt taken out of them. A yell of triumph goes up from St. James's on the bank, as their boat has gained a good half-length. A ding-dong race ensues all up the Willows—one continued spurt, each boat doing all it knows. Graham cannot help wondering how long it can possibly go on, and whether each stroke will not be his last. He doesn't know whether they are gaining or not. The rattle is still on, and they are really creeping up inch by inch. Now they are overlapping a foot, but still St. James's struggles gamely to get away, and the coxswain will not risk another shot, but whispers to the stroke, who calls upon his crew for one final spurt, which each one responds to as well as he is able. Ah! what's that little shock. The yell from the banks from every Gilesian throat proclaims it a bump.

"Hurrah! Well rowed, St. Giles's!"—Then a "Well rowed, St. James's!"—"Well rowed, St. Giles's!" passes between the two crews themselves, and they paddle to the bank to get out of the way of the crews coming up behind. After these have all passed the St. Giles's crew paddle proudly to their College Barge to be received by the welcoming shouts of victory from all the available members of the College assembled on the raft. How pleased every one is! Not rowing men alone but the whole College seems to share in the general jubilation. Graham feels walking on air as he returns to his rooms, and the captain of the crew unbends so far on the occasion as to allow an extra glass all round at supper to celebrate the victory.

What is there to beat the wild excitement of a bumping race? What can stir more the Viking blood within us? When have your pulses beat higher than when you have felt the boat dancing and jumping with that peculiar motion which shows you have got into the "wash" of the crew in front? When have you felt such an electric thrill of wild joy pass through you as when you felt that little jar—which

BUMPING RACE AT OXFORD.—FIRST TWO BOATS STARTING.

means a "bump," and may land you head of the river—the crown of so many days' hard toil and training? And it is no selfish pleasure: you share the triumph as you have shared the toil with seven other good men and true—the whole College is shouting itself hoarse upon the bank with an exultation which every member of it from the heaviest of Dons to the weediest of freshmen shares according to his lights.

You may feel many other proudly happy moments in the glorious undergraduate days on many a hard-fought field of University contests; you may feel the electric glow when, after racing down to the ominous line of willows you have cleared the far-famed brook and landed alone in the field with the hounds and view the spent fox crawling down the bullfinch in front; you may feel it when, as the smoke curls away from your rifle, you see the great ten point stag you have pursued all day executing that frantic and spasmodic gallop that shows your hand and eye have been steady and true; you may feel it as the bailer has just flown from your hand and won a hard-fought match on the cricket-field; you may feel it when you stand for the first time upon some ice-crowned summit unprofaned before by the pressure of the human foot;

but never will you feel it so strong or so vivid as when the little tremor of the boat and the roar from the bank tell that you have raised your college to the head of the river !

This is however only the first night of the races. Five more times has our hero to go through the same agony at the start and the same struggle in the race : the first three nights are crowned with success ; but our crew meet a nut they cannot crack, and for the next three nights though they always gain they cannot quite reach the head boat on the river. However they have made three bumps and finished second, and so celebrate the event right royally by a "bump" supper, which is followed by irregularities for which the College authorities find excuse in the excitement of the occasion.

The College do not put on at Henley as most of the men have had enough rowing for the time, and our hero is not sorry that the agony is not going to be prolonged, and feels that, seeing he has only just finished his first academic year, the chances are that he will row to the music of the Henley bells on some future occasion.

After the long vacation our friend finds himself up at St. Giles's quite eager for the fray. He has passed through his rowing noviciate, he has matriculated in his Torpid, and graduated in his College Eight. Are there any University honours in store for him ? Will he pass successfully through the keener competition of the Trial Eights and gain a fellowship with the University oars ?

"TOM" TIMS, BOATMAN OF THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY B.C. FOR TWENTY-THREE YEARS.

The events of the October term for graduates in rowing, for those who have gained the ribbon of their College Eight, are the 'Varsity four-oared time races for which such Colleges as like can put on boats, and the University Trial Eights.

The University Trial Eights are the material from which the crew is selected to do battle against Cambridge at Easter. They are made up by the President of the O.U.B.C., who can ask any member of the University to row he pleases—but the Captain of each College Boat Club has the privilege of sending in to the President the names of the two best oars in his College, to whom the President is bound to give a trial, even if it is only one journey down to Iffley and back. Some forty names are thus sent in, and the President spends the first fortnight of the term in trying these various men and rejecting those who are considered hopeless, till finally two crews are settled which are coached through the term by the President and Secretary, and a race between the two comes off at Moulsford or some other suitable course, when the performances of the men are most critically watched by an assemblage of old oars, and various speculations indulged in as to who would prove the best men to fill the vacancies in the University boat.

Although St. Giles's put on a four and win by a bare second with our hero rowing three he is tried for the Trials and found wanting. But none the less do his steps turn daily towards the river as they did before. Was not the notice again put up in the Porter's Lodge, and as a member of the College Eight was it not now his turn to take the freshmen in hand and teach the young idea to row, and to curb and restrain the first rude attempts at oarsmanship, and form material fit for the coming Eights and Torpids to draw upon.

So with Torpids and Eights again passed another year and another long vacation, and time again brought round the October term with its freshmen and Fours and Trial Eights. This time Graham is captain of his College boat and keeps the sacred archives of the Club. One of his first duties as captain is to attend a general

captains' meeting at the University Barge for the election of the President of the O.U.B.C. and the various officials. The captains' choice is unanimous, and falls upon one who had twice fought with Cambridge at Putney, and had been brought up in the best traditions of Eton rowing, the acme of style inculcated by a famous head master. The President being elected, he takes the time-honoured chair—the chair made out of the wood of the boat which was rowed to victory by the gallant seven at Henley in the year 1843.

Round the barge, hung on the walls, are the photographs of the august company of old blues who rowed for their University themselves, and the survivors of whom throng the umpire's boat on the day of the race, and prove to each other how much better the rowing was in their day. After the meeting Graham is given a seat in the Trial Eights, which he occupies regularly throughout the term, and under the constant coaching of the President rapidly develops his latent powers.

The day of the race at last arrives, and with it the end of the term. The scene is Moulsford, where the course is fair and two crews can start and row abreast. A terrific race ensues after the word has been given by the President from the bows of the launch, on which he is accompanied by several old oars, and Graham's crew wins by a bare quarter of a length.

"Five rowed well in the winning boat: kept it long and hard the whole way through: did more to win the race than any one. And seven in the losing boat, he rowed in first-rate form, and worked well too. I should think both of them would do for next term."

Such are some of the remarks of those on board, and next term they prove to be true. To Graham's great delight the faithful Tims summons him daily at the President's behest to attend at the University Barge and form one of the crew, which is made up of four new choices and four old oars. Graham rows five, and when trained scales 12st. 12lbs.

Strict training begins in Lent, a holiday being given on Ash Wednesday. Every morning at 7.10 do the crew turn out and meet together in flannels for a walk round the parks, ending up with a 100-yards sprint; and the President being strict, and holding punctuality to be the soul of training, woe to them who are dilatory in showing their sleepy faces at the appointed time. The crew lunch separately in their various colleges, but all dine together and breakfast together, each member of the crew entertaining the rest by turns.

Now is the day of the race drawing near; and ten days before the half-dreaded date the crew take up their quarters at Putney to practise on the more buoyant tidal waters. Their arrival creates much excitement among those who are anxious to see the crew for the first time. Their rivals have been there a fortnight before. The London Rowing Club has, as has been their wont, courteously lent them the use of their boathouse, and it is here that the crew find themselves getting ready for their first row on metropolitan waters. The President enjoins the novices among them to keep their heads, to keep their eyes in the boat, and to get sharper on to it, as the craft is much livelier on the deeper water.

"Lift her up—look sharp. Now then, five, get opposite your rigger—look ahead there——" and the policemen make a lane through the crowd which gathers round to see the Oxford men launch their light ship for the first time on the waters which are to be the scene of the great contest.

The crew quickly get their oars and are soon seated. The coach, an old University oar, who has often served in the same capacity, takes his place on the bow of the steam-launch.

"Paddle on four bow oars—easy—forward all—are you ready? Paddle," sings out the cox, and off they go with an encouraging cheer from the crowd on the bank.

How lively the boat seems!

"Drop your hands!" shouts the coach.

What is this? The boat is dancing about as if in a wash during a bumping race. Five cannot get his oar out, and nearly catches a crab. Ah! that is the wash of those two tugs steaming full speed up the river: a new sensation for the fresh hands; but well known to the old oars. The swell sweeps up on the boat and gives bow a good wetting; but never mind, there is many a good ducking in store for you before the ten days are over, when the wind and tide will be fighting each other in far-famed Corney Reach.

The boat is turned short of any point from which they can be timed by those who know too much upon the bank; and after earnest exhortations from their coach to drop their hands and bring their blades out square in the rough water, they start for their first spin, and alternately row and paddle over the greater part of the course.

The objects of interest are pointed out to the new hands, "The Creek, the Crab Tree, the Soap Works—a strong and welcome smell when you are doing a course—Hammersmith Bridge, the Old Mills, Dove's, Chiswick Church, top of Chiswick Eyot," and so on, "you will hear plenty about them before you are much older."

"Forward all—no, easy, here come Cambridge," and in the distance is seen the rhythmical dip of the light blue oars with the little coaching launch full steam behind. How quick they come up, how easily they seem to slip along, what perfect time they keep, and how beautifully they slide together!

And now they are passed, and the crowd of launches and steamers following behind soon shuts them out from view. Cambridge is rowing the course on the ebb.

"I wonder what time they will do—pretty fast on this tide with no wind," is the remark on the launch and our crew continues its way with frequent admonitions from the coach till the boat is swung round and they return to the London boathouse, fairly well satisfied with their first appearance on the classic reach.

The first question is "What did Cambridge do?"

"Nineteen forty-seven."

This is rather a damper, but then of course it was a splendid tide and no wind.

And so the daily work goes on, their spirits being raised by their doing a similar course in twenty twelve on a less favourable day, which the veteran critics consider a better performance.

W. H. GRENFELL, BALLIOL COLLEGE. NO. 4 IN THE OXFORD CREWS, 1877 AND 1878; PRESIDENT O.U.B.C. 1879. AMATEUR CHAMPION PUNTER OF THE UPPER AND LOWER THAMES.

Towards the end of their stay at Putney scratch crews, kindly manned by the famous London and Thames Rowing Clubs, pick them up and so accustom them to the rattle of the rowlocks of a boat alongside them.

The great day dawns. Graham sleeps well, having given himself up to a fatalistic feeling, and the knowledge that all must now soon be over. The usual training walk is taken before tubbing and rubbing down, the usual breakfast, the usual preliminary spin to see that all is right, the return to their quarters though the humming crowd flocking to take up their places to see the race.

Now they have fought their way down to the boat-house again. A few last words from the coach—"Start at thirty-eight for the first minute, and then keep it at thirty-seven. You do better at that than any other stroke. Keep it long. Keep your eyes in the boat, and think of nothing but the time and swing."

With a ringing cheer from the bank they are off as challengers to wait at the starting-post for their rivals. Another cheer—here come Cambridge—and the two crews are side by side, about to test the result of so many weeks' and months' hard work.

"Now look alive with the coats, every minute makes a difference to the tide."

The two crews are ready stripped. A loud cheer from the Oxford steamer for Oxford, one from the Cambridge steamer for Cambridge.

"Are you ready? Go!" The oars grip the water together, and another great contest is about to be won and lost.

No need to describe a race which is described every year in every paper throughout the kingdom. Suffice it to say it was stubbornly contested throughout, and that the best crew won.

In the losing boat of course it was all the coxswain's fault. So say the partizans of the losing side. "Did you see any one take such a course as Palinurus did? Why, he allowed himself to be driven right into the shallows, and then had to come out again to shoot Hammersmith Bridge; and what on earth was he doing before Barnes Bridge?" Poor coxswain! He has been deposed from the high place

he once occupied in fact, and still occupies in fiction: he no longer criticizes and bullies the straining crew; the places are changed, and in case of failure it is upon the narrow shoulders of the half-starved cox that a large measure of the blame invariably falls.

And now the curtain drops on our hero as he is seated between two Cambridge men at the rowing dinner in the evening of the race day, and drowns rivalry in a bumper he drinks to his late opponents. In the hope that it may give some idea as to what rowing at Oxford is like, we have followed his course through the various incidents of an Oxford aquatic career, from his first rude attempts in a freshman's Four, through the College Torpid, the College Eight, the College Four, and the Trials till we find him at last settled upon the hard seat of the aquatic immortals in an Oxford University crew. He has been successful, but his success has not been unprecedented. Thanks to perseverance and a strong constitution, he has left many behind who could not get beyond their College Eights, or even Torpids, but he has been outstripped by more than one Eton oar who had been through the grind before he had begun it, and has found that it takes three good years' persistent work to become a master of the craft. He has found by taking a good degree that hard reading, whose worst enemy is loafing, goes well with the fixed and regular exercise of a boating career, as is proved by the select company of old blues which he has joined, which has upon its successful roll the names of Bishops, Judges, Statesmen, Headmasters, Q.C.'s, M.P.'s, and one Ambassador. As he looks at his oars and trophies and thinks over the lessons of generosity in victory, good-humour in defeat, of self-denial in training, of self-sacrifice and *esprit de corps*, of obedience and authority, he is well assured that not the least valuable of the lessons of his University career have been taught him on the river, and that all the toil he has gone through has been more than thrice repaid. Here we will leave him, barely realizing that he could have attained so much from such extremely small beginnings, did not eyes fall proudly on the legend engraved on the gold medal of a successful University crew—"Possunt quia posse videntur."

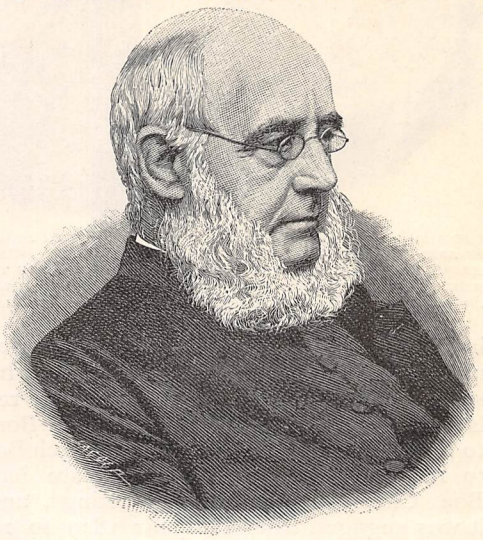
Too little has perhaps been said in the foregoing pages of the brave deeds of University oars of old—of how the first race was rowed in 1829, when the thin skin of the victorious Oxford boat separated from a watery grave one future Bishop, two Deans, a Prebendary and two Rectors; of how in 1843 the immortal *Septem contra Camum* started with seven oars against Cambridge in the final heat of the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley, and actually won the race, when such a roar went up as has never before or since been heard on that or any other course; of how in 1859, a Cambridge crew, dead beat, rowed a sinking ship with at least one man on board who couldn't swim, without deviating one hair's breadth from the course till the waters swallowed her up; how in 1877 was rowed the only dead heat over the four and a quarter mile course— But are not all these things written in the *Record of the University Boat Race* laboriously compiled by Messrs. Goldie and Treherne, and also in the Badminton volume by no less a hand than that of W. B. Woodgate, great oar and sculler, and still greater authority on all matters aquatic?

Well, *finis coronat opus*, here's a bumper to the two crews of 1890! May they be more than worthy of their greatest predecessors, and if anything here set down may turn the steps of a single man towards the Isis, I shall feel more than repaid for having ventured on an unknown course.

ROWING AT CAMBRIDGE

By R. C. LEHMANN.

THE casual visitor would scarcely imagine that Cambridge resembled either Macedon or Monmouth in the possession of a river. He sees in The Backs what looks rather like a huge moat designed to keep marauders from the sacred college courts, and filled with discoloured water destitute seemingly of all stream. This he knows cannot be the racing river. The innumerable bridges forbid the notion, although Ouida has in one of her novels sprinkled it with a mixture of racing eights and water lilies. He wanders on from college to college and nowhere does he come across the slightest sign of the river of which he has heard so much. Indeed a man may stroll on Midsummer Common within about a hundred yards of the boathouses without suspecting the existence of the Cam. I can well remember convoying to the river an enthusiastic freshman who had just joined his college boat club. At every step I was asked whether we were yet approaching the noble stream. I answered evasively, and with that air of mystery which befits a third year man in the presence of freshmen. At length we turned on to the Common, which is bounded by the Cam ; on the further bank stand the boathouses. There were crowds of men busy in the yards, there were coaches riding on the nearer bank, but of the river itself there was no indication. We were still about two hundred yards away when a Lady Margaret eight passed, the heads of the crew in their scarlet caps being just visible above the river bank as they swung backwards and forwards in their boat. I felt my freshman's grip tightening on my arm. Suddenly he stood stock still and rubbed his eyes : "Good heavens!" he said in an awe-struck voice, "what on earth are those little red things I see running up and down there? Funniest thing I ever saw." I reassured him and in a few moments more we arrived at the Cam, crossed it in a "grind," and solved the puzzle. Distance, therefore, can scarcely be said to lend enchantment to the view, since at anything over one hundred yards it withdraws the Cam altogether from our sight. It is not easy indeed to see where the attractions of the Cam come in. It has been called with perfect justice a ditch, a canal, and a sewer, but not even the wildest enthusiast would have supposed it to be a running stream, or ventured to call it a river at first sight. Yet this slow and muddy



THE VERY REV. CHARLES MERIVALE, D.D., DEAN OF ELY. ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE. NO. 4 IN THE CAMBRIDGE CREW, 1829 (FIRST UNIVERSITY RACE). FOURTH CLASSIC, 1830.

thread of water has been for more than sixty years the scene of excitements and triumphs and glories without end, upon its shallow stream future judges and bishops and parliament-men—not to speak of the great host of minor celebrities and the vaster army of future obscurities—have sought exercise and relaxation, to its unsightly banks their memory still fondly turns wherever their lot may chance to be cast, and still some thousand of the flower of our youth find health and strength in driving the labouring eights and fours along its narrow reaches and round its winding corners. It may well excite the wonder of the uninitiated that with so many natural disadvantages to contend against the oarsmen of Cambridge should have been able for more than half a century to maintain so high a standard of oarsmanship. In the record of the University races twenty-two stand to the credit of Cambridge against twenty-three won by Oxford, a slight disadvantage which every good Cambridge man hopes to see set right by the result of this year's race. Time after time since the year when First Trinity secured the first race for the Grand Challenge have her college crews carried off the chief prizes at Henley against all competitors, until in 1887 Trinity Hall swept the board by actually winning five of the eight Henley races, other Cambridge men accounting for the remaining three. The record of Cambridge rowing is thus a very proud one, but those who know the Cambridge oarsman and his river will find no difficulty in accounting for it. The very disadvantages of the Cam all tend to imbue the man who rows upon it with a stern sense of duty, with the feeling that it is business and not pleasure, hard work and not a pic-nic, that summon him every day of the term to the boat-houses and urge him on his way to Baitsbite. We are forced to do without the natural charms that make the Isis beautiful. We console ourselves by a strict devotion to the labour of the oar. The man who first rowed upon the Cam was in all probability a lineal descendant of the daring spirit who first tasted an oyster. His name and fame have not been preserved, but I am entitled to assume that he flourished some time before 1826. In that year the records of Cambridge boat clubs begin. There is in the possesion of the First Trinity Boat Club an old book at one end of which are to be found the "Laws of the Monarch Boat Club," with a list of members from 1826 to 1828, whilst at the other end are inscribed lists of members of "The Trinity Boat Club," minutes of its meetings, and brief descriptions of the races in which it was engaged from the year 1829 to 1834. The Monarch Boat Club was by its laws limited to members of Trinity and, I take it, that in 1828 the club had become sufficiently important to change its name definitely to that of Trinity Boat Club. At any rate it must always have been considered the Trinity Club, for in the earliest chart of the Cambridge boat races, that, namely, of 1827, in the captains' room of the First Trinity Boat House, "Trinity" stands head of the river, and no mention is made of a Monarch Club. These ancient laws form a somewhat Draconian code. They are twenty-five in number, and eight of them deal with fines or penalties to be inflicted upon a member who may "absent himself from his appointed crew and not provide a substitute for his oar," or who may "not arrive at the boathouse within a quarter of an hour of the appointed time." There were fines ("by no means to be remitted except in the case of any member having an *aegrotat*, *exeat*, or *absit*, or having been prevented from attending by some Laws of the College or University") for not appear-

THE RIGHT HON. LORD MACNAGHTEN, P.C., ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S LORDS OF APPEAL IN ORDINARY. FIRST TRINITY BOAT CLUB. WINNER OF THE COLQUHOUN SCULLS AND THE UNIVERSITY PAIRS, 1851; OF THE DIAMOND SCULLS AT HENLEY, 1852. BOW OF THE CAMBRIDGE EIGHT, 1852; STROKE, 1853. SENIOR CLASSIC AND SECOND CHANCELLOR'S MEDALLIST, 1852. FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

ing in the proper uniform, for "giving orders or speaking on a racing day, or on any other day, after silence has been called," exception being made in favour of the captain and steerer, and for neglecting to give notice of an intended absence. To the 12th Law a clause was subsequently added enacting "that the treasurer be chastised twice a week for not keeping his books in proper order."

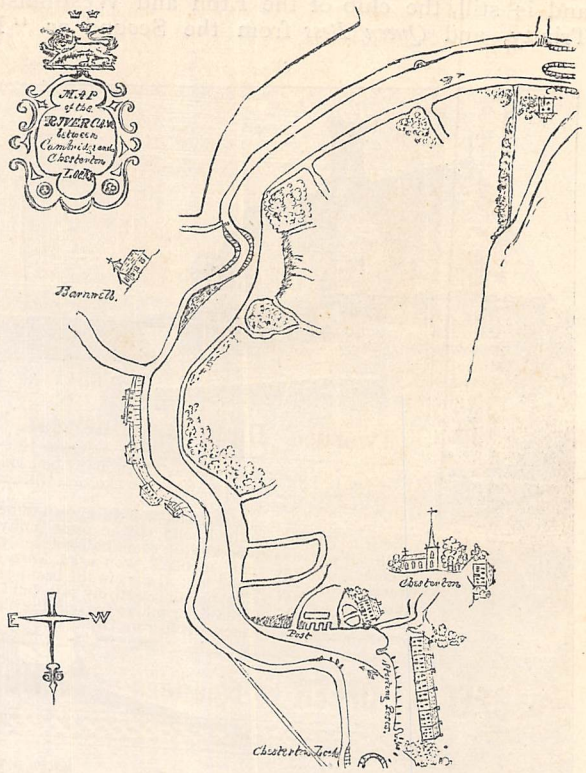
From the minutes of the Trinity Boat Club I extract the following letter, dated Stangate, December, 1828, which shows that even at that early date the first and third persons carried on a civil war in the boat-builder's vocabulary:—

"Rawlinson & Lyon's compliments to Mr. Greene wish to know if there is to be any alteration in the length of the set of oars they have to send down have been expecting to hear from the Club therefore have not given orders for the oars to be finished should feel obliged by a line from you with the necessary instructions and be kind enough to inform us of the success which we trust you have met with in the New Boat."

"we remain Sir

"Your obt Servts

"Rawlinson & Lyon."



In 1833 it is curious to read, "towards the end of this Easter term six of the racing crew were ill of influenza, &c., when the boat was bumped by the Queens' which we bumped next race, but were bumped again by them and next race owing to a bad start the Christ's boat bumped us immediately being nearly abreast of us at the bumping post." Was this the *grippe*, I wonder? In the Lent Term, 1834, it is stated, "The second race we touched the Christ's after the pistol was fired the first stroke we pulled and lost our place to the Second Trinity for making a foul bump." By the way, in the oldest minute-book belonging to the University B.C., extending from 1828 to 1837, I find the Second Trinity boat occasionally entered on the list as "Reading Trinity." It continued to enjoy this bookish reputation up to 1877, when a debt which continued to increase while its list of members as constantly diminished, brought about its dissolution. Its members and its challenge-cups were then taken over by First Trinity. In an old book belonging to First Trinity is preserved a map of the racing river (here reproduced), which explains much that would be otherwise inexplicable in the various entries. In those days it will be seen that the races began in the short reach of water in which they now finish. A little below where Charon now plies his ferry were the Chesterton Locks, and in the reach above this starting-posts seem to have been fixed for the various boats. When the starting pistol was fired the crews started rowing, but apparently no bump was allowed before the bumping-post, fixed some little way above the first bend where the big horse-grind now works. Any bump before this was foul, and the boat so fouling appears to have been disqualified. This post once passed, the racing proper began and continued past Barnwell up to the Jesus Locks. It must be remembered that the Jesus Locks were not where they are now, but were built just where the Caius boat-house now stands, there being a lock-cut in the present bed of the river, and the main stream running quite a hundred yards south of its present course, and forming an island on which stood Fort St. George. This was altered in 1837, when the Cam was diverted to its present course, and the old course from above Jesus Green Sluice to Fort St. George was filled up.

A few more extracts relating to the first beginnings of College boat-races may be of interest. In 1827 there were six boats on the river, a ten-oar and an eight-oar from Trinity, an eight-oar from St. John's, and six-oars from Jesus, Caius, and Trinity, Westminster. In 1829 this number had dwindled to four at the beginning of the races on February 28, but in the seventh race, which took place on March 21, seven crews competed, St. John's finishing head of the river, a place they maintained in the following May. Usually from seven to nine races appear to have been rowed during one month of the term, certain days in each week having been previously fixed. Crews were often known by the name of their ship rather than by that of their College. I find, for instance, a *Privateer*, which was made up, I think, of men from private schools, a *Corsair* from St. John's, a *Dolphin* from Third Trinity (which was then, and is still, the club of the Eton and Westminster men), *Black Prince* from First Trinity, and *Queen Bess* from the Second or "Reading" Trinity. The following

GOLDIE BOAT-HOUSE, WITH HEAD OF THE RIVER, 1888.

regulations passed by the University Boat Club on April 18, 1831, will help to make the old system of boat-racing quite clear :—

1. That the distance between each post being twenty yards will allow eleven boats to start on the Chesterton side, the length of the ropes by which they are attached to the posts being ten yards.

2. That the remainder of the boats do start on the Barnwell side at similar distances, but with ropes fifteen yards in length.

3. That there also be a rope three yards long fixed to the head of the lock, which will be the station of the last boat, provided the number exceed twelve.

These arrangements allowed thirteen boats to start at once, and special provision was made for any number beyond that. Obedience to the properly-constituted authorities seems from an early period to have characterized the rowing man. I find that in 1831 a race was arranged between the captains of racing crews and the rest of the University, to take place on Tuesday, November 29. On Monday the 28th, however, there arrived "a request from the Vice-Chancellor backed by the Tutors of

the several Colleges that we should refrain from racing on account of the cholera then prevailing in Sunderland. We accordingly gave up the match forthwith and with it another which was to have been rowed the same day between the quondam Etonians and the private school men." The secretary, however, adds this caustic comment—"It is presumed that Dr. Haviland, at whose instigation the Vice-Chancellor put a stop to the race, confounded the terms (and pronunciations?) 'rowing' and 'rowing,' and while he was anxious to stop any debauchery in the latter class of men, by a *slight* mistake was the means of preventing the healthy exercise of the former."

The umpire for the College races seems never to have been properly appreciated. Indeed, in 1834, the U.B.C. solemnly resolved "that the umpire was no use . . . . . and accordingly that Bowtell should be cashiered. In consequence of this resolution it was proposed and carried that the same person who had the management of the posts, lines, and starting the boats should also place the flags on the bumping-post

A BUMP IN THE GUT, LENT RACES.

and receive for his pay 4*s.* a week, with an addition of 2*s.* 6*d.* at the end of the quarter in case the starting be well managed, but that each time the pistol misses fire 1*s.* should be deducted from his weekly pay." In 1835, in consequence of the removal of the Chesterton Lock, the U.B.C. transferred the starting-posts to the reach between Baitsbite and First Post Corner, and there they have remained ever since.

Side by side with the College Boat Clubs, formed by the combination of their members for strictly imperial matters, regulating and controlling the inter-collegiate races, but never interfering with the internal arrangements and the individual liberty of the College Clubs, the University Boat Club grew up. With two short but historical extracts from its early proceedings I will conclude this cursory investigation into the records of the musty past. On February 20, 1829, at a meeting of the U.B.C. Committee, held in Mr. Gisborne's rooms, it was resolved, *inter alia*, "That Mr. Snow, St. John's, be requested to write immediately to Mr. Staniforth, Christ Church, Oxford, proposing to make up a University match;" and on March 12, on the receipt of a letter from Mr. Staniforth, Christ Church, Oxford, a meeting of the U.B.C. was called

at Mr. Harman's rooms, Caius College, when the following resolution was passed—"That Mr. Stephen Davies (the Oxford boat-builder) be requested to post the following challenge in some conspicuous part of his barge—'That the University of Cambridge hereby challenge the University of Oxford to row a match at or near London, each in an eight-oared boat during the ensuing Easter vacation.'"

Thus was brought about the first race between the two Universities. Mr. Snow was appointed captain, and it was further decided that the University Boat Club should defray all expenses, and that the match be not made up for money. It is unnecessary for me to relate once again how the race was eventually rowed from Hambledon Lock to Henley Bridge, and how the Light Blues (who, by the way, were then the Pinks) suffered defeat by many lengths The story has been too well and too often told before. Each crew contained a future bishop—the venerable Bishop of St. Andrew's rowing No. 4 in the Oxford boat, whilst the late Bishop Selwyn, afterwards Bishop of New Zealand and subsequently of Lichfield, occupied the important position of No. 7 for Cambridge. Of the remainder more than half were afterwards ordained.

"BILL" ASPLEN, BOATMAN OF THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY B.C. FOR THIRTY YEARS.

So much then for the origins of College and University racing. Thenceforward the friendly rivalry flourished with only slight intermissions; gradually the race became an event. The great public became interested in it, cabmen and bus-drivers decorated their whips in honour of the crews, sightseers flocked to the river banks to catch a glimpse of them as they flashed past, and their prowess was celebrated by the press. It is not however too much to say that without the keen spirit of emulation which is fostered by the *College* races both at Oxford and Cambridge, the University boat-race would cease to exist. Truly a light blue cap is to the oarsman a glorious prize, but there are many hundreds of ardent enthusiasts who have to content themselves with a place in the College boats in the Lent or the May Term. Want of form, or of weight, or of the necessary strength and stamina may hinder them from attaining to a place in the University eight, but they should console themselves by reflecting that without their patient and earnest labours for the welfare of their several Colleges it would be impossible to maintain a high standard of oarsmanship, or to form a representative University eight. Let me therefore be for a page or two the apologist, nay, rather the panegyrist of the College oarsmen with whom many of my happiest hours have been spent.

Before entering upon the serious business of life as a freshman at Cambridge, the youth who is subsequently to become an oar will in all probability have fired his imagination by reading of the historical prowess of past generations of University oars and of the great deeds of the present. Goldie who turned the tide of defeat, the Closes, Rhodes, Gurdon, Hockin, Pitman the gallantest of strokes, and Muttlebury the mighty President of to-day are the heroes whom he worships, and to whose imitation he proposes to devote himself. A vision of a light blue coat and cap flits before his mind, he sees himself in fancy wresting a fiercely contested victory from the clutches of Oxford, and cheered and fêted by a countless throng of his admirers. With these ideas he becomes as a freshman a member of his College Boat Club, and adds his name to the "tubbing list." He purchases his rowing uniform, clothes himself in it in his rooms, and one fine afternoon in October finds himself one of a crowd of nervous novices in the yard of his College boat-house. One of the captains pounces on him, selects a co-victim for him and orders him into a gig-pair, or to speak more correctly, a "tub." With the first stroke the beautiful azure vision vanishes leaving only a sense of misery behind. He imagined he could row as he walked, by the light of nature. He finds that all kinds of mysterious technicalities are required of him. He has to "get hold of the beginning" to "finish it out," to take his oar "out of the water clean" (an impossibility one would think on the dirty drain-fed Cam),

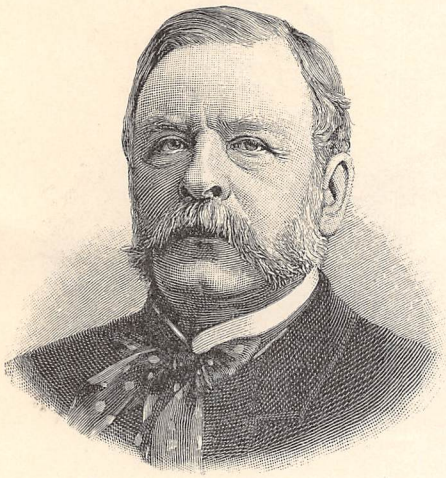
to "plant his feet against the stretcher," to row his shoulders back, to keep his elbows close to his sides, to shoot away his hands, to swing from his hips, under no circumstances to bend his back or to leave go with his outside hand, and above all, to keep his swing forward as steady as a rock—an instruction to which he conforms by not swinging at all. These are but a few points out of the many which are dinned into his ears by his energetic coach. A quarter of an hour concludes his lesson, and he leaves the river a much sadder but not necessarily a wiser man. However since he is young he is not daunted by all these unforeseen difficulties. He perseveres and towards the end of his first term reaps a doubtful reward by being put into an eight with seven other novices, to splash and roll and knock his knuckles about for an hour or so to his heart's content. Next term (the Lent Term) may find him a member of one of his College Lent Boats. Then he begins to feel that pluck and ambition are not in vain, and soon afterwards for the first time he tastes the joys of training, which he will be surprised to find does not consist entirely of raw steaks and underdone chops. Common sense in fact has during the past fifteen years or so broken in upon the foolish regulations of the ancient system. Men who train are still compelled to keep early hours, to eat simple food at fixed times, to abjure tobacco and to limit the quantity of liquid they absorb. But there is an immense variety in the dishes put before them, they are warned against gorging (at breakfast, indeed, men frequently touch no meat), and though they assemble together in the Backs before breakfast and are ordered to clear their pipes by a short sharp burst of 150 yards, they are not allowed to overtire themselves by the long runs which were at one time in fashion. Far away back in the dawn of University rowing training seems to have been far laxer though discipline may have been more strict than it is now. Mr. J. M. Logan (the well-known Cambridge boat-builder) writes to me on this subject:—"I have heard my father say that the crews used to train on egg flip which an old lady who then kept the Plough Inn by Ditton was very famous for making, and that crew which managed to drink most egg flip was held to be most likely to make many bumps. I believe the ingredients were gin, beer and beaten eggs with nutmegs and spices added. I have heard my father say that the discipline of the crews was of an extraordinary character. For instance the Captain of the Lady Margaret Boat Club used to have a bugle, and after he had sounded it the crew would have to appear on the yard in high hats and dress suits with a black tie. The penalty for appearing in a tie of any other colour was one shilling. The trousers worn on these occasions were of white jean and had to be washed every day under a penalty of one shilling. The wearing of perfectly clean things every day was an essential part of the preparation."

S. D. MUTTLEBURY, THIRD TRINITY B.C. PRESIDENT, CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY B.C., 1888, 1889, 1890; ETON EIGHT, 1884, 1885. NO. 6 IN THE CAMBRIDGE EIGHT, 1886, NO. 6 IN 1887, NO. 5 IN 1888, NO. 5 IN 1889, NO. 6 IN 1890.

All this, however, is a digression from the freshman whom we have seen safely through his tubbing troubles and have selected for a Lent Boat. I return to him to follow him in a career of glory which will lead him from Lent Boat to May Boat, from that to his College Four and so perhaps through the University Trial Eights to the final goal of all rowing ambition, the Cambridge Eight. He will have suffered many things for the sake of his beloved pursuit, he will have rowed many weary miles, have learnt the misery of aching limbs and blistered hands, perhaps he may have endured the last indignity of being bumped, he will have laboured under broiling suns, or with snow storms and bitter winds beating against him, he will have voluntarily cut himself off from many pleasant indulgences. But on the other hand his triumphs will have been sweet, he will have trained himself to submit to discipline, to accept discomfort cheerfully, to keep a brave face in adverse circumstances; he will have developed to the full his strength and his powers of endurance, will have learnt the necessity of unselfishness and patriotism, and, better than all, he will have gathered round him a

band of friends bound together by the brotherhood of the oar, and tested through many seasons of patient and laborious effort. These are after all no mean results in a generation which is often accused of effeminate and debasing luxury.

A few words as to our scheme of boat-races at Cambridge. Of the Lent races I have spoken. They are rowed at the end of February in heavy ships, *i.e.*, fixed-seat ships built with five streaks from a keel. Thirty-one boats take part in them; every College must be represented by at least one boat, though beyond that there is no restriction as to the number of boats from any particular College club. No man who has taken part in the previous May races is permitted to row. In fact, they are a preparatory school for the development of eight-oared rowing. Next term is given up to the May races, which are rowed in light ships, *i.e.*, keel-less ships with sliding-seats. No club can have more than three or less than one crew in these races, which are now, by the way, always rowed in June. In this term the pair-oared races are also rowed, generally before the eights. The fours, both in light ships, and, for the less ambitious Colleges whose eights may be in the second division, in Clinker-built boats, take place at the end of October, and are followed by the Colquhoun, or University Sculls, and next by the University Trial Eights, two picked crews selected by the President of the University Boat Club from the likely men of every College club. The trial race always takes place near Ely over the three miles of what is called the Adelaide course. Besides all these races, each College has its own races confined to members of the College. But of course the glory of College racing culminates in the May term. Who shall calculate all the forethought, energy, self-denial and patriotic labour, all the carefully organized skill and patient training which are devoted to the May races; for so they are still called, though they never take place now before June? Every man who rows in his College crew feels that to him personally the traditions and the honour of his College are committed. The meadow at Ditton is alive with a brilliant throng of visitors, the banks swarm with panting enthusiasts armed with every kind of noisy instrument, and all intent to spur the energies of their several eights. One by one, the crews clothed in their blazers, with their straw hats on their heads, paddle down to the start, pausing at Ditton to exchange greetings with the visitors. In the Post Reach they turn, disembark for a few moments and wander nervously up and down the bank. At last the first gun is fired, the oarsmen strip for the race, their clothes are collected and borne along in front by perspiring boatmen, so as to be ready for them at the end of the race, the men step gingerly into their frail craft and await the next gun. Bang! Another minute. The boat is pushed out, the coxswain holding his chain; the crew come forward, every nerve strained for the start; the cry of the careful timekeepers is heard along the Reach, the gun fires, and a universal roar proclaims the start of the sixteen crews. For four "nights" the conflict rages bringing triumph and victory to some and pain and defeat to others; and at the end comes the glorious bump-supper, with its toasts, its songs, and its harmless, noisy rejoicings, on which the Dons look with an indulgent eye, and in which they even sometimes take part for the honour of the College.



HIS EXCELLENCY SENATOR WILLIAM HENRI WADDINGTON, AMBASSADOR OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC IN LONDON. PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL, 1879. SECOND TRINITY BOAT CLUB. NO. 6 IN THE CAMBRIDGE EIGHT, 1849. SECOND CLASSIC, BRACKETED CHANCELLOR'S MEDALLIST AND THIRD SENIOR OPTIME, 1849.

Not the least important part of the machinery of a crew is the coach—often a veteran who has passed through the fiery furnace of many bumping races. The coach's first duty must be to establish sympathy between himself and his crew, to make them believe that he is infallible, and that his instructions, if duly acted on, must lead to their success. The rest is easy. Silence, discipline, and obedience should be the motto of the crew; patience, enthusiasm, and watchfulness must be that of the coach. Let him be quick to seize the psychological moment in the life of his men

when an apt piece of advice may turn them from eight disconnected individuals into one harmonious crew ; let him avoid nagging as he would poison, and above all let him concentrate his attention on essentials and eschew comparatively trivial details. Let him, too, endeavour to make his men comfortable in their ship, and to keep them good-tempered in spite of training and work. I have known many crews and many coaches. Often have I seen a good crew marred by bad coaching ; quite as often have I watched eight weak men being turned into a good crew by the ceaseless efforts of a careful instructor. Of all Cambridge coaches the late Mr. H. E. Rhodes was the most successful. Every University crew he coached won against Oxford. Of the Cambridge crews I have known, those of 1876 and of 1888 were, I think, the fastest ; the most brilliant and plucky was that of 1886, which, under the leadership of Pitman, wiped out a lead of two lengths which Oxford had secured at Barnes Bridge and won by two thirds of a length.

Of coxswains much might be said. The primeval cox who at the start of a bumping race hurled his watch into the river, crammed the bung at the end of the starting-chain (the other end being fixed to the bank) into his pocket, shouted wildly "well rowed all," and as the boat sprang forward was immediately dragged backwards into the water is responsible, I fancy, for most of the tales that are current with regard to his profession. At any rate, I once saw one of his latter-day successors avenge himself on the burly tribe of oarsmen by running the nose of his eight full tilt under the taut chain of a crossing "grind," the result being that bow was swept, indignant and amazed, not realizing what had happened to him, over the heads of the rest of the crew, and that much strong language was used. "Grind," it should be said, is our Cambridge term for the ferries that are worked by a chain from bank to bank.

R. C. LEHMANN, FIRST TRINITY B.C. FIRST CAPTAIN, FIRST TRINITY, 1876, 1877 ; UNIVERSITY TRIAL EIGHTS, 1876, 1878. COACH OF THIRD TRINITY, CAMBRIDGE CREW, HEAD OF THE RIVER, 1889 ; AND OF THE BRASENOSE COLLEGE, OXFORD CREW, HEAD OF THE RIVER, 1889.

Those who wish for a detailed technical exposition of the Cambridge style must seek it elsewhere. Space fails me to do more than to point out that on long slides of fifteen to sixteen inches we attach even greater importance than before to a slow far-reaching swing forward, to the firm clean grip of the water well behind the riggers, and above all to the steady even leg drive which helps the blade through the water, and finally in conjunction with swing presses the hands square home to the chest. We still ask our men to sit up at the finish, to shoot their hands away smartly off the chest, and generally to row in a style which shall be artistic and graceful as well as uniform and powerful. But what we look to above all is the actual work of the blade in the water. If that be good and true we pardon many minor faults.

Happy are those who still dwell in Cambridge Courts and follow the delightful labour of the oar. For the rest of us there can only be memories of the time when we toiled round the never-ending Grassy corner, spurted in the Plough, heard dimly the deafening cheers of the crowd at Ditton, and finally made our bump amid the confused roar of hundreds of voices, the booming of fog-horns, the screech of rattles, and the ringing of bells. What joy in after life can equal the intoxication of the moment when we stepped out upon the bank to receive the congratulations of our friends, whilst the unfurled flag proclaimed our victory to the world?

To such scenes the mind travels back through the vista of the years with fond regret. For most of us our racing days are over, but we can still glory in the triumphs of our College or our University, and swear by the noblest of open air sports.

THE LAST WORDS OF DON CARLOS.[1]

(SPOKEN TO HIS CONFESSOR, FRAY JUAN DE AVILA, FEB. 23, 1568.)

BY VIOLET FANE.

". . . . Entre les ouvertures de paix qui furent faites pendant la trêve, on proposa de marier le Prince d'Espagne, Dom Carlos, fils unique de Philippe et de Marie de Portugal sa première femme, avec Madame Elizabeth fille ainée de France . . . . aussi-tôt qu'il fut proposé, elle conçut beaucoup d'estime pour l'époux qu'on lui destinoit. . . Le Prince d'Espagne n'etoit pas moins content de sa destinée . . . il s'abandonna avec plaisir à tout ce que cette idée lui inspiroit d'amoureux. . . Cependant les affaires changèrent de face par la rupture de la trêve. . . Il est aisé de juger quelle fut la douleur de Dom Carlos . . . et quelle fut sa joie quand on reprit la négociation de la paix : cependant cette paix qui flatoit si doucement ses esperances, fut ce qui le ruina pour toujours. Pendant le tems que la négociation dura, Philippe II. devint veuf par la mort de Marie Reine d'Angleterre sa seconde femme ; comme il avoit dessein de se remarier, il fit demander pour lui la Princesse qu'on lui avoit accordée pour son fils : On auroit mieux aimé la donner à l'héritier de la Couronne qui etoit de même âge qu'elle, qu'à un Prince qui pouvoit être son père, et dont elle n'auroit que des Cadets, mais on ne put honnêtement le refuser."—*Œuvres de M. l'Abbé de Saint Réal* (M.DCC.XXIV.) t. iii. p. 63—5.

If we are to believe the contents of a Spanish Document purporting to have been written by Fray Juan de Avila (said to be the confessor of Don Carlos, and an eye-witness of what he describes), which was discovered in the archives at Simancas by the late Herr Gustave Bergenroth, and made public in 1870 (*Gustave Bergenroth, a Memorial Sketch*, by W. C. Cartwright, M.P.), the mystery which has hitherto shrouded the fate of this unhappy son of Philip II. can be accounted a mystery no longer. According to this authority, Don Carlos was privately executed by having his throat cut, by his father's orders, upon the night of Feb. 23, 1568, for complicity in the rebellion of the Prince of Orange and Counts Egmont and Horn in the Low Countries, after he had been previously imprisoned, tried for high treason, and subjected to the interrogatory of the Inquisition, accompanied by torture, the King having said, "that the judges should employ all lawful means of discovering the truth, just as though the accused were a common subject of low condition" (*Gustave Bergenroth*, p. 198). Letters of a somewhat compromising nature which, it is stated, had passed between the Prince and the Queen his stepmother, are said to have added greatly to the King's displeasure. A report was afterwards circulated to the effect that Don Carlos had died of illness in prison, the King not desiring "to make public the shameful conduct of his son, and he added, although he was perfectly justified, 'There were people who would think him hard and sanguinary if they were to know the truth.'" This account differs materially from those of former historians who have agreed upon July 24 as the date of the Prince's death. *Fray Diego de Chaves* is the name given by Monsieur Gachard to the confessor of Don Carlos.—V.F.

"You say, Fray Juan, I must die to-night,
The King has signed the warrant. Be it so,
Strange though such tidings be! . . I would not go
Through future days in this disastrous plight,
Nor these most miserable nights renew
For all the wealth the Indies or Peru
Could freight our galleons with. . Each night I said
'Would God that it were morn!' and when the sun
Showed, by his first faint beam the day begun,
'Would God that it were eve!' Alive yet dead,[2]
Betrayed, despoiled of all, discredited
And doomed to death! . . Thus far am I undone!
Bear with me, holy father, for a space,
A few short moments, for I would retrace
My piteous story, since we are alone.

[1] Prince of Spain, Archduke of Austria.

[2] "Il principe di Spagna . . . è talmente dimenticato da ognuno che pare veramente che non sia mai stato al mondo."—Despatch of Florentine Ambassador to Cosmo de' Medeci, March 30, 1568.

"Alone at last! and yet with all this load
Of sins and sorrows! . . Kindly Heaven grants
One of my prayers at least! . . those sycophants
Lerma, Ruy Gomez, Borja,—who abode
Here in my chamber, watching night and day
My ev'ry action,—have been called away
To do their final service two hours since;—
To see that all is ordered, test the blade,
Make fast the doors and have the sawdust laid
Ready to drink the life-blood of their Prince;—
For this they left me, . . Think not that I wince
To know their errand! . Rather I rejoice
Exceedingly, impatient for relief;
So, since my time for converse here is brief
Hear me, good father, whilst I have a voice.

"I am the only son of one who held
The world in awe;—yet am I not *her* son,—
My sweet Señora. . Thus was it begun
This love,—this hatred,—never to be quelled;—
The great King Philip who hath earned my hate,
Taking my gentle mother for a mate,
Begot me in the hey-day of his prime,
Before Ambition killed poor Love with cold,
So am I proud and headstrong, though I hold
Nothing so good as Love. My mother's clime
(My mother who departed ere her time,)
Lent its volcanic fires to warm my blood
To deeds of chivalry and high emprise,
Yet so that in some lovely lady's eyes
I failed to win approval, naught seemed good.

"So did the days go by that led to these . . .
Though when King Philip, seeking wider sway,
Turned his keen glance to those chill Isles that lay
Wrapped in grey mists, amongst the Northern seas;—
Where dwelt a lady, kindred of his line,
Mary the Queen,—(daughter of Katherine,
His father's cousin:) as God hears me now
In His high place,—I swear that no ill-will
Bore I the King for this! Nay, more, until
His English wife had passed away, I vow
I mused much on the brother I might know
And greet and love one day, were he to reign
And turn those Islands of the stormy sea
Into a second home, if I should be
His brother-king upon the Throne of Spain.

"Let me consider if that poor Queen's death
Seemed fraught with ominous presage to my heart. .
Nay, what King Philip took in such good part
Was it for me to seem to groan beneath? . .
But for the mourning weeds wherewith I clothed
Myself from courtesy, mine own betrothed,
My pearl of France, possessing all my soul,
Turned my mind rather to my bridal cheer
Than to that loveless lady's lonely bier, . . .
Nay, but Fray Juan, you shall hear the whole
As God shall hear me! . . . When my father stole
And made the bride that was *my* bride, his own,—

How had you felt, if, haply, you had been
A man not vowed to God, or, unforeseen
Surprised a heart beneath your monkish gown? . .

"I will not ask you. . *I*, that am no priest
But unregenerate man, have come to know
The rancorous emotions that can grow
Out of a heart thus trampled. . No wild beast
Defrauded of its prey, no mother torn
From her one babe, no wanderer forlorn
In arid deserts, in their bitterest hour
E'er felt more mad,—more hopeless. . Ev'ry day
To see her face,—to be condemned to stay
And watch King Philip wearing my white flower;—
To call her 'Queen,' and 'Mother,' whom no power
Might turn to wife of mine! . . What had I done,
Good father, to the great God over-head
That, not in nether hell,—but here, instead,
It thus should please Him to torment His son?

"Some say she shuddered seeing his grey hairs,—
And that he chid her, taking it amiss;
Mark you, 'twas not the Queen who told me this,
I chanced upon the story unawares:
I have avowed to you mine own intent,
But swear again, the Queen is innocent;—
Go, tell my father:—shield her blameless head,
Tell him his witnesses all swore to lies;
That all the letters were base forgeries
Invented by the foes who wish me dead,—
So soon to be contented! . . . I have said
Who heads the list,—what power clothed in might
And majesty,—would have me cease to live
For private ends: the guilty ne'er forgive,—
And so it happens that I die to-night.

"This 'mutiny' in Flanders. . Is it rare,—
A thing unheard of,—that to test his skill,—
Redress abuses,—call it what you will,—
A stripling, well nigh driven to despair
By passion, insult, anger,—should desire
Some wider scope for the consuming fire
That burns within his bosom? . . . I confess
I thirsted for adventure;—that through me
The disaffected Flemings might be free
To live like loyal subjects;—none the less
Did I desire the growth and happiness
Of this wide Realm. Who taxes me with more?
Alva,—ambitious of supreme command,—
Gil Anton,[1] justly chastened by my hand,
And all the perjured crew that falsely swore!

"Say to the Queen my lady,—if she heard
I was 'tormented,'—like some common knave
(I that am Prince of Spain!) that, not to save
My body's bitter anguish,—by one word

[1] One of his pages who swore facts to his disadvantage.

Shed I the faintest shadow on her fame;—
Nay,—rather say that nothing I could name
Of words that she hath breathed or actions done,
Had prejudiced the King.—To me, so soon
Left desolate,—did she vouchsafe the boon
Of motherly regard.—I seemed her son
And so she let the tender phrases run
Knowing her pure affection undefiled
And fearing no man's malice,—for my sin
(The sin she had no part or parcel in,)
Chiding me even as a wayward child.

"See, on this book of Hours, (my lady's gift,)
How the triumphant lion chased in gold,—
The rampant lion of Léon,—seems to hold
The helpless lily of France, as though to lift
And toss it like a plaything, ere his grip
Closes to crush it! . . Pray God that it slip
Betwixt his claws, before those ravenous
And cruel jaws can rend it! . . As I pray
My mind goes forward past the imminent day,
(Seeing her Royal blazon figured thus,)
When this wild heart that Love made mutinous
Shall cease to beat;—then is my soul oppressed
With fears for her; not Christ or all His saints
Can drive them hence;—my faith in Heaven faints
And demons come between me and my rest.

"Yet must I turn to God, and seek relief
Where such fears have no place, since I that stand
Before you now, am by a father's hand
Condemned to die ere morning! . . Time is brief,
The King hath signed the warrant, and to-night,
Wrapped in a placid consciousness of right
He, even he, is praying for my soul! . .
Something rings false in this;—some error nurst
Of man's fall'n nature;—thus to smite me first
And then implore a Higher Power to enrol
My name amongst the saved! . . Mind you, the whole
Of those ten thousand masses go to aid
The Royal prayers; one thousand ducats' worth
This year;—then yearly, till the end of earth,
One thousand, at one hundred ducats paid.

"I marvel much how men will deem I died . .
By fever, plague, or witchcraft? . . At what tale
Of filial disobedience Kings will quail
Considering their heirs? . . . For he will hide
The ghastly truth and that which here to-night,
Is done in darkness, may not meet the light
To-morrow, nor for ever! . . . It were well
To feign me mad maybe, and mine own hand
Mine own destroyer. Folks would understand,
Look solemn,—shake their heads, and haply tell
The tale so often told, of how I fell
At Alcala and on the narrow stair
Left half my wits, and how the surgeon's knife
Scooped out the rest—whence my rebellious life
And shameful death—and bid their sons beware.

"You know I would be buried in the robe
Of the Franciscan order, with the hood
Of a Dominican,[1]—if the King thinks good;—
This garb might suit his purpose: who would probe
Beneath such saintly covering, to seek
Upon the throat the little tell-tale streak
Concealed from all men's prying? . . I would lie
In fair Toledo—at the convent there,—
San Juan de los Reyes,—'neath a square
Of plain Tortosa jasper; tapers high
Should burn on festa days there, but the eye
Must light upon no pompous blazonings,
Carved catafalque, or broidered baldaquin,
Set up to glorify the clay within
In sinful arrogance of earthly things.

"And now farewell good father; nay, one word—
A word of warning,—Keep you,—guard you well; . .
You wot of much it were unwise to tell
(For even priests have tongues,) and I have heard
That monarchs, when their servants come to learn
Their secret dealings, have been known to turn
Their favours from them, . . So you sleep secure,
I charge you,—for your profit,—get you hence
Out of Madrid,—inventing some pretence
Of pilgrimage to foreign shrine,—the cure
Of some old ill,—to serve for coverture.
They say a dying man has clearer sight
Than one whose eyes are dazzled with the glare
Of this world's glory;—wherefore, have a care
For these my words,—seeing I die to-night.

"Pray for the guilty soul which I commend
To God's great goodness! . . All who love me best
Pray for me now! . . Is this some sorry jest
To break my spirit, or indeed the end?
Thus have I questioned,—doubting. Yet you say
The King hath signed my death-warrant to-day,
A King not giv'n to jesting. . . All is done
Over and ended with me;—he hath poured
Out all the vials of his wrath, . . Oh, Lord,
Be Thou more merciful! . . . His only son! . .
Son of the first wife of his youth,—the one
They said he loved so well! . . . Help me to live
Through these last bitter moments! . . . Stay, I hear
Their footsteps on the stair. . The end is near;—
Yes; you can tell the King that I forgive!"

[1] ". . . un habillement de franciscain et un capuce de dominicain, dans lesquels il désirait être enseveli, comme il le fut." (See *Don Carlos et Philippe II.* par M. Gachard, p. 473, and Letters of the Archbishop of Rossano, papal nuncio, of July 27 and 28, 1568, and Letter of Leonardo di Nobili of July 30, for Italian account.)

SOCIAL LIFE IN BULGARIA.

By J. D. BOURCHIER.

IT is interesting to watch the growth and expansion of free institutions in a newly-liberated people; it is still more interesting to watch the gradual progress of its social development. In Bulgaria we see a nation which has been released by a single stroke of destiny from the bondage of centuries, and has slumbered through a long night of barbarism far into the morning of latter-day civilization. The Bulgarians have only just completed the first decade of their liberty. That liberty was won, not by a comparatively gradual process, as in the case of Greece, Servia, and Roumania, but as the result of a single campaign, following directly upon scenes of unutterable horror and misery. A race, which but yesterday was groaning under an alien tyranny incapable of assimilating the civilization of the West, to-day governs itself under a constitution as democratic as anything to which Western Europe has attained. This fact alone gives proof of the remarkable character of the Bulgarians. The democracy of Western Europe has grown up amid the ruins of decaying absolutism and feudalism; the democracy of Bulgaria was born of a single great war, and entered upon its career untaught by the priceless experience of the past. A constitution founded on the most advanced liberal principles was granted to the simple *rayahs* of the Balkans by a monarch who governs absolutely in his own dominions; that constitution could hardly have been expected to last; probably it was not intended to last. When Prince Dondukoff Korsakoff, the Russian Governor who had framed the constitution, was leaving the country he said that the mines were already laid. But the self-control, the tenacity, and the sturdy common-sense of the Bulgarians has triumphed over every difficulty. Prince Alexander, indeed, in a moment of despair annulled the Constitution of Tirnova; but he discovered his mistake in time, and never again departed from the lines of constitutionalism. Prince Ferdinand has firmly adhered to the spirit and letter of the constitution, and he has done wisely. At first he was disposed, like his predecessor, to follow the advice of the small band of Conservatives who represent the highest culture in Bulgaria, and whose familiarity with the results of western civilization has caused them to distrust the political capacity of their uneducated fellow-countrymen. But he has now for more than a year given his entire confidence to M. Stambouloff, a statesman sprung from the people, and an admirable representative of all the special characteristics of Bulgarian democracy. The order, the good government, and the political stability now existing in Bulgaria form a remarkable contrast to the state of affairs in the neighbouring Balkan countries, and have been the subject of eulogiums on the part of monarchs and prime ministers of great European Powers. It is worth while to glance at the social development and the domestic life of a people who have attempted the task of self-government with such remarkable success, and who have proved themselves so eminently fitted to enjoy the blessings of liberty.

It is hard at first to realize the difficulties under which the Bulgarians, during the last ten years, have undertaken the work of political and social reconstruction. In order to do so we must bear in mind that everything in Bulgaria has been at a stand-

still for five hundred years. The Bulgarian peasant tills his fields with the same kind of plough, he inhabits the same kind of house, he wears the same kind of clothing as his ancestors in the days of our Plantagenet kings; his standard of domestic comfort, of social life, and of general well-being is hardly different from what it was when he first submitted to the rule of the Ottoman Turk. But this is not all; in some points he has distinctly retrograded. The misfortunes of its history are often to blame for the faults which we recognize in the character of a nation; many of the peculiarities, for instance, which Englishmen ridicule or dislike in the Irish disposition are simply the product of ages of unsympathetic government. Centuries of subjection to an alien master have left their mark on the habits and character of the Bulgarian peasant. To-day he is free, yet he still preserves the dogged, downcast look of the oppressed *rayah;* he still buries his money, and even his winter's corn-store in the ground; he still looks with suspicion on the stranger, because in past times every stranger who came to his village came to take something from him. His experience of foreigners has not hitherto been a pleasant one: the Turk, the Greek, the Jew have vied with each other in despoiling him of the fruits of his labour; even the Russian who came as his liberator would fain have remained as his master. Hitherto he has had little experience of Englishmen; perhaps he is hardly aware how many Englishmen a dozen years ago were willing to leave him in his cruel bondage. No wonder he looks somewhat askance at foreign influence and foreign civilization. His watchword is "Bulgaria for the Bulgarians;" and he is as much opposed to the admission of foreign ideas into the region of his domestic and social life as he is to the intervention of foreigners in the affairs of his country. This unreceptive tendency of mind is looked upon by many as a fatal obstacle to Bulgarian progress; nevertheless Bulgaria is advancing at a pace which puts to shame the sister states of the Peninsula.

But this hatred of everything foreign, this narrow-mindedness, as some might call it, is not merely due to the paralyzing influence of Turkish rule, or to an unpleasant experience of foreigners. It has a deeper source in the rugged independence, the self-reliance, the firm solidity of character which differentiates the Bulgarian from his Southern Slav brethren. It is hard indeed to say how far the genuine Bulgarian—the Bulgarian of Tirnova, Elena, and Gabrova, where the best type of the race is to be found—is a Slav at all. Here, on the northern slopes of the Balkans, and generally in the central district of Northern Bulgaria, we find the Mongol features of the conquering Turanian race, which gave its name to the Slav populations it subdued, and eventually received from them its language and its religion. Here, too, we find the distinguishing traits of the Bulgarian character most manifestly apparent. There is a sturdy vigour of mind as well as of body, a practical common-sense, a tendency to look to the present and the future rather than to the past. The Southern Slavs are generally a race of dreamers; the Servian deals in romances concerning the greatness of ancient Servia; he tells you of Czar Dushan and his mighty empire, and dreams of a renewal of its bygone glories. The Bulgarian, on the other hand, never talks of his still more illustrious rulers, Czar Samuel and Czar Simeon; he seldom troubles you with the "Bulgarian Idea;" he strives for the present well-being of his country and her material progress, as the surest means whereby the ultimate union of his race may be achieved. The same vigorous spirit of independence makes him a thorough democrat; he means to manage the affairs of his country, as he manages his own affairs, in his own way. Once free, he determined that his freedom should be a reality, not a mere change of rulers. The first Bulgarian Sobranje elected under the Constitution of Tirnova contained an overwhelming Liberal majority. Every subsequent Parliament has been similarly composed, except when the elections have been unfairly tampered with. The rule of the Turks, much as it has hindered the social progress of the Bulgarians, has greatly tended to foster their democratic spirit. Communal self-government of a kind existed under the Turks; and as no Bulgarian, unless he were a Mohammedan, could rise to any position of authority, a general feeling of equality diffused itself among the members of the subject race. Again, the trammels of feudalism, which still restrict the growth of freedom in portions of Central and Western Europe, are not found to exist in Bulgaria. The Ottoman invasion swept away whatever elements of feudalism made their way into that part of the Peninsula which lies south of the Danube; the Servian nobles fell at Kossovo; only in Bosnia and Herzegovina is there any trace left of a feudal nobility, because the landowners saved themselves by becoming Mohammedans. North of the Danube, in Roumania, a land system based on feudal tenure still exists;

and nothing can be more striking than the difference between the sturdy, well-fed, independent Bulgarian or Servian peasant and his poor, spiritless, half-starved brother in Roumania. An effacement of social distinctions naturally followed under the rule of a fanatical conqueror who regarded every Christian, high and low, rich and poor, as a being beneath contempt. And so the Bulgarian, though his social and intellectual advancement had been arrested for five hundred years, found himself ready, in a measure, for democratic government when the moment of his emancipation arrived. He had always looked upon the Turk as an alien master; among his own kith and kin he did not recognize the existence of a social superior; he knew nothing of those claims of birth which elsewhere entitle certain men to be rulers and judges over their brethren. Society, untouched by the feudal influence which widened the distinction between the lord and his vassal, the noble and the churl, undisturbed by the commercial activity which concentrates great fortunes in the hands of a few, went back to the primitive institutions of a pre-historic age. In Bulgaria we still have not only the village commune, but the house-community, the family group, the rule of the *stareshina* or house-father, that patriarchal bond of union which, as Aristotle tells us, was the earliest form of social combination known to the human race.

PRINCE FERDINAND OF BULGARIA.

It would be interesting to trace the effects of newly-won liberty upon such a society as this, now that Bulgaria has completed the first decade of her freedom. But I must confine myself at present to describing some impressions of social life which I formed during recent visits to that country. It is customary in such descriptions to begin at the top, and I shall not venture to depart from established usage. At the head of Bulgarian society stands the Prince. For more than two years the eyes of Europe have been fixed with peculiar interest upon Prince Ferdinand. He occupies a position altogether unique, and unparalleled in European history. Unrecognised by diplomacy, but nevertheless favourably regarded by most of the great Powers, the lawfully-elected Prince of Bulgaria has ostensibly been disowned by the sovereigns of Europe and their representatives. Prince Ferdinand's isolation, however, has by no means injured him in the opinion of his subjects. The Bulgarians detest foreigners and foreign interference; and their national pride is flattered by the fact that for two years and a half they have lived in peace and prosperity under their chosen prince without asking the leave of

Europe to do so. They have shown an admirable self-command in their steady resistance to Russian threats and promises. When half an hour after Prince Alexander had been kidnapped, M. Bogdanoff, the Russian representative, appeared on the balcony of the Russian consulate at Sophia, and told the people that the Czar would send them a new and better prince, he strangely misinterpreted the character of the Bulgarian nation. Once Prince Alexander, driven to desperation by the hostility of the Czar, determined to leave the country, the Bulgarians calmly undertook the duty of self-government under the Regency, and, far from applying to the Czar for a new ruler, they proceeded with due deliberation to choose a prince for themselves. The election of Prince Ferdinand is said to have been suggested in the first instance by M. Stöiloff, a highly-gifted statesman and a thorough patriot ; but the Bulgarians in supporting Prince Ferdinand have mainly followed the lead of M. Stambouloff, the present Premier, whose influence over his countrymen is unbounded. They have been fortunate in their choice. Any one who remembers how much hostile criticism was directed against Prince Ferdinand when he first occupied the vacant throne of Bulgaria cannot fail to be struck by the altered tone of European opinion in the present day. At first every mouth was filled with comparisons between Prince Ferdinand and his ill-fated predecessor ; popular sympathy went out to the hero of Slivnitza, and his many brilliant qualities gathered lustre from his unmerited misfortunes. Nobody had a good word for the new ruler of Bulgaria.

To-day all is changed. Bulgaria enjoys a tranquillity unknown to the neighbouring countries, and Prince Ferdinand is admitted to be a success. Two years ago even his best friends hardly thought it possible that he could remain many weeks in the country, for Russia's methods of creating difficulties for rulers of whom she does not approve, have hitherto been invariably successful. She has driven three princes from the throne of a neighbouring state and a fourth has been assassinated ; Prince Alexander, too, as he states himself, narrowly escaped being murdered by his kidnappers. But Prince Ferdinand has strengthened his position day by day, and the hasty action of the Czar in withdrawing all his representatives from Bulgaria, has contributed not a little to this result. The Russian consulates—hitherto so many centres and rallying-points of disaffection—stand empty, and the Bulgarian government is thus relieved of one of its greatest difficulties. With secret conspiracies and other forces of disorder the vigilance of M. Stambouloff's administration is fully able to deal. Though at first inclined to favour the small group of Conservatives who represent the highest culture, but not the popular sentiment of their fellow-countrymen, Prince Ferdinand has of late given his entire confidence to M. Stambouloff. But he does not trust alone to the energy and popularity of his prime minister : from the day of his arrival in Bulgaria he has spared no pains to prove himself worthy of the respect and loyalty of his people. He works indefatigably, often sitting up late at night to peruse the official reports which his other duties have prevented him from attending to in the daytime, and rising at daybreak in order to take a brief spell of exercise on horseback before setting to work again. For two years and a half—except for a fortnight last October he has never left the country—he has devoted himself unceasingly to the service of his adopted people, living in self-imposed banishment from civilization and in daily risk of his life. It is not easy all at once to appreciate the extent of such a sacrifice on the part of a young man of high rank, great wealth, and refined tastes, who was free to follow the congenial paths of science, and had at his command every pleasure that European society can afford. Prince Ferdinand is an accomplished botanist ; like the late Archduke Rudolph he is learned in ornithology ; like him, too, he has been much given to travelling in pursuit of this fascinating branch of science. His sense of isolation at Sophia has been heightened by the diplomatic deadlock which precludes him from intercourse with the foreign representatives, who constitute the greater part of society in his capital. But perhaps his severest trial has been the difficulty of dealing with Bulgarian politicians. The ferocity of the struggle for portfolios in the newly-liberated lands of the East can hardly be conceived by those who are only acquainted with the comparative amenities of our Western politics. One must go to South America for a parallel. Bulgarian public men are poor, and the struggle for office is almost a struggle for existence. The habits of intrigue and conspiracy acquired under Turkish rule will hardly be got rid of in a single generation ; the first care of a lately-appointed minister is still to crush his opponents and to fill all subordinate posts with his own creatures. For the first eighteen months Prince Ferdinand governed with a coalition ministry, the

members of which were continually plotting against each other; and the fact that he succeeded in keeping them together for so long speaks much for his tact and judgment in reconciling hostile elements. His discouragements, however, do not end here. There is a stolidity and undemonstrativeness in the character of the Bulgarians which often lays them open to the charge of ingratitude towards those who have laboured in their cause. Prince Ferdinand has sacrificed not only the whole of his time and his energy, but he has also spent a large portion of his fortune in Bulgaria; early in the present year, for instance, he made a munificent gift of a million florins for the purpose of founding a university. His generosity has not always been appreciated by those who have mainly benefited by it; for some of the Bulgarians seem to take all favours as a matter of course, and to feel little or no regard for their benefactors. Nevertheless, the heart of the people is with their prince, whom they look upon as the type and embodiment of their own independence.

The Princess Clémentine, a daughter of King Louis Philippe of France, has done much to further her son's interests in Bulgaria. This gifted lady has inherited the best qualities of her ancient race without its failings; amiable, accomplished, clever, courageous, possessed of infinite tact and kindliness of feeling, she has won all hearts at Sophia and has smoothed over many of the social difficulties arising from the peculiar political situation. She can welcome the diplomatists to her Court whose relations with her son are still somewhat undefined; she can place herself at the head of a society in which women are only beginning to emerge from the restricted seclusion of Oriental life. It would be unreasonable to expect a high standard of refinement and cultivation even in the highest class of female society at Sophia; one must remember that a dozen years ago the Bulgarians were little more than helots and bondsmen, and also that they have not been uninfluenced by the Mohammedan view of the position of women. No Bulgarian lady has as yet, so far as I know, attempted to preside over a *salon* or to organize social receptions on a large scale. Anything like hospitality in our sense of the word does not exist; dinners and evening parties are unknown, except at the Palace and the houses of foreign diplomatists. Bulgarian statesmen and officials, however kind and courteous they may be to foreigners, rarely invite them to their houses; their style of living is on the most frugal scale, as may be understood from the fact that many a Cabinet Minister has deemed himself rich on five hundred a year. To Englishmen whose native "passion for inequality" is gratified by enormous disparities of rank and wealth at home, there is nothing more striking than the slender lines of social demarcation in this land of democratic equality. The gap which separates the statesman, the professor, the advocate, and the military officer from the peasant is merely an educational one; any one who can read and write is eligible for a seat in the National Assembly, where shepherds in sheepskins sit side by side with smart politicians in glossy black frock-coats.

A NEWLY-MARRIED COUPLE.

The open-handed liberality with which Prince Ferdinand entertains at the Palace is somewhat in contrast with the primitive frugality of native society at Sophia. The Palace is a handsome structure, standing in a garden, and commanding a charming view of the snowy heights of Mount Vitosch. On entering its gates one seems to pass from a region of semi-barbarism within the confines of European culture and civilization. There is a handsome and spacious entrance-hall, in which Prince Alexander was compelled by a party of drunken conspirators to sign the paper supposed to contain his abdication; here we see some large stuffed bears, and some specimens of rare birds which give evidence of Prince Ferdinand's taste for natural history. The rooms on the ground-floor are occupied by the suite; here and there we notice stands of arms, and feel afflicted with an unpleasant sense of the dangers which threaten a Prince of whom Russia disapproves. A wide stone staircase with lofty walls hung with large oil paintings leads up to the state apartments and to the Prince's private rooms, which are both on the first floor. The state apartments are spacious and well proportioned; in one of them is a fine collection of Bulgarian arms, ancient and modern, and some trophies of Slivnitza; in another there is a handsome full-length portrait of Prince Alexander, which had been taken down before the arrival of Prince Ferdinand, but which the latter, with characteristic good feeling, ordered to be replaced. The Prince's study is a charming room with windows commanding a fine mountain view; it is darkened with green blinds, and filled with rare and beautiful works of art. At the western end of the building is a large banquet hall; there is also a smaller dining-room opening into the winter garden from which Prince Alexander looked down on the mutinous soldiers who were firing into the windows of his palace; there is another dining-room on the ground floor in which the Prince and his suite have *déjeuner* and dinner during the hot months of summer. There is nothing like stiffness or formality at these repasts, for Prince Ferdinand always does his utmost to put those around him at their ease, and never leaves any one unnoticed or disregarded. His kindness and geniality pervade all those who surround him, and render a dinner at the Palace a very agreeable function indeed. The guest, who is always made to feel that he is welcome, is able to do better justice to the excellence of the *cuisine;* and the fact that for days previously he has been existing on the execrable fare supplied by Bulgarian innkeepers is not likely to diminish his powers of appreciation.

Of the diplomatic circle at Sophia I must not speak at length, as I am mainly concerned with persons and things Bulgarian. There is a curious variety in the relations of the various diplomatic agents with Prince Ferdinand. The Prince's position was formally recognized by King Milan; and M. Danich, the late Servian representative, was the only member of the diplomatic body that appeared at the Palace on public occasions. The attitude of the other foreign agents is regulated by instructions from their several governments; the German agent, Baron Wangenheim, who has also charge of Russian interests, is not allowed to salute his Royal Highness, and is expected to leave the room when the Prince enters. The restrictions imposed on the French and Italian agents are not so severe; the attitude of the British agent, Mr. O'Conor, is friendly, though of necessity somewhat reserved; the Austrian agent, M. von Burian, is frequently with the Prince, and accords him every mark of respect short of official recognition. It will easily be understood that Prince Ferdinand's position is a very difficult one under the circumstances; he has maintained it with much dignity and delicacy of feeling. There is considerable life and social intercourse in the diplomatic circle at Sophia; the British Agency is especially noted for the kindly feeling and refined taste which distinguish its hospitalities. But the native Bulgarian element seems to assimilate itself somewhat slowly with this cosmopolitan society. It was not so much during my stay at Sophia, as when I accompanied Prince Ferdinand on his tours through the country that I found opportunities for observing the life and habits of the Bulgarian upper class. In all the towns through which we passed the Prince's guests and the members of his suite were lodged in the houses of the principal inhabitants; and I was thus enabled to make many acquaintances, of whose kind hospitality I preserve a lively recollection.

In Eastern Bulgaria the upper class are mainly Greeks, who have enriched themselves by mercantile pursuits. At Bourgas I was the guest of a Greek "corn-merchant," who, as I afterwards learned, was not really a corn-merchant at all; but on the shores of the Black Sea it is fashionable to style oneself a "corn-merchant" in imitation of the merchant princes of Odessa. The wily kinsmen of Odysseus who dwell in the maritime districts are said not to be over-scrupulous in their dealings with

the peasants from whom they purchase grain; between the Greek merchant who buys his corn at fifty per cent. below its value, and the Greek tavern-keeper who charges him fifty per cent. too much for the mastica which he drinks, the Bulgarian peasant does not run a particularly good chance of dying a rich man. But at Slivno, Eski-Zagra, Kesanlyk, and elsewhere, I spent some time in the houses of Bulgarian families of the upper-class, from whom I received much kindness and attention. With a single exception the men had all adopted the "European" dress—black coats, polished boots, and even that abomination of civilization—the tall hat. The ladies appeared to dress with taste, notwithstanding their affection for brilliant colours. At Slivno, in the Balkans, the young man of the house addressed me in English; like many of his

BULGARIAN PEASANTS IN HOLIDAY DRESS ABOUT TO DANCE THE "HORA."

fellow-countrymen of the same class and age he had been to Robert College, near Constantinople, an institution which is doing much to diffuse a knowledge of English in Bulgaria and the neighbouring countries. As a rule, some younger member of the household was acquainted with either French or German, and acted as my interpreter to the others; but in one or two cases every attempt at interchange of ideas collapsed owing to the absence of a medium for communication. The Bulgarians of the upper class, though severely economical in other respects, spare no expense in educating their children; there is a real desire for knowledge in this country, as well for its own sake, as because all advancement, social and political, depends on education. A Bulgarian is a little surprised when he hears that in England the "governing class" is not altogether composed of the best educated people. A large proportion of the peasantry is still illiterate, but education is making way; it is interesting to notice that the school-house as a rule is the best building in the villages. Already the number of educated young men who despise agricultural work and look for higher employment has become a source of difficulty to the government.

The dwelling-houses of the better class never rise beyond two stories; the greater number have only a ground floor with a kind of basement story below. Almost all of them are built on the same plan. The house stands in a small garden or court-yard, in the centre of which is a fountain. Here the ablutions of the family are performed; this at least is my conjecture, as the usual utensils for washing are not generally to be found in the house. In one mansion there was a kind of trough provided with a piece of soap in the entrance hall; the luxury of washing in private is not attainable as a rule, and the "tub" or hip-bath is absolutely unknown. When the guest announces his wish to wash his hands a female servant approaches with a diminutive jug and basin, or rather bowl; he holds out his hands while she pours the water upon them in tiny driblets; in a moment she presents him with a towel, and the function is at an end. The indifference of Eastern Christians to the merits of water and soap seems to be a kind of reaction against the precepts of the Koran, which enjoin upon the faithful five washings a day; in this respect our co-religionists appear to disregard the distinct injunctions of St. Paul. But I am digressing. From the garden or court-yard above mentioned a flight of six or eight steps leads up to the main floor of the house, which sometimes has a balcony in front. There is a large central corridor or hall, with one side exposed to the air, into which the doors of the other apartments open. Sometimes there is a house-door; but as a rule the only way of closing the house is by locking the very unsubstantial doors of the various rooms. The bars, bolts, chains, massive locks and other apparatus of obstruction which fortify the English hall-door would appear superfluous to the simple-minded Bulgarian. The principal sitting-room, which, however, appears to be seldom used by the family, generally resembles the lantern of a lighthouse, an omnibus, or a railway signal-box, inasmuch as it is surrounded on two or more sides by contiguous windows; in summer it is unbearably hot, in winter unbearably cold. A divan runs round the wall, covered with Bulgarian rugs of brilliant colouring; sometimes there is a handsome Pirot carpet on the floor, the bare boards of which are always apparent. In the bedrooms, which are unfurnished with any species of crockery, there is usually a piece of gorgeous tapestry hung on the wall by the side of the bed; one contemplates it with pleasure before rising in the morning. The bed itself, strewn with a rich coverlet of quilted silk, offers a pleasing prospect of repose, which, alas, is often dissipated by the attentions of innumerable bedfellows. How these houses, with their countless windows, thin walls, draughty rooms, and entrance-halls open to the weather, resist the fierce cold of a Bulgarian winter, is more than I am able to explain; the huts of the peasants seem to be infinitely more comfortable.

The peasantry, which constitutes four-fifths of the population, is by far the most interesting, as it is the most numerous, section of Bulgarian society. Of the independent democratic spirit of the Bulgarian peasants, and its development under Turkish rule, I have already spoken; it remains to say a few words concerning their manner of life and social condition. In Bulgaria there is no proletariat—that deadly offspring of an artificial civilization, which perhaps is destined, like Œdipus, to destroy its progenitor; there is no poor law, for almost every peasant owns as much land as he wishes to cultivate, and the aged and infirm are cared for by the family or the house-community, as the case may be. The house-community or *zadruga*, the most interesting remnant of a patriarchal age, is still found in every South Slavonic land. Family groups, sometimes numbering several dozen persons, dwell together, as a rule within a single enclosure, though occasionally in neighbouring cottages. The members of these primitive associations hold all things in common, except, of course, their clothes and their wives; there is a common dinner-table and a common hearth, a common grain store, and a common treasury. All submit to the rule of a *stareshina*, or house-father, elected by vote; he is usually one of the oldest members of the community, and his wife generally acts as house-mother, though this is not always the case. The *stareshina* represents the community to the outer world; he has a deciding voice in domestic affairs, and he apportions their work, whether in the fields or at home, to the several members of the society. The women work in the fields as well as the men; and the quarrels which would inevitably ensue if they all remained at home together, are thus to some extent avoided. The absence of the prospect of individual gain does not, as might be supposed, tend to idleness; on the contrary, the little commonwealth finds means to stimulate the energies of all, and even deposes its *stareshina* if his government fails to give general satisfaction. The *zadruga* has a

double interest, both as a relict of a primeval state of society and as the nearest existing approach to a realization of the theories of modern socialism.

In Bulgaria we see a peasantry frugal, thrifty, and laborious, in full possession of a land of surpassing richness and fertility. And yet Bulgaria is anything but an agricultural paradise. The system of cultivation is extremely primitive ; the plough seems fashioned on the model of Triptolemus ; the use of manure is unknown, and the only method of aiding the productiveness of the land is to let it lie fallow for a year. The peasant pastures his sheep, goats, horses, oxen, and buffaloes, on the village commonland ; it is an interesting sight to see the motley herd returning to the village at sunset, each animal making its way to its night-quarters of its own accord. During the day the flock is watched by a shepherd lad or *shoban*, in a sheepskin coat with the woolly side turned in ; he often brings his flute or bagpipes with him to beguile the tedious hours and to frighten away the eagles from his flock.

The vineyards, a latent source of immense wealth, are badly cared for ; the wine, which ought to be of excellent quality and flavour, is spoiled in the making ; the native taste is not fastidious, and the Bulgarians are not accustomed to make wine for exportation. The introduction of improved methods will be difficult, owing to the prevailing dislike of foreign ideas and innovations. The Bulgarian villages are often exceedingly picturesque ; the low red-tiled or reed-thatched huts seem to nestle amid orchards and gardens of plum-trees ; quaint-looking wooden granaries, like overgrown Noah's arks standing on legs, look down over roughly-made palisades, on which skulls of horses are placed to avert the evil eye ; innumerable pathways and lanes wind in and out among the houses and gardens, for, as a rule, there is nothing like a street. The villages generally lie hidden away from the main roads for reasons apparent to those who know the sad history of the country. The interior of the peasant's hut is generally clean and tidy ; the imposing array of brightly-burnished copper utensils strikes the eye as one enters ; there is a wide chimney with a stone hearth ; dried skins, strings of onions, pictures of the Czar bought from Russian pedlars, guns, old pistols with quaint handles, pieces of bacon and other objects, adorn the walls. In a corner stands a small *eikon*, or image of a saint, with a tiny lamp hanging before it. The religious ideas of the Bulgarian peasant are somewhat vague ; his Christianity is mingled with traditions of old Slavonic paganism, and the pope who teaches him is as ignorant and superstitious as he is himself. There are one hundred and eighty-three feast-days in the Orthodox calendar, in fact half the year ; on these days no work can be done ; many of the remaining or working days are fasts, and the peasant must do his work with insufficient nourishment. It is best to visit a Bulgarian village on a feast-day or a Sunday, for then the peasants are to be seen in their picturesque holiday dress, and one may come in for a wedding or a village picnic. The ceremonies of the former are too elaborate to describe here ; it is an interesting fact that the bride, on the day before marriage, takes a bath for the first time in her life. The picnic, as a rule, takes place in the village graveyard, owing, I believe, to an old Slavonic superstition that the dead participate in the feasts of the living. The *hora*, or national dance, invariably follows ; the dancers range themselves in a large circle, holding each other by the hand or waistband, as represented in the engraving. The young men there depicted are eligible bachelors ; the strap which they wear above the knee indicates that they are disposed to enter the bonds of matrimony. In the *hora* the youths and maidens seem rather to keep apart than otherwise ; the practice of dancing in couples would be sternly reprobated by the Bulgarian Mrs. Grundy.

YAKO, POMAK BRIGAND, HANGED AT SOPHIA, JUNE, 1889.

There are many drawbacks to this interesting Arcadian life, but the only one of which I have space to speak is the insecurity caused by brigandage. Notwithstanding the vigorous efforts of Prince Ferdinand's government, brigandage still exists in Bulgaria. During my recent stay at Sophia seven brigands were hanged in the court-yard of the half-ruined mosque which serves for a prison. I was not present at the executions, which were witnessed by a large and fashionable assembly; but I attended the trial of the famous Rilo brigands and also that of the still more notorious highwayman Yako. The Rilo gang eluded pursuit with extraordinary cunning, frequently, under cover of night crossing the plain which lies between the Balkans and Rhodope, and appearing unexpectedly in northern Bulgaria, far away from their usual seat of operations. Some of them were shot by the police; their heads were cut off and photographed in a group (if I may so call it) with a member of the gang who was taken alive. According to the testimony of their prisoners, the brigands were exceedingly devout men, never omitting to say their prayers, and scrupulously observing, and making their captives observe, the fasts of the Orthodox Church. The remnant of the band was eventually arrested on Servian soil and given up to the Bulgarian government. The adventures of Yako would furnish a theme for a romance. The court-martial which tried him assembled in a disused restaurant close to the palace; the walls were still adorned with advertisements of champagne-merchants, with Bacchantes and flying cherubs, which seemed strangely out of place on such an occasion. At the end of the room was a table at which sat five officers in full-dress uniform; on a deal box at their feet lay the skulls of two gendarmes whom Yako had murdered; to the right of the court were the prosecutor and the advocates; on the left the prisoner, surrounded by gendarmes with fixed bayonets. The room was filled to overflowing; the front rows of seats were occupied by fashionably-dressed ladies. Yako, a handsome, strongly-built youth of twenty-three, seemed to regard the whole proceedings with the utmost nonchalance; it was only after sentence was passed that his air of *hauteur* gave way and he shed a few tears. His short life had, indeed, been an eventful one. At the age of eighteen he had deserted from the Bulgarian army and had taken to the mountains. In the winter, when the "season" was over he made his way to Constantinople, and there became acquainted with a wealthy Turk, an ex-official of the palace, who became his patron, supplied him with funds for his enterprises, and received a large share of the spoil. It appeared that Yako once gave this exemplary individual as much as £T250. During his campaigns Yako took absolutely no precautions for his safety; he had been known to saunter through the Balkan villages with his gun on his shoulder, nobody daring to interfere with him. Every winter he returned to Constantinople, where he enjoyed himself heartily and spent his income freely. He met his fate with courage, refusing even to petition the Prince for a commutation of his sentence. The case of Yako illustrates one of the principal difficulties of dealing with brigandage in the East. There are often persons behind the scenes—sometimes rich men—who enter into partnership with the "gentlemen of the forest"; and the peasants in the villages, either from fear or sympathy, supply them with food and ammunition.

The task of restoring social order and promoting commercial development in a land which for centuries has been given over to barbarism is a difficult one, and liable to many discouragements. But the solid progress the Bulgarians have made during the twelve years of their freedom, as well as the success with which they have vindicated their political independence against the designs of a mighty despotism, is of happy augury for the future, and throws a light upon the character of this remarkable people, who, I firmly believe, are destined to play a leading part in the final solution of the Eastern Question.

CYCLE OF SIX LOVE-LYRICS.

V.

THE NEWS TURNS OUT TO BE FALSE, AND HE HEARS SHE IS COMING BACK.

Words by JOSEPH BENNETT. *Music by* HAMISH MACCUNN. *Opus* 9.

wind a-mong the leaf-less trees
Makes sound of la- men - ta - tion, . . .
cres.
dim.
p
. . . The roar of tor-rents fills the land
With voice of des - o -
cres.
p
Poco meno mosso.
p
- la - tion.
Win - try, too, is my heart,
Poco meno mosso.
sf p
p
rall.
And I would fain de - part
To the qui - et home of the dead.
rall.

Adagio.
espress.
. . . Where tears . . . are nev - - - er
Adagio.
p
shed.
Allegro.
sf
pp
pp
con Ped.
Strange! out of the East Comes a sound of
pp
sf

p poco cres.
glad - ness! Can it be true? or . . a fan - cy of
p
cres.
mad - ness? For a voice in my ear keeps joy - ous-ly
cres.
f
ring - - ing, And what, . . O thou wild - beat-ing heart; is it
f
f
sing - - - - ing? She . . is

ff
not . . . . . dead, she is not,
ff
poco rall.
a tempo.
is . . . . not dead! But
colla voce.
f
p a tempo.
leggiero.
com - eth back . . with the bloom . . of Spring! Love and joy . .
cres.
. . in her hand . . to bring, love and joy

f
in her hand to bring!
The sun . . bright shi- ning
f
poco rall.
a tempo.
o - - - ver
head!
f
p poco rall.
p a tempo.
dim.
pp
cres.
f
sf
f
ff
dim.
poco rall.
Attacca subito.

THE PARK, HIGHCLERE.

A GLIMPSE OF HIGHCLERE CASTLE.

BELONGING TO THE EARL OF CARNARVON.

By ELIZABETH BALCH.

If any spot on earth can boast possession of trees which in virtue of their beauty, and profusion, variegated forms, styles and species, stately grandeur and graceful loveliness, have the right to speak with tongues of eloquence, it is the park at Highclere.

Cedars black with age are more reticent in their speech than the beeches and the limes; perhaps they have learned to look upon life in more sober fashion; while the lordly oaks, perfect specimens as they are, count less in numbers than one would expect. This fact seems to authenticate a reputed remark of the grandfather of the present Lord Carnarvon, to the effect that he would keep the beeches in the park, but would plant no oaks, as he did not propose that any spendthrift descendant should cut them down!

Could it have been the speech of the second Earl of Carnarvon (of the Dormer line) which suggested this remark? he whose portrait when a boy, painted by Vandyck, hangs in Lord Carnarvon's study at Highclere. He was rather a butterfly courtier in the time of Charles II., and he is reported to have said that "trees were an excrescence provided by nature for the payment of debts." If the saying is true, then this noble lord had certainly no ear attuned to the "tongues in trees." All their whisperings and friendly confidences were lost for him, wasted utterly upon an imagination that could rise no higher than the clanking tongues of men.

At all times a genealogical descent is puzzling. Extraneous branches, interlineal

marriages, and outside creations, have reduced the task in respect to the Herbert family to a simple impossibility, the only sense in which the word simple can be applied to the subject. The Herberts have been a clan, rather than a family, and in every age noted for great intellectual capacity. When Henry, third Earl of Carnarvon, whilst still Lord Porchester married Henrietta Howard, daughter of Lord Henry Howard, and niece of the twelfth Duke of Norfolk, the alliance was spoken of as a union of the blood of the Howards with the hereditary genius of the Herberts, who themselves date back to Charlemagne, the great Duke of Brabant, King of France, and Emperor of the Romans. A large stone bust of this imperial and kingly ancestor stands amongst the shrubbery near the garden, with the shadow of the beech trees falling on his stone crown and unseeing stone eyes. But only the younger branch of the Herberts have to do with Highclere ; the elder branch, the Earls of Pembroke, have for their family seat Wilton, near Salisbury. The first mention of Highclere in connection with the Pembroke branch of the family is in 1684, when Thomas, Earl of Pembroke, married Margaret, the only daughter and heiress of Sir Robert Sawyer, of High Cleer in county Southampton. In still earlier days Highclere Castle had been a stronghold of the bishops of Winchester, and its massive walls still attest to its strength as a place of defence. It was only in 1841 that it was restored to its present style of Elizabethan, or, more strictly speaking, Jacobean style of architecture. The house is built of Bath-stone, greyish in colour, with a mellow yellowish tinge running through it, which seems to have been called forth by the floods of sunshine which for so long have poured down upon the place. The building stands well in a broad expanse of green which upon all sides slopes gradually into rising hills and lovely undulations, with lakes lying calmly here and there, reflecting the summer and autumn foliage as the succeeding seasons pass away. A magnificent view is obtained from a place called Beacon Hill in near neighbourhood to the castle, and distinct remains of an ancient encampment is found at its summit. Six counties can be seen from this spot, and the stretch of richly timbered land, rising and falling in an endless succession of hills and valleys, well repays the somewhat steep climb up the side of Beacon, even if the summer day be warm.

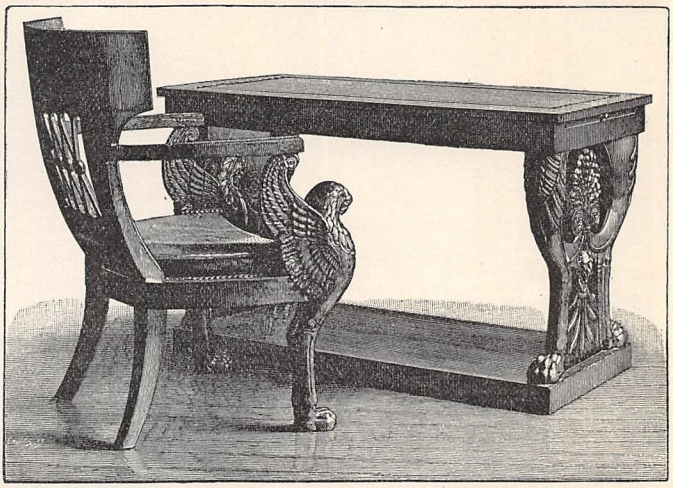
H. HOWARD MOLYNEUX, 4TH EARL OF CARNARVON. FROM A DRAWING MADE IN 1860 BY GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A.

And after the climb the great centre hall at Highclere, built in the eleventh or twelfth century, and originally part of the palace of the bishops of Winchester, is a charming spot in which to rest. One passes from the arched entrance hall, having stone and marble pillars on either side, into a large almost square apartment, the roof of which is Gothic in form, of oak, with ground-glass windows. A wide, hospitable fireplace is on one side ; opposite it the oak staircase is visible through a triple arch.

It is on this staircase that the full-length portrait, by Phillips, of the first Earl of Pembroke hangs, one of the greatest statesmen of Henry VIII.'s time. The dog represented in the picture is thought to be the one who followed his master to his grave in St. Paul's Cathedral, where he pined away and died.

The sunshine streaming through the large staircase window gilds the arms of the different families with whom the Herberts have intermarried, these arms, illuminated on shields, forming a border to the stamped leather of quaint design which covers the walls. All the peculiar charm and comfort of an English country-house room is found in this hall, all the delightful arrangement and disposition of furniture so essentially English. In a glass case on one of the tables are several interesting relics, among them two ivory billiard cues with the Herbert arms introduced in the design, which belonged to that gifted Countess of Pembroke who was Sir Philip Sidney's sister.

To tell a ghost story in such a cosy, cheery place, at once reduces a ghost to a very harmless thing indeed. Yet the tale of a ghost claimed by Highclere is often related to credulous guests. He was such a disturbing ghost that a council of clergymen was called to lay his restless spirit. Only eleven divines assembled, an insufficient number for the emergency, therefore the evil spirit speedily returned from the deep well where he had been banished, and became more rampageous than ever. A second time the clerical council was called together, upon this occasion twelve in number, and all concerned hoped that after they had solemnly laid the ghost to rest within the trunk of an old yew tree near the house that there he would remain for ever. And for a time he was quiet; but one stormy night amid wild thunder and lightning the demon escaped, and became if possible more mischievous than before. Then a more distant spot was chosen whence to banish the unruly spirit—no less a place than the Red Sea; but this latest spell laid upon him could continue for only a hundred years, and a most uncomfortable uncertainty exists as to whether or no those hundred years have expired. Therefore at any moment the turbulent ghost may reappear at Highclere, and the only regret of the writer is that he did not elect to do so during her visit at the castle.



NAPOLEON'S CHAIR AND TABLE FROM FONTAINEBLEAU.

Hardly a less restless spirit than the ghost has a memento in the long library leading from the centre hall at Highclere, where an armchair of inlaid mahogany and bronze stands before a writing-table, both being in the best style of the Second Empire. The wooden arms of the chair are deeply marked and cut, and the hand leaving these marks of haughty impatience which could ill brook an instant's opposition was the hand of the great Napoleon. Both chair and table came from the Council Chamber, Fontainebleau, and there is good reason for believing that both were used when the *Code Napoléon* was compiled and written. It was an odd sensation to sit and write where the man of destiny once sat and wrote; and to pause and think, in the dreamy silence of the great room, where the monotonous ticking of the clock, and the humming of summer insects in the June sunshine helped instead of hindered thought, of all that had been since he so wrote. But with Napoleon for a theme where might one not wander? Too far from Highclere, charming as it is, so at once, all reminiscences aroused by the old worn chair and well used table must be peremptorily dismissed. Another plainer table of walnut, which was used by the Emperor Napoleon when at St. Helena, stands in the smaller room at the end of the library. From this room a spiral iron staircase leads to a second library above, where is a curious picture of Allan Ramsay, supposed to have been painted by himself. The rare and valuable books are such as one would expect to

find in the collection of a man inheriting the literary tastes and genius of the Herberts, as the present owner of Highclere does in a marked degree. Out of old Greenwich palace comes the library chimney-piece of carved wood and gilt, and the one portrait in the room hangs over this chimney-piece. It is that of Henry, first Earl of Carnarvon, by Romney. He was the son of Major-General William Herbert, and grandson of Margaret Sawyer, the heiress of Highclere, and of the eighth Earl of Pembroke. In 1780 he was created Baron Porchester of Highclere, and in 1793 Earl of Carnarvon. An account of the times says :—"As Colonel Herbert, and member for Wilton, he was present in the House of Commons during the Gordon Riots, and when Lord George Gordon took his seat with a blue cockade, the House being meanwhile besieged by the mob, Colonel Herbert declared with great spirit that he could not sit and vote

A CORNER OF LIBRARY, SHOWING CHIMNEY-PIECE FROM GREENWICH PALACE.

in that House whilst he saw a noble lord in it with the ensign of riot in his hat, and threatened if he would not take it out he would walk across the House and do so for him. Whereupon Lord George put the cockade in his pocket."

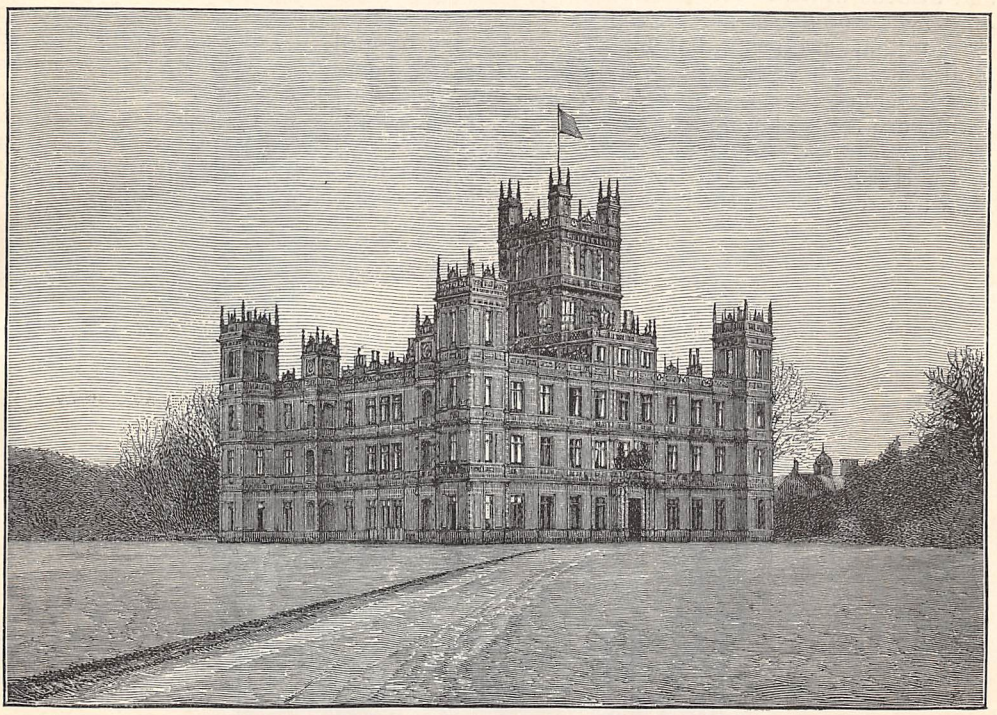
The music-room at Highclere, opening out of the library, is hung with wonderfully beautiful silken tapestry worked upon a gold ground. Amongst some family miniatures on a table in this room lies a small framed sketch of a dog, standing on his hind legs, and holding a cup in his mouth. The sketch is signed *E. Landseer*, and a paper pinned to the picture states that it was drawn by him for Lady Mary Fox.

Some of the best pictures at Highclere are to be found in the drawing-room : the charming "Wood Gatherers," by Gainsborough ; the delightful portrait of the first Countess of Carnarvon with her child, by Sir Joshua Reynolds ; and that picture, also by Sir Joshua, of Colonel Acland and Lord Sidney shooting deer, the two friends whose friendship was ended before the painting was completed. As neither would have the picture it was bought by the second Lord Carnarvon. In the dining-room are one of Vandyck's celebrated portraits of Charles I. on a white horse ; William,

Earl of Pembroke, the friend of Shakespeare; Margaret Sawyer, the handsome heiress of Highclere; a group of the Earl of Pembroke and his family; and many others. Every one who has read the *Antiquary* remembers the incident told by Sir Walter Scott of old Elspeth. A very similar one can be related of the old nurse of the Hon. Captain Charles Herbert, whose portrait hangs on the stone staircase. He was drowned at sea in 1812, and thirty years afterwards Molly Docker his nurse died at Highclere. Her last words were: "The captain's in the drawing-room waiting for you, my lady."

The following account, which explains the memorial tablet to Charles Herbert in Highclere Church, is best given in Lord Carnarvon's own words:—

In the earlier part of the sixteenth century, Charles Herbert, the eldest son of Philip, fourth Earl of Pembroke, after being betrothed to the daughter of the Duke of Buckingham, was sent out to Italy as a youth in order to obtain some of the science and knowledge that was then the



HIGHCLERE CASTLE. SIR CHARLES BARRY, ARCHITECT.

almost exclusive property of that country. He was kindly received at the Papal Court, and subsequently went to a castle in Lunigiana possessed by the Malaspinas. Whilst there he was seized with fever and died; and, the family holding him in great honour, he was buried in the little chapel in the castle and a tablet put up to his memory. The common legend amongst the peasantry ran that he was buried in a lead coffin and his heart placed in a golden cup. So matters rested till the French Revolution when the country was overrun by French troops. The report reached their ears, and a detachment was sent to ransack the tomb. They found the body in a silver not a lead coffin, and the heart in a bronze and not a gold cup. They melted the metal into bullets, carried away the bronze cup, and scattered about the castle the bones, which were for some time a plaything for the children of the persons who, on the exappropriation of the Malaspinas, became the owners of the castle.

In 1883 a friend told me these circumstances, and said that the bones were still preserved by a very old man who had acquired them at or very shortly after the desecration of the tomb. I begged my friend on his return to Italy to spare no trouble or expense in obtaining them; and after a long negotiation, during which of course the value of these bones rose to an extortionate figure, and after many other curious difficulties and objections, the remains of my unfortunate relative were shipped at night on board a small steamer; and after being nearly lost in a storm off the west coast of Africa, they arrived by a very circuitous passage at Liverpool. They were brought on thence to Highclere, and buried in one of the family vaults in the presence of a great part of the parish.

Thus, after two centuries and a half, the mortal remains of this young man buried in Italy, torn from their resting place by French revolutionists, preserved by the merest accident by a stranger, after a series of difficulties and adventures which I have not enumerated, were brought to England; and, though not burried in his own home, were interred within thirty miles of it, and amongst the bodies of his own name and race.

Among some old papers discovered at Longleat, the Marquis of Bath's place, is one entitled, "Mister John Kyngesmylle, his account of Ihgecler." We are told that this "is a survey or report of the place evidently sent to be submitted to Protector Somerset for his consideration as to purchase." But the writing and spelling of Mister John leave much to be desired, and it is just as well that other accounts of the beautiful old home in Hampshire can be obtained. For those having a *culte* for trees, they must always come first in any mention of the place, but to lovers of flowers they might perhaps stand second to the wonderful collection of rhododendrons and azaleas which is celebrated throughout England for its extent and beauty. Not only near the house and in the park proper are there groups of scented colour in extraordinary profusion, but all along the drive to Milford Lake and pretty Milford House hundreds of bushes are found glowing with blossoms varying in tints from the palest cream to deepest orange, or from faint lilac to a royal purple. Some of these shrubs are American, and there is quite a large collection at Highclere of American plants and trees. Exclamations fail, and one is reduced to silence when in the midst of the lavish loveliness of the flowers, the varied beauty of the trees and foliage. But after all is not silence the truest form of any deep appreciation?

THOMAS, EARL OF ARUNDEL (THE COLLECTOR OF THE ARUNDELIAN MARBLES). FROM A CONTEMPORARY MINIATURE.

SEALS AND SEALSKINS.

By WILLOUGHBY MAYCOCK.

QUITE recently a divine in the west of England sought to appeal to the feelings of the female members of his flock by apprising them that the "trim sealskin jacket of which its fair owner is so proud, which looks so handsome, and which keeps out the cold, represents some half dozen dams who have more or less been skinned alive, while their little ones have been left to die in all the slow agonies of starvation. Such, ladies, is the price of a sealskin jacket!" This diatribe was followed as a matter of course by an animated newspaper correspondence, in which the fallacies into which the worthy canon had fallen were fully exposed. The latter, in defence, sought shelter behind an article by Lady Blake, which appeared in a contemporary last spring. Had the reverend gentleman restricted his remarks to the *modus operandi* of seal killing in Newfoundland his humane purpose would have been equally well served, and the "nakedness of the land" left unexposed. But the wearing apparel of the "flock" offered a target of exceptional attraction, and the rest we know. This incident, coupled with the fact that the lease of the Pribylov Islands[1] granted by The United States Congress for twenty years to the Alaska Commercial Company will expire on the 30th of the present month, induces me to think that some account of the life, habits and death of the fur seals on these islands may not be altogether uninteresting at the present juncture.

The classical denomination of the fur seal, to whom fashion is indebted for its glossy jackets and vests, is the *Callorhinus ursinus*, one of the numerous family of *Otaridæ*. It has no affinity whatever with the hair and other seals with which it is so frequently confounded, and which belong to the species *Phocidæ*. The skins of these latter are worth but little more than sixpence apiece in their undressed state, and are used for mats, and other minor purposes in the tanning industry. Their commercial value lies in their blubber, which, when "tried out," yields an oil of great service in dressing jute. They have no external ears, their flippers are placed close to the head, and walking on land is with them an extremely difficult matter. The fur seals, on the other hand, have short external ears, and, their flippers being in the middle of the body, they manage to waddle along on shore with comparative ease, provided the distance be not in excess of their staying powers.

According to Mr. Guillemard, and other recognized authorities, the fur seal is now almost extinct save in certain islands of the Behring Sea, though in past years considerable numbers were met with off Patagonia and the Falkland Islands, as well as on the Chilian and Bolivian coasts, and various islands in the Western Pacific. But as no proper means were organized for their protection in these localities, the greed with which they were pursued for the sake of their highly-prized skins has practically resulted in their extermination; the consequence being that the supply of the world[2] is now confined to Behring and Copper Islands of the Commander Group, and St. George and St. Paul of the Pribylov Islands.

[1] The Pribylov Islands are situated in the Behring Sea between 56° and 57° north latitude, and 168° and 170° west longtitude.

[2] Mr. Howard Clark in his *Review of the Fur Seal Fisheries of the World* estimates the annual average yield from 1880 to 1887 inclusive from all sources at 192,457 skins, of which quite 160,000 are drawn from the Behring Sea and its adjacent waters.

In 1867 the United States purchased from Russia for $7,200,000 gold the vast expanse of territory known as Russian America, which included the Pribylov Islands, of whose extent and value but little was then known. The following year a Mr. Hutchinson, of New Hampshire, and Captain Ebenezer Morgan, of Connecticut, repaired to Alaska, captured a large number of seals, and by their personal efforts succeeded in interesting and arousing Congress to declare the seal islands a Governmental reservation. In 1869 seals were only taken on those islands for subsistence of the natives, and in 1870 Congress passed a law limiting their annual slaughter on St. Paul's to 75,000 per annum, and on St. George's to 25,000. The act also empowered the Treasury department to lease the seal islands for twenty years at $50,000 a year, plus a revenue tax of two dollars on each skin taken; and after an animated and bitter struggle in competition, the Alaska Commercial Company secured the valued award. Mr. Hutchinson was the prime organizer of this Company, whose headquarters are at San Francisco. I must not omit to mention that in March, 1874, an amended Act of Congress empowered the Treasury to determine the number of seals that might be annually destroyed in each island, so that the fixed ratio of three to one above referred to only lasted for four years. Agents of the Treasury department reside on the spot in order to see that all regulations are complied with to the letter.

The Pribylov Islands were originally colonized by Aleuts from the neighbouring islands. Into their origin it is unnecessary to inquire further than to say that their breeding has become so mixed up with the Russian, Japanese, and other strains that they present characteristics of all the various races of men from the Negro to the Caucasian. Their average height is five feet four, with small, wide-set eyes, broad and high cheek-bones, coarse, straight, black hair, and a brownish yellowy complexion. They are courteous in their manner, both to the officials of the Company and to one another. The women possess a fair share of vanity, and watch with anxiety the arrival of new costumes for the Treasury agents' wives or daughters, and, being by nature expert needlewomen, lose no time in copying them to the best of their power. The principal food of the inhabitants is seal meat, from 5,000 to 6,000 "pups" being killed each fall for preserving. For butter and sugar they evince especial partiality, and consume large quantities of both. As parents they are most affectionate. During the breeding season of the seals they are all actively employed, as will be gathered anon. In the winter they subside into a state of vegetation, drinking tea and sleeping, and they are regular in their attendance at the Greek Catholic Church. Leaving out of consideration officers of the Company and Treasury officials, the natives on St. Paul Island number about 300, and those on St. George perhaps a third of that number. The female population is in excess of the male portion—a circumstance which is due in great measure to the stringent regulations of the Greek Church, which forbids a marriage contract where the most distant relationship exists. This rule even extends to relatives of the godfathers and godmothers of the contracting parties. The field of eligible parties being thus restricted, the men have to make periodical pilgrimages to Ounalashka in quest of their better halves. Having now given a brief sketch of the Pribylov Islands, their inhabitants, and the concession under which they are managed, I will proceed to give some account of the manners and customs of the fur seals themselves.

The local names given to the various seals and their haunts in the Pribylov Islands seem to have been chosen in such a manner as to dispel any suggestion of partiality. While on the one hand the old males are known as "bulls" and their consorts "cows," the offspring is designated a "pup," and the breeding-grounds "rookeries." The first week in May heralds the arrival of an advance guard of full-grown males, seven years old and upwards. Let us avail ourselves of the opportunity, while he has taken his station and is eagerly awaiting the advent of the female, to examine him in some detail. He measures most likely from the tip of his nose to the end of his abbreviated tail from six to seven feet. This class of seal is known to the natives as the "seecatch." His bodily weight when he first emerges from the sea is at least 400 pounds, and older and more corpulent specimens are not unfrequently met with weighing 600 pounds. His head is absurdly small when compared with his immensely thick neck and shoulders. His eyes are large, of a bluish hazel hue, alternately burning with revengeful passionate light, and changing to tones of tenderness and good nature. His muzzle and jaws are not dissimilar to those of a Newfoundland dog,

with the exception that his lips are tightly compressed, the upper one supporting a fair moustache composed of long stiff bristles, most of which will be torn out in the course of the combats in which he will shortly be destined to embark. The fore feet, or flippers, are a pair of dark, bluish black hands, about eight or ten inches broad next the body, and gradually widening to about eighteen inches from this union. The shape of the hind flipper is very like that of the human foot reversed; the instep is flattened down and drawn out to a length of over twenty inches, while from the toes exude three strong, cylindrical, greyish horn-coloured nails, each half an inch long or thereabouts. The body is covered, so to speak, with two coats, one being a short, crisp, glistening over hair; and the other a close, soft elastic pelage, or fur, which gives the distinctive value to the pelt. In short, the hair and fur of a seal bear pretty much the same analogy to one another as the down and feathers on the breast of a duck. The prevailing colour of the "bulls" in spring is a dark, dull brown, with a sprinkling of black. Hoary and grizzly grey coats are the peculiar characteristics of very old males. The outer hair on the shoulders is either a grey or reddish ochre, or "pepper and salt." The breast is always lighter, and the muzzle a dark bluish black. The pups are entirely black.

The movements of the seal on land are peculiar. Its mode of progress under ordinary circumstances consists in two steps to the front with its fore flippers, it then arches its spine, and in so doing drags and lifts up the hind flippers to a position under the body, thus gaining fresh leverage for a further movement to the front. But, if bustled, the method of progress becomes much more rapid, and it can at a pinch gallop for a short distance as fast as a man can run. From the first week in May to the 10th or 12th of June the "seecatchie" arrive from day to day. The older hands are generally the last comers however, and it is in the latter part of this period more especially that they swarm from the depths in hundreds and thousands. One continuous fight is all the while sustained among these bulls for the most advantageous position on the beach for the reception of the females. These quarrels, which not unfrequently end fatally, result in the survival of the fittest, who range themselves close to the sea-shore, while the weaker vessels have to be content with a back seat. Some of the bulls exhibit great strength and fortitude. It is recorded of one veteran years ago, that he took up a position early in May beside the water line. He fought at least fifty desperate battles, in all of which he came off victor, and when the fighting season was over—or in other words all the females had landed and been appropriated—there sat this old warrior covered with scars and frightfully gashed, raw, festering and blood-stained, with one eye gouged out, but lording it bravely over his harem of twenty females, who were all huddled together on the same spot of his first location and around him! Seals fight principally with their mouths. They seize one another with their teeth, and then clenching their jaws hold on with the tenacity of a bull-dog, the grip being only relaxed by the strength of the one endeavouring to escape. Thus deep scars are frequently caused in the skin, and the flippers torn into shreds.

Perhaps the most noticeable feature of the "seecatch" is the manner in which he subsists from May till the first week in August entirely without food. This is the more remarkable when one comes to think of the continued physical exertion necessitated by the defence of his station and the supervening cares of married life. Cases of total abstinence both from food and water have been known to last for as long as four months. This absence of any outward nourishment is compensated for by the self-absorption of that blubber with which the bull seals are so liberally supplied on their first arrival, and which alone enables them, speaking metaphorically, to live for so long on love. When they go back to the sea in the early days of August they are the merest shadows of their former selves, worn and emaciated to the last extent. Next season, however, they will return as sleek, fat, and ambitious as ever to their happy hunting grounds at St. Paul or St. George's!

If the reader will now picture to himself a sea-coast swarming for miles with thousands of able-bodied bull seals, whose propinquity to the water has been stoutly contested and only determined after long and severe fighting, he will be in some position to form an idea of the wild excitement engendered by the advent of the first cow, an event which almost invariably occurs between the 12th and 14th of June. At length the long-sustained patience of the countless myriads is rewarded, and they signalize it by a period of universal, spasmodic, and desperate fighting among them-

selves. Though they have quarrelled all the time from the moment they first landed, yet the fighting which now takes place is the most sanguinary and vindictive known to peltric warfare.

The females by their dove-like amiability afford a striking contrast to the ferocity of their lords. They average from four to four and a half feet in length, and are more shapely in proportion than the males. There is no wrapping around their necks and shoulders of unsightly masses of blubber. Their coats are of a rich steel grey tint, and their breasts snow white. Their sole object in landing is to be delivered of their young. This happy event—the result of the previous year's mating—generally takes place immediately after arrival, and is invariably restricted to one black "pup." Having thus contributed a small addition to the hordes of peltries already located on the island, the mother will return to sea to feed and be absent perhaps for a day or more, leaving her chick in charge of the male of whose temporary protection she has availed herself.

The head and eye of the female are exceedingly beautiful; the expression is at once gentle, attractive and intelligent, the large, lustrous, blue-black eyes are humid and soft with the tenderest expression, while the small, well-formed head is poised as gracefully on her neck as can well be imagined. She is the very picture of benignity and satisfaction when she is perched up on some convenient rock, and has an opportunity to quietly fan herself with a hind flipper, the eyes half closed and the head thrown back on her gently swelling shoulders.

On their arrival they are noticed and received by the males at the water's edge with great attention. They are alternately coaxed and urged up on to the rocks by chuckling, whistling, and roaring, and from that date they are under the most jealous supervision. At first they have a very rough-and-tumble time of it, but by degrees as the supply increases, things settle down, and by the time the last female arrives, which is generally about the 10th of July, the greater portion of the "seecatchie" who first established themselves in the front rank have a comfortable little harem of from fifteen to twenty inmates on their station, while those in the more remote localities have to satiate their polygamous appetites with a dozen or less. Veritable Henry the Eighths of the seal tribe have been known to have as many as fifty females in their sole charge.

The pup, or "kotickie," as I have already stated, is black at its birth and for three months after. When a week old it weighs from six to seven pounds, and its skin one and a quarter pounds. Six years will alter these weights respectively to two hundred and eighty and twenty-five pounds. The pups get together in groups called by the natives "pods," and their bleating resembles that of lambs. The mother by almost supernatural instinct knows at once the voice of her own "kotickie," and can pick it out from any number of others. The same intelligence is not however evinced by the pups, who are ever ready to avail themselves of nourishment wherever it is forthcoming.

By no means the least interesting feature in seal life is the pup's first attempt to swim. If thrown into the water before attaining the age of a month or six weeks they would assuredly sink. Once they have acquired the art they fairly revel in it, indulging in every kind of gambol, and ultimately curling themselves up and taking a nap after their exertions. By the end of September the "rookeries" are broken up, and all the pups have mastered the art of swimming. A month later all seals have left the island with the exception of a few "kotickies," who linger behind for a space and take their departure later on.

By this time I can fancy I hear the reader remarking, "Well, you've told us all about the landing, the rookeries, and the departure of the seals, but how about the slaughter and the "skins"? My rejoinder is that I have kept for the last the only element of the narrative that savours at all of sadness.

In round numbers we may take it that about a million pups are born in each year in the Pribylov Islands, and the sexes are probably about equally divided. From one year up to the age of five this category are known as "holluschickie" or "bachelor" seals, and must not be confounded with the more mature "seecatchie" and "cows" of whom mention has already been made. The great herds of "holluschickie" who yearly visit the Pribylov Islands are never allowed by the "seecatchie," under the pain of frightful mutilation or death, to put their flippers on or near the "rookeries." It is from this latter category alone that selections are made for slaughter by the natives. The

majority of them come on shore at intermittent intervals in the summer months in rear of the "rookeries" and on free beaches. They are sportive and independent, and their gambols both on the islands and adjacent waters afford a most interesting study. The slaughtering of the "holluschickie" commences about June. A batch of natives, availing themselves of a time when the seals are dozing, creep down quietly between them and the surf. This move once accomplished, and escape thereby cut off, the "holluschickie" are driven in shoals up to the killing grounds in the village, at the rate of a mile or a mile and a quarter per hour. If the weather is unusually hot they are permitted numerous halts, as if they become unduly heated their skins are spoiled. The age at which their skins are in the best condition is four years. Arrived at the flat slaughtering grounds they are allowed to cool and rest, and then the able-bodied male population turn out to annihilate them. Each man's outfit consists of a stout oaken or hickory bludgeon, about five feet in length, a stabbing knife, a skinning knife and a whetstone. The chiefs select those who are in all respects eligible subjects for slaughter, and at a given signal down comes the club, and the poor animal is stunned and motionless; their skulls being very thin are readily fractured. This operation over, the men seize the prostrate seals by the hind flippers, and range them in rows. Then each sealer takes his knife, and drives it into the heart at a point between the fore flippers of each stunned form, the blood gushes forth, and the quivering of the animal soon ceases. Then follows the skinning. The first cut takes a horizontal direction from the throat straight down the breast to the tail. With the smaller knife the native then effects a circular cut round the neck and tail and at the root of the flippers. The rest is a mere question of hauling, and the whole operation is performed as a rule in one minute. No time is allowed to be lost, especially in warm weather, as if the skin becomes heated the fur comes away from it, and, as an article of commerce, it is rendered valueless. Under the skin is a loin of blubber, which, unlike that appertaining to the hair seals, is most offensive to the smell.

The skins are then taken from the field to the salt house, where they are laid out one upon another, hair to fat, like so many sheets of paper, with salt profusely spread upon the fleshy side, as they are piled up in the kenches or bins. After lying two or three weeks in this style they become pickled. They are then rolled into bundles of two skins to the package, tightly corded, and ready for shipment from the islands. For each skin the native receives from the agent of the Company forty cents (1*s.* 8*d.*) for his labour.

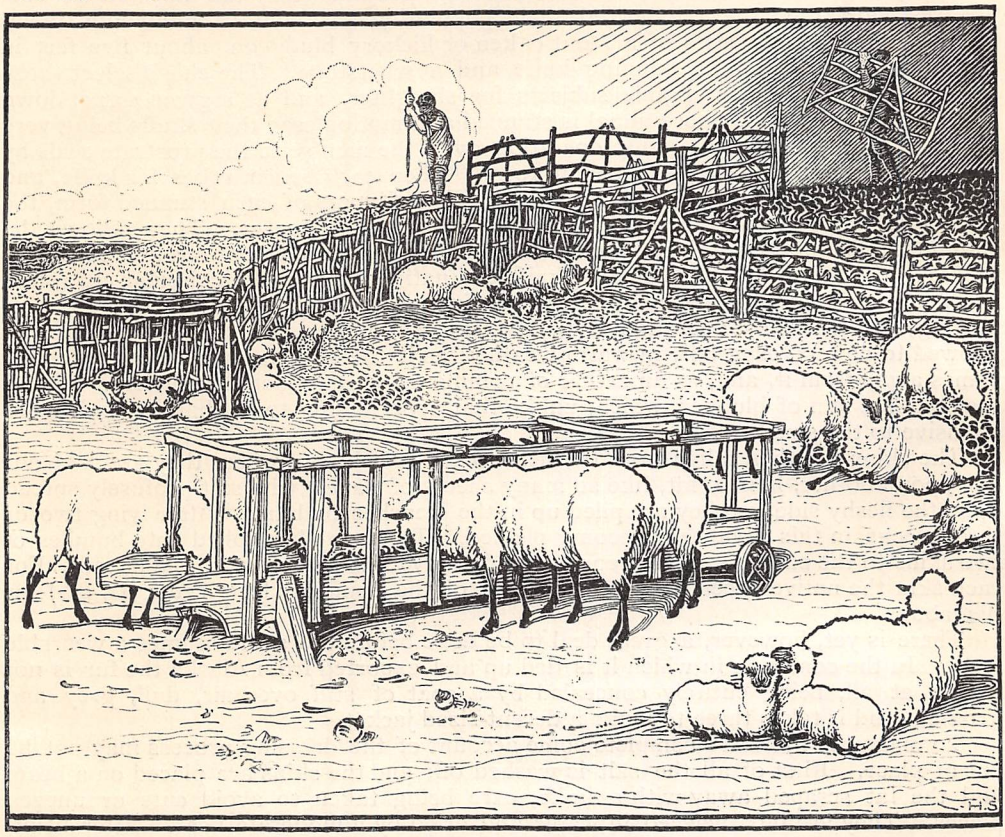
There is yet, however, a great deal to be done before the skin assumes a wearable form. In the condition in which it is tied up and exported from Alaska the fur is not visible at all, being entirely concealed by a coat of stiff overhair, dull, grey and grizzled, and it takes three to make a decent-sized jacket.

To make the narrative complete some account of the dressing process may not be out of place. First of all the salt is washed off, and the skins are placed on a beam and the fat scraped away with a knife, care being taken to avoid cuts or uneven places. They are next washed in water and dried by a moderate heat. After being dried they are again soaked in water and thoroughly cleansed with soap, after this they pass to the picker who dries the fur by stove heat, the pelt being kept moist. The skin is then replaced on a beam, and with a dull shoe knife the long hair is plucked out. Finer hairs are then extracted with another knife. The skins are next shaved to a fine even surface; they are then stretched, worked, and dried, and afterwards put in a tub and trodden on to make them pliable. Various dyes are then applied till the requisite hue is obtained, from eight to twelve coats, laid on with a brush, being necessary to make a good colour. They are again shaved, and made up into those delightful articles of apparel which gladden the hearts of our female folk.

In bringing this brief sketch to a conclusion it is only right that I should acknowledge my indebtedness for much that it contains to the admirable monograph on the subject by Mr. H. W. Elliott, of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, whose two years experiences in the Pribylov Islands are so graphically recorded in the Reports of the Fishery Commission of the United States.

The *labours of* THE·XII·MONTHS
set out in NEW PICTURES & OLD PROVERBS

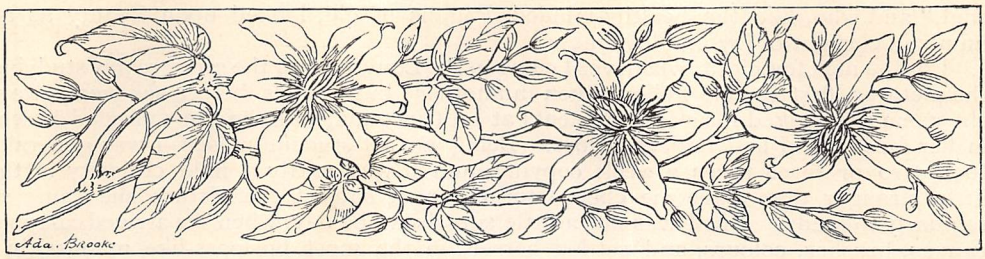
WISE SHEPHERDS *say that the age of man is* LXXII *years and that we liken but to one hole yeare for evermore we take six yeares to every month as* JANUARY *or* FEBRUARY *and so forth, for as the yeare changeth by the twelve months, into twelve sundry manners so doth a man change himself, twelve times in his life by twelve ages, and every age lasteth six yeare if so be that he live to* LXXII. *For three times six maketh eighteen & six times six maketh* XXXVI *And then is man at the best and also at the highest and twelve times six maketh* LXXII *& that is the age of a man.*



APRIL

Then cometh APRIL, *that the earth and the trees is covered in greene and flowers and in every part goods increaseth abundantly, then cometh the child to gather the sweet flowers of hardinesse, but then beware that the cold winds and storms of vices beat not down the flowers of good manners, that he should bring man to honour, for then he is* XXIIII *years old.*

— When APRIL blows his horn,
'Tis good for both, hay & corn.
— An APRIL flood carries away the frog & her brood.
— March borrowed 3 days of APRIL & they were ill
The 1st was sleet the 2d snow the 3d was the worst day that blew.
— Plant your taturs when you will, never did
They won't come up before APRIL. blow.
— When the cuckoo comes to the bare thorn, sell ye cow & buy you corn.
But when she comes to the full bit, sell ye corn & buy you sheep.



MORISED.

By the MARCHIONESS OF CARMARTHEN.

I.

SHE came there day after day, week after week, all through the winter and early spring ; a small, solitary figure, with something plaintive in the childish face and eyes that made me think of a little brown linnet imprisoned in the narrow street of a city, far from its native green fields and hedgerows.

When first she came, one chilly day in December, I was struck by the air of freshness and health she brought with her, like the breath of sea-breezes blown into a sunless and stuffy town. One was so used to the ordinary run of visitors to the Louvre, that it was a relief to watch the absorbed excitement with which this little country girl feasted upon the beauties of art spread out around her. The first day she came, she seemed bewildered with delight. Judging by the astonishment with which she paused in the middle of the gallery, looking round first on one side, then on the other, one would have said that she had never seen a picture before in her life. But her next action was worthy of any student of Murray or Baedeker. She glanced quickly round the walls, then, having found the number she sought, came straight as a die close to where I was working, and planted herself before Da Vinci's famous portrait of Monna Lisa.

It had been one of my amusements for the last three weeks to look out for that inexplicable little weakness of poor human nature, which makes us so mortally afraid of confessing our inability to admire or understand something which, according to the world's verdict, we are expected to fall down before and worship. I had a sneaking satisfaction in spying upon this common failing, and from my position close to La Gioconda I had plenty of opportunities. Cook's tourists, artistic young men, enthusiasts of all ages—I knew by their faces what to expect; the little flutter of anticipation, the extravagant interest, then the blank silence of disappointment, and the obtrusively-evident mark of approbation pencilled on the margin of the guide book.

But there was no affectation in the little country girl. When she found herself close to the picture, she gave a low exclamation of satisfaction, as though she had at last found something she had been looking for with heart and soul, and that she expected to be all-satisfying.

I waited for the disillusion. It was inevitable, and it came quickly. First, a puzzled scrutiny, as if by fathoming below the surface of the picture she could see what she had hoped to find, then a little sigh of disappointment and self-confessed failure.

It was not likely that an unsophisticated child of the fields should be able to appreciate all the profound wonder of La Gioconda. How should she? The fascinations of Monna Lisa appeal not to the senses, but to the intellect and imagination. Hers is not the voluptuous charm of soft cheeks and shining eyes. "It is a beauty wrought from within upon the flesh. Beauty into which the soul with all its maladies has passed." How could it touch any responsive chord in the ignorant heart of a child who did not know of the existence of such incongruities as "maladies of the

soul," and who, like the healthy-minded Pagans of old, looked upon Beauty as an unmixed element of joy and loveliness?

For the next fortnight, whenever I came to the Louvre I saw the girl, gravely studying the pictures, first in one gallery, then in another; but always, before she went away, she came and looked for a few moments at La Gioconda, with the same puzzled dissent in her face that I had noticed before. Being an art-student myself I was generally there two or three times a week copying, and it was partly a mild curiosity in the little stranger that made me choose for my next subject the picture she came so regularly to study. But I was not a little surprised one day, when she arrived carrying canvas, brushes, colours, and settled herself, in the most business-like manner, in a vacant place opposite La Gioconda, with the evident intention of trying her prentice hand on nothing less than one of the finest pictures in the world.

An old woman accompanied her, wearing the quaintest of high white caps like a square sugar-bag, and a bright-coloured petticoat that made her a conspicuous object, decidedly out of place in so civilized a portion of the globe as Paris. She had assumed an air of studied contempt, as she scanned, with scathing eyes, the picture her charge had selected for her work.

"So!" she ejaculated at last: "this is what we have come all the way to Paris to see? It was not worth the trouble."

"Perhaps it is because we do not understand, Annaik," replied the girl. "He told me it was a test of one's love of Art and Beauty. But it is true that there are many other pictures here that I like much, much better. There are some by a painter called Andrea del Sarto, who came from Italy: you will say it was worth coming to see them. He has painted the Holy Virgin like an angel from Paradise, so real that one would say she was alive. It was from Italy that all the great painters came."

Annaik tossed her head. "Bah! I dare say Italy is no better than Brittany, if it comes to that. If these artists want beauty let them come to Cornouaille, or the Pays de Vannes, and they will find enough to keep them busy till the good time comes for them to go to Paradise," she grumbled. "Here in Paris there is as much beauty as in a Reliquary; and for my part, I would as soon sit amongst dead bones as fight my way in such a crowd as one finds in these streets that stretch on and on into eternity, without a breath of fresh air or sunlight from end to end."

The girl nodded her head. "Yes, there is not much sunlight. But there are these wonderful pictures, and all the work of man's intellect and heart, Annaik. It must be more beautiful than a country life that is the same day after day, and where no one cares for anything but the harvests and the fishing seasons?"

"That may be. But if you like to sit here all day painting a face with evil eyes like the Korrigan, may the Virgin protect you, Morised. It is a snare of the wicked one for men's souls, that's what I say."

"Then the sooner you fly from it the better. Good-bye, Annaik. Don't forget to come for me this afternoon."

"Well, well. *Dieu te benisse, Morised.* You've need of a blessing here amongst all these painted images," said Annaik, with a last sniff of disapprobation as she turned her back on the condemned Monna Lisa, against whose mysterious gaze she felt half inclined to make the sign of the cross to guard herself from the "evil eye."

Things were making themselves clear to me. Her name was Morised: she had left the wilds of Brittany to seek the Beautiful amongst the refinements of Paris. Good luck to her in the pursuit. Is it not to be found in the glorious mystifications of Leonardo, the tender perfection of Raphael, the rich life of Giorgione? Or is it something more than a poetic dream that assigns it to the Spirit of the Universe, the omnipresent, eternal life in sea and forest, and the ever-varying play of light and shadow over heaven-touched hills and wide moorland?

Who shall decide in the case of Art *v.* Nature, in a century like ours? Not a little country-girl suddenly transported into the galleries of the Louvre: a little field-flower sent to languish in a hot-house amongst rare and luscious exotics.

I soon saw that Morised would not make her fortune as a copyist. She toiled away with praiseworthy assiduity; but though she certainly had some genius, it was the rank, untaught genius that, under a vivid surface-likeness, constructs a purely ideal anatomy in which the "human form divine" loses half its bone and all its muscle. It

was not for her to unravel the mystery of those Sphinx-like eyes and lips. Time after time she blundered and repainted. It would not come. At last, one day, she flung down her brush with a gesture of despair, and catching my eyes fixed upon her with interested sympathy, exclaimed suddenly, with smothered anger, "Ah! Is she not abominable?"

"She is impossible," I answered, glad of an excuse to speak. "I have tried her myself and been miserably baffled. Why do you not leave her?"

"They told me all beauty was expressed in her. I did not see it: I could not understand it," she said, looking wistfully at the picture. "You know I want to be an artist. I thought nothing could help me more than to learn every line of her face by heart, so I have tried, and tried, and tried to copy it. But it is impossible. Her eyes seem to go through me. They haunt me. I want to understand them, and yet I am afraid of what they will teach. It frightens me to think that perhaps some day I shall know their meaning, and never be able to forget it. Do *you* understand?"

"Not quite. Like you, I am afraid of the knowledge. But, if you will let me advise you, I think I can show you pictures that will help you more than this."

"Oh, thank you, monsieur. Are you an artist?"

"I am an artizan—a mechanic. That is, I copy pictures for my bread and butter. And you? You are not a Parisienne?"

"No," she said triumphantly, "I am a Bretonne."

Had she said Empress of all the Russias she could not have spoken with greater pride and dignity. I felt almost ashamed of being only a Parisian, in presence of such superiority.

"Ah, I do not know Brittany," I answered; "but I have heard of its charms. Are you as fond of it as all Bretons are said to be?"

"I love it. I adore it," she said passionately.

"Why did you leave it?" I asked, after a pause.

"I will tell you," she said confidentially, nodding her head with a sort of restrained eagerness. "I have a friend,"—she blushed a little, then went on—"I have a friend who taught me what a dreary thing life would be without books, and art, and beauty. Before that I knew nothing and no one, except the peasants, and after I had read—you do not know how I read, monsieur; sometimes all through the summer nights until the sunrise—after that they could no longer be my companions. There was no one who could talk to me or understand. And he said I ought to be an artist, and that I had a talent for drawing. At home there are no books, nor beautiful things like there are in the great world. So I have come here to work, and learn, and live a larger life."

"You left Brittany to look for Beauty, as you call it, in Paris? Do you really think it is more likely to be found here?"

She looked at me with startled wonder, as though the question was new to her, and full of vague possibilities of future disappointments, and regrets. I did not wish to hurry on the inevitable disillusion, so I hastily changed the subject, and asked her if she could show me any original drawings.

"Oh, yes. I always keep some with me to show him—I mean, to show any one who might ask me. It is not very easy to get on in this great big Paris without help. But no one has spoken to me until to-day. There! Will you tell me the truth, monsieur? Do you think I shall ever be an artist?"

She had opened a large portfolio, and tumbled out a number of drawings and sketches at my feet, eagerly watching my face as I examined them. They were clever, decidedly clever for one who had had little or no training. In certain bits of landscape there was an insight and fidelity that spoke volumes of the unconscious communion with nature which, until now, had made up to her for lack of human friendship. But she was not destined to be an artist.

I made a few hurried remarks on this sketch and that, to avoid answering her question, feeling all the while that those eager dark eyes had read my reply, and that humbug was waste of breath. Her face fell, and though she spoke bravely, there was a little quiver in her voice.

"You do not think so?" she said quietly. "I see it in your face. I think I have known it, too, ever since I first came to the Louvre, only I have not confessed it to myself."

"You will not give it up, mademoiselle? You have talent; and it is so few of us who can rise to the first rank."

"No, I will not give it up yet. I have a friend in Paris,"—she blushed again at this—"I will wait until he comes back."

So Beauty was not the only thing Morised had come to Paris to seek. Would the other object of her search be more attainable? I doubted it. It transpired, in the course of our conversations, that "the friend," who was to have helped her, had left Paris, to return "some day," a day of great and glorious portent to Morised.

I left Paris for some weeks in the spring, having alienated Morised from La Gioconda and set her to work on charcoal copies of less complicated subjects.

When I returned from my holiday I found her still patiently plodding away. But "hope deferred" had told on her. She had lost her freshness and grown thin and pale, with the wistfulness in her eyes intensified into actual longing and home-sickness, as if the sedentary monotony of town life were taking her youth out of her, physically and mentally.

I reproached her for her wan looks, recommending her to leave her work, and spend the bright spring days in the Bois de Boulogne with her old duenna. It might be a poor substitute for that marvellous "Bas Bretagne" of hers; but still there were trees bursting into bud, and warm sunshine tinting the delicate green of young leaves.

"No, no; I cannot, I dare not," she said listlessly. "It would be too much for me. Now, in the spring weather—when I know what it is like at home, in Cornouaille—I should feel I must go back to see it all once more."

"And why not?" I could not help saying. "What is there to keep you here? I should go if I were you."

"I must wait," she answered resolutely; "I must wait—"

She broke off suddenly, with a little catch in her breath that was almost like a sob of delight.

Her eyes, which had been roaming restlessly over the crowded gallery, were fixed on some object not far from where we stood. Her whole face and attitude were full of radiant expectation and hope fulfilled. Her "friend" had come for her at last.

I knew what the end would be, simply because I knew Gervaise Dreyfus. And yet, seeing that eager little face with its passionate eyes hanging upon his movements, for a moment I hoped that for once I might be mistaken in him, and I drew back that the meeting might be between those two alone.

He came straight towards her with that light-hearted "conquering and to conquer" air of his; came and passed her by without a glance of recognition, absolutely and deliberately shattering a dream that he had himself nursed and fanned into existence.

It was all over in a few minutes; and then through the long gallery, with its throng of sightseers, rang a girl's voice, broken with sobs:

"Gervaise, Gervaise! Have you forgotten me?"

II.

From a little Breton church the Angelus was chiming, clear and resonant, over the yellow cornfields. In the deep blue of the luminous sky the harvest moon hung its slender, red-tinged bow, and against this quietly shining autumn twilight rose a sharply curved hillock, along which a troop of gleaners were walking, their stalwart forms cut out in bold relief, and their gay costumes making a glow of colour against the dark-blue sky.

A girl of seventeen, perched on the top of a rude Celtic stone, with her feet propped on a lower one, was the only observer of the little scene. A large sheet of coarse paper rested on her knees, over which she bent her head with an appearance of most eager interest. By her side was some dirty water in a chipped cup, and a box of common water-colours, with which she was painting with a feverish haste that, if rapidity makes a master, argued her an artist of the first mark. She did not look quite like a peasant. Her white linen chemisette covered a soft fair neck, and arms that still showed the thin angularities of girlhood; and the coarse, blue-green skirt was short and plain enough to show that her limbs were small and delicate, without the muscular wiriness common to the native peasant.

She was very intent on her work, dashing in bright reds and crude greens with

happy indifference to the laws of chiaroscuro, and far too much absorbed in her ambitious efforts to notice that a man, in priest's cassock, had quietly joined her and, with a smile of half-pitying indulgence, was looking over her shoulder at her orange sunset, and the confused, shapeless figures of her reapers.

Presently he laid his hand on her shoulder; and turning round with a start, she put her hands over her painting with guilty shyness.

"I have been trying to paint, uncle. But you must not look," she said apologetically. "It is execrable. Every minute the light changes; the sky is never the same for two minutes: never. I have been painting as fast as I can; but it is not possible to catch the colours of the sunset. A short time ago the west was like the Gloire de Dijon in front of my windows, and now, only look, it is gray and silvery; there is no colour anywhere. What can one do?"

"And the peasants?" said the priest. "Has Marrianic got an arm that length? It is no wonder they say she works well at the harvest."

Morised looked a little ruefully at her despised painting, but not without the secret hope, felt by all amateurs, that somewhere in the daubs might be discovered a stroke of genius.

"Is it so very bad, uncle? You see I had to do it quickly. It might have been better, if I had had more time."

"It could never have been worth comparison with the actual scene," answered the priest, not very graciously. "The finest work of art is only a vain imitation of Nature."

The girl gave a little sigh, and climbing down from her perch gathered together her paints and brushes.

"But you are not angry?" she asked, still glancing with secret fondness at her picture. "You know, my uncle, Monsieur Gervaise told me that perhaps, if I work very hard, some day I may be able to paint as he does. You would not mind then? Not if I become a real artist?"

"Monsieur Gervaise fills your head with false ideas," said the priest coldly. "What is this beauty you hunger after, compared with the beauty of self-sacrifice, of sanctity, of redeeming other souls from darkness to something higher than the graven images that are mere symbols of the hollow delights of the world?"

They had left the cornfield, and as he walked with long rapid strides down the stone-paved *fossé* that led to the village, the girl had to quicken her steps almost to a run to keep pace with him. She knew it was a sign of mental excitement with him. The subject was one which, though they seldom discussed it, had stolen in between them of late, and set them morally at war with each other. He was a priest; what could he know or understand of what other men and women longed and cared for? There were other things in the world besides prayer and fasting, self-denial and sanctity, things of which he, in his grave asceticism, could form no conception, but which Morised had already begun to dream about and covet.

Since her earliest childhood, Monsieur le Recteur of Avvalek, a remote village in Brittany, had set himself the task of bringing up his orphan niece, Morised, to be a priest's ideal woman,—a saint, pure, self-denying, charitable, devout, with only enough of the human being in her to give her a ready sympathy with the ills of her fellow creatures. Morised seemed peculiarly fitted for such a vocation. She was gentle, tender-hearted, and unselfish, wrapped up in the small, monotonous interests of the peasantry, with whom she lived almost as one of themselves, only raised above them by right of her connection with the Recteur, and by a certain undefinable superiority of mind and manners.

But if M. le Recteur taught her to be good, he could not teach her to be austere. He could not prevent her from revelling in sunshine and flowers, in the beauties of her Breton home, with its golden cornfields, its gorse-covered *landes*, and savage sea-coasts. She was born with that rare, keen sense of beauty that no power on earth can stifle—a sense that, though it was distinctly worldly, had, for want of other outlets, lent its ardour to the pure and religious ideals held up before her by her uncle.

Nothing was wanting to make her happy. And so, it being a universal law that no sooner is happiness found than it flees, a new element must needs come into her existence; a young, bright, most unspiritual element, that brought with it an insight into all that her uncle had withheld from her, Art, Intellect, Love, Beauty. The bearer of these good things was a young artist from Paris. He had taken lodgings

for the summer in Mère Barbaik's house, whose garden joined on to the gay little patch where Morised Morel grew and tended her rose-trees, and it was not likely that a three foot hedge would long keep Gervaise Dreyfus separated from anything so young and pretty, and so well worthy of an artist's attention as the little Breton girl. Before the end of the week Morised had undertaken to show him the prettiest views in the neighbourhood, in exchange for which he promised to teach her the secrets of his Art, and did his best to relieve her mind of some of its ignorance by talking to her about books and countries of which she had never even heard. It seemed to Morised that until now she had been but half alive, the better part of her nature wrapt in heavy sleep, and only now awakening to the true interests of life. Her uncle had done his best to crush the instincts of the student and artist that were inborn in her, bound to assert themselves on the very first encouragement. Fifteen years of repressive narrowness were powerless against such a coincidence as the advent in her life of a man like Gervaise Dreyfus.

He had come to Brittany to study landscape. But he soon discovered that he was dreadfully bored by beauty in Nature, and that his talents confined themselves to the "Human form divine" as seen, shaped by Parisian dressmakers, in the gay streets of Paris. It required great strength of mind to remain two whole months at such a dead-alive place as Avvalek, and it is to be doubted whether he would have submitted to it, if he had not found a task, thoroughly congenial to him, in enlarging Morised's unsophisticated mind and developing her latent artistic tastes.

One day she brought him a heap of papers, flying away from him before he had time to question her as to what they were. They turned out to be a quantity of drawings—chiefly copied from mystical illustrations of such religious lore as she was allowed to read, with a few rude attempts at studies from Nature. Evidently she had a natural turn for drawing, and an eye for colour, and Gervaise jumped to the conclusion that he had discovered an untaught genius whom it would be well worth his while to cultivate.

So it happened that Morised's ideal was no longer to be a Sister of Mercy, but a famous artist whose life was given up to a search after beauty instead of devoted to the service of humanity. With Gervaise for tutor, she worked like a slave at her painting and books. She dreamed vaguely of Rome and Paris, but still found her daily interests in the cottages of the peasants and sailors, helping her uncle in his work as if there was no world worth speaking of beyond the boundaries of her beloved Brittany. For two years after his first visit to Avvalek Gervaise Dreyfus kept her supplied with books, which she pored over at night, by moonlight in summer, or when the first rays of dawn brought a gleam of light into her room at early morning; whilst every spare moment in the day was given to drawing and painting on the lines pointed out to her by Gervaise.

Thus when, two years later, he came again to see how his little pupil was progressing, he found that she had completely raised herself above the ignorant peasant girl she had been when he first saw her. She was not going to be a Rosa Bonheur. She had talent, but not genius; vague and passionate aspirations without a possibility of seeing them realized. Her love of beauty in any and every form had become a second religion; there was something touching in the intensity of her enthusiasm, in her craving for a larger sphere where she might develop all the artistic and intellectual capabilities that in some dim way were spoiling for her the old, happy life, when an unthinking fervour joined to an equally unthinking appreciation of natural beauties, and a keen interest in the humdrum little human world around her had made up the sum of her delights. Now, a little knowledge implanted and fostered by one who talked grandiloquently of the glory of Intellect, and the triumphs of Mind over Matter, had lost for her the freshness of a healthy ignorance and given her the germs of that restless wonder and yearning which is one of the morbid signs of modern civilization.

Gervaise had not meant to stay long in Avvalek a second time. But somehow it was not easy to say Good-bye to Morised. She had grown very pretty, and her enthusiasm made her interesting. When she told him wild Breton legends, or chanted her old weird songs and ballads he thought her charming; and as he happened to be heart-free at the moment it was the easiest thing in the world to let friendship drift towards courtship.

As for Morised, her mind was more than ever filled with dreams of Rome and

Paris with their wonderful works of art, their wonderful intellectual life; Gervaise told her that it was in such things only that the highest beauty could be found: not in lonely seashores and the melancholy loveliness of Breton scenery; and it seemed to her that if she could but find her way into the great world all she longed for would be there, waiting for her to stretch out her hand to take it.

Thus it was that M. le Recteur's admonitions fell on deaf ears. In all else she would bow to his wisdom and goodness. But on the subject of beauty and love—no. Had he not voluntarily cast such things from him years ago, before she was born? Perhaps he was less ignorant than she imagined. Perhaps, as they walked home that summer evening along the narrow stone-paved lane, he understood better than she did that his endeavours had been in vain, and that nothing now could root out from her nature that passionate love of beauty bequeathed to her by her mother.

He did not expostulate with her again, and neither spoke until they were nearly home. Their little house stood at one end of the small straggling village, and halfway down the ill-paved street M. le Recteur paused before a poverty-stricken, one-windowed cottage, or cabin, and laid his hand on the girl's shoulder. She was looking down the street to where she could see Gervaise Dreyfus leaning over the wooden palings of Mère Barbaik's garden. He was going away next day, and she much wished to speak with him again before he went.

"Old Mathurin is worse to-day, they tell me," began her uncle, slowly. "I must go in and speak to him. I shall not be home until late: do not wait supper for me."

His voice was grave and full of meaning. Generally she was ready enough to go with him; but just now her heart failed her. The old familiar scene—Nona's endless account of her Mathurin's illness, the tiny gossip about the neighbours, the comfortless interior, with its dirt and squalor—all this suddenly flashed across her mind, not to be borne now only, but for ever, all her youth, her womanhood, her old age—a life narrow and sordid, without one human being who could speak to her of the things she loved.

Her eyes fell, and without another word her uncle released her, standing for a moment to watch her as she hurried on to meet her friend.

The young man opened the gate, and called to her to join him. If there was something of patronage in his words, it was condoned by the pleasant tone of his voice, and the kindest of blue eyes, so that Morised obeyed, feeling as if the favour was all on her side.

"I was afraid you were going with M. le Recteur," began Gervaise; "and I wanted to have a little talk with you. What have we here?" he added, drawing the sketch from under her arm, and spreading it out on his knees with an air of serious criticism, "Ah! very good—very good indeed. You have really made extraordinary progress, Morised. You will not give it all up, after I have gone?"

"I cannot tell," she answered, shaking her head despondently. "No one here cares for it. My uncle says it is wrong. . . the greatest of follies. Perhaps it would have been better if you had never taught me anything about it."

"It would have made no difference: it is in your nature, my little Morised. Why, see here. Did you ever see such an abnormally large 'beauty bump' on any hand before? I never did."

She was blushing a little, but did not try to remove her hand. "Will you ever come back, Monsieur Gervaise?" she asked rather wistfully.

"Of course I will," he exclaimed cheerily; "Why I mean to come back and marry you.' You know that as well as I. . . . Unless you come to Paris—better still. What do you say to that, Morised?"

She did not *say* anything, but her eyes spoke for her, and what they said emboldened Gervaise to kiss her.

Such was the story Gervaise Dreyfus told of his friendship with Morised. By the time it was finished he had worked himself into quite a fresh access of love; but he was too selfish, too volatile, to like the idea of being encumbered with a wife.

"Some day, of course!" he said, "but not yet. Morised was happy enough in Brittany. Why could not she wait there till I am ready to fetch her?"

"It is your fault!" I answered. "You have spoiled her for her old pleasures. How can you expect her to feel satisfied with a life spent amongst the most illiterate

of hard-working peasants, after you have gone out of your way to awake her mind to the highest intellectual interests? She would die for want of sympathy."

"Not she. Women are born to lead small lives," said Gervaise carelessly; "I have only enlivened two years of a most monotonous existence. If she will only be patient."

"Where? In Brittany, starving her mind? Or in Paris, forlorn and home-sick? You want her to wait until she has lost youth and good-looks, and you have grown tired of her. It is a most noble scheme, I congratulate you upon it."

"What a brute I am," cried Gervaise, with a sudden revulsion of feeling. "Come, Robert. Let's go to her. I will make it all right with her. We will talk it over with her and see what happens. Perhaps she will have seen the folly of it all by this time If not. . . . Well! after all, she is delicious, with her old-world gravity and enthusiasm; there is a freshness about it that does one good. I did not mean to do her any harm. It was all in her before, I only happened to stir it to life. But don't let us waste time," he added, springing up, "I am quite longing to see her again to make up to her for my brutality yesterday."

In the course of my conversation with Morised I had learnt where she and her old nurse lived, and was able to take Gervaise there as soon as he liked. We guessed that she would be at home: do not women always weep out their troubles in their own rooms?

We were right in our conjecture. When we had mounted half-way up the narrow wooden stairs of a poor lodging-house in an out-of-the-way street of the *Quartier Latin*, we found the door of her room open, so that we could see into it, and take in her surroundings before she knew of our coming. It was a bare and comfortless place enough, destitute of everything but actual necessities, except that the table in the middle of the room was strewn with books and drawings, touchingly suggestive of the girl's strenuous efforts to force on her own intellectual and artistic development. The old Breton servant sat knitting in a corner, pausing now and again to look at her young mistress with a distressed shake of the head. The one window was flung open to its utmost: near to it sat Morised gazing dreamily at a sketch lying before her on an easel. It represented some labourers crossing a cornfield, and in the background a crimson sun setting over low distant hills. The workmanship was crude in the extreme: yet there was a nameless charm about it that carried one's thoughts to fresh fields, and sea-breezes; it spoke to her of Brittany, and so she loved it. She was chanting some curious old song, in a low, droning minor key. Gervaise signed to me to listen.

"J'avais oui chanter un oiseau qui chantait si bien, si doucement!
Dors donc, mon enfant, mon enfant: dors donc, enfant, dors.
Qui chantait si bien, si doucement, plus doucement que l'eau qui coule.
Dors donc, mon enfant, mon enfant; dors donc, enfant, dors."

Gervaise made a step forward: for the moment his face was full of generosity and pity: the well-known song had recalled memories that could not be hurriedly thrust aside.

"Morised, my little friend," he said suddenly: "Are you not going to welcome me?"

At the sound of his voice she sprang to her feet, a flush of delight spreading over her pale face, and the next moment she was in his outstretched arms, sobbing out:

"I *knew* you would come, Gervaise. I *knew* it must have been a mistake."

III.

A year has passed since then; and still Gervaise Dreyfus and Morised Morel remain unmarried. Month after month Gervaise has put off the fatal event, with one weak excuse after another: and month after month Morised has accepted his decree with a dogged patience that has in it something of suppressed passion. She has been working steadily to raise herself to his level, burning the midnight oil over her books like any scholar, always with the hope before her that some day she would understand what he had meant by all he had told her about that ever-fleeting Beauty. If it came to her in no other way, woman-like, she believed that it would come to her with his love,—most vain and impotent conclusion of all. Gervaise's love was much too human a feeling to deserve such confidence: it was good enough for all ordinary purposes,

but he was too philosophical to dream of letting it interfere in any way with his freedom and happiness. He honestly meant to marry her when he could find no more excuses for putting it off: in the meantime it never struck him that by gradually destroying all Morised's faith in him he was making future happiness and sympathy impossible between them.

Already, about Springtime, I noticed a change in her. There was something half defiant, half distrustful in her manner, as if she suspected every one of wishing to conceal something from her, which was the natural result of a puritanical innocence brought suddenly into a world where every instinct of refinement seemed to be rooted out of society, and where laxity of thought in both religion and morals came face to face with her on every side.

She still came now and again to copy in the Louvre: she could not quite give up the old dream that some day she might be an artist. But she worked without spirit, continually leaving her place and wandering restlessly through the galleries, seeking out every picture that could possibly recall country scenes to her, and showing in every line of her face a disdainful want of satisfaction with painted imitations of the inimitable.

"We don't have sea and rocks like *that* in Brittany," she remarked drily, when I found her one day gazing at the blue prettiness of a Claude.

"But it is not meant for Brittany," I said, feeling that I must stand up for art. "Perhaps Nature is like that in Italy—blue skies, blue seas, and perpetual light."

"I do not believe in Italy," said the girl slowly. "They told me all those wonderful things about Paris too. But it is not true. There is no beauty here—not in art, not in life, not in anything—and it is even worse than that. It makes it impossible to find it anywhere else, even if it is there—impossible even to dream about it, because one knows that the spirit of it has been taken out of one's self."

"Come, not so bad as that. You must not let yourself become morbid," I remonstrated. "Some people find it, I suppose."

"Not if they look for it in the world. See, monsieur, I will make it plain to you. It is like this. When I lived at home, I had my hills and my valleys and my woods, and I believed in goodness and love. But now it is different. One must have more than Nature—more than dreams. If I go back to Brittany I shall have only part of myself to give to Nature—the rest of me will be longing for other things, for knowledge and love such as they told me I should find here, and which I cannot find because they do not exist. It is all quite clear to me now."

She spoke with quiet conviction, slowly beating the palm of one hand with her fingers as if to add force to her words. She looked deplorably ill. It was easy to see that she was suffering from one of the most irresistible of mental maladies—home-sickness—a malady that for her was incurable. As she had said, were she to go back now to the old unthinking, peaceful life, mind and heart would starve for want of human sympathy. The best advice I could have given her would have been to give up preserving such an useless thing as a heart altogether; but as I knew such advice would not be followed, I suggested instead that we should give up work for to-day and try to get some fresh air. On the way out we passed under La Gioconda. Morised glanced up at it for a moment, then turned to me.

"I understand her now," she said. "But I do not like her any better. I hate her."

When Morised showed Breton prejudice, Breton temper, it was no use arguing with her. Gervaise ought to have tamed her more before he rashly promised to make her his wife. I hoped for his sake, that she would never say she hated him with the same decision with which she had condemned Monna Lisa.

When we went out into the street, I ventured to ask if the marriage was still coming off next month, and, to my surprise, she answered in the affirmative.

"That is good news," I said, wondering that she took it so calmly. "Perhaps Gervaise will take you to Brittany for your wedding-tour. You ought to go to see your uncle."

"Gervaise does not like the country. He says he is never happy away from Paris," answered Morised. "And besides that, it would be so great an expense."

"Well, you will have the pleasure of making your new home comfortable. Newly married couples are happy wherever they are."

She made no answer; but hurried on, her eyes fixed in front of her, yet seeing nothing.

Suddenly she came to a standstill, and faced me with a strange look of fear and appeal.

"I do not understand myself," she whispered, "I am so weak; I am afraid of myself. You know how I have longed for it. Yet, now that it is so close, and he makes no more reasons to put it off, I am terrified—terrified. I do not feel as if my love were great enough to bear the dulness and monotony of it all. The great, great dulness—and so little love to make up for it."

"I know what you mean," I answered, rather taken aback at being made the recipient of such confidences. "But you ought not to say such things. It is unfair to Gervaise."

"I know. I know. He is very kind. But it will be so different for him," she went on, heedless of my reproof. "He will still have his outside life, his outside interests—all he wishes for. Whilst I shall be at home alone, getting the meals ready—stifling for want of air."

She broke off, laughing at her own complaints, but tears were not very far below the surface, and though we turned the matter into a joke, I could not forget what she had said.

It is folly to marry at all, but if once the step is decided on the sooner it is over the better. That year of waiting had chilled Morised—taken the zest out of her hopes for ever. Gervaise, now that the time had come found it pleasanter than he had expected. After all he need give up none of his former amusements, and it would be very comfortable to have a dear little thing waiting for him at home, to be loved when he had time to spare for her. What more could she want from him than that?

So the days flew past, until we were within a week of the wedding. I had not seen Morised lately, and the recollection of our last conversation together made me vaguely uneasy. I tried one day when Gervaise was talking to me of his coming marriage to persuade him to take her to Brittany. But he let me see that he had no intention of pandering to Morised's little "prejudices" as he called them.

"If once she goes back she will be more home-sick than ever," he objected. "She will soon get over it if we leave her alone. I foresee that she will make a model wife. She is too proud to make a fuss over trifles, and if she lets me have my own way a little we shall be as happy as possible."

"I expect you will want your own way more than a *little*," I said ironically. "But you speak like a philosopher, my friend. You have found out the true secret of living—*Fais ce que je veux*—and one must admit that you carry it out to perfection."

Gervaise laughed good-temperedly, as he always did if one tried to be disagreeable to him, but as he was bored with me whenever I began to moralize on the subject of his marriage, he soon left me for more sympathetic company, leaving me to congratulate myself that I had left love and marriage behind me at least fifteen years ago.

Outside there was a dull drizzle of rain, blurring the windows, and turning the streets into one long wet puddle. It was not the day to expect friends. But presently there came a low knock at the door, shy and timid; and before I had left off wondering who my lady visitor could be, Morised stood by my side. She was very pale, the rain had soaked her little blue serge frock, and though the day was sultry, the hand she held out to me was cold as marble. She carried a portfolio, and one or two books which she laid on the table beside me.

"I have brought these to you," she began gently. "You once said they interested you. And also one or two of the drawings you have praised; I should like you to have them. You have been very kind to me."

"Thank you. Of course I like to have them." I answered, pretending to notice nothing else. "How wet you are, Morised. Let me give you a cup of real English tea to warm you."

"No, thank you, monsieur. I am in a hurry, I must not stay. I only came to say good-bye to you, and to thank you."

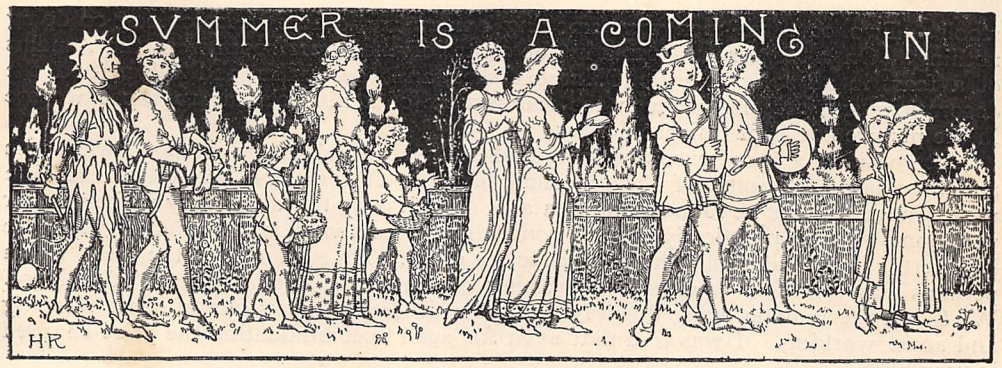
"Good-bye?" I echoed. "It need not be that. I shall see you again as Madame Dreyfus."

She did not answer at once, but moved to the door, and opened it before she spoke, perhaps to show me that no remonstrances of mine could change her. But she need not have feared. There was something in the steadfast eyes and mouth that showed that she had made her choice once and for all.

"I shall never be Madame Dreyfus," she said quietly, with just the faintest quiver of the lips. "I am going back to Brittany."

A GREEK WATER-CARRIER.

ENGRAVED BY H. FITZNER DAVEY, FROM A DRAWING BY J. FINNEMORE.



TRANSATLANTIC TRIFLES.

By SIR JULIAN GOLDSMID, BART., M.P.

TRAVELLING in North America presents many novelties. In hotels the system with regard to board is like the continental one in a *pension*. You usually pay four or five dollars a day for room and food, but in some places you are asked on arriving whether you wish to be accommodated on the American or European plan. If you choose the latter, you go to a separate restaurant in the hotel and pay for your food at the time. The food *en pension* means three substantial meals a day. It is rare to see an American take wine or beer at his dinner or supper. He drinks water only, or tea or coffee. In the prohibition States even a stranger cannot get any spirit to drink at a meal, and at Milwaukee, celebrated for its breweries, when we asked at the station hotel for a glass of beer, the young lady attendant replied "No wine, beer, or spirits sold here."

Black men discharge a variety of domestic duties. They are not, however, always the most civil of servants, and stick to their own ideas in an uncompromising manner. On one occasion at Toronto the waiter serving at our table had gone to fetch something, so I said to a man standing close by and attending to nobody, "Will you please get the lady some milk?" To which he replied sharply and summarily, "Haven't you got a waiter at your table?" I answered humbly that I thought as he was doing nothing he might be willing to supplement the other waiter's duties in his absence, but by way of reply and as if to close the conversation he turned his back on me.

In California the Chinese do most of the household work. Some are cooks, some housemaids, while others are employed in more menial offices; but whatever may be their work they generally do it well, and all are of a saving habit and intensely clannish.

The Chinese quarter[1] at San Francisco is most interesting. According to custom we visited it under the care of an experienced guide acquainted with the district and the people. After passing along a number of narrow, stinking, underground passages, through which it would be difficult to escape in case of fire, we found ourselves on the stage of a Chinese theatre. The pit was crammed with a standing audience, and the gallery, reserved for women, full to overcrowding. The principal actor was performing the part of a lady in a highly decorated costume with his face elegantly painted. He received 5,501 dollars for a season of eight months, the odd amount being fixed as it is not considered lucky to receive an even sum in payment of services of this kind. His good things he said in a falsetto voice, indulging in a considerable amount of gesture, and he was an obvious favourite with the audience.

We next went to a restaurant built in three floors with varying entertainment for the different classes of visitors, who paid accordingly. On the upper floor was assembled a large party of men and women, engaged in various amusements. Some of the latter were playing musical instruments, others were occupied with a round game, while others again were having a private chat in the corner, sitting on round

[1] It is not known exactly how many Chinese there are in San Francisco, but I believe the number exceeds thirty thousand.

stools. Two or three men were smoking opium, and others were looking on doing nothing. On a large round table in the centre of the upper room were the remains of a feast in all sorts of little Chinese dishes, and the chairs and tables and the decorations and screens between the rooms were of a kind similar to those we see in the picture books of Chinese houses.

After visiting a Joss house and several shops, we wound up our evening's walk with an examination of some of the tenement houses. A room ten or twelve feet high would in most cases be found to have a sort of half way tier divided by perpendicular partitions, so that practically in each room there were two floors, something like the two berths in the cabin of a ship, one over the other. On each side of the floor, which perhaps was four feet square or something of that kind, lived a couple of Chinese. We found the inmates lying down in strange attitudes, some smoking, some sleeping and some working. I was told that even for such accommodation the price charged is very high.

The Chinese work to a great extent in gangs, and each gang is under the control of a head man. A gentleman who was considered one of the opponents of Chinese immigration undertook a contract involving much heavy earthwork somewhere out in the country, and for six weeks or two months he employed white labour. He had great difficulty with his men, and found that the work did not progress as fast as the contract stipulated. Moreover, all kinds of impediments were put in his way, and he had practically to make separate contracts with each workman. At last the works came to a standstill altogether. A friend advised him to give up employing white labour and to arrange with the head of a Chinese gang. He took his friend's advice, and made an arrangement with a head man involving the employment of over a thousand hands. He had only one contract to make, one price to fix for labour, and one man to pay. He had not to trouble himself as to sickness or illness amongst the workmen or to find substitutes for them ; all was provided for in the contract, which was successfully completed well within the time fixed in his agreement, so that he was able to make a considerable profit, whereas he had feared a heavy loss. This case shows the control which a head Chinaman has over the men under him, and the system upon which they work —but of course what Chinamen live upon would hardly be enough for a white man to starve upon. I was informed at one of the banks which does much business with the Chinese that their credit is excellent, and that when once a Chinaman had signed a bond, any money due was sure to be paid.

In some parts, and especially in the West, Indians are employed and do fair work ; while for the hop picking in Washington territory they are found to serve extremely well. Many of the natives paddle down in their canoes, hollowed out from a single tree, all the way from British Columbia to get their share of this season, and in going up by steamer from Tacoma to Victoria one sees many of them returning up the sound. The Indians vary very much in their willingness to work, and their willingness depends on the tribe to which they belong.

In all parts of the United States, and in Canada, the rapidity with which towns are laid out and increase in population is very striking. For instance, Tacoma now contains a population of about 30,000 people, whereas eight years ago its site was primeval forest. It has become the terminus of the Northern Pacific Railway. The company have their shops there, and a big trade has already sprung up. It is somewhat remarkable however to notice a large building which serves as a warehouse or factory next to a plot of land with the stumps of big trees still sticking out. Most new towns are laid out for a much larger population than they at present contain. The streets are placed at right angles, and are often only half built upon. Even at such a place as Winnipeg, which contains more than 25,000 inhabitants, you see great unoccupied spaces in the middle of the town. The houses are usually built at first of wood ; in which condition they are called frame houses, and remain until a fire breaks out and destroys the whole town, when they are rebuilt in brick or stone. At Seattle on Puget Sound, which is becoming a place of considerable importance, we found that half the town had been burnt some three months before, including the entire business quarter, the hotels, and nearly every store of importance. But with great rapidity they were rebuilding the whole place in a substantial manner. So great had been the demand for bricklayers, especially during the first month after the fire, that they had been able to obtain as much as six dollars a day, but when we were there the rate had fallen to about four dollars. The rate of wages is more or less regulated by the

accessibility of the place. Thus in Yellowstone Park, at the Grand Canyon, where the Northern Pacific Railway Company is building a large hotel, the carpenters come all the way from Minneapolis and St. Paul. They are lodged, fed, and paid about five dollars a day; so that a man who came with a fair stock of clothes could in the six summer months practically save the whole of his wages.

The new towns are usually remarkable for their ugliness. The Americans apparently seem to consider it unnecessary to pay any attention to the æsthetic. They are satisfied with the useful. Washington, however, is a conspicuous exception to this observation. In places like Chicago, which have grown to enormous size with great rapidity and where land is now of high value, they are erecting perhaps the loftiest and ugliest buildings in the world. There is a new block called the Auditorium, sixteen stories high, built with enormous blocks of rough hewn stone. It contains a great public hall, a big hotel, several lifts, or elevators, as they are called, and a variety of shops, but as it is opposite one of the principal lines of railway the rooms in it will be as noisy as we found those in the Richelieu a few steps lower down. Just opposite the great central post office is a building of fifteen stories standing on a very narrow piece of land, in which the object has evidently been to use every inch of space at the least cost to the builder.

Every town of any size in America is usually supplied with water and electric light and all the other requisites of civilization, including street tramways, before the authorities consider it necessary to pay attention to the paving, which is generally execrable. Broadway in New York is a remarkable example in that respect. In most cities provision has been made, by the establishment of public gardens and parks, for the proper lung space which is so desirable everywhere. At Boston the public garden is beautifully kept, and has fine flower beds and a considerable piece of water. At San Francisco there is an immense park with carpet bedding, and good grass, which is uncommon in many American towns. There are also fine trees and shrubs, and in the middle of the park is a large conservatory containing a great variety of valuable plants. At the further end stands the celebrated Cliff House, and from the terrace the sea-lions or seals may be seen disporting themselves on the big rocks standing out in the sea below.

The system of advertisement both in town and country is largely developed. Sometimes five or six miles from an important town, as you go in by rail, you see gigantic announcements painted on the stones, not of Streeter's eighteen carat gold, but of "Streeter's feet-form shoes," or of some particular cordial, or of Edwards's "giant clothing store," or other similar valuable information. The best announcement of any kind which I discovered in my tour was that opposite the principal hotel at Quebec, where in big letters I saw "Williams, Capillary and Tonsorial Artist."

The chief characteristic of America both in town and country is the rapid growth and the great size of everything, and the enormous push of the inhabitants. Every man can make his way if he is ready to do hard work, but the loafer or the idler is not appreciated anywhere. If a man goes to America and applies himself to work which he does not understand he will find it difficult to get on, as there are plenty of people ready to push him out of the way; but let a man go to work which he does understand, and in which he is prepared to give a fair day's labour for a fair day's pay, and there is no reason why he should not do very well.

There is obviously a great difference in different classes of colonists. Thus I find on farm land of the West, or of the Manitoba district of Canada, there are men who have begun with nothing, and have in the course of eight or ten years made for themselves a good home and put by a pretty store. But then they knew what they were about when they began it. Moreover, especially in Northern Canada, they must be prepared for the climate, which is severe during the long winter. In America men accommodate themselves better than Englishmen do at home to the varied difficulties of life. For instance, on the Chicago and Milwaukee line I had a couple of hours' conversation with the brakesman on our car. I found he was a man of considerable education; the son of a doctor who had been in good practice. He had inherited a fair competence, which he had lost owing to various causes. He had immediately applied for and obtained the position in which I found him, and which he had occupied for more than two years.

To go to another subject—the American habit of interviewing. Whenever a stranger of the smallest claim to a public position arrives at a place he is inter-

viewed. I had the pleasure of being interviewed several times. If I met with a good reporter, he gave a fair *résumé* of our conversation, whereas in other cases he accommodated my observations to the particular views of the paper he represented, or to the particular ideas of the town in which he lived. In one case I was asked about the strike of the dock labourers, and when my observations were published I found to my surprise that the reporter had thought it right to write about the dockyards, which made all that I said utter nonsense. In another case the reporter was good enough to call upon me two or three times, and on each occasion I happened to be out. He grew tired of his efforts, and published a paragraph without seeing me. It began in this way, "At last we have got a live English Lord. Sir Julian Goldsmid has arrived in our city," I was sorry for him, as his hopes in this respect were not realized. In one city my interviewer was a young Englishman who was fond of a roving life and had come there for a few months during which he had found an occupation on the principal paper of the place. In another I hit upon a man of unusual ability, and he gave me more information than I gave him. On the whole I found the newspaper representatives an intelligent and most polite set of men.

The use of Americanisms, or expressions peculiar to America, is not so remarkable as we imagine. There are naturally some words which are used in a sense different from ours, but it does not follow from that that they are in any way incorrect. Thus a Scotchman says the weather is soft, whilst the American says the stock market is soft. We go to the railway station and get into the railway carriage. The Yankee goes to the depot and gets into the car. We order our carriage or our trap, as the case may be. The American sends for his waggon, which in the case of one friend I found was his phaeton. Here it is clear that it is only a different development of the language, and no incorrect use of our terms. If we thought otherwise we should not deserve the epithet "bright," which in America is always intended to mean intellectually bright. For example, I was told by one gentleman who had special knowledge on the subject, that he considered in the case of the Chamberlain fishery treaty, which was rejected by the Senate, that Chamberlain and Tupper were "very bright men, in fact brighter than the American negotiators." Again the constant use of the word "fix" strikes one at first, but one soon gets accustomed to it; and after all the expression is very practical and sensible. And so is "I guess," which above all others is a favourite with American ladies, as is with the men the use of the term an "elegant man," which does not mean elegant in our sense, but a man of fine intellect and disposition.

I had the opportunity of dining out in America more than once. When I arrived at the house of my host I was given by the servant a little envelope with a card inside with the name of the lady I was to take down to dinner written upon it: a practice which at large English dinner parties it might be well to adopt.

The country in America in some respects suffers in comparison with country in England. One sees no fine old houses or pretty parks, and except in out-of-the-way parts of the world like Yellowstone Park, or the Canadian National Park at Banff, there are no animals.

All through America and Canada, one is struck with the enormous waste of fine timber. Large numbers of fine trees may be seen lying by the road side and in the woods, rotting away, and amongst them hundreds of saplings begin to thrust up their light coloured heads. All ground too is cleared by burning the forest, and trees of great height and value are disposed of in this way. Of course before land can be cultivated it must be cleared, and it is owing in many cases to there being no market near, no means of conveyance, and no road, that the only way of getting rid of the timber is to burn it. At the same time the new timber which grows up is not of the same value as that destroyed. In the West some trees are still to be found four hundred feet in height, although there has been an enormous consumption of those great red wood giants so characteristic of that country. I was told a good story with regard to one of these big trees. A man was describing their size and what could be done with them, and he said he built himself a good sized house containing several rooms and had some capital furniture made for every room. It was only necessary for him to cut down one tree. That was sufficient for him to build the house with and have the furniture made. But whether this story is founded on actual experience or not, it is true that one can have no idea of the magnificence of these great forest trees until one has seen them.

Then again we go long distances in Scotland and even in Switzerland to see falls far inferior to the Rhine, at which we stand gazing in wonder. But a visit to the falls of Montmorency, near Quebec, or the two falls at the Grand Canyon in the Yellowstone river, or the greatest of all, Niagara, makes one see what a difference there is in these wonders of nature. The Lachine rapids and other rapids in various American rivers also afford a novel sensation to the traveller. In fact I should say that the beauty which we so often find in cities on the Continent must be looked for in nature across the Atlantic. In the great Geyser region of the Yellowstone Park you have another variety. There are four great geyser areas in the Yellowstone which owe their origin to volcanic action. Geysers throw up water at intervals, varying from a quarter of an hour, half an hour, or an hour, to days, weeks, months, or years. The greatest height to which the water is thrown is about two hundred and fifty feet, but many geysers only eject their contents to the height of twenty, thirty, fifty or a hundred feet. One sees also numbers of holes wherein the water boils, and which emit great quantities of steam, but there is no change of level. The soil around is coloured according to the minerals which act upon the water in each particular spot, and one finds opal lakes, blood rivers, tiger holes and emerald waters. In most cases the water is boiling, and in what are called "the devil's paint pots" there is a curious phenomenon. In one of these I saw the water was quiescent and not particularly opaque in a large hole about a foot from the surface of the ground. It then gradually became disturbed and rose thickening and began to steam. Then it became very turbid, some of it was thrown up above the surface, and the whole contents of the aperture seemed in a state of boiling excitement. This lasted a couple of minutes, and then gradually diminished in movement, the water lowered, and everything became quiescent again, and the water returned to its previous colour and level. The phenomenon took place at intervals of about a quarter of an hour. Again there are great blow holes where steam is discharged with the force of a powerful engine and the earth trembles under one's feet. Geysers change in their habits. Some gradually die out and new ones are developed. In the great National Park at Banff there are two basins of natural sulphur baths, one in a sort of deep cavern and the other in the open air, which are very largely used in rheumatic cases. There is a story that a crutch is shown with a label attached to it on which is written "I came here upon this; I have gone home without it," and signed by some individual. But we did not find that that was convincing proof of the virtue of the water.

Of all places perhaps the most striking is Salt Lake City, where by the industry and perseverance of a small number of pioneers, a prosperous settlement has been established, which is now becoming a place of great importance. The whole of this area has been irrigated, so that gardens and trees abound. In the city all the broad roadways are flanked with trees, and railways are being built by the energy of Mr. J. W. Young, one of the sons of the celebrated Brigham Young, which will add greatly to the importance of the neighbourhood. Salt Lake is some sixteen miles from Salt Lake City, though it looks only four or five miles off. Unfortunately we were not there at the bathing time, so that we did not have the advantage of seeing the crowds who visit the pretty bathing station which has been established. The produce in fruit and vegetables and in corn which can be obtained now from a district formerly a barren desert is quite remarkable.

I heard observations made on one occasion with regard to the large introduction of English capital, especially in the form of purchase of breweries, and I thought that one of the gentlemen present made a very good remark. He said, "I am glad English capital is coming here. There is so much to be done that if all the rest which is left behind were to come after it we should still have plenty of occupation and use for our money;" and when one has been across the great continent one sees what a wonderful variety of opportunities for profitable investment, if judiciously made, are offered in all parts of the country.

American men are principally devoted to business, and the best amongst them do not go into politics. Politics have become a trade, and I am afraid not a trade of the highest class. Nor do the men most distinguished for ability and intelligence care for politics. In some cases, especially in the local legislatures, a man is returned for one of the short parliaments simply that he may enjoy the salary paid to a legislator, and at the end of it somebody else is elected in order that he may have his turn. Everybody both in Congress and in the State Legislature is paid, and Congressmen and Senators

receive the railway mileage allowance in addition, which they are generally able to pocket, because on most lines they are allowed to pass free. All one hears with regard to politics and political men brings one to the conclusion that it is not desirable here to revert to what is admitted to be the ancient system of paying our Members of Parliament, especially when we get men of first-rate ability in all classes of society, as we do now, willing to devote the best of their energies and their time to the public service. Of course I do not mean to say that there are no men of ability in public life in America. Men like Mr. Blaine are an absolute contradiction of any such idea, but at the same time I consider that they are rather the exception than the rule. But be that as it may, the result of a visit to America is, I think, to raise one's opinion both of the country and the people, and to make one see how much has been done, and how much can be done by human energy and forethought.

EXPECTANCY.

By SOPHY SINGLETON.

All is so still that I could hear the breath
  Ev'n of a bird; the petal of a flower
Dropping to Earth would rouse me as from Death;
  The lightest feather falling would have power
  (Unrecognized till this enchanted hour)
To break some magic spell, above, beneath . . .
  Whilst, only in mid-air, an insect shower
Proclaims its little life on this wide heath.

This is not life, nor death, nor sleep;—I wait
  For that which cometh not; some voice or token
  From the Divine Unseen. 'Twixt Earth and Heaven
My spirit hovers expectant. Ah! too late
  'Twill be for wisdom, once my heart has striven
  In that hard world wherein all spells are broken!

ANGELS WITH THE SUDARIUM OF ST. VERONICA.
(Photographed from the original copper-plate engraving.)

ALBERT DÜRER.

By ALBERT FLEMING.

Two great names dominate Teutonic art, Dürer and Holbein. Holbein is the perfect outcome of the Northern Renaissance, which, as regards him, means practically the Reformation. The wreck and ruin of that too desperate upheaval overwhelmed his life; and he, tortured with vexed dreams of Death, puts his best strength into portraiture, swings backward and forward aimlessly between England and Bâle, and dies plague-stricken in London in 1543.

In Dürer you have a more definite national type: a Teuton always, with stubborn Gothic elements ever struggling against the spirit of the Renaissance. Alike in his beautiful personality and his art, he expresses the old Northern delight in the grotesque, its instant sacrifice of grace to truth, its love of pure craftsmanship, and its quaint mingling of austerity and playfulness.

All the fifty-seven years of his life he lived in one city, Nuremberg—"that venerable city, my Fatherland." I know of no life so clearly defined, within its limits, as Dürer's. Goethe's words were fulfilled in him—"Im Ganzen, Guten, Schonen, Resolut zu leben."

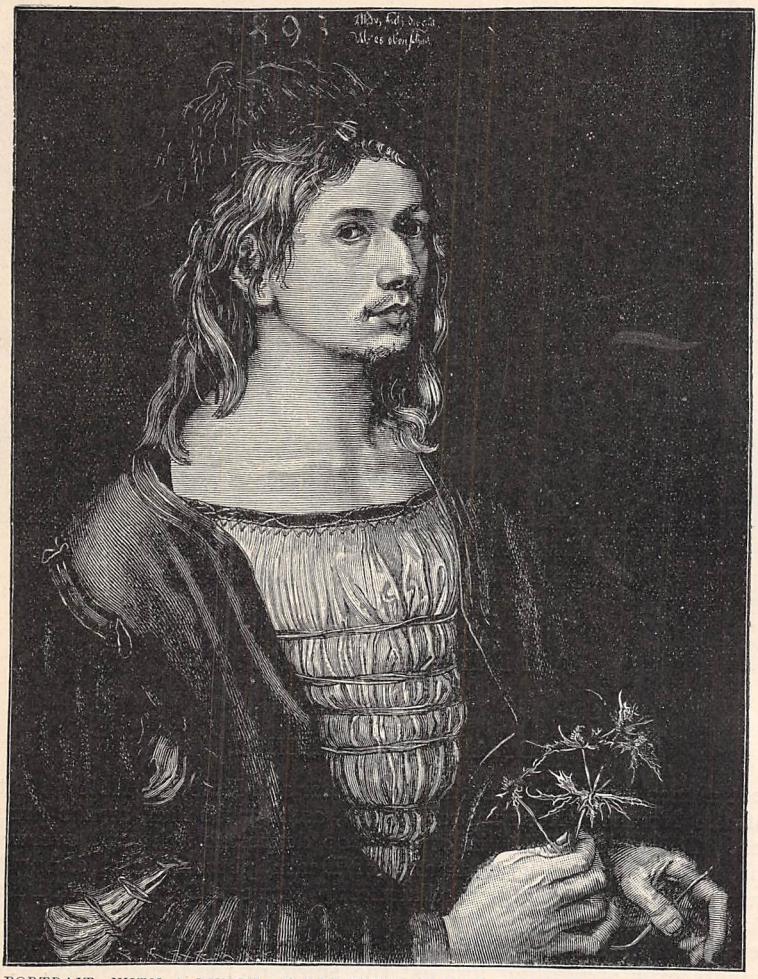
All his work is wrought in the clear light of a godly and quiet life, not defiled by pride nor soiled by luxury; a life so beautiful in its serene completeness, that it shines down upon us still, through nearly 400 years, with an ever-widening splendour of repute. It is best at the outset to see how far Dürer submits to the Renaissance and how far he resists it.

That complicated cycle of movements had three dominant notes—

1st. The getting back to Nature. Dürer did this in his wiser years. "He tried," says Melanchthon, "to see Nature in her simplest form;" and he did too; though crippled by scientific analysis.

2nd. Came the eager classic impulse impregnating the older Gothic spirit. Dürer came into contact with it in Venice, was bewitched and bewildered with it for a time, then flung it aside once and for ever, and was again a Teuton ; and so best.

3rd. The spirit of analysis, troubled questioning, and unrest, so that where the Gothic mind dreamed piously, the Renaissance thought strenuously, finding at last its dreams to be but visions. To this phase Dürer absolutely bent ; he fritters away his strength in vain scientific researches, soils his soul with anatomical studies, and



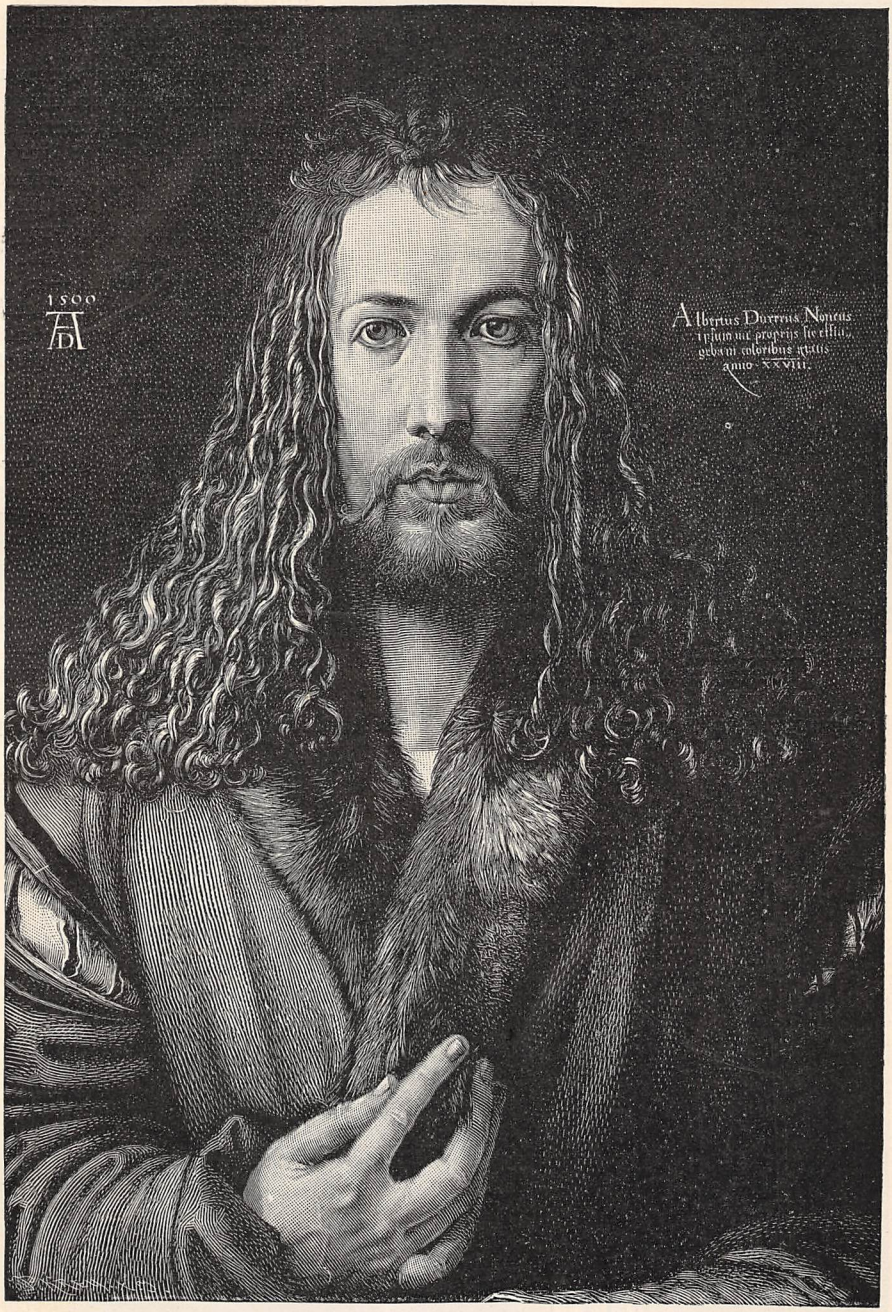
HIS OWN PORTRAIT, WITH A BUNCH OF ERINGIUM MARINA, OR SEA HOLLY. PAINTED IN 1493.

dabbles in geometry and mensuration. This aspect of the Renaissance he has expressed once and for all in his *Melancolia*.

His life, though it runs generally on level lines, presents one great problem. All these four centuries have asked by what strange fate was it ordained that these awful problems of Life and Death, the bitter mystery of the *Melancolia*, and the terrific visions of the Apocalypse, should come to this good burgher-soul, bred amidst the bales and counting-houses of Nuremberg. Much of his famous *Diary* is the mere record of a huckster, buying and selling and getting gain. When his Angel promises Joachim a son, he must needs give him a written guarantee duly signed and delivered. Yet has he not realized, as no other man has, the four awful Riders sweeping across the shuddering fields of Heaven, and the terrible Angels of Death bound in the great river Euphrates ?

In 1471, Nuremberg, of all places north of the Alps, was the ideal birthplace for an artist. True always to the Emperor, true always to herself, Nuremberg was the supreme type of a free town ; governed by her aristocracy, yet democratic enough to

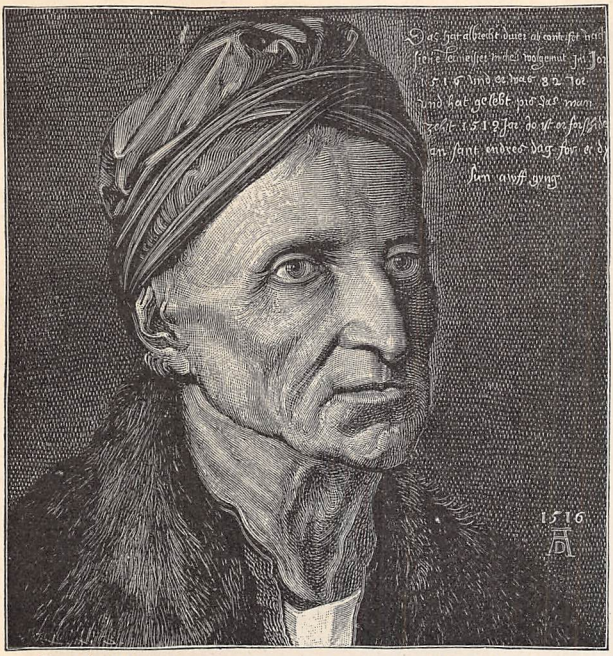
hang with instant justice her ruling citizen on his being convicted of dishonesty. She was a Venice clothed in homespun. All the trade of the East paused at her gates.



HIS OWN PORTRAIT.
(From the Picture in the old Pinacothek, Munich.)

Already the city had produced a long list of great men when Dürer came as the coronal of all. There was Peter Vischer, the inspired brasier, as he called himself; Veit Stoss, not yet blind, whose carving greets you still in the old city; Adam Kraft, busy with his wonderful aumbrey; and, above all, a certain Hans Sachs who made boots and verses, both excellently. Dürer was one of a family of eighteen, and thus with quaint

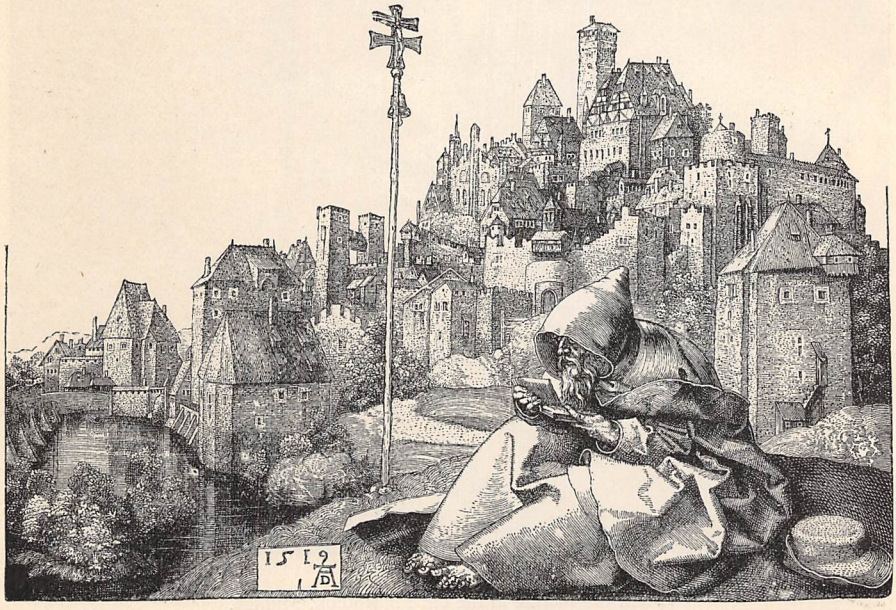
precision does his father register his coming into the world—"At 6 o'clock on St. Prudentius' day, the Friday in Holy Week, 1471, my housewife bore another son, to whom Anton Koburger was godfather and he called him Albrecht, after me."



DÜRER'S MASTER, MICHAEL WOLGEMUTH, AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY-TWO. PAINTED IN 1516.

Albert in return writes much of his father and mother, paints them often, and honours and loves them greatly: here is a beautiful little bit of patristic biography by Dürer's own hand :—

"My father's life was passed in great struggles and continuous hard work—my dear mother bearing so many children he never could become rich, as he had nothing but what his hands brought him in. He had thus many troubles, trials, and adverse circumstances. But yet from every one who knew him he received praise, because he led an honourable Christian life, and was patient, giving all men consideration, and thanking God. For himself he had little need of company and worldly pleasure. He took good care of his children, bringing us up in the fear of God, teaching us what was agreeable to others as well as to ourselves, so that we might become good



ST. ANTONY.

(Photographed from the original copper-plate engraving.)

neighbours. And every day he talked to us of these things, the love of God and the conduct of life."

Noble talk this, when the silence was once broken at No. 493 Unter den Vesten ; the

utterances of this man of "little speech" being, one may fancy, generally of a good and noticeable quality.

We have two portraits of his father in England, one at Sion House and the other

THE FOUR RIDERS.

(Reduced from a wood-cut in the Apocalypse set.)

at the British Museum. Both show a true burgher face, softened with the peace of old age. But Albert himself had no burgher face. Camerarius thus describes him:—

"Nature gave our Albrecht a form remarkable for proportion and height and well suited to the beautiful spirit which it held therein; he had a graceful hand, brilliant eyes, a nose well formed, such as the Greeks call τετράγωνον, the neck a little long,

chest full, stomach flat, hips well knit, and legs straight. As to his fingers you would have said that you never saw anything more graceful. Such moreover was the charm of his language that listeners were always sorry when he had finished speaking."

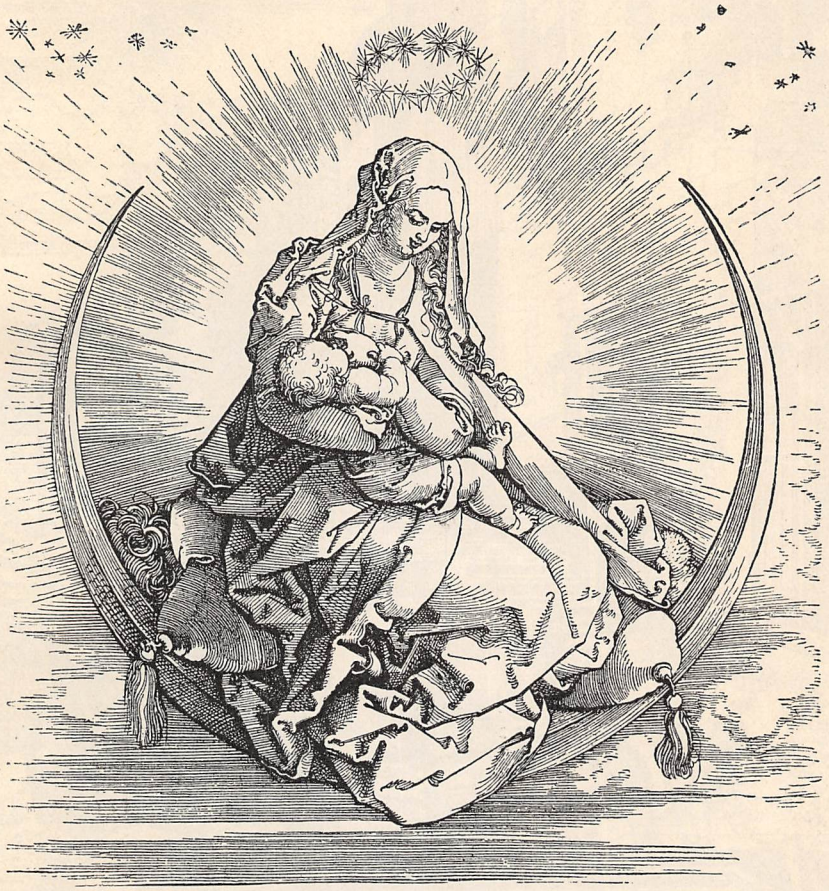
THE ANGELS OF THE EUPHRATES.

(Reduced from a wood-cut in the Apocalypse set.)

Dürer painted his own portrait again and again, evidently taking a naïve delight in his own comeliness. Two of these are given here. The first when he was a young man of twenty-two, sedate and angular; the second done in 1500, in the full glory of his manhood, with deep, gracious eyes, curling hair, and tender lips, all of a strange, Christ-like type. His art life began (like Verrocchio's, Leonardo's, and our own good engraver Bewick) in the training of a goldsmith's workshop—in his case, his father's.

After that he was apprenticed to Wohlgemuth ; from him he learnt the technicalities of his art. Thirty years later he painted his old master, the eyes bright and eager still, the face mere skin and bone, but good to draw. After his three years were over, Dürer went on his *Wanderjahr*, and was away for four years ; no one knows whither he journeyed ; he himself chronicles his wanderings in four bare lines. Perhaps he went to Venice, certainly to Colmar, where the works of that terrible Schongauer (then just dead) impressed him.

Directly he returned home a certain wealthy burgher, one Hans Frey, treated with the elder Dürer, in the usual commercial fashion, for his son, and in a few weeks Albert



REDUCED FROM TITLE-PAGE TO "LIFE OF THE VIRGIN."

found himself married to pretty Agnes Frey—he had sold his handsome face for 200 gulden. Round Agnes a tremendous controversy has raged ; hitherto she and Andrea del Sarto's wife have been ranked together as a couple of shrews, but now both are rehabilitated. The charge against Agnes Dürer rests mainly on a memorable letter written by old Pirkheimer just after Dürer's death. He says practically that Agnes worried Albert into his grave. It is really a splendid piece of invective. Pirkheimer admits she was virtuous and pious, but candidly owns he would for his part "prefer a light woman who behaved in a friendly way, to such a nagging, suspicious, scolding, pious woman." But when he wrote thus he was tortured with gout, and at the best of times one sees that he had no special liking for virtuous ladies.

In 1498 appeared Dürer's sixteen great woodcuts of the Apocalypse. We give two of the most famous of the series, the Four Riders and the Angels of the Euphrates. In 1502 the good old father died, and Dürer records his death in a passage of such wonderful literary beauty that I copy it at length. He had already stated the fact briefly, and refers to what he says about it in "another book" ; all that

"other book" has perished except this one Sibylline leaf chronicling his father's death:—

"So his old wife helped him up, and the night-cap on his head had suddenly become

"LIFE OF THE VIRGIN"—THE REPOSE IN EGYPT.
(Reduced from the original wood-cut.)

wet with great drops of sweat. Then asked he for something to drink, and she gave him Rhine Wine of which he took a very little, and then wished to go to bed again, and he thanked her for her aid. And when he got back to bed his last agony began. Then the old woman quickly lighted the candle for him and set herself to recite St.

Bernard's Hymn for the dying, but ere she had reached the third verse lo! he had departed. God be merciful to him.

"Then the little maid when she saw that he was dying, ran quickly to my chamber

THE TAKING OF CHRIST IN THE GARDEN.
(Reduced from a wood-cut in the "great" Passion set.)

and waked me. I went down first but there he lay dead, and I felt great sorrow that I was not worthy to have been beside him at his end. So dies my father on the night before St. Matthew's Eve in the year above named. God give me also so happy an end. He left my mother an afflicted widow. He had always praised her to me as a

good and pious woman, wherefore I intend never to forsake her." What a sense of doubled duty lies in that "wherefore."

So he took her home to housewife Agnes till her end in 1514. One wonders what measure of peace there was between the woman who had borne her husband eighteen children, and she who had given her husband none. In 1503 Dürer set to work on the famous copper-plate of the *Adam and Eve*. This was the outcome of his theories of the *Human Proportions*. He had a notion that "the perfection of form and beauty is contained in the sum of all men, and that by hunting through the bodies of many beautiful men, he might combine and recreate the ideal loveliness. He haunted the bathing houses, studied the nude, drew it over and over again, measured, calculated, and at last evolved this *Adam and Eve*. He has not found much ideal beauty amongst the solid burghers and their sturdy wives, but the workmanship is beyond all praise, and this plate instantly asserted Dürer's position as the greatest living master of the graver. In 1505 comes Dürer's memorable visit to Venice. He was weary with work and greatly desiring change; perhaps as Vasari says he had war in his heart against fraudulent Marcantonio and his forgeries. So he borrowed money of Pirkheimer and fared forth on horse-back by way of Laibach. He fell ill at Stein and painted a picture on the wall as a fee to the good landlord who nursed him, and so at last reaches Venice. Think of it, Venice in 1505! Giovanni Bellini very old but magnificent still, his best pupil Carpaccio in his prime, Titian and Giorgione young, but already waxing famous. From Venice he writes ten letters home to Pirkheimer, vivid eager letters brightened by a kind of lumbering humour. At first he finds many good fellows amongst the artists at Venice, so that it "holds one's heart up;" but after a time jealousies arise, and they find he does not lean enough to the "antique," but Bellini, though his eyes are dim with ninety years, sees and honours his work. Then they said (and said truly) that he was better in engraving than in colour, but this so vexed him that he painted his

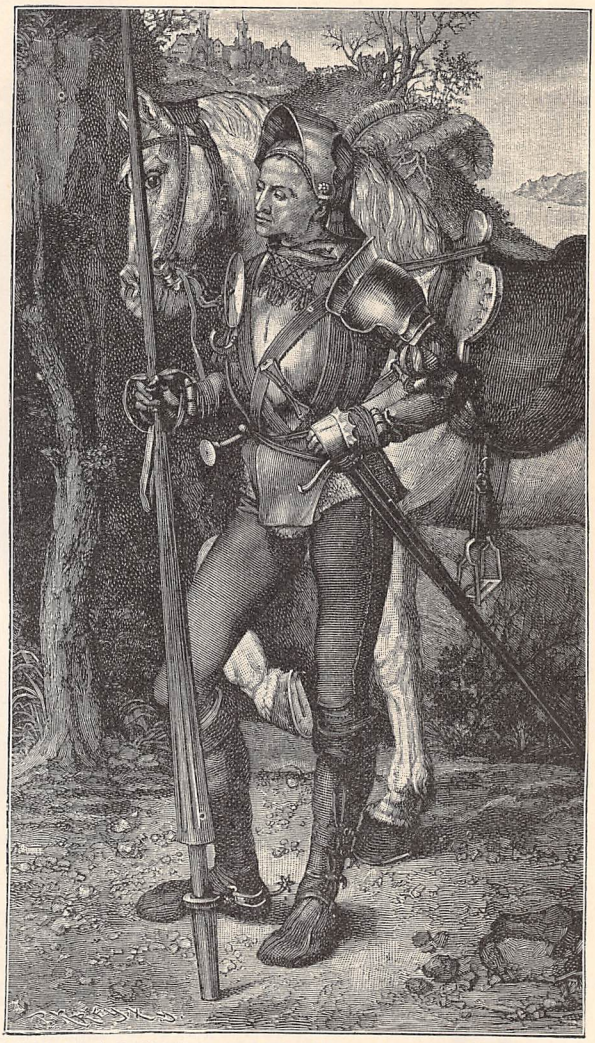
ST. JOHN AND ST. PETER.
(From the picture in the old Pinacothek at Munich.)

ST. MARK AND ST. PAUL.
(From the picture in the old Pinacothek in Munich.)

great picture of the *Rose Garlands*, and that, he says, silenced them. He himself says, "it is good and beautiful in colour," but posterity has said what the Venetians said. The Doge Loredano (whose superb portrait by Bellini hangs in our National Gallery) and the Patriarch of Venice visited Dürer's studio and saw the picture in progress. It now rests (a ghost of its old self) in the monastery of Strahow. Dürer resisted the influence of Italian art, and Mantegna alone permanently affected him. Mantegna's death prevented their meeting, to Albert's great regret. At Bologna the painters gave him a grand fête, assuring him they could "now the more easily die having seen their long desired Albert."

One thinks that these stately compliments were not unacceptable to Dürer.

In 1507 he journeys home, he forms a school, and pupils and apprentices gather round him. Quaint traditions used to run about the world (till Dr. Thausing strangled them), telling how thrifty Agnes had a peep-hole made in the ceiling of his studio, and would rap overhead if she found him idling over his work. But he never did idle: from 1507 to 1514 no less than 48 engravings and over 100 woodcuts were produced by Dürer. "Verily," as Cecil said of Raleigh, "he could toil terribly." In 1508 comes the painting of the famous *Assumption of the Virgin*. Linked with this picture is the no less famous correspondence between Dürer and the man who gave him the commission—one Jacob Heller, a rich merchant of Frankfort.



WING OF A TRIPTYCH IN THE OLD PINACOTHEK IN MUNICH.

Heller begins his share in the letter-writing by exhorting Dürer to be sure "to paint his picture well." He was to have 130 florins for it (about £57 in our present money), but soon Dürer found he had made a sorry bargain. He prepared an infinity of preliminary studies, and at last writes to Heller saying he really ought to give him 200 florins. Whereupon (relationship with Dürer becoming strained), the good Heller writes off in a fury to father-in-law Frey, and Dürer replies angrily too, stating in an aggrieved way that "twenty ducats were gone already on ultramarine," and commands Heller to be patient. This he was for some months, and then he stirred Dürer up again. To which he replies again, "twenty-four florins' worth of paints already expended, and never again will he paint such a picture, no, not for 400 florins."

At last, after many angry letters, the picture gets done; and Dürer is (as every real artist ought to be) greatly pleased with the good work in it. "It will last fresh and clean" (he writes to Heller) "for 500 years," but holy water is not to be sprinkled on it, nor is Heller to venture to varnish it. Dürer winds up the matter by saying henceforth he will stick to his engravings, else he will become a beggar. Heller must have felt he had got a bargain (though he had to give 200 florins), as he sent a gift to Agnes

and *tringeld* to brother Hans. The famous picture was never destined to last 500 years, for it was burnt at Munich in 1674. For many years it hung in the Dominican church at Frankfort (where Heller and his wife sleep), and brought vast sums to the good

FREDERICK THE WISE, DUKE OF SAXONY.

(Photographed from the original copper-plate engraving.)

fathers: when Maximilian carried it off to Munich he left a good dull copy of it by Paul Juvenal. Bearing in mind what the *Rose Garlands* may once have been, and what the *Adoration of the Trinity* still is, the Heller *Assumption* must have been Dürer's greatest achievement in actual painting. His preliminary studies are still extant; all the hands heads and drapery, and every pose were drawn again and again. The

glorious figure of Christ is superb in form and dignity. Although Dürer had vowed to Heller that he would do no more painting, he soon found himself busy upon the picture by which, perhaps, he is best known, the *Adoration of the Trinity*. It was ordered by a pious coppersmith of Nuremberg, named Laudauer, as an altar-piece for the chapel of an almshouse he had founded. As usual, it was torn from its original resting-place, and is now in the Imperial Gallery at Vienna. God the Father holds forth the image of His crucified Son, and circles of adoring saints and martyrs kneel around. The figure of St. Agnes with her lamb is perhaps the most charming female figure ever drawn by Dürer. The colour is at once brilliant and tender, and the entire picture full of a wonderful light. Thausing says Dürer has tried in it to give a "pictorial equivalent for the music of the spheres," a well-meant phrase, if somewhat obscure.

In 1511 he published his twenty illustrations of the life of the Virgin. We give the dainty title vignette of the Virgin on the crescent moon, and the profoundly interesting *Repose in Egypt;* this latter deserves careful study. It is summer, and St. Joseph prefers to work in the open air, and has brought out his bench into the sunshine. The Madonna, with pretty rippling hair, sits and spins, rocking the cradle meanwhile. Both are very happy and contented; the sorrows that shall pierce her heart are all as yet undreamt of. Her face is like one wrapt in a pleasant day-dream, and she is so immersed in happy thought that she does not notice the three angels who are bringing gifts, nor the little child angel who peeps curiously at her Son. The foreground is full of sprightly little cupids (or some kind of sacred *amoretti*) who are gathering up St. Joseph's chips; one delightful little creature has stolen the saint's hat; and tucked up his little shirt to work the better. St. Joseph has brought out a barrel of wine and covered it with a mat to keep it cool.

WILIBALD PIRKHEYMER.
(Photographed from the original copper-plate engraving.)

Amongst the many *Marien bilder* that Dürer produced one of the finest is the Virgin crowned by angels. She is seated in her *hortus inclusus*, and for background (where Botticelli would have placed a hedge of wild roses) Dürer has drawn with infinite skill a fence of hurdles with glimpses of landscape between the pales. Two angels fly to her with a crown, and she bends her head sideways with a pretty womanly gesture to receive it. No "smile of Greece" haunts her comely lips, but she is beautiful with a frank, fresh sense of motherhood. So too with his angels; where Angelico paints his "birds of God" shadowless and smooth gliding through the quiet fields of heaven, Dürer gives vigorous, well-fed youths, a little encumbered with drapery, and always busy and eager.

And now we come to Dürer's last, and some think his greatest, picture. It is the four Apostles painted on two panels. They hang in the Pinacothek at Munich. About 1526, two years before he died, he conceived the idea of once more proving to the world his mastery in art, and of dedicating this great achievement to his well-

HIERONYMUS HOLZSCHUHER.
(From the picture in the Museum at Berlin.)

beloved Nuremberg. He had long ago dreamed of the power of art to indicate by proportion the natures of men, corresponding to fire, air, water, and earth. So he paints St. John to represent the melancholic temperament, St. Peter the phlegmatic (surely the type is not well chosen), St. Paul the choleric, and St. Mark the sanguine. These superb pictures of heads, hands, and drapery, for they are little else, have been mixed up with much entirely useless religious controversy. Art looks above and beyond all this, and accepts these stately pictures as Dürer's last colour legacy to the

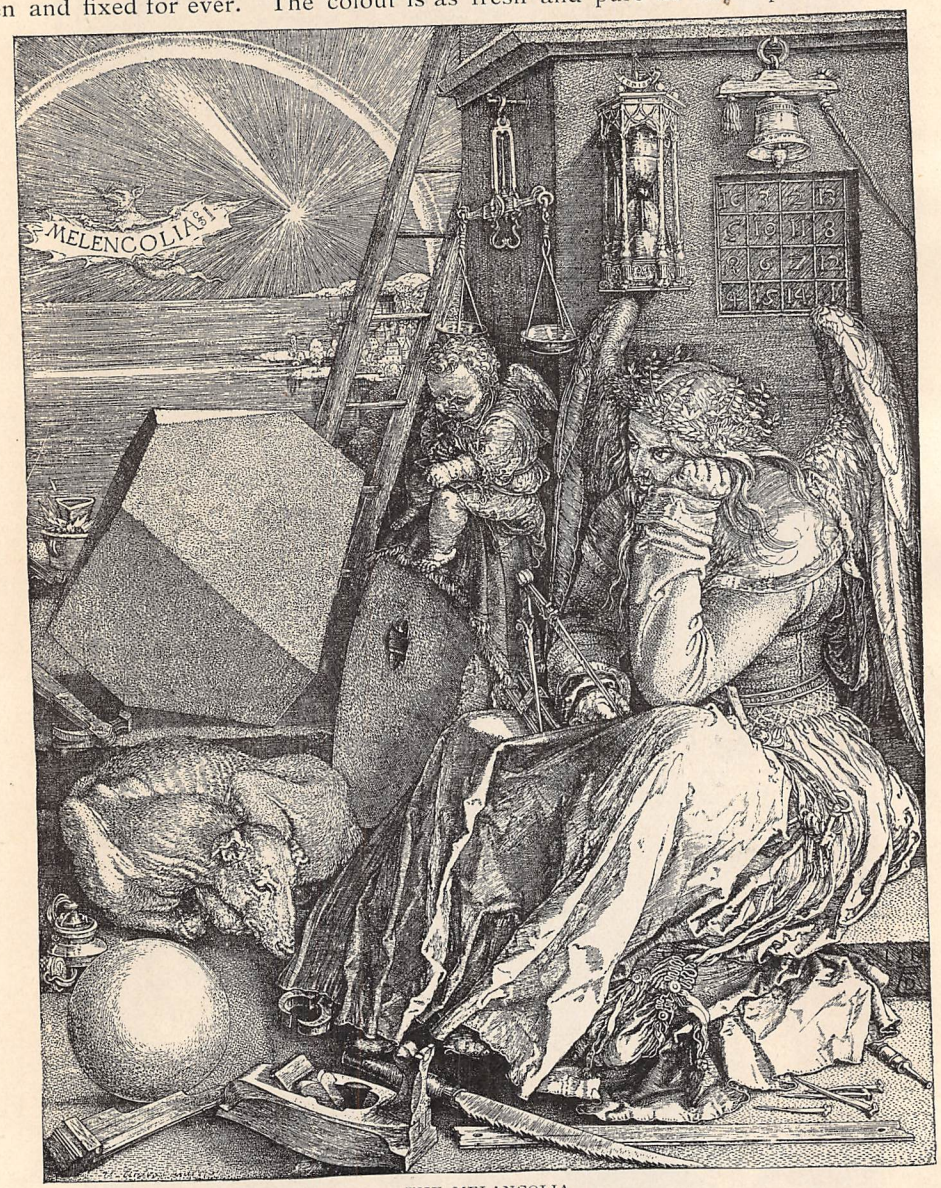
world. In portraiture we give three examples of his power, in each of which his faculty of painting the veritable man that lies behind his form and face is asserted

CHARLES THE GREAT.

(Painted in 1510 ; from the picture in the Municipal Collection, Nuremberg.)

and displayed. First, that of Frederick the Wise ; secondly, that of Pirkheimer ; and thirdly, the greatest of all, that of Holzschuher. Pirkheimer's is of the deepest interest : looking at it one can hardly credit him with the "weight of learning" that

we know he possessed ; but gazing at the sensual old face one gets the key to many of those questionable jokes in the letters from Venice. But the Holzschuher is the greatest thing Dürer ever achieved in portraiture. The old man was an important member of the Council, keen and masterful. All that one needs to know of the man Dürer has seen and fixed for ever. The colour is as fresh and pure as when painted. Whilst



THE MELANCOLIA.

(Photographed from the original copper-plate.)

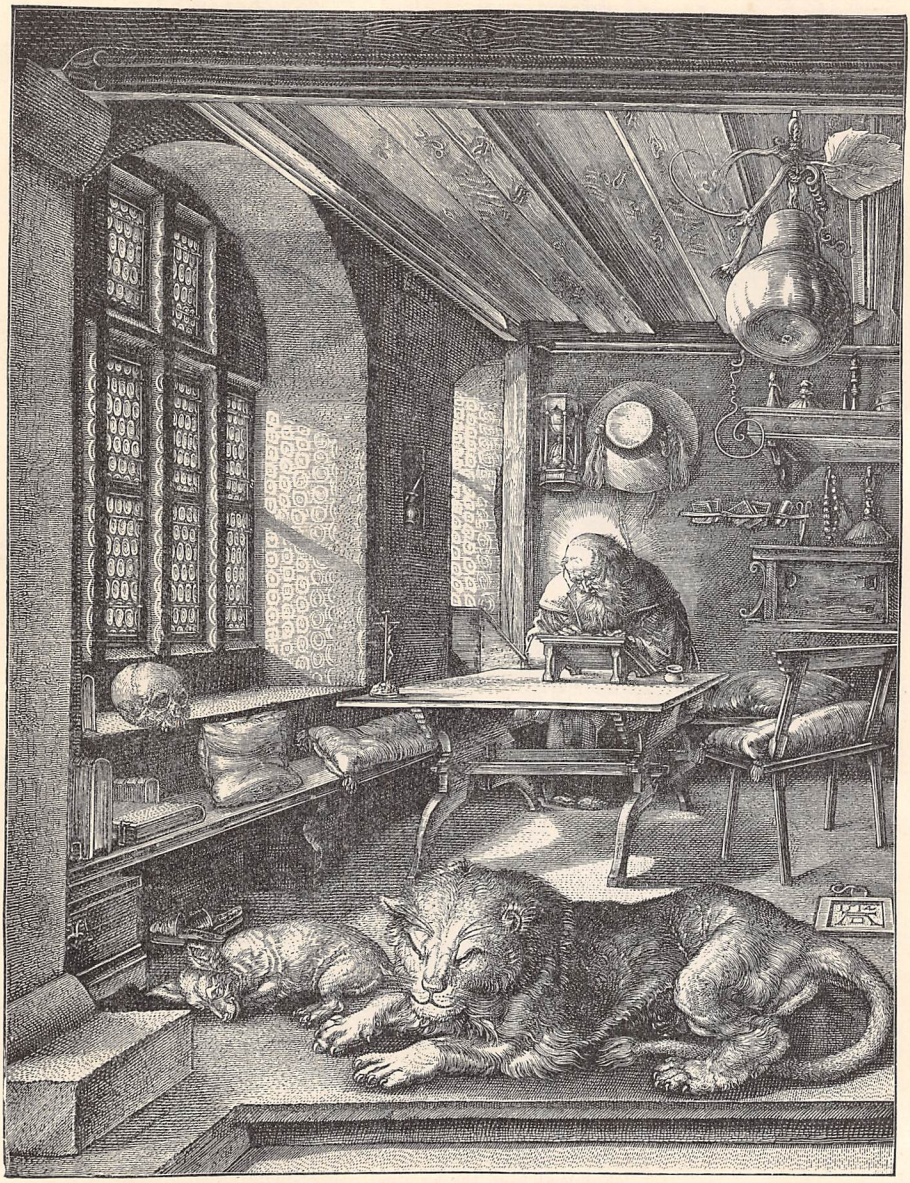
remembering the glorious *Adoration of the Trinity*, and trying to fancy what the *Rose Garlands* and the *Assumption* may once have been, still we are compelled to endorse the opinion of those Venetian painters who said that Albert was greater at engraving than at painting. A dozen men have given us pictures more wonderful than these, but in all the wide realm of art no man has arisen who could give us another *Melancolia*, a *Knight and Death*, or a *St. Jerome*. The *Melancolia* is indeed the spirit of the Renaissance : weary she sits, sick at heart with the questions that press upon her, looking out with steadfast eyes into the great void. Flung at her feet lie the useless imple-

ments of science, her book in her lap closed and clasped, the keys hang unheeded at her girdle, the compasses swing idle in her hand, her hour of doubt has come, nothing in all the world is sure except the hard mathematical facts (represented by the table of figures which make thirty-four add them as you will). In the *Knight and Death* one touches the spring of all that made Teutonic art virile, distinct, and lasting. In

THE KNIGHT, DEATH, AND THE DEVIL.
(Reduced from the original copper-plate.)

studying it one must remember that Dürer was always haunted and possessed by the fear of Death. As he knelt beside his dying mother, had he not seen how Death came and "struck her two blows upon the heart"? Like her, indeed, he "feared Death much, but to come before God he feared not at all." It was the burden of all the years—only the strongest soul rose superior to it. To Dante, indeed, Death was *assai dolce, a cosa gentile*, and when his Lady leaves this life she becomes "a citizen of the eternal world." In the magnificent scheme of his larger work there is no dwelling on Death, though Dante feels to the full the weight of sin which must be punished or purged, or forgotten in the peace of highest Heaven. Of course there was no going back to

the youth of the world, when the sunny-souled Greek loved life intensely, and viewed Death from afar and unconcernedly. When Death takes away his loved one he sees only the grace and tenderness of it, and so when carving the memorial tablet to the maiden Ameinocleia he represents her standing in untroubled peace, her slave fastening her sandal ere she starts on her long journey, her father in the background, grieved



ST. JEROME IN HIS CELL.
(Photographed from the original copper-plate.)

that he may not fare forth with her, because, as Pascal says, we must all "die alone." But as the centuries rolled on they brought with them other views of Death and judgment. Over the world had passed the image of the Ecce Homo, thorn-crowned and pallid, a God dying for his people, and with Him came conviction of sin, delight in pain, and perpetual mortification of the passions. Death, and after death the judgment—it was a passing-bell ever ringing in the ears of men, and yet much of the noblest work in the world was done under the black shadow of it. Savonarola preaches it in passionate eloquence. Orcagna paints it in ghastly realism. Holbein

dedicates to it a hundred pathetic or didactic ingenuities; and Dürer fears it—is troubled to his very heart's core. Truly he makes Death terrible always, and very strong, but fortitude stronger, and a noble life strongest of all. Mr. Ruskin's words were true of him. "The great painters defeat Death, the vile adorn him and adore," and in this spirit he gave to the world the *Knight and Death*. The world has read the message a hundred different ways, but there are no two opinions as to the unapproachable skill of that unerring hand.

The same year sees the third great plate given to the world, *St. Jerome in his Study*. Taking it altogether, this plate, I think, ranks first of all his engravings for delightfulness and serene peace. The Father sits busily writing in his cell, not by any means an ascetic cell, though the usual skull is there. The saint is getting old, and the careful brethren have provided him with no less than four very well-stuffed cushions; the sunlight streams through the windows of patterned glass, and fills the room with a delightful diffused light. The saint himself is busy translating the Bible, working, one may see, very deliberately and carefully, because he keeps his inkstand at his left side. In the foreground, basking in the sun, one eye closed and the other only half open, is the saint's tame lion, the very one that so scared the monks in Carpaccio's picture; beside him rests his watch-dog, sleeping the true dog-sleep, eyes shut but ears on the alert. St. Jerome always seems to have been a very neat and methodical saint; his cell is arranged with quite housewifely precision, his outdoor shoes lie ready at hand when he shall take his walk in the cloister garden, but no plump little partridge peeps into them as in Bellini's *St. Jerome* in our National Gallery. This plate deserves much study for its technical work, everything being rendered with absolute certainty of touch, all the exquisite detail being possible to Dürer only, and perhaps to him only at his untroubled best. Supreme dexterity is shown in the arrangement of line. Dürer is evidently anxious to prevent the sharp perspective and the many straight lines from tiring the eye, so he ingeniously breaks them up with a delightful group of curves in the great gourd, its tendril, the Cardinal's hat, and by emphasizing the outline of the saint's bald head. The plate of the *St. Hubert* (who, impiously going out hunting on Good Friday, was converted by the apparition of a stag bearing a crucifix between its horns) is the fourth of the series.

PHILIP MELANCHTHON.
(From the copper-plate engraving.)

Pleasant indeed is the lovely little copper-plate of *St. Anthony* huddled up on a rock studying his breviary, but I am compelled to own that the saint is less interesting than the old town of Nuremberg rising behind him. Thus looked Nuremberg in Dürer's

A PAGE FROM THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN'S PRAYER-BOOK WITH BORDERS BY DÜRER.

days, and thus very much it looks still, a goodly cluster of roofs and battlements with keep and tower both for tocsin and prayer, the whole crowned by the old Feste. In 1520 Dürer set off on his tour in the Netherlands; he took his wife with him and her maid Susannah. In his diary he carefully records his daily expenses, what he gives to his hosts and what they give to him, how many prints he sells; and above all, the

banquets he goes to, and all other the high and stately junketings. He had kept fresh the healthy faculty of wonder, and records how they showed him a golden sun and a silver moon, and armour and "bed gear" and strange clothes, and "never, he adds, in all the days of my life, have I seen anything that so rejoiced my heart as these things." He buys all kinds of curious things, and is often swindled, for he ends all by saying, "I am a fool at a bargain." One wonders if Heller thought so when persistent Albert screwed that extra seventy florins out of him.

For six years longer lived Dürer, but already sickness had begun to break him down. He busies himself in glass painting, architecture, and literary work; "writes, says Camerarius, 150 treatises in all," writes not only treatises but poetry too. It is deplorable stuff. Even friendly Pirkheimer could not stand it, and Spengler after reading it told him bluntly to stick to his last. Poverty, or what he thought to be so, threatened him, so he wrote a pathetic letter to the Council of Nuremberg and invested 1,000 florins with them at 5 per cent., being then, he says, "daily growing old, weak, and incapable." Melanchthon drifts into his life, and they become fast friends. "Master Philip," as Luther calls him, "who did all things so gently," was drawn on copper by Dürer, strong work still, though this and the portrait of Erasmus practically end his artistic career. Illness now pressed him close, the busy hand and head were weary. On the 6th of April 1528, as spring brightened the rich Franconian fields, he laid down the burden of the long laborious days, and became the guest of God. All through life he had dreaded Death, but towards its end he grew to welcome his approach, and so gentle was his departure that his friends knew not that he was gone. They carried him out to the quiet cemetery of St. John, along the road lined by Adam Craft's sad and solemn Stations of the Cross. Upon his tomb Pirkheimer wrote the word "Emigravit,"—truly he had journeyed to an abiding City, whose Builder and Maker is God.

COAT ARMOUR.
(Reduced from original copper-plate engraving.)

The great problems that troubled his life were answered once and for all. "Eyeless Death" gave him the key to all mysteries; he travelled, as he did in his earthly *Wanderjahr*, into unknown countries, but where in God's good time he "shall wake, remember, and understand."

Often he said and wrote that perfect truth in art was never to be attained in this life, yet he served his dear mistress Truth strenuously all his days, dedicating to her service the fervour of his youth and the assured skill of his ripened years. Surely might he bear upon his tombstone, no less than Cumæan Sibyl upon her tablet, the words at once so invincible and so tender, "*L'ultimo mie parlar sie verace.*"

FOR THE CAUSE

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN

I.

PARIS had never seemed to the eye more peaceful than on a certain November evening in the year 1589 : and this although many a one within its walls resented the fineness of that night as a mockery, a scoff at the pain of some and the fury of others.

The moonlight fell on roofs and towers, on the bare open space of the Place de Grève, and the dark mass of the Louvre, and only here and there pierced, by chance, a narrow lane, to gleam on some foul secret of the kennel. The Seine lay a silvery loop about the Ile de la Cité—a loop cut on this side and that by the black shadows of the Pont au Change, and the Petit Pont, and broken again westward by the outline of the New Bridge, which was then in building.

The city itself lay in profound quiet in the depth of the shadow. From time to time at one of the gates, or in the lodge of the Châtelet a sentinel challenged or an officer spoke. But the bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, which had rung through hours of the past day was silent. The tumult which had leaped like flame from street to street had subsided. Peaceful men breathed again in their houses, and women, if they still cowered by the hearth, no longer laid trembling fingers on their ears. For a time the red fury was over : and in the narrow channels, where at noon the mob had seethed, scarcely a stray wayfarer could now be found.

A few however were abroad : and of these some, who chanced to be threading the network of streets between the Châtelet and the Louvre, heard behind them the footsteps of a man in great haste, and saw pass them a youth, white-faced and wearing a sword and a student's short cloak and cap—apparently a member of the University. He for his part looked neither to right nor left : saw not one of them, and seemed bent only on getting forward.

He slackened his pace however near the corner of the Rue de l'Arbre Sec, where it shoots out of the Rue de Béthisy, and then turning it with a rush, caught his foot in some obstacle, and, plunging forward, would have fallen violently, if he had not come against a man, who seemed to be standing still in the shadow of the corner house.

"Hold up!" exclaimed this person, withstanding the shock better than could have been expected. "You should have a pretty mistress, young man, if you go to her at this pace!"

The student did not answer—did not seem to hear. He had staggered against the wall, and still stood propping himself up by it. His face, pale before, was ghastly now, as he glared, apparently horror-struck, at something beyond the speaker. The latter, after muttering angrily, "What the plague do you go dashing about the streets like a Shrove Tuesday ox for?" turned also and glanced behind him.

But not at that to which the student's eyes were directed. The stranger seemed constrained to look first and by preference at the long, low casement of a house nearly opposite them. This window was on the first floor, and projected somewhat over the

roadway. There seemed to be no light in the room; but the moonlight reached it, and showed a woman's head bent on the sill—a girl's head, if one might judge from its wealth of hair. One white wrist gleamed amid this, but her face was hidden on her arms. In the whole scene—in the casement open at this inclement time, in the girl's attitude of abandonment, there was something which stirred the nerves. It was only after a long look that the stranger averted his eyes, and cast a casual glance at a queer, dark object, which a few paces away swung above the street, dimly outlined against the sky. It was that which had fascinated his companion.

"Umph!" he ejaculated in the tone of a man who should say "Is that all?" And he turned to the other again. "You seem taken aback, young man!" he said. "Surely that is no such strange sight in Paris nowadays. What with Leaguers hanging Politiques, and Politiques hanging Leaguers, and both burning Huguenots, I thought a dead man was no longer a bogey to frighten children with!"

"Hush, sir, in Heaven's name!" exclaimed the young man, shuddering at his words. "He was my father!"

The stranger whistled. "He was your father, was he!" he replied more gently. "I dare swear too that he was an honest man, since the Sixteen have done this. There, steady, friend. These are no times for weeping. Be thankful that Le Clerc and his crew have spared your home, and your—your sister. That is rare clemency in these days, and Heaven only knows how long it may last. You wear a sword? Then shed no tears to rust it. Time enough to weep, man, when there is blood to be washed from the blade."

"You speak boldly," said the youth, checking his emotion somewhat, "but had they hung your father before his own door——"

"Good man," said the stranger with a coolness that bordered on the cynical, "he has been dead these twenty years."

"Then your mother?" suggested the student with the feeble persistence by which weak minds show their consciousness of contact with stronger ones "you had then——"

"Hung them all as high as Haman!"

"Aye, but suppose there were among them," objected the youth, in a lower tone, while he eyed his companion narrowly, "some of the clergy, you understand?"

"They had swung—though they had all been Popes of Rome," was the blunt answer.

The listener shook his head, and drew off a pace. He scanned the stranger curiously, keeping his back turned to the corpse the while, but failed by that light to make out much one way or the other. Scarcely a moment too was allowed him before the murmur of voices and the clash of weapons at the far end of the street interrupted him. "The watch are coming," he said roughly.

"You are right, and the sooner we are within doors the better," his companion assented.

It was noticeable that throughout their talk which had lasted many minutes no sign of life had appeared in any of the neighbouring houses. Scarce a light shone from a window though it was as yet but nine o'clock. The fact was that fear of the Sixteen and of the mob they guided was overpowering Paris—a terror crushing out men's lives. While the provinces of France were divided at this time between two opinions, and half of each as a rule owned the Huguenot Henry the Fourth—now for six months the rightful sovereign—for king, Paris would have none of him. The fierce bigotry of the lower classes, the presence of some thousands of Spanish soldiers, and the ambition and talents of the Guise family combined at once to keep the gates of Paris closed to him, and to overawe such of the respectable citizens as from religious sympathy in rare cases, and more often out of a desire to see law and order re-established, would fain have adopted his cause. The Politiques, or moderate party, who were indifferent about religion as such, but believed that a strong government could only be formed by a Romanist king, were almost non-existent in Paris. And the events of the past day, the murder of three judges and several lower officials—among them poor M. Portail whose body now decorated the Rue de l'Arbre Sec—had not reassured the municipal mind. No wonder that men put out their lights early, and were loth to go to their windows, when they might see a few feet from the casement the swollen features of a harmless, honest man, but yesterday going to and from his work like other men.

Young Portail strode to the door of the house and knocked hurriedly. As he did so, he looked up with something like a shiver of nervous apprehension at the window

above. But the girl neither moved nor spoke, nor betrayed any consciousness of his presence. She might have been dead. It was a young man, about his own age or a little older, who, after reconnoitring him from above, cautiously drew back the door. "Whom have you with you?" he whispered, holding it ajar, and letting the end of a stout club be seen.

"No one," Portail replied in the same cautious tone. And he would have entered without more ado, and closed the door behind him had not his late companion, who had followed him across the street like his shadow, set his foot against it. "Nay, but you are forgetting me," he said good-humouredly.

"Go your way! we have enough to do to protect ourselves," cried Portail brusquely.

"The more need of me," was the careless answer.

The watch were now but a few houses away, and the stranger seemed determined. He could scarcely be kept out without a disturbance. With an angry oath Felix Portail held the door for him to enter; and closed it softly behind him. Then for a minute or so the three stood silent in the darkness, while with a murmur of voices and clash of weapons, and a ruddy glimmer piercing crack and keyhole, the guard swept by.

"Have you a light?" Felix murmured.

"In the back room," replied the young man who had admitted them. He seemed to be a clerk or confidential servant. "But your sister," he continued, "is distraught. She has sat at the window all day as you see her now—sometimes looking at *it*. Oh Felix, this has been a dreadful day for this house!"

The young Portail assented by a groan. "And Susanne?" he asked.

"Is with Mistress Marie, terrified almost to death, poor child. She has been crouching all day by her, hiding her face in her gown. But where were you?"

"At the Sorbonne," replied Felix in a whisper.

"Ah!" the other exclaimed, something of hidden meaning in his tone. "I would not tell her that, if I were you. I feared it was so. But let us go up stairs."

They went: with more than one stumble by the way. At the head of the staircase the clerk opened a door and preceded them into a low-roofed panelled room, plainly but solidly furnished, and lighted by a small hanging lamp of silver. A round oak table on six curiously turned legs stood in the middle, and on it some food was laid. A high-backed chair, before which a sheep-skin rug was spread, and two or three stools made up with a great oak chest the main furniture of the room.

The stranger turned from scrutinizing his surroundings, and started. Another door had silently opened; and he saw framed in the doorway and relieved by the lamp-light against the darkness of the outer room the face and figure of a tall girl. A moment she stood pointing at them with her hand, her face white—and whiter in seeming by reason of the black hair which fell around it—her eyes dilated, the neck-band of her dark red gown torn open. "A Provençal!" the intruder murmured to himself. "Beautiful and a tigress."

At any rate, for the moment, beside herself. "So you have come at last!" she panted, glaring at Felix with passionate scorn in word and gesture. "Where were you while these slaves of yours did your bidding? At the Sorbonne with the black crows! Thinking out fresh work for them? Or dallying with your Normandy sweetheart?"

"Hush!" he said quailing visibly. "There is a stranger here."

"There have been many strangers here to-day!" she retorted bitterly. "Hush, you say? Nay, I will not be silent. They may tear me limb from limb, but I will accuse them of this murder before God's throne. Coward! Do you think I will ask mercy from them? Come, look on your work! See what the League have done—your holy League!—while you sat plotting with the black crows!"

She pointed into the dark room behind her, and the movement disclosed a younger girl clinging to her skirts, and weeping silently. "Come here, Susanne," said Felix, who had turned pale and red under the lash of the other's scorn. "Your sister is not herself. You do no good, Marie, staying in there. See, you are both trembling with cold."

"With cold? Then do you warm yourselves! Sit down and eat and drink and be comfortable and forget him! But I will not eat or drink while he hangs there! Shame, Felix Portail! Have you arms and hands, and will you let your father hang before his own door?"

Her voice rang shrilly to the last word ; and then an awkward silence fell on the room. The stranger nodded, almost as if he had said, "Bravo!" The two men of the house cast doubtful glances at one another. At length the clerk spoke. "It is impossible, mistress," he said gently. "Were he touched, the mob would wreck the house to-morrow."

"A little bird whispered to me as I came through the streets,"—it was the stranger who spoke—"that Mayenne and his riders would be in town to-morrow. Then it seems to me that our friends of the Sorbonne will not have matters altogether their own way."

The Sorbonne was the Theological College of Paris ; at this time the head-quarters of the extreme Leaguers and the Sixteen. Mayenne and D'Aumale, the Guise princes, more than once found it necessary to check the excesses of this party.

Marie Portail looked at the last speaker. He sat on the edge of the chest, carelessly swinging one knee over the other ; a man of middle height, rather tall than short, with well bronzed cheeks, a forehead broad and white, and an aquiline nose. He wore a beard and moustaches, and his chin jutted out. His eyes were keen, but good-humoured. Though spare he had broad shoulders, and an iron-hilted sword propped against his thigh seemed made for use rather than show. The upper part of his dress was of brown cloth, the lower of leather. A weather-stained cloak, which he had taken off lay on the chest beside him."

"You are a man!" cried Marie fiercely. "But as for these—"

"Stay, mistress!" the clerk broke in. "Your brother does but collect himself. If the Duke of Mayenne comes back to-morrow, as our friend here says is likely—and I have heard the same myself—he will keep his men in better order. That is true. And we might risk it if the watch would give us a wide berth."

Felix nodded sullenly. "Shut the door," he said to his sister, the deep gloom on his countenance contrasting with the excitement she betrayed. "There is no need to let the neighbours see us."

This time she obeyed him. Susanne too crept from her skirts, and threw herself on her knees, hiding her face on the chair. "Ay!" said Marie looking down at her with the first expression of tenderness the stranger had noted in her. "Let her weep. Let children weep. But let men work."

"We want a ladder," said the clerk in a low voice. "And the longest we have is full three feet short."

"That is just half a man," remarked he who sat on the chest.

"What do you mean?" asked Felix, wonderingly.

"What I said."

"But there is nothing on which we can rest the ladder," urged the clerk.

"Then that is a whole man," quoth the stranger curtly. "Perhaps two. I told you you would have need of me." He looked from one to the other with a smile ; a careless, self-contented smile.

"You are a soldier," said Marie suddenly.

"At times," he replied, shrugging his shoulders.

"For which side?"

He shook his head. "For my own," he answered naively.

"A soldier of fortune?"

"At your service, mistress ; now and ever."

The clerk struck in impatiently. "If we are to do this," he said, "we had better see about it. I will fetch the ladder."

He went out and the other men followed more slowly, leaving Marie still standing gazing into the darkness of the outer room—she had opened the door again—like one in a trance. Some odd trait in the soldier led him as he passed out, to lay his hand on the hair of the kneeling child with a movement infinitely tender ; infinitely at variance with the harsh clatter with which his sword next moment rang against the stairs as he descended.

The three men were going to do that which two certainly, and perhaps all, knew to be perilous. One went to it in gloom, anger as well as sorrow at his heart. One bustled about nervously, and looked often behind him as if to see Marie's pale face at the window. And one strode out as to a ball, glancing up and down the dark lane with an air of enjoyment, which not even the grim nature of his task could suppress. The body was hanging from a bar which crossed the street at a considerable height,

serving as a stay between the gables of two opposite houses, of which one was two doors only from the unhappy Portails'. The mob, with a barbarity very common in those days, had hung him on his own threshold.

The street as the three moved up it, seemed empty and still. But it was impossible to say how long it would remain so. Yet the soldier loitered, staring about him, as one remembering things. "Did not the Admiral live in this neighbourhood?" he inquired.

"De Coligny? Yes. Round the corner in the Rue de Bethisy," replied the clerk brusquely. "But see! The ladder will not reach the bar—no, not by four feet."

"Set it against the wall then—thus," said the soldier, and having done it himself he mounted a few steps. But then he seemed to bethink himself. He jumped down again. "No," he exclaimed, peering sharply into the faces of one and the other, "I do not know you. If any one comes, my friends, and you leave the foot of the ladder I shall be taken like a bird on a limed twig. Do you ascend, Monsieur Felix."

The young man drew back. He was not without courage, or experience of rough scenes. But the Louvre was close at hand, almost within earshot on one side, the *Châtelet* was scarcely farther off on the other; and both swarmed with soldiers and brutal camp-followers. At any moment a troop of them might pass; and should they detect any one interfering with King Mob's handiwork, he would certainly dangle in a very few minutes from some handy lamp-iron. Felix knew this, and stood at gaze. "I do not know you either," he muttered irresolutely, his hand still on the ladder.

A smile of surprising humour played on the soldier's face. "Nay, but you knew *him!*" he retorted, pointing upwards with his hand. "Trust me, young sir," he added significantly, "I am less inclined to mount now than I was before."

The clerk intervened before Felix could resent the insult. "Steady," he said; "I will go up and do it."

"Not so!" Felix rejoined, pushing him aside in turn. And he ran up the ladder. But near the top he paused, and began to descend again. "I have no knife," he said shamefacedly.

"Pshaw! Let me come!" cried the stranger. "I see you are both good comrades. I trust you. Besides, I am more used to this ladder work than you are, and time is everything."

He ran up as he spoke, and standing on the highest round but one he grasped the bar above his head, and swung himself lightly up, so as to gain a seat on it. With more caution he wormed himself along it until he reached the rope. Fortunately there was a long coil of it about the bar; and warning his companions in a whisper, he carefully, and with such reverence as the time and place allowed, let down the body to them. They received it in their arms; and were loosening the noose from the neck when an outburst of voices and the noise of footsteps at the nearer end of the street surprised them. For an instant the two stood in the gloom, breathless, stricken still, confounded. Then with a single impulse they lifted the body between them, and huddled blindly to the door. It opened at their touch, they stumbled in, and it fell to behind them. The foremost of the party outside had been within ten paces of them. A narrow escape!

Yet they had escaped. But what next? What of their companion? The moment the door shut behind them they would have rushed out again, aye, to certain death, so strongly had the soldier's trust appealed to their confidence. But they had the body in their arms; and by the time it was laid on the stairs, a score of men had passed. The opportunity was over. They could do nothing but listen. "Heaven help him!" fell from the clerk's quivering lips. Pulling the door ajar, they stood, looking each moment to hear a challenge, a shot, the clash of swords. But no. They did hear the party halt under the gallows, and pass some brutal jest, and go on. And that was all.

They could scarcely believe their ears; no, nor even their eyes, when a few minutes later the street being now quiet, they passed out, and stood in it shuddering. For there still swung the corpse dimly outlined above them! There! Certainly there! The clerk seized his companion's arm and drew him back. "It was the fiend!" he stammered. "See, your father is still there! It was the fiend who helped us!"

But suddenly the figure they were watching became agitated; another instant and it slid gently to the ground. It was the soldier. "O ye gods!" he cried, bent double with silent laughter. "Saw you ever such a trick? How I longed to kick if it were but my toe at them, and I forbore! Fools that they were! Did man ever see a body

hung in its sword? But it was a good trick, eh?" appealing to them with a simple pride in his invention. "I had the rope loose in my hand when they came, and I drew it twice round my neck—and one arm trust me—and swung off gently. It is not every one who would have thought of that, my children!"

It was odd. They still shook with fear, and he with laughter. He did not seem to give a thought to the danger he had escaped. Pride in his readiness and a keen sense of the humorous side of the incident entirely possessed him. At the very door of the house he still chuckled from time to time; muttering between the ebullitions, "Ah, I must tell Diane! Diane will be pleased!"

Once inside, however, he acted with more delicacy than might have been expected. He stood aside while the other two carried the body up stairs; and himself waited patiently in the bare room below, which showed signs of occasional use as a stable. Here the clerk Adrian presently found him, and murmured some apology. Mistress Marie, he said, had fainted.

"A matter which afflicts you, my friend," the soldier replied with a grimace, "about as much as your master's death. Pooh, man, do not look fierce! Good luck to you. Only if—but this is no house for gallantry to-night—I had spruced myself, you had had to look to your ewe lamb!"

The clerk turned pale and red by turns. This man seemed to read his thoughts as if he had indeed been the fiend. "What do you wish?" he stammered.

"Only shelter until the early morning when the streets are most quiet; and a direction to the Rue des Lombards."

"The Rue des Lombards?"

"Yes, why not?" But though the soldier still smiled, the lines of his mouth hardened suddenly. "Why not to the Rue des Lombards?"

"I know no reason why you should not be going there," replied the clerk boldly. "It was only that the street is near; and a friend of my late master's lives in it."

"His name?"

The clerk started; the question was put so abruptly, and in a tone so imperious. "Nicholas Toussaint," he answered involuntarily.

"Ay?" replied the other, raising his hand to his chin meditatively and glancing at Adrian with a look that for all the world reminded him of an old print of the eleventh Louis, which hung in a room at the Hôtel de Ville. "Your master, young man, was of the moderate party—a Politique?"

"He was."

"A good man and a Catholic? one who loved France? A Leaguer only in name?" he continued with vividness.

"Yes, that is so."

"But his son? He is a Leaguer out and out—one who would rise to fortune on the flood tide of the mob? A Sorbonnist? The priests have got hold of him? He would do to others as they have done to his father? A friend of Le Clerc and Boucher?"

Adrian nodded reluctantly. This strange man confounded and yet fascinated him: this man so reckless and gay one moment, so wary the next; exchanging in an instant the hail of a boon companion for the tone of a noble.

"And is your young master also a friend of this Nicholas Toussaint?" was the next question.

"No," said Adrian, "he has been forbidden the house. M. Toussaint does not approve of his opinions."

"Ha! That is so, is it," rejoined the stranger with his former gaiety. "And now enough: where will you lodge me until morning?"

"If my closet will serve you," Felix answered with a hesitation he would not have felt a few minutes before, "it is at your will. I will bring some food there at once, and will let you out if you please at five." And Adrian added some simple directions, by following which his guest might reach the Rue des Lombards without difficulty.

An hour later if the thoughts of those who lay sleepless under that roof could have been traced, some strange contrasts would have appeared. Was Felix Portail thinking of his dead father, or of his sweetheart in the Rue des Lombards, or of his schemes of ambition? Was he blaming the crew of whom until to-day he had been one, or sullenly cursing those factious Huguenots as the root of the mischief? Was Adrian thinking of his kind master, or of his master's daughter? Was the guest dreaming of his narrow escape? or revolving plans beside which Felix's were but the schemes of a

rat in a drain? Perhaps Marie alone—for Susanne slept a child's sleep of exhaustion—had her thoughts fixed on him, who so few hours before had been the centre of the household.

But such is life in troubled times. Pleasure and pain come mingled together, and men snatch the former even from the midst of the latter with a trembling joy: knowing that if they wait to go a pleasuring until the sky be clear, they may wait until nightfall.

When Adrian called his guest at cock-crow the latter rose briskly and followed him down to the door. "Well, young sir," he said on the threshold, as he wrapped his cloak round him and took his sheathed sword in his hand, "I am obliged to you. When I can do you a service, I will."

"You can do me one now," replied the clerk bluntly. "It is ill work having to do with strangers in these days. You can tell me who you are, and to which side you belong."

"Which side? I have told you—my own. And for the rest," continued the soldier, "I will give you a hint." He brought his lips near the other's ear, and whispered, "Kiss Marie—for me!"

The clerk looked up aflame with anger, but the other was already gone striding down the street. Yet Adrian received an answer to his question. For as the stranger disappeared in the gloom, he broke out with an audacity that took the listener's breath away into a well-known air,

"Hau! Hau! Papegots!
Faites place aux Huguenots!"

and trilled it as if he had been in the streets of Rochelle.

"Death!" exclaimed the clerk, getting back into the house, and barring the door, "I thought so. He is a Huguenot. But if he take his neck out of Paris unstretched, he will have the fiends' own luck, and the Béarnais' to boot!"

II.

When the clerk went up stairs again, he heard voices in the back room. Felix and Marie were in consultation. The girl was a different being this morning. The fire and fury of the night had sunk to a still misery; and even to her it seemed over dangerous to stay in the house and confront the rage of the mob. Mayenne might not after all return yet: and in that case the Sixteen would assuredly wreak their spite on all, however young or helpless, who might have had to do with the removal of the body. "You must seek shelter with some friend," Felix proposed, "before the city is astir. I can go to the University. I shall be safe there."

"Could you not take us with you?" Marie suggested meekly.

He shook his head, his face flushing. It was hard to confess that he had power to destroy, but none to protect. "You had better go to Nicholas Toussaint's," he said. "He will take you in, though he will have nothing to do with me."

Marie assented with a sigh, and rose to make ready. Some few valuables were hidden or secured, some clothes taken; and then the little party of four passed out into the street, leaving but one solemn tenant in their home. The cold light of a November morning gave to the lane an air even in accustomed eyes of squalor and misery. The kennel running down the middle was choked with nastiness, while here and there the upper stories leaned forward so far as to obscure the light.

The fugitives regarded these things little after the first shivering glance, but hurried on their road; Felix with his sword, and Adrian with his club marching on either side of the girls. A skulking dog got out of their way. The song of a belated reveller made them shrink under an arch. But they fell in with nothing more formidable until they came to the high wooden gates of the courtyard in front of Nicholas Toussaint's house.

To arouse him or his servants, however, without disturbing the neighbourhood was another matter. There was no bell; only a heavy iron clapper. Adrian tried this cautiously, with little hope of being heard. But to his joy the hollow sound had scarcely ceased when footsteps were heard crossing the court, and a small trap in one of the gates was opened. An elderly man with high cheek bones and curly grey hair looked out. His eyes lighting on the girls lost their harshness. "Marie Portail!"

he exclaimed. "Ah! poor thing, I pity you. I have heard all. I only returned to the city last night or I should have been with you. And Adrian?"

"We have come," said the young man respectfully "to beg shelter for Mistress Marie and her sister. It is no longer safe for them to remain in the Rue de l'Arbre Sec."

"I can well believe it," cried Toussaint vigorously. "I do not know where we are safe nowadays. But there," he added in a different tone, "no doubt the Sixteen are acting for the best."

"You will take them in then?" said Adrian with gratitude.

But to his astonishment the citizen shook his head, while an awkward embarrassment twisted his features. "It is impossible!" he said reluctantly.

Adrian doubted if he had heard aright. Nicholas Toussaint was known for a bold man; one whom the Sixteen disliked, and even suspected of Huguenot leanings, but had not yet dared to attack. He was a dealer in Norman horses, and this both led him to employ many men, reckless daring fellows, and made him in some degree necessary to the army. Adrian had never doubted that he would shelter the daughter of his old friend; and his surprise on receiving this rebuff was extreme.

"But, Monsieur Toussaint—" he urged—and his face reddened with generous warmth as he stood forward. "My master is dead! Foully murdered! He lies who says otherwise, though he be of the Sixteen! My mistress has few friends now to protect her, and those of small power. Will you send her and the child from your door?"

"Hush, Adrian," cried the girl, lifting her head proudly, yet laying her hand on the clerk's sleeve with a tender touch of acknowledgment that brought the blood in redoubled force to his cheeks. "Do not press our friend overmuch. If he will not take us in from the streets, be sure he has some good reason to offer."

But Toussaint was dumb. Shame—a shame augmented tenfold by the clerk's fearlessness—was so clearly written on his face, that Adrian uttered none of the reproaches which hung on his lips. It was Felix who came forward, and said contemptuously, "So you have grown strangely cautious of a sudden, M. Toussaint?"

"Ha! I thought you were there, or thereabouts!" replied the horse-dealer, regaining his composure at once, and eying him with strong disfavour.

"But Felix and I," interposed Adrian eagerly, "will fend for ourselves."

Toussaint shook his head. "It is impossible," he said surlily.

"Then hear me!" cried Felix with excitement. "You do not deceive me. It is not because of your daughter that you have forbidden me the house, and will not now protect my sister! It is because we shall learn too much. You have those under your roof, whom the crows shall pick yet! You, I will spare for Madeline's sake; but your spies I will string up, every one of them by ——" and he swore a frightful oath, such as the Romanists used.

Toussaint's face betrayed both fear and anger. For an instant he seemed to hesitate. Then exclaiming "Begone, parricide! You would have killed your own father!" he slammed the trap-door, and was heard retreating up the yard with a clatter, which sufficiently indicated his uneasiness.

The four looked at one another. Daylight had fully come. The noise of the altercation had drawn more than one sleepy face to neighbouring casements. In a short time the streets would be alive with people, and even a delay of a few minutes might bring immediate danger. They thought of this; and moved away slowly and reluctantly, Susanne clinging to Adrian's arm, while Felix strode ahead scowling. When they had placed, however, a hundred yards or so between themselves and Toussaint's gates, they stopped, a chill sense of desolation upon most of them. Whither were they to go? Felix urged curtly that they should seek other friends. But Marie declined. If Nicholas Toussaint dared not take them in, no other of their friends would. She had given up hope, poor girl, and longed only to get back to their home, and the still form, which it now seemed to her she should never have deserted.

They were standing discussing this when a cry caused them to turn. A girl was running hatless along the street towards them; a girl tall and plump of figure in a dark blue robe, with a creamy slightly freckled face, a glory of wavy golden hair about it, and great grey eyes that could laugh and cry at once, even as they were doing now. "Oh, Marie," she exclaimed taking her in her arms; "my poor little one! Come

back! You are to come back at once!" Then disengaging herself, with a blushing cheek and more reserve she allowed Felix to embrace her. But though that young gentleman made full use of his permission, his face did not clear. "Your father has just turned my sister from his door, as he turned me a month ago," he said bitterly.

Poor girl, she quailed; looking at him with a tender upward glance meant for him only. "Hush!" she begged him. "Do not speak so of him. And he has sent to fetch them back again. He says he cannot keep them himself, but if they will come in and rest he will see them safely disposed of later. Will not that do?"

"Excellently, Miss Madeline," cried Adrian gratefully. "And we thank your father a thousand times."

"Nay but—" she said slyly—"That permission does not extend to you."

"What matter?" he said stoutly.

"What matter if Marie be safe you mean," she replied demurely. "Well, I would I had so gallant a—clerk," with a glance at her own handsome lover. "But come, my father is waiting at the gate for us." Yet notwithstanding that she urged haste, she and Felix were the last to turn. When she at length ran after the others her cheeks betrayed her.

"I can see what you have been doing, girl," her father cried angrily, meeting her just within the door. "For shame, hussy! Go to your room, and take your friends with you." And he aimed a light blow at her, which she easily evaded.

"They will need breakfast," she persisted bravely. She had seen her lover, and though the interview might have had its drawbacks—best known to herself—she cared little for a blow in comparison with that.

"They will take it in your room," he retorted. "Come, pack, girl! I will talk to you presently," he added, with meaning.

The Portails drew her away. To them her room was a haven of rest, where they felt safe, and could pour out their grief, and let her pity and indignation soothe them. The horror of the last twenty-four hours fell from them. They seemed to themselves to be outcasts no longer.

In the afternoon Toussaint reappeared. "On with your hoods," he cried briskly, his good humour re-established. "I and half a dozen stout lads will see you to a place where you can lie snug for a week."

Marie asked timidly about her father's funeral. "I will see to it, little one," he answered. "I will let the curate of St. Germain know. He will do what is seemly—if the mob let him," he added to himself.

"But father," cried Madeline, "where are you going to take them?"

"To Philip Boyer's."

"What!" cried the girl in much surprise. "His house is small and Philip and his wife are old and feeble."

"True," answered Portail. "But his hutch is under the Duchess's roof. There is a touch of *our great man* about Madame. Mayenne the crowd neither overmuch love, nor much fear. He will die in his bed. But with his sister it is a word and a blow. And the Sixteen will not touch aught that is under her roof."

The Duchess de Montpensier was the sister of Henry Duke of Guise, Henry the Scarred, *Our great man*, as the Parisians loved to call him. He had been assassinated in the antechamber of Henry of Valois just a twelvemonth before this time; and she had become the soul of the League, having more of the headstrong nature which had made him popular, than had either of his brothers, Mayenne or D'Aumale.

"I see," said Madeline, kissing the girls, "you are right, father."

"Impertinent baggage!" he cried. "To your prayers and your needle. And see that while we are away you keep close, and do not venture into the courtyard."

She was not a nervous girl, but the bare, roomy house seemed lonely after the party had set out. She wandered to the kitchen where the two old women-servants were preparing, with the aid of a turnspit, the early supper; and learned here that only old Simon, the lame ostler, was left in the stables, which stood on either side of the courtyard. This was not re-assuring news: the more as Madeline knew her father might not return for another hour. She took refuge at last in the long eating-room on the first floor; which ran the full depth of the house, and had one window looking to the back as well as several facing the courtyard. Here she opened the door of the stove, and let the cheery glow play about her.

But presently she grew tired of this, and moved to the rearward window. It looked upon a narrow lane, and a dead wall. Still, there was a chance of seeing some one pass, some stranger; whereas the windows which looked on the empty courtyard were no windows at all—to Madeline.

The girl had not long looked out before her pale complexion, which the fire had scarcely warmed, grew hot. She started, and looked into the room behind her nervously: then looked out again. She had seen standing in a nook of the wall opposite her, a figure she knew well. It was that of her lover, and he seemed to be watching the house. Timidly she waved her hand to him, and he, after looking up and down the lane, advanced to the window. He could do this safely, for it was the only window in the Toussaints' house, which looked that way.

"Are you alone?" he asked softly, looking up at her.

She nodded.

"And my sisters?" he continued.

"Have gone to Philip Boyer's. He lives in one of the cottages on the left of the Duchess's yard."

"Ah! And you? Where is your father, Madeline?" he murmured.

"He has gone to take them. I am quite alone; and two minutes ago I was melancholy," she added, with a smile that should have made him happy.

"I want to talk to you," he replied gravely. "May I get up if I can, Madeline?"

She shook her head, which of course meant, no. And she said, "It is impossible." But she still smiled.

There was a pipe which ran up the wall a couple of feet or so on one side of the casement. Before she well understood his purpose, or that he was in earnest he had gripped this and was halfway up to the window.

"Oh, do take care," she cried. "Do not come, Felix. My father will be so angry!" Woman-like she repented now, when it was too late. But still he came on, and when his hand was stretched out to grasp the sill, all her fear was only lest he should fall. She seized his wrist, and helped him in. Then she drew back. "You should not have done it, Felix," she said severely.

"But I wanted to see you so much, Madeline," he urged, "and the glimpse I had of you this morning was nothing."

"Well then, you may come to the stove and warm yourself, sir. Oh! how cold your poor hands are, my boy! But you must not stay."

But stolen moments are sweet and apt to be long drawn out. She had a great deal to say, and he had a great deal it seemed to ask—so much to ask indeed, that gradually a dim sense that he was thinking of other things than herself—of her father and the ways of the house, and what guests they had, came over her.

It chilled her to the heart. She drew away from him, and said, suddenly, "Oh, Felix!" and looked at him.

Nothing more. But he understood her and coloured; and tried to ask, but asked awkwardly, "What is the matter, dearest?"

"I know what you are thinking of," she said with grave sorrow. "Oh! it is too bad! It is base of you, cruel! You would use even me whom you love to ruin my friends!"

"Hush!" he answered, letting his gloomy passion have vent for the moment, "they are not your friends, Madeline. See what they have done for me. It is they, or the troubles they have set on foot, that have killed my father!" And he swore solemnly—carried away by his mistaken resentment—never again to spare a Huguenot save her father and one other.

She trembled and tried to close her ears. Her father had told her a hundred times that she could not be happy with a husband divided from her by a gulf so impassable. She had said to him that it was too late. She knew it. She had given Felix her heart and she was a woman. She could not take it back, though she knew that nothing but unhappiness could come of it.

"God forgive you!" she moaned in that moment of strained insight; and sank in her chair as though she would weep.

He fell on his knees by her with a hundred words of endearment, for he had conquered himself again. And she let him soothe her. She had never loved him more than now, when she knew the price she must pay for him. She closed her eyes—for

the moment—to that terrible future, and he was holding her in his arms, when without warning a heavy footstep rang on the stairs by the door.

They sprang apart. If even then he had had presence of mind, he might have reached the window. But he hesitated, looking in her startled eyes. "Is it your father?" he whispered.

She shook her head. "He cannot have returned. We should have heard the gates opened. There is no one in the house," she murmured faintly.

But still the footsteps came on: and stopped at the door. Felix looked round in despair. Close beside him, and just behind the stove was the door of a closet. He took two strides, and before he or she had thought of the consequences, was within it. Softly he drew the door to again; and she sank terrified on a chair, as the door of the room opened.

He who came in was a man of thirty-five, a stranger to her. A man with a projecting chin. His keen grey eyes wore at the moment of his entrance an impatient expression, but when he caught sight of her, this passed away. He came across the floor smiling. "Pardon me," he said—but said it as if no pardon were needed, "I found the stables insupportably dull. I set out on a voyage of discovery. I have found my America!" And he bowed in a style which puzzled the frightened girl.

"You want to see my father?" she said tremulously. "He——"

"Has gone to the Duchess's. I know it. And very ill-natured it was of him to leave me in the stable, instead of entrusting me to your care, mistress. La Nouë," he continued, "is in the stable still, asleep on a bundle of hay, and a pretty commotion there will be when he finds I have stolen away!"

Laughing with an easy carelessness that struck the citizen's daughter with fresh astonishment, the stranger drew up the big armchair, which was commonly held sacred to M. Toussaint's use, and threw himself into it; lazily disposing his booted feet in the glow which poured from the stove, and looking across at his companion with open and somewhat bold admiration in his eyes. At another time she might have been offended: or she might not. Women are variable. Now her fears lest Felix should be discovered dulled her apprehension.

Yet the name of La Nouë had caught her ear. She knew it well, as all France and the Low Countries knew it in those days, for the name of the boldest and stanchest warrior on the Huguenot side.

"La Nouë?" she murmured, misty suspicions beginning to take form in her mind.

"Yes, pretty one," replied he laughing. "La Nouë and no other. Does Bras-de-fer pass for an ogre here in Paris that you tremble so at his name? Let me——"

But whatever the proposition he was going to offer, it came to nothing. The dull clash of the gates outside warned both of them that Nicholas Toussaint and his party had returned. A moment later a hasty tread sounded on the stairs; and an elderly man wearing a cloak burst in upon them.

His eyes swept the room while his hand still held the door, and it was clear that what he saw did not please him. He came forward stiffly, his brows knitted. But he said nothing; seeming uncertain and embarrassed.

"See!" the first comer said, looking quietly up at him, but not offering to move. "Now what do you think of your ogre? And by the rood he looks fierce enough to eat babes! There, old friend," he continued speaking to the elder man in a different tone, "spare your lecture. This is Toussaint's daughter, and as staunch I will warrant as her father."

The old noble—he had but one arm she saw—still looked at her with disfavour. "Girls have sweethearts, sire," he said shrewdly.

For a moment the room seemed to go round with her. Though something more of reproach and playful defence passed between the two men, she did not hear it. The consciousness that her lover was listening to every word, and that from this moment La Nouë's life was in his hands, numbed her brain. She sat helpless, hardly aware that half a dozen men were entering, her father one of them. When a lamp was called for—it was growing dark—she did not stir: and Toussaint, not seeing her, fetched it himself.

But by the time he came back she had partly recovered herself. She noted that he locked the door carefully behind him. When the lamp was set on the table, and its

light fell on the harsh features of the men, a ray passed between them, and struck her pale face. Her father saw her.

"By heaven!" he cried furiously. "What does the wench here?" No one answered; but all turned and looked at her where she cowered back against the stove. "Go, girl!" Toussaint cried, beside himself with passion. "Begone! and presently I will——"

"Nay, stop!" interposed La Nouë. "Your daughter knows too much. We cannot let her go thus."

"Knows too much? How?" and the citizen tossed his head like a bull balked in his charge.

"His majesty—"

"Nay, let his majesty speak for himself—for once," said the man with the grey eyes—and even in her terror and confusion Madeline saw that all turned to him with a single movement. "Mistress Toussaint did but chat with La Nouë and myself, during her father's absence. But she knows us; or one of us. If any be to blame it is I. Let her stay. I will answer for her fidelity."

"Nay, but she is a woman, sire," some one objected.

"Ay, she is, good Poulain," and he turned to the speaker with a singularly bright smile. "So we are safe, for there is no woman in France would betray Henry of Bourbon!"

A laugh went round. Some one mentioned the Duchess.

"True!" said Henry, for Henry it was, he whom the Leaguers called the Béarnais and the Politiques the King of Navarre, but whom later generations have crowned as the first of French kings—Henry the Great. "True! I had forgotten her. I must beware of her gold scissors. We have two crowns already, and want not another of her making. But come, let us to business without ceremony. Be seated, gentlemen; and while we consider whether our plans hold good, Mistress Toussaint—" he paused to look kindly at the terrified girl—"will play the sentry for us."

Madeline's presence within a few feet of their council-board was soon forgotten by the eager men sitting about it. And in a sense she forgot them. She heard, it is true, their hopes and plans, the chief a scheme to surprise Paris by introducing men hidden in carts piled with hay. She heard how Henry and La Nouë had entered, and who had brought them in, and how it was proposed to smuggle them out again; and many details of men and means and horses; who were loyal and who disaffected, and who might be bought over, and at what price. She even took note of the manner of each speaker as he leaned forward, and brought his face within the circle of light, marking who were known to her before, substantial citizens these constant at mass and market, and who were strangers; men fiercer-looking, thinner, haughtier, more restless, with the stamp of constant peril at the corners of their eyes, and swords some inches longer than their neighbours.

She saw and heard this and reasoned dully on it. But all the time her mind was paralysed by a dreadful sense of some great evil awaiting her, something with which she must presently come face to face, though her faculties had not grasped it yet. Men's lives! Ah, yes, men's lives! The girl had been bred in secret as a Huguenot. She had been taught to revere the great men of the religion, and not the weakness of the cause, not even her lover's influence had sapped her loyalty to it.

Presently there was a stir about the table. The men rose. "Then that arrangement meets your views, sire," said La Nouë.

"Perfectly. I sleep to-night at my good friend Mazeau's," the king answered, "and leave to-morrow about noon by St. Martin's gate. Yes, let that stand."

He did not see—none of them saw—how the girl in the shadow by the stove started; nor did they mark how the last trace of colour fled from her cheeks. Madeline was face to face with her fate, and knew that her own hand must work it out. The men were separating. Henry bade farewell to one and another, until only three or four beside Toussaint and La Nouë remained with him. Then he prepared himself to go, and girt on his sword, talking earnestly the while. Still engaged in low converse with one of the strangers, he walked slowly lighted by his host to the door, forgetting to take leave of the girl. In another minute he and they would have disappeared in the passage, when a hoarse cry escaped from Madeline's lips.

It was little more than a gasp, but it was enough for men whose nerves were strained. All—at the moment they had their backs to her, their faces to the king—

turned swiftly. "Ha!" cried Henry at once, "I had forgotten my manners. I was leaving my most faithful sentry without a word of thanks, or a keepsake by which to remember Henry of France."

She had risen, and was supporting herself—but she swayed as she stood—by the arm of the chair. Never had her lover been so dear to her. As the king approached, the light fell on her face, on her agonised eyes, and he stopped short. "Toussaint!" he cried sharply. "Your daughter is ill. Look to her!" But it was noticeable that he laid his hand on his sword.

"Stay!" she cried, the word ringing shrilly through the room. "You are betrayed! There is some one—there—who has heard—all! Oh, sire, mercy! mercy!"

As the last words passed the girl's writhing lips she clutched at her throat: seemed to fight a moment for breath: then with a stifled shriek fell senseless to the ground.

A second's silence. Then a whistling sound as half a dozen swords were snatched from the scabbards. The veteran La Nouë sprang to the door: others ran to the windows and stood before them. Only Henry—after a swift glance at Toussaint, who pale and astonished, leaned over his daughter—stood still, his fingers on his hilt. Another second of suspense, and before any one spoke, the cupboard door swung open, and Felix Portail, pale to the lips, stood before them.

"What do you here?" cried Henry, restraining by a gesture those who would have flung themselves upon the spy.

"I came to see her," Felix said. He was quite calm, but a perspiration cold as death stood on his brow, and his distended eyes wandered from one to another. "You surprised me. Toussaint knows that I was her sweetheart," he murmured.

"Ay, wretched man, to see her! And for what else?" replied Henry, his eyes, as a rule, so kindly, bent on the other in a gaze fixed and relentless.

A sudden visible quiver—as it were the agony of death—shot through Portail's frame. He opened his mouth, but for a while no sound came. His eyes sought the nearest sword with horrid intentness. He gasped, "Kill me at once, before she—before——"

He never finished the sentence. With an oath the nearest Huguenot lunged at his breast, and fell back foiled by a blow from the King's hand. "Back!" cried Henry, his eyes flashing as another sprang forward, and would have done the work. "Will you trench on the King's justice in his presence? Sheath your swords, all save the Sieur de la Nouë, and the gentlemen who guard the windows!"

"He must die!" cried several voices, as the men still pressed forward viciously.

"Think, sire! Think what you do," cried La Nouë himself, warning in his voice. "He has the life of every man here in his hand! And they are your men, risking all for the crown."

"True," replied Henry, smiling; "but I ask no man to run a risk I will not take myself."

A murmur of dissatisfaction burst forth. Several drew their swords again. "I have a wife and child!" cried one recklessly, bringing his point to the thrust. "He dies!"

"He does not die!" exclaimed the King, his voice so ringing through the room that all fell back once more; fell back not so much because it was the King who spoke as in obedience to the voice which two months before had rallied the flying squadrons at Arques, and years before had rung out hour after hour and day after day above the long street fight of Cahors. "He does not die!" repeated Henry, looking from one to another, with his chin thrust out, "I say it. I! And there are no traitors here!"

"Your majesty," said La Nouë after a moment's pause, "commands our lives."

"Thanks, Francis," Henry replied instantly changing his tone. "And now hear me, gentlemen. Think you that it was a light thing in this girl to give up her lover? She might have let us go to our doom, and we none the wiser! Would you take her gift and make her no requital? That were not royal. And now for you, sir"—he turned to Felix who was leaning half-fainting against the wall—"hearken to me. You shall go free. I, who this morning played the son to your dead father, give you your life for your sweetheart's sake. For her sake be true. You shall go out alive and safe into the streets of Paris, which five minutes ago you little thought to see again. Go! And if you please, betray us, and be damned! Only remember that if you give up your

king and these gentlemen who have trusted you, your name shall go down the centuries —and stand for treachery ! "

He spoke the last words with such scorn that a murmur of applause broke out even among those stern men. He took instant advantage of it. "Now go !" he said hurriedly. "You can take the girl there with you. She has but fainted. A kiss will bring her to life. Go, and be silent."

The man took up his burden and went, trembling ; still unable to speak. But no hand was now raised to stop him !

When he had disappeared La Nouë turned to the king. "You will not now sleep at Mazeau's, sire ? "

Henry rubbed his chin. "Yes ; let the plan stand," he answered. "If he betray one, he shall betray all."

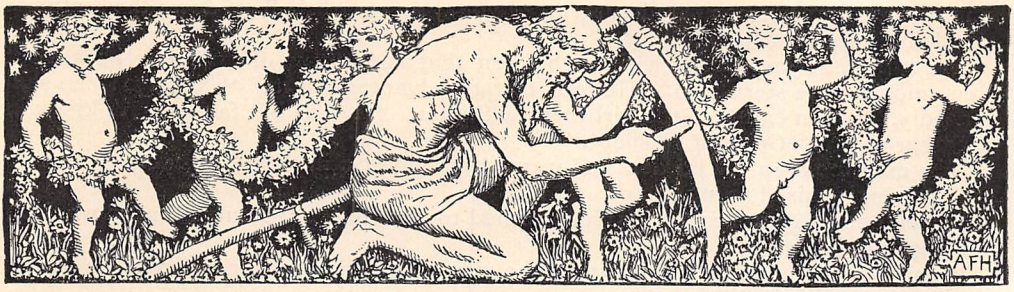
"But this is madness," urged La Nouë.

The king shook his head, and smiling clapped the veteran on the shoulder. "Not so," he said. "The man is no traitor : I say it. And you have never met with a longer head than Henry's."

"Never," assented La Nouë bluntly, "save when there is a woman in it ! "

The curtain falls. The men have lived and are dead. La Nouë, the Huguenot Bayard, now exists only in a dusty memoir and a page of Motley. Madame de Montpensier is forgotten ; all of her, save her golden scissors. Mayenne, D'Aumale, a verse preserves their names. Only Henry—the "good king" as generations of French peasants called him—remains a living figure : his strength and weakness, his sins and virtues, as well known, as thoroughly appreciated by thousands now as in the days of his life.

Therefore we cannot hope to learn much of the fortunes of people so insignificant—save for that moment when the fate of a nation hung on their breath—as the Portails and Toussaints. We do know that Felix proved worthy. For though the attack on Paris of the ninth of November, 1589, failed, it did not fail through treachery. And we know that he married Madeline, and that Adrian won Marie : but no more. Unless certain Portals now living in the north of Ireland, whose ancestors came over at the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, are their descendants. And certainly it is curious that in this family the eldest son invariably bears the name of Henry, and the second of Felix.

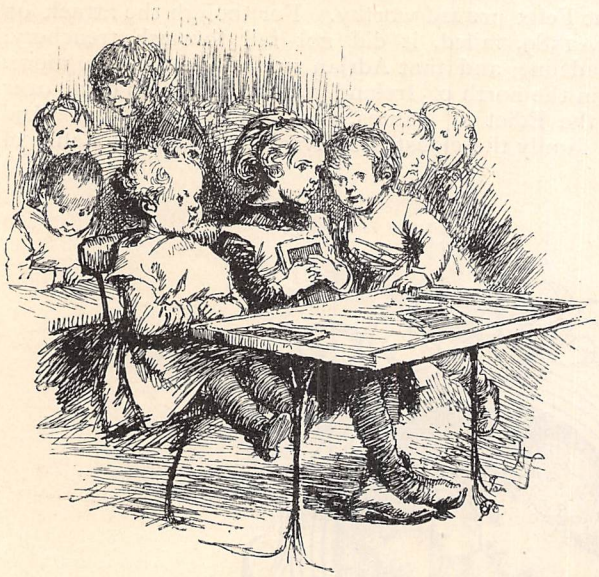


SOME BOARD SCHOOL CHILDREN.

By JAMES RUNCIMAN.

With Illustrations by HUGH THOMSON.

If you wanted to describe all the types of children attending our London Board Schools you would have to make a big book; for the types vary from district to district and even from street to street. The genuine arab from the Greenwich division is very different from the arab of Drury Lane or Golden Lane; the Greenwich youth gets down to the riverside, and into the park; he may be stinted for food, but he has his share of fresh air, whereas the little creatures who live in the heart of the city are often like blighted weeds, and thus the ragged boy who dances and yells under the windows of the Trafalgar Hotel looks quite a powerful personage compared with the drooping, battered wretches who manage to exist in certain parts of the Tower Hamlets, Clerkenwell, and the Borough. The smart children who go to the high-priced schools are of course, interesting and charming in their way, and it is pleasant to teach them and pleasant to be among them, but they are just like the youths who attend private academies, and I do not fancy there is any need to say much about them. Any one of the sixpenny schools under the Board offers a delightful spectacle of good discipline, cleanliness, quiet order and general happiness; and the infants' schools especially would be visited as show places by tourists if people only knew to what perfection the science and art of education have been brought by some of the mistresses. All the old notions about discipline have long passed away; teachers nowadays aim at making school a happy place, and they are marked as failures if they do not succeed in keeping their classes joyously and steadily at work. I should think that if only the Government Code and the "Results" and "Returns" were out of the way there could hardly be any task so fascinating as that of teaching well-fed, clean, brisk children whose exuberant spirits never become tiresome or offensive. But when one has to deal with starvelings there is not much fun in the business; and the teacher whose duty is performed in a slum has a sorrowful, weary life, and I sometimes have a sort of shudder as I think of the times when the Board's pioneers



SOME BABIES.

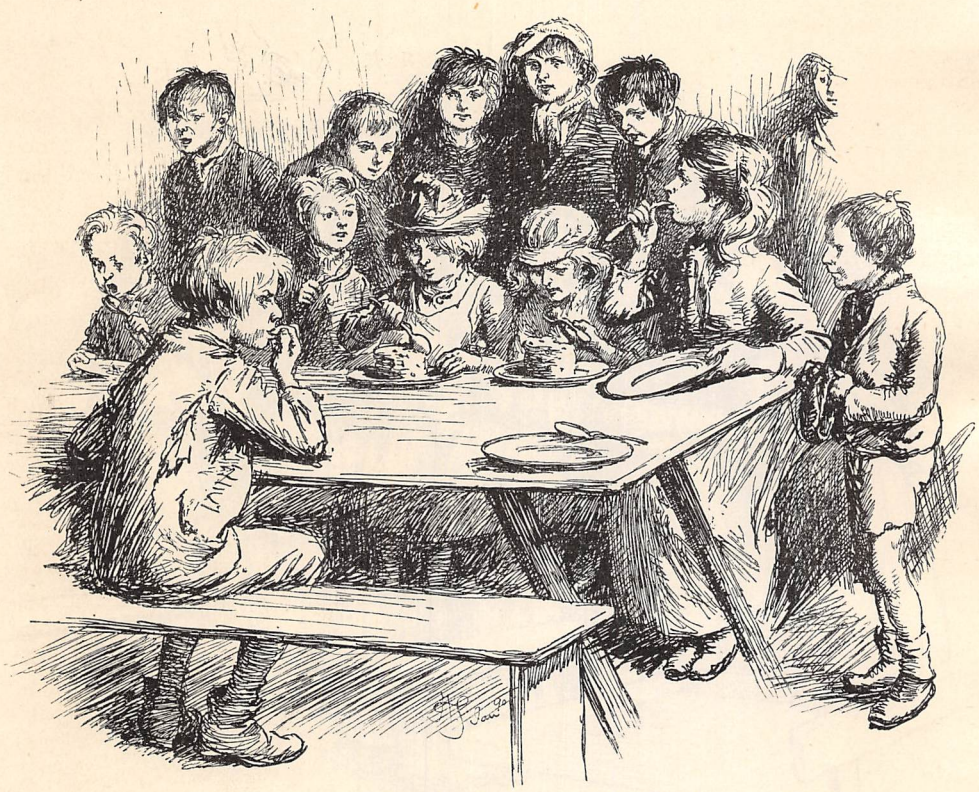
broke ground in 1871. The smart children are pretty well cared for, and I shall only talk about some of the unlucky ones.

You and I can very soon reach Orange Street School, Southwark, from the Strand, and that is the best place to visit if you want to see a representative lot of children; because Mrs. Burgwin, of the Girls' Department, has contrived for many years to obtain influential help, and the company of gentlemen who obey her commands, are able to serve out something like 200,000 meals to starving youngsters every winter. Day by day the unhappy little souls are fed, and the whole dreary region sends members of its juvenile population, so that one may look at a picture of London poverty on any given day. Strangers who wish to know something of the work should contrive to secure Mrs. Burgwin's guidance; the indomitable, cheerful lady knows her district so well that she can convey more information by a few curt

A CLASS OF GIRLS.

sentences than ever could be picked up by the curious pilgrims who go round with policemen. When Mrs. Burgwin first went into that awful place it was not safe for any woman to pass down one of the streets without an efficient escort; but the influence of the school has transformed the populace so far as their manners are concerned, and the teachers are regarded as friends and counsellors. Yet the woeful poverty remains, and the thought of it weighs on my heart so badly, that I can hardly force myself to go on writing about it. The last time I went from the sweet country to the dolorous Borough, Mrs. Burgwin casually said to me, "Consumption is our great scourge here. People could hardly believe us if we told how many we lose from that one disease." Well, I knew that, and yet the quiet, emotionless speech affected me poignantly; for there were one or two stricken beings in front of me at the time, and I seemed to be gaining a new experience. In Orange Street you may learn all essentials concerning the girls of the slums. Some of Mrs.

Burgwin's pupils are quite healthy and rosy ; a few are beautiful, and I lost my heart to a lovely couple who were working together in one of the upper standards. One girl is dark, the other fair, and both are singularly refined. Then there are chubby, merry creatures whose very smile seems to hint at pleasant stories of parental love and self-sacrifice. But the weeds, the weeds! The sight of them is sorrowful. Just look at a few of the imbecile division. The children are harmless, well-meaning mites, but hunger, cold, nameless privation have stunned their minds, and you might just as well try to teach troglodytes. One girl comes from a family whereof not one member has ever been able to learn arithmetic ; her eyes are not absolutely destitute of speculation, but she looks as if a severe blow had dazed her. Another little thing is completely idiotic and must be treated like a dumb animal, while a few others, without being blank in intellect, are so weak and dim that they can hardly be counted among rational



THE MID-DAY MEAL.

beings. I can remember the time when you could not see one healthy, intelligent child among a score of girls from the slums, but Mrs. Burgwin's upper standards are quite equal to the children in ordinary elementary schools, and, if you go to the dining-room, you may soon learn the reason for the improvement. It is almost entirely a matter of food and clothing. The boys and girls who crowd at mid-day into the room where meals are served look gaunt and sorely beaten with famine in many cases, but they would be indescribable—or perhaps dead—if it were not for the blessed aid which they receive. I heartily abhor the screeds of writing which are called dreadful and moving and all the rest of it, or I might reel off a catalogue of dull horrors regarding the forlorn little ones who come to be fed up at the beginning of the bitter season. Sometimes I have wondered whether it was worth while keeping them alive at all ; and yet the sight of their feeble, animal enjoyment of food makes one glad that succour has been found for them. I notice that some thinkers are very much afraid of encouraging dissolute parents ; these thinkers have an idea that to feed the children only lets the fathers and mothers have all the more money to spend on drink. Perhaps a

few scores of bad folks might be picked out whose way of life justifies the stern philosophers, but there are not so many of the brutally selfish wastrels after all. The parents of the children who are fed at the various centres are mostly people compelled to live in a state of semi-starvation, and their ceaseless struggle does not leave them anything to spare for alcohol. Watch the women of the industrious class, and you will soon learn to know those who stand in dire need of help; there is a wonderful sameness about their appearance. The flat breasts, peaked shoulders, drawn faces, weak necks, are cruelly significant, and when a chance eddy of wind flutters the scrimped gown you can see that the skeletons are only draped enough to be barely decent, and sometimes even that standard is scarcely reached. Such women would feed their children if they could, but it cannot be done, and hence about forty per cent. of the boys and girls who attend school go without breakfast. Then the little people are not clad so as to give their starved blood a chance of circulating with any approach to freedom; boots are expensive, and our poor waifs must either remain barefooted or put their raw and cracked feet into broken leathern cases which are constantly squelchy when the mud lies on the streets. Just go to Johanna Street School, Lambeth, and have a look at the dreadful company that straggle in every morning; there is not a sign wanting to prove the existence of poisoned or impoverished blood in the weazened bodies of half the mournful assembly. Many suffer from a bad form of ophthalmia, others are so weak that they seem to dwell in a dream, and their misshapen limbs are so rickety that you would wonder how the miserable carcases were ever borne from place to place on such tremulous, emaciated supports. Of the children on the rolls of the school, thirty-five per cent. stay away every day, and the reason for their absence is that they are too limp from hunger, or too weak to turn out of doors, even from the fœtid and leaking dens which they call home. They would be warm enough in school, but the risk and exertion of getting there are too great for their nerveless and pined bodies. A meal per day for such woe-stricken fellow creatures means life. Go and see some of them eat and you will receive a queer lesson. I reckon that consumption makes away with an ugly percentage of these children, and the unclad or half clad limbs account for the sacrifice. Anybody who is able to send the most trifling article of cast-off clothing to Mrs. Burgwin or the Rev. A. Jephson may be pleasantly certain that he has done something toward saving a life.

CULPRITS.

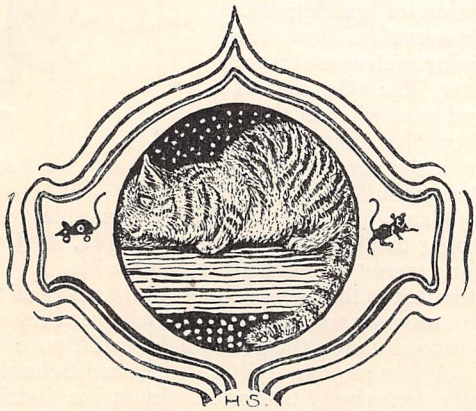
Near the gate of the docks there is a school where many of the infant children during the late strike were kept alive by some good souls who sent regular supplies of condensed milk. If you look at those infants, the gradual degradation of the race in the East End may be understood. A few pictures of typical Board School infants can do no harm, but I should hardly advise anybody to go into the strike district just now; the memory of the little starving children is not easy to shake off. Some paragraphist started a story about a strike of Board School children. What rubbish! Do those shadows of humanity look like striking or doing anything else that implies vitality? Why, the teachers took infinite trouble to feed the children while the dockers were out; those

whose Government Inspection was near were almost compelled to help their starvelings, because many of the youngsters had got so low that intellectual exertion was impossible. The strike of the men has done much to increase the affection and sympathy which, for years, has existed between teachers and poor parents. Every Board School is an academy which educates adults as well as youths; and the coarsest of men and women have learned to regard teachers as their best friends.

Regent Street School, Deptford, offers rather a hopeful study. I started the school myself seventeen years ago. The business seemed hopeless to me, but the present master is not so thin-skinned, and his ragged regiment succeed in doing work quite up to the mark of the crack schools. The little rascals look wild enough, but they are brought under perfect discipline, and Mr. Mould has wrought quite a revolution in his district. When he first went to Regent Street the use of soap was almost unknown among the juveniles; but now even those who cannot afford a comb make an attempt at cleanliness. The Regent Street lads are the sons of costers, labourers, and hawkers; they are bitterly poor, of course, and I have often wondered how it is that their vitality is so high and their cleverness so much above the average. The school is one of special difficulty, but all the difficulties—barring rags and hunger—have been mastered.

Golden Lane, Barbican, is a terrible place to work in, and the man who has the boys' school in hand needs some nerve. Some time ago I wrote very indignantly about a certain official who thought that the Fine Art teaching—the drawing—in the school was bad. Fine Art! It is a wonder that some twenty per cent. of those despairful bairns manage to live on from week to week. Compare them with the merry, clever little fellows who attend the Medburn Street Schools in St. Pancras, and fancy the absurdity of measuring the two schools by one standard.

When I began I thought of going into minute details, but I have grown frightened of making harmless people completely miserable. Let me merely ask those who understand ever so dimly the bite of famine and cold to send a little help to Mrs. Burgwin at the Orange Street Schools, Southwark. Old clothes will be specially welcomed, and nobody should care much about the reasoners who are so frightfully scared at the notion of pauperising folks. I should wager something heavy that if the most indifferent of all living men could have one good look at a child that was livid with hunger and cold, if he could watch that child shuddering along a greasy street in the foul coldness of a foggy morning, if he could trace the one child's school day and realize the difficulty of learning anything under such conditions, he would never heed a philosopher any more. I will very gladly act as guide to any party who choose to arrange a visit to Southwark, and then they may see how the little ones are fed.



FASTING.

By the VEN. ARCHDEACON FARRAR, D.D

THOSE who are in the habit of resorting to sermons must be aware that an increasing number of religious teachers insist upon "fasting" as a distinct duty. Very few of them however venture to define what they mean by fasting. They can hardly do so without abandoning the example wisely set them by the Church to which they belong. The clergy of the Church of Rome promulgate the pastorals of their superiors which distinctly lay down rules as to the things which people may eat and may not eat. This is what the Church of England has never done; evidently because she thought it beyond her province. She has regarded it as an undue interference with individual liberty. It is beneath her dignity to insist on formal rules of "touch not, taste not, handle not," which only refer to things which perish in the using; and she is well aware that such rules, trivial and undesirable in themselves, fall with very different weights of incidence on different persons. Even the Church of Rome has laid down the general principles—(1) that fasting must always be rational; (2) that it must always be regarded as a means not as an end; (3) that the poor, who live in chronic destitution, and those who are in weak health, are *ipso facto* exempted from the obligation; and (4) that *all* are so exempted whom fasting incapacitates from the adequate performance of their daily duties. These are large exemptions. They prove the relativity of the obligation, and the last especially gives wide room for uncertainty. Besides this the Church in early days closely connected fasting with alms, and frequently put forward the duty of giving to the poor the money saved by diminution of food—a motive which in these days would not come to much in the letter. And over large regions of the Romish world—even in such a country as Spain—exemption from the Lenten fast has often been purchasable by small sums of money, handed to the priests for religious purposes. Rigid rules necessitate many exceptions, and leave room for unlimited causistry. Our own Church has surely shown her wisdom and moderation by contenting herself with appointing Lent as a period of "fasting *or* abstinence," and leaving the words to be interpreted by the individual conscience to indicate that form of self-denial which may seem most conducive to the advantage of the society and of the individual soul.

"Fasting" is of two kinds—natural and ecclesiastical. Natural fasting means the total abnegation of food and drink at whatever cost of hunger. Ecclesiastical fasting means the setting of certain *limits* on the kind and quality of our food. Abstinence means "the depriving ourselves of certain kinds of food and drink in a rational way, and for the good of the soul."[1] In its wider sense it is interpreted to mean the abstention not only from food, but from *anything* which it may cost us self-denial to give up.

Now when preachers tell their congregations that it is a duty to "fast," they go beyond the rule of their Church unless they add "or abstain"—since the two things

[1] See *The Catholic Dictionary*, by W. E. Addis and Th. Arnold. The views current in the Romish Church may be seen in St. Thomas Aquinas, *Summa*, 2. 2^{dae}, Qu. 147.

are different. And further, the word "fasting" is so indefinite and elastic that it may mean almost anything. Some young ladies think it a piety to keep the Lenten fast by giving up sugar with their tea; and some young gentlemen think it sufficient to give up, or to limit, the use of cigarettes. Now there is not the smallest harm in these practices, if they be rated at the infinitesimal importance that belongs to them. But do not let any one regard them as "fasting." There is a sort of sham amateurish fasting, which, if it ends with itself, is not of the smallest significance either to gods or men, and which one can only think of with a smile. It becomes however distinctly harmful when it inspires an inward self-satisfaction, or makes those who practise it indulge in the luxury of thinking "I am not as other men are, or even as that Protestant." Whether we fast or not, there are many ways of making Lent very real to us as the festival—I use the word deliberately—the festival of self-denial. The excellent St. Gregory of Nazianzus, feeling a frequent temptation to censoriousness and sharp speeches, most wisely devoted his Lent to a serious effort at amendment by keeping almost unbroken silence for forty days. How quite infinitely the world would gain if nine-tenths of us adopted for a similar end an analogous discipline! St. John Chrysostom was a rigid ascetic yet, in his sermon on fasting he says, "If any one say to thee, 'I have fasted all Lent,' say thou, 'I had an enemy, but I am reconciled to him; I had a base habit of detraction, but I have left it off. I had an ungodly habit of swearing, but it is amended.'" The views of the early Christians closely agree with these. They always represent "fasting" as a thing of supremely little value in comparison with beneficence and almsgiving. One instance will suffice. In the *Shepherd of Hermas*,[1] one of the earliest Christian writings, which in the second century was placed almost on a level with Scripture—the writer tells us that while he was "keeping a station," in other words was fasting, the Good Shepherd came and asked him, "What is this fasting which you are observing?" He replies that it is his customary fast; and the Shepherd replies, "You do not know how to fast unto the Lord; *this useless fasting which you observe to Him is of no value.*" "Why, Sir?" I answered. "The fasting which you think you observe," he said, "is not a fasting. God does not desire such empty fasting. For fasting to God in this way you will do nothing for a righteous life; but offer to God a fasting of the following kind—Do no evil in your life, and serve God with a pure heart; keep His Commandments, walking in His precepts, and let no evil desire arise in your heart; and believe in God. If you do these things, and fear Him, and abstain from every evil thing, you will live unto God; and *if you do these things you* will keep a great fast, and one acceptable before God." This is obviously written in the spirit of St. Paul, and of those unequalled spiritual teachers the Hebrew Prophets.

I should like to indicate what kind of fasting is, in my humble opinion desirable, and what is undesirable.

i. First I think that far short of enfeebling and fretting hunger, which is unnatural and seems to me frequently to cause as evil an effect morally as it does physically, it would be a very good thing for nearly all men if they were more moderate in the quantity of food habitually taken. Three very hearty and almost plethoric meals a day, with meat at all of these, and various lighter "nips" and "afternoon teas" intermixed, is a not uncommon allowance; and, as all wise doctors tell us, it is far more than is desirable for any one, unless it be for vigorously growing boys, and athletes who take an immense amount of exercise in the open air. It is told of one of the most eminent physicians of the day that visiting a person of importance he excited him to something like fury by saying: "There is nothing in the world the matter with you except this:—you eat too much and you drink too much." "I sent for you, sir, to give me a medical opinion" was the reply; "and I wanted to be cured from gout, rheumatism, and other maladies from which I am suffering." "And I have given you my medical opinion," replied the physician; "there is nothing in the world the matter with you except that you eat too much and drink too much. And my fee for visiting you is twenty guineas." The patient paid it with a paroxysm of indignation, but the advice might have been more valuable to many patients than a hundred prescriptions.

ii. Secondly, I venture to believe that all society would gain by diminishing the consumption of meat. Queen Elizabeth ordered a fish diet on Wednesdays and Fridays, not for any ecclesiastical reason but (ostensibly at any rate) to encourage the fish trade, and to diminish the demand for flesh. That interference with the market

[1] Hermas, *Pastor*, iii. *Lim.* 5.

was not wise ; but I think that the adherents of the Vegetarian Society will do good if they persuade multitudes to learn the value of whole meal bread, and oatmeal, and vegetables, and fruit, and not to rely so exclusively on beef and mutton. The poor especially might find in porridge, and lentil soup, and well-cooked vegetables a far cheaper, more wholesome, and more sustaining diet than the often unsatisfactory, coarse, and even unwholesome scraps which they buy from the butchers at a far greater cost.

iii. Thirdly, if we are to attach any importance to a mass of medical evidence, that form of abstinence which consists in the entire abandonment of all intoxicants in Lent would certainly do no harm to the vast majority, and might become in time a new means to promote that national growth in temperance which if once it reaches the poorer classes would be the cure for some of their deadliest and most appalling miseries.

In these, and in many other ways, Lent may be wisely observed and not least by cultivating the habit of generous giving. In this way we may rise superior to the mean and deadening vices of the love of money on the one hand, and on the other of that slightly expanded selfishness which has been described as the *egoïsme à plusieurs* in contradiction from the *egoïsme à soi*, and which is hardly less injurious to nations and individuals than egotism pure and simple.

But in these days a considerable minority practise real fasting, and during Lent weaken themselves by the pangs of actual hunger. Now I cannot pause here to show, as may be shown most decisively from both the Old and New Testament, apart from their traditional misinterpretation and interpolated words, that *such* fasting is not required of any man, and is on the contrary based on error. It is characterised by St. Paul as displaying "a show of wisdom in will-worship, and humility, and severity to the body," but as *not* being "of any value against the indulgence of the flesh." There are many temperaments—and this is the point on which it seems desirable to insist, because it is almost universally overlooked—on which real fasting does *not* tend to self-mastery over the passions and the lower nature. There are numerous errors on this subject widely-spread and deeply-seated. It ought however to be known, and to be clearly stated, that in itself fasting is not an aid to sober-mindedness, but rather the reverse. Its notorious physiological effect is to turn our thoughts upon the needs of the body, and to give intensity to the desire for their satisfaction. Physicians and historians know as a fact that it stimulates rather than checks the sensuous imagination. This is in no sense of the word an idle theory and an unwarranted assertion. It is derived from the confessions of experience, and is indicated by the facts of many a biography in the volumes of the hagiologists.[1]

Let two witnesses separated from each other by the space of fifteen centuries suffice to prove it.

1. Fired with the then prevalent ardour for the ascetic ideal, the youthful St. Jerome fled into the desert of Chalcis, and lived among the hermits. He has published his frank confession of the inefficacy of the severest starvation to control the bodily impulses. His body, he says, was broken with incessant fastings, but his mind was in a fever of evil imaginations. "Oh how often," he exclaimed, "set in the desert, and in that vast solitude which scorched by the fierce rays of the sun afforded to monks a horrid dwelling-place, how often did I find myself amid the sensuous delights of Rome. I was alone and filled with bitterness. My limbs were rough with sackcloth ; my body squalid as an Ethiopian's with fasting. Day by day I wept and groaned and denied myself sleep, and if overborne with weariness I sank upon the ground my bones rattled like those of a skeleton. Yet while from fear of hell I had made myself a companion of scorpions and wild beasts, my imagination rioted among luxurious dances. My face was pallid with hunger, my soul was heaving with concupiscence."[2] Surely those who with a sound mind in a sound body, have learnt, by humble reliance on God's blessing upon their care and watchfulness, to secure over themselves a tranquil mastery, may suspect that conflicts so fiercely agonising were *caused* by self-maceration rather than cured by it, and that a body weakened and unhinged by unnatural deprivation of necessary food and forced to absorb itself in resisting the imperious instincts of natural need, finds it more and not less difficult to triumph over the desires of the flesh and the disorders of the soul.

[1] See Rothe, *Theolog. Ethik*, §§ 873—875.

[2] Jer. *Ep. ad Eustochium* (Vallarsi ii. 93). I have a little softened and abbreviated his language.

2. And this is the testimony, fifteen centuries later, of one whom I may venture to describe as a living saint of God. "Such mortifications," says Cardinal Newman, "have at the time very various effects on different persons, and are to be observed *not from their visible benefits* but from faith in the word of God. Some men are subdued by fasting . . . . but others *find it, however slight, scarcely more than an occasion of temptation.*" It often "makes a man irritable and ill-tempered. . . . What very often follows from it is a feebleness which deprives him of his command over his bodily acts, feelings, and expressions. Thus it makes him seem to be out of temper when he is not. . . . because his tongue, his lips, nay his brain are not in his power. He does not use the words he wishes to use, nor the accent and tone. He seems sharp when he is not . . . . Again, *weakness of body may deprive him of self-command in other ways;* perhaps he cannot help smiling or laughing when he ought to be serious . . *or when thoughts present themselves his mind cannot throw them off . . any more than if it were some dead thing* . . but they *then make an impression on him which he is not able to resist. Or again, weakness of body often prevents him from fixing his mind on his prayers*, instead of making him pray more fervently; or again, weakness of body is often attended with languor and listlessness and *strongly tempts a man to sloth. Yet I have not mentioned the most distressing of the effects* which may follow from even the moderate exercise of this great Christian duty. It is undeniably a means of temptation,"and may expose Christians "to thoughts from which they turn with abhorrence and horror."[1]

It is true that in spite of these remarkable admissions, confirmed by records of which a student of ecclesiastical history could not be ignorant, Cardinal Newman still regards rigid fasting as a duty on the grounds—as I think recent criticism will pronounce the *mistaken* grounds—that it is required of us in Scripture. This is not the place to enter into the Scriptural argument which I have done elsewhere. It will be sufficient here to say that in the Revised Version the word "fasting" disappears altogether from three or four of the texts on which the chief reliance was placed. And I most fully concede that in any self-denial humbly undertaken under the conviction that it is a duty, no man will be suffered hopelessly to fall. The saints won the victory over themselves because they were saints, and because they were in earnest, not because they fasted: and other saints no less saintly have won it as completely, and with far greater ease and happiness, in accordance with the wise guidance of nature, reason, and conscience, without afflicting themselves by the agony of hunger. Such fasting is at any rate no duty, but rather the reverse, for those who feel that it intensifies the very difficulties which it is their duty to annihilate or to minimise. We daily pray "Lead us not into temptation," and we have no right to practise any form of fasting which only makes our temptations more severe, while it makes us less able to resist them. No injunction either of Scripture or of the Church requires us to subject our bodies, which are the instruments of our souls, to such weakening influences as make us more liable to the assaults of irritability, impurity, and sloth, and less powerful to overcome them. To suppose that we are bidden periodically to adopt this form of self-denial when there are so many other methods of abstinence which are of untold benefit both to ourselves and our neighbours, seems to me to mistake the meaning alike of the Law and of the Gospel. It is to place ourselves on the dizzy pinnacle and cast ourselves down in challenge of the promise that the angels shall bear us up so that we dash not our foot against a stone.

Let me not be mistaken. I advocate habitual moderation, habitual abstinence, constant self-denial, and from some things *total* abstinence. If there is no mean between the two extremes; if one is compelled to make a choice between the habits of hermits on the one hand, and the hearts "as fat as brawn" of

> "Men full of meat whom most God's heart abhors,"

then I would hold up both hands ten times over for the miserablest Troglodyte of the Sketic Desert, rather than for drunken Nabal or luxurious Dives. But no such choice is forced upon us. And it is possible for us even to enjoy "spare fast which oft with gods doth diet," without extravagances which are the reverse of meritorious —extravagances of which many of the greatest saints from Francis of Assisi down to the Curé d'Ars have repented in their maturer years—and which in themselves constitute rather a hindrance than a help.

[1] See "Fasting, a Source of Trial," *Parochial Sermons*, vi. 7, 8.

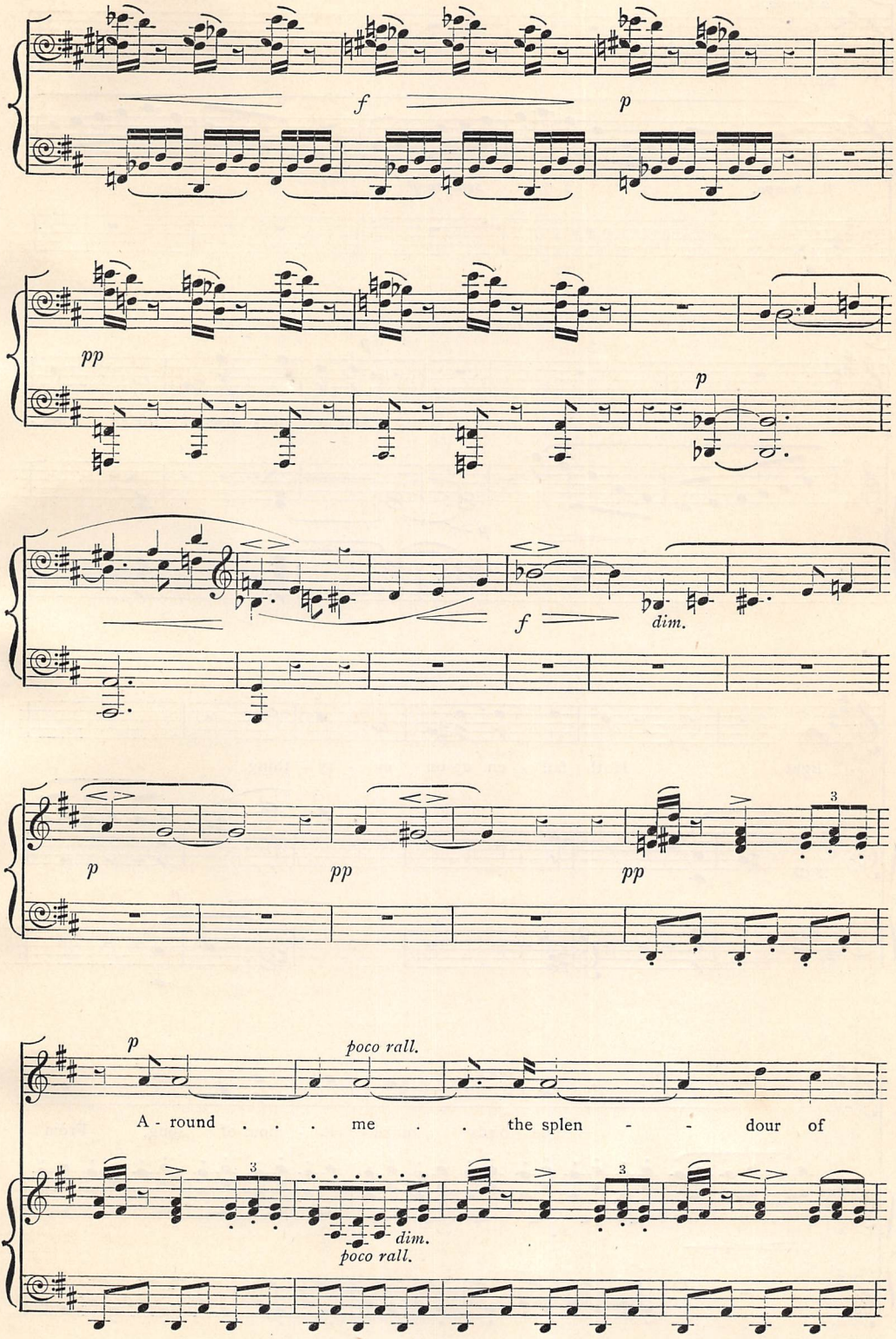
CYCLE OF SIX LOVE-LYRICS.

VI.

THEY ARE REUNITED.

Words by JOSEPH BENNETT. *Music by* HAMISH MACCUNN. *Opus* 9.

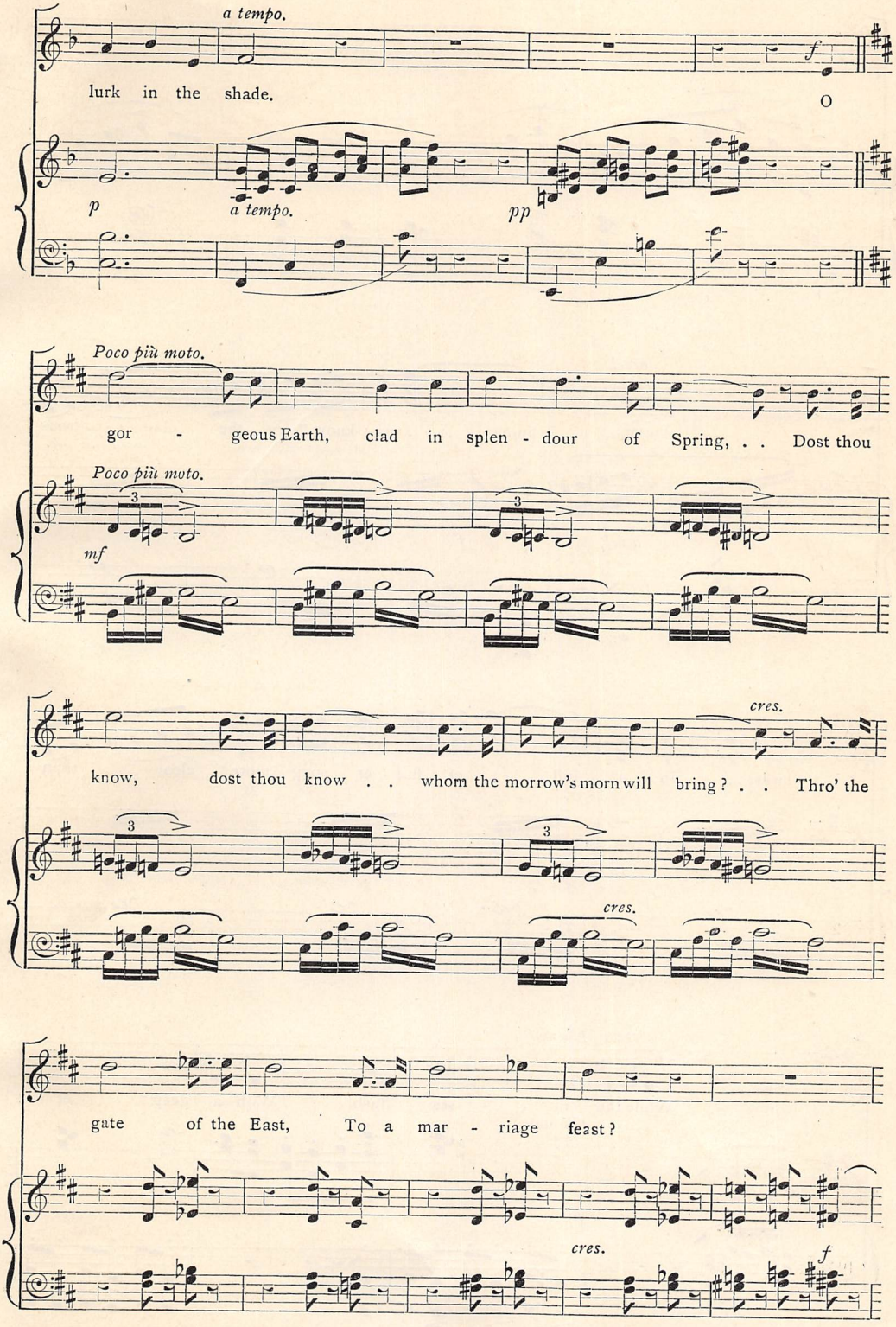
cres.
appassionata.
ff
con Ped.
ff
con Ped.
ff
ff
dim.
dim.
p


f
p
pp
p
f
dim.
p
pp
pp
3
p
poco rall.
A - round . . . me . . the splen - - dour of
3
3
dim.
poco rall.

a tempo.
Spring!
p a tempo.
sempre p
p
And a ful - ness of life's de -
p >
- light Hath fall - en up-on ev' - ry - thing.
p
p
The birds make cla - mour of song, From

ear - ly dawn till night, . . . And one sings
all . . night long.
L'istesso tempo.
grazioso.
p
p legato.
con Ped.
espress.
A robe of white the thorn . . Doth
has - ten now . . to wear, . . . As though on

wed - ding morn, . . . As though on wed - ding
pp
morn . . . Wild ro - ses deep in the glade . . .
pp
. . . To ope their sweet eyes dare, . . . And
poco rall.
p
blue - bells lurk in the shade, ... blue - bells
poco rall.


a tempo.
lurk in the shade.
O
p
a tempo.
pp
Poco più moto.
gor - geous Earth, clad in splen - dour of Spring, . . Dost thou
Poco più moto.
mf
cres.
know, dost thou know . . whom the morrow's morn will bring? . . Thro' the
cres.
gate of the East, To a mar - riage feast?
cres.
f

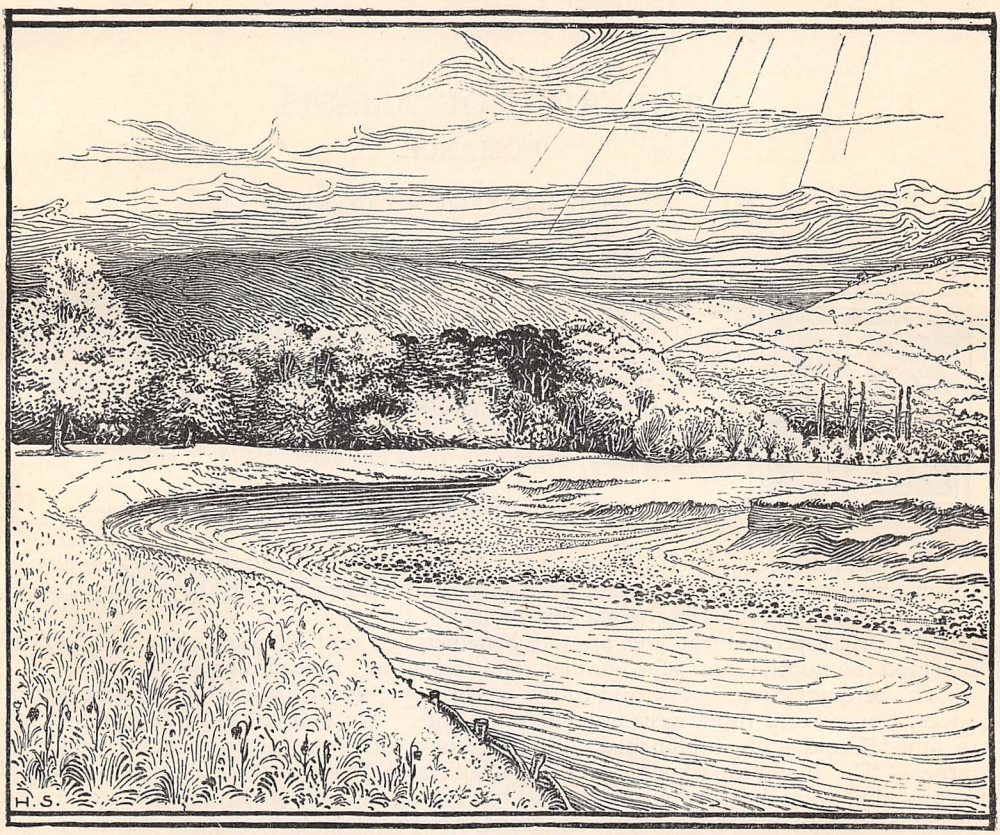
accel.
ff
"We know, . . we know," cry the clam - 'rous
ff
accel.
f
birds, . . In a full - er, full - er song more clear . . than
sf
cres. più moto.
p
words. . . While the ro - - ses flush, With a deep - er
più moto.
pp
cres.

blush.
ff
f
The morn - ing breaks! Was ne'er . . such
mf
cres.
cres.
morn! Through the East - ern gate, through the East - ern
f
cres.
ff
gate to the West - - - world, . .
8va
ff
con Ped.

Molto meno mosso
(Quasi Andante con moto).
espress.
borne! Look! look! she is
ff
here! O my dear,
p
p
dim.
tranquillo.
p
My
Tempo 1mo (Allegretto).
dear!
Tempo 1mo (Allegretto).
p tranquillo.
p semplice.
pp
dim.
dim.
p
THE END.

The labours of THE·XII·MONTHS set out in NEW PICTURES & OLD PROVERBS

WISE SHEPHERDS say that the age of man is LXXII years and that we liken but to one hole yeare for evermore we take six yeares to every month as JANUARY or FEBRUARY and so forth, for as the yeare changeth by the twelve months, into twelve sundry manners so doth a man change himself, twelve times in his life by twelve ages, and every age lasteth six yeare if so be that he live to LXXII. For three times six maketh eighteen & six times six maketh XXXVI And then is man at the best and also at the highest and twelve times six maketh LXXII & that is the age of a man.



MAY

Then cometh MAY: that is both faire and pleasant, for then birds sing in woods and forrests night and day, and the sun shineth hot, and as then is man most joyfull and pleasant, and of livlier strength, and seeketh playes, sports and lusty pastime, for then he is full XXX yeares.

THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY

MAY come she early or come she late.
She'll make the cow to quake.
—A MAY flood never did good.
—Who doffs his coat on a winter's day.
Will gladly put it on in MAY.
—Change not a clout till MAY be out.
—Shear your sheep in MAY & shear them all away.

THE RING OF AMASIS.

A ROMANCE.

By THE EARL OF LYTTON.

CHAPTER X.—*Continued.*

HE Ghost had kept its word. There, in the hand of Juliet, he recognized the hand of his brother Felix. He tried to unfasten the dead man's fingers from those of his betrothed. But he could not. The amethyst forbade him. Louder, to his listening soul, than roaring thunders, the accents of its inaudible voice rang, with an awful menace, through all the memories of a haunted life, crying—

"STRIVE NOT WITH THE HAND OF SEB KRONOS!"

His will rebelled against the mandate of the Oracle, and summoned all his physical forces and faculties to the support of its desperate resistance. But they were paralysed, and incapable of responding to the summons.

The priest pronounced the nuptial benediction; and Conrad's lips mechanically repeated the nuptial vow—for another, and that other, a dead man.

The ceremony was over; and to the world's eye, which cannot see beyond appearances, Conrad and Juliet were now man and wife. He had valiantly kept his promise to himself, and had not flinched. But he knew that he was now at the end of his tether. The blood was surging in his head; and, though he could still see clearly before him, what he saw was only the impending horror of an imminent and awful disaster. Enabled by a dreadful self-knowledge to calculate the exact number of lucid moments he could still dispose of, he accompanied his young wife to the banquet-hall, and received with unruffled composure the congratulations of their assembled guests. Then, urbane and placid, he withdrew.

Making a sign to his valet to follow him, Conrad with a firm footstep regained his own apartments, which were at the extreme end of the house.

"Go at once," he said to the valet, "and fetch here, from the stables or the garden, four of the tallest and strongest men you can lay your hands on. I give you nine minutes to find them. Let them bring with them rope and cord; the stoutest they have, and plenty of it. Make haste!"

The valet was accustomed to obey orders promptly, and without answering. Had his master told him to fetch four hangmen with four halters, he would have done his best to give satisfaction. In less than ten minutes he was back with the men and the cords.

The count told him to turn the key in the door, which he did. Conrad was standing at the foot of the bedstead. It was an antique bed, richly carved and heavily curtained; and Conrad's right arm was closely wound round one of the massive pillars that supported the ceiling of it. His face was livid.

"Bind me quick!" he said. "Here—my hands and feet—make haste!"

These words were spoken in a hoarse voice, for his lips were nearly closed, and he seemed to breathe with great difficulty.

The servants stared at him, stupefied and speechless. He did not speak again with his lips, for they were locked, and he was breathing violently through his nostrils. But his eyes spoke—fiercely, with a wild expression of mingled entreaty and menace. Still, the servants hesitated. Then the bed began to creak, and suddenly the great bedpost, wrenched from its socket, dashed against a large mirror, which it shivered to atoms. The next moment, the ceiling of the bed fell with a loud crash.

The dike was broken.

It was only after a long and furious struggle that those four athletes were able to subdue the madman. At last, they managed to bind his limbs with the cords they had brought, and lay him on his disordered bed, panting and exhausted.

The count's apartments occupied the least frequented wing of the quadrangle. Across the double doors, which he had locked, the valet knew that no sound could have penetrated to the other parts of the house. His unfortunate master must have counted upon this in his last moments of lucidity; and, before leaving them in charge of that wretched man, the valet imposed secrecy upon his four subordinates. Then he went to look for the countess.

Juliet, also, had retired early from the banquet-hall, taking Theresa with her; and the valet found the two ladies seated together on the sofa in Juliet's boudoir, and talking in low tones to each other.

"Indeed, dear friend," said Juliet, "I have long been asking myself whether what is now done was right and fit for me to do; and I am quite satisfied that I owed it to Felix not to reject the appeal of the brother who loved him so dearly, and whose life has been so profoundly afflicted by his death. I used to say to you, 'We three are one'; and I say it, and feel it still. When Conrad met me this morning, with such a holy calm upon his noble features, I thanked God that I was able to devote to the consolation of his life all the remaining years of my own. But, as we stood just now before the altar, I felt separated from all around me; and I confess that, in that moment, my thoughts were entirely with Felix. Again, I seemed to hear the unforgotten words he said to me on the day we first discovered how dear we had become to each other. Again, I seemed to feel his arm about me, and to be listening, as when my head first leaned upon his shoulder, to the dear voice that then whispered, 'No, Juliet, nothing can ever dispart us now; not even death!' Tell me, you who know my whole heart and life so well, was this wrong, and ought I to reproach myself for such a feeling at such a moment? I do not reproach myself, however; for I think, Theresa, that Heaven in that moment vouchsafed me a revelation which has left me full of thankfulness and peace.

"When the good old priest blessed our union, my feelings were strangely mingled; but they were all happy ones. Conrad's hand, when he placed it in mine, was as cold as the hand of a corpse; yet at the touch of it I was thrilled by a sensation I had not felt for years. Not since Felix and I used to wander hand in hand about the woods here. Overpowered by the rush of these recollections, I dropped my head; and my eyes rested on the cold hand in which my own lay clasped. Do not laugh at me, Theresa, but I fancied—and I cannot tell you how vivid and real the impression was, while it lasted—that I saw upon that hand my lost bridal ring; the ring I had given Felix, and which Conrad had first given to me. I shut my eyes, and still I felt as if it were Felix who was standing beside me, and his hand that was holding mine. I opened them again, and looked up into my husband's face. It seemed to me like the face of a seraph—so serene, yet so full of intense feeling, and with an expression that revealed such struggles and sufferings in the past, such triumphant peace in the present!

"In the same moment, it was borne in upon me, with a force of conviction of which I can give you no idea, that, through his union with me, Conrad had indeed become one with Felix; and that we three joint owners of that lost ring were now, in a way, reunited."

Theresa smiled at the fancies of her friend; but she said there was no need of any phantom ring to assure her that Juliet had decided worthily and well, and that this marriage would be a threefold link between the living and the dead.

As she was saying this, the count's valet entered the room. He had not been able to efface from his clothes and countenance all traces of the recent struggle so com-

pletely, but what the two women were alarmed by his appearance; and they cried in a breath, "For heaven's sake, what has happened?"

"He is quite calm," said the man, "and is now sleeping."

His master, he added, prudently suppressing all details, had been seized by a violent attack of nervous fever. He had already sent for the nearest physician; and he conjured the countess not to go near her husband without the doctor's sanction; for he was convinced that the emotion of seeing her would be most injurious to the count in his present condition.

Juliet was with great difficulty persuaded by Theresa to yield to this injunction. And well it was for her that she did yield to it; for, behind the doors she was not allowed to pass, Horror was in full possession of its own. Here was the scene of Conrad's last battle, and irretrievable defeat. The struggle had been a long one, and heroically sustained; but the defeat was overwhelming. Inch by inch, the man who lay there, crushed and utterly beaten, had usurped his own liberties by conquering all the antagonisms and subduing all the impulses of his nature. He had succeeded, for he had reigned. Over every part of his being he had imposed the power of his will. But his success was the cause of his failure. All at once, and all together, the forces so long enslaved by him had revolted and overwhelmed the usurper. Napoleon had found his Waterloo.

The field of battle was strewn with ruins. Wrecked furniture, broken porcelain, shattered mirrors, splinters of glass, and shreds of torn drapery, were tossed in disorder about the room; and, upon the thick soft pile of its costly carpet, large earthy footprints still bore witness to the recent struggle of brute force with brute force. In the midst of this litter—his eyes bright and dry with the glare of insanity, and his lips smeared with blood and spume—lay upon his back, bound tightly hand and foot, the knightly head and last living representative of the ancient house of Roseneck; and around him, breathless and pale, with bloodspots on their bruised cheeks—their coarse lips cut and bleeding, and their big knuckles red with excoriation—stood his conquerors, four burly low-browed sons of the stable and the outhouse.

Theresa had quickly interpreted the valet's sidelong glance. As soon as she could safely leave Juliet, she found a pretext to rejoin him in the ante-chamber, where he waited to conduct her to the count's apartments. Feeling herself responsible for all that was now to be done, she ordered the servants to remove the broken furniture and set the room in decent order. She had thick curtains placed across the windows, the broken bedstead cleared and smoothed, and a coverlet thrown over the sick man who was lying on it, bound, speechless, and only half conscious.

While this was being done, she descended to the banquet-hall, and excused the absence of the count, on the ground that his wife was slightly indisposed. Her excuse had the desired effect of breaking up the wedding party; and, when the last carriage was well beyond the gates, she returned to Juliet.

"Your cares, my poor Juliet, come early," she said. "But, sooner or later, care must come; and we can but do our best to bear it." And, without giving her time to reply, Theresa at once began to prepare her friend for the duties which might now be required of her.

Meanwhile, the doctor had arrived. He questioned the witnesses of Conrad's attack, had a long conversation with Theresa, carefully examined the patient, and, finally, declared the count's strength to be so completely exhausted that for the moment no fresh outbreak need be feared. He also said that he would, himself, pass the first night by the count's bedside, and that he could permit no one else to approach his patient, who was still insensible.

Then he unbound the cords; Conrad's long dark locks fell fast beneath the doctor's scissors, and compresses of ice were placed upon his forehead.

For several weeks, during which his condition remained most precarious, Juliet was forbidden to attend upon her husband. In the meanwhile, she established herself in one of the adjoining rooms, the door of which she had taken out and replaced by *portières*.

Days and nights passed by, without any change for the better in her husband's condition, or any relaxation of her faithful watch behind the heavy curtain, which was the only partition between her room and his. She was always at that curtain, furtively peeping and anxiously listening. But far better would it have been, both for Conrad and herself, had her watch been less devoted, or her ear less attentive to the lightest sounds from the sick room she was forbidden to enter. For among those sounds were

some which froze the blood in her veins, and killed for ever the pity in her heart. They were but the broken utterances of a maniac; but they contained an involuntary confession. Ghastly as the head of Medusa was the truth this confession revealed to her; and it had the power to change her from a woman into a statue.

That statue I had once seen, and I shall never forget it.

A morning came at last, when Conrad, awaking refreshed from his first sound sleep, recovered the consciousness of his own identity. He was able to take notice of the things around him; and, with a soothing sense of relief from physical pain, he lifted looks of grateful recognition to the face of his wife, who was watching beside him.

The face that met his gaze, however, was not the face of a woman; it was the face of the Judgment Angel.

"Why did you not stretch out your hand to save Felix?"

The words were spoken slowly, and in an almost inaudible whisper; but they were terribly distinct.

She knew all.

And when he heard those words, and saw that face, he also knew all. He knew that his secret had, at last, escaped from lips no longer guarded; and that the voice which now accused him was the voice of his own conscience.

Before him stood his crime.

CHAPTER XI.

DEMONOCRACY.

THAT crime, what was it?

Not the rash act of a man overborne by passion, not even an act at all. A slave to Passion Conrad never was; but he had become the slave of Thought, and found in it an evil master.

In the evening of the day when Juliet engaged herself to Felix, as they were walking home by the outskirt of the forest, she had heard a moan in the underwood. It was Conrad's. Felix too heard something stir in the bushes. It was Conrad's footstep.

He had been urged back to the château by an inexplicable inquietude. Unseen by them, he saw the two lovers walking together, just when Juliet was confiding to Felix her misgivings about breaking the news of their engagement to him; and he overheard enough of their conversation to know by it that Juliet was lost to him. Accustomed, as he had long been, to mew himself up, as it were, in his own mind for mortal combat with the boisterous foe that was then assailing him, he exerted all his pride and all his will to conceal from every eye the bitter agony of the conflict. And, unhappily for himself, in this he succeeded only too well. It was with that object he announced his intended alliance with the Weisemberg heiress; and, for a moment, he almost seriously contemplated the idea of it.

"Yet another year of struggle," he said to himself, and I shall have mastered this mad passion, which has its roots in the error of a whole life."

But the happy possessors of the paradise from which he was banished imprudently played and sported with the savage hunger of his heart, as if it were a tame creature. They were indifferent to it, because they were not even aware of its existence. In his mortal agony he was all alone, although always under the observation of unsympathising eyes; and, amongst those who were nearest and dearest to him, there was no one to see how he suffered—no gratitude for the martyrdom he was enduring on their behalf, no tenderness, no pity, for his unguessed pain.

He would have bravely confronted, and probably overcome, even greater difficulties, to hide these hourly sufferings and sacrifices from suspicious or mistrustful eyes. He honestly wished to hide them. But those from whom he strove to hide them were so lightly, so easily, cheated; they took so readily for granted the total absence of the torment he concealed, and believed him so promptly, so implicitly, that he was exasperated by his own success.

And from all this hidden smouldering anguish, there was never a moment's escape, in word, or look, or act. The reticence of expression, once natural to him, he was

now forced to continue by an incessant effort of imitation, which made him, as it were, the conscious actor of his former self. In this way his whole being became to him a mask, and under that mask he was smothering; yet he could not pluck it off.

All the circumstances and conditions of his life, at a period of it which was far too early, had combined to force the tendencies of his character into directions upon which, in the lives of most men, youth joyously turns its back. Even as a boy, his affections had a sort of paternal character. The habit of authority, and the sense of superiority it brings with it, had been almost thrust upon him by the spontaneous submission of those about him; and this had given him a fatal confidence in the infallibility of his own judgment. Thus, his experience, premature in one direction, was singularly immature in another; and the disturbing element, which his precise and placid theory of life had neglected to take into account, ended at last by bursting the purely intellectual barriers he attempted to oppose to it.

Then began for him a series of terrible conflicts, in which all the most trusted weapons of his will fell shattered, one by one, upon the obtuse fact of a passion that was utterly incomprehensible to him. Forced to search for other arms in ever deeper and more distant recesses of that intellectual arsenal which supplied him with the means of warfare, he exhausted one sophism after another, till the only defence left him was the bulwark of a rigid Fatalism. He had squandered the most precious materials of his soul in the construction of a mere dead wall.

By the ring of Amasis his whole spiritual being was gradually cabled fast to Superstition—that last anchor of the man without Faith! Hemmed round by perils of which his rising passion forewarned him at every moment, and conscious that to wish is to be weak, he sought in all his dealings with Circumstance to annihilate Temptation by cancelling the initiative of Will.

This was to resign the highest privilege of a reasonable being, the exercise of that faculty in which liberty resides; and it changed into a jumbled coil of crazy chances the natural human world of hopes and fears, in which souls are saved or lost by their own action.

Whatever might be imposed upon him by the Fate which ruled this dizzy planet of his dreams, he was resolved to bear without a murmur; but he was equally decided not to reject the golden gift, whenever the same fickle Power might chance to fling into his open hand the possession of what he passionately coveted.

He was under the dominion of this demoniac state of mind, when his brother engaged him to go duck-shooting down the river on that fatal fourteenth of September. He went unwillingly, haunted by bad forebodings; and, as if all things were in a conspiracy against him, Felix was that morning in one of his most provoking humours. Full of the insolence of aggressively high spirits, the younger brother unconsciously did everything that the most malignant forethought could have devised, to exasperate the sombre mood of the elder one.

Impatient at the taciturnity of Conrad, he asked him if his thoughts were not with his Weisemberg heiress, his prudently selected bride? Then, sitting astride upon the bulwarks of the boat, and rocking it with a silly restlessness, "What fun," he exclaimed, "to think of the rage of all the lawyers, when you buy your future countess her precious tiara of diamonds with the money saved from their clutches! Anyhow, my good fellow, it won't be half as precious as this!"

And he flashed the amethyst in the pale sunlight of the early morning.

"No!" he went on. "Not with all the diamonds in the world will you match me the worth of this one little stone!"

In Conrad's heart an inward voice whispered, "Beware! Beware!"

At every moment, however, Felix grew gayer and more aggressive; Conrad more sullen and stern. In the presence of the keeper's boy, he had warned his brother of his imprudence, and repeatedly besought him to sit still. But the lad had left the boat, and the two brothers were alone—Felix, the happy butterfly, merrily fluttering his careless wings; and Conrad, the brooding, embittered thinker, silently stifling in his own breast the moan of a bruised heart.

"I declare, brother," cried Felix, "that you are quite insupportable this morning! But I'll bet you that, if I can't make you merry, at least I'll make you afraid. *Houp là!*"

And he began to rock the boat yet more violently. Conrad sat still, and made no answer. But within him something fierce was moving; and whispers, that had

become familiar to him, seemed to be hissing from the water shaken by the rocking of the boat—

Get us the ring! We are here again.
Ho, brother! who will be bridegroom then?

Felix, by an unequal pressure of one foot, had turned the prow of the boat sharply against the current. The boat swayed and dipped. Felix lost his balance—staggered, slipped, fell, and—disappeared.

He soon rose to the surface, but his fall had given an impetus to the boat, and he rose some yards away from it. He struck out with all his strength towards it; but the breeze had freshened; and the boat, with its sail still set, moved as fast as the swimmer, and faster than the stream. From that moving boat no hand was stretched, no oar put out, to assist him. The weight of his soaked clothes and clumsy boots grew heavier at every stroke, and his strength began to fail him. Still the boat drifted on.

Choking and exhausted, he cried, "Enough, Conrad! For heaven's sake, enough! I am sufficiently punished. My strength is giving way, and I shall sink."

But in that moment Conrad hardly heard Felix, hardly saw him. A long-remembered image rose before his eyes. Vague forms that for many a miserable day and hour had floated through his fancy and followed the track of his thoughts, now passed suddenly from the inward to the outward world; and they became not only visible but distinct. He knew them well. They were no newcomers; but children of an ancient date, and travellers from afar, that had long since taken up their abode in his mind, and made themselves the familiars of its solitude. They were coëval with the crime of hoary centuries, whose guilty conscience could not sleep quiet in the grave. He had disinterred them from the dark bosom of forgotten ages, with the dust of Theban Kings upon them, enshrined them in the silent places of his soul, and made them the idols of his drear religion.

Looking on them now, so forcibly did their presence interpose itself between his sight and every object actually before him, that he could see nothing else. He beheld, not Felix, not himself, but phantoms, ghosts—Sethos, the realmless prince, and Amasis the sinking usurper. Cold as the spectre of his own thought, he stood erect with folded arms at the stern of the drifting boat, and gazed, without seeing him, upon his drowning brother.

Then, into the eyes, and over the face of Felix, there came a look of indescribable terror. It was not the terror of death. He had understood the eyes and the face of his brother Conrad; and, with a voice that was the death groan of their brotherhood, he cried, "Conrad! Conrad!"

There was no answer. The boat moved on, just maintaining the distance between the two brothers, whose eyes remained fixed upon each other's faces. At length, these words broke from the lips of the sinking swimmer—

"In the name of the All-merciful God, save your immortal soul, brother, and stretch out your hand to me!"

They were the last words of Felix von Roseneck. As he uttered them, he sank. The imploring arm and hand he had lifted up for the help withheld from him, were visible for a moment above the surface of the water when all else had disappeared. Involuntarily, Conrad leaned forward to grasp them. But, just as he had nearly seized his brother's hand, the jewel upon it sparkled in the sun. Sudden and swift as lightning that smites and slays and vanishes in a second of time, was the train of associations set fleeting through him by that fatal sparkle. An inward voice cried, "Strive not with the hand of Seb Kronos!" and he shrank back.

The hand of Felix had disappeared. Again it rose, however; and yet again—a second, and a third time. Not as before, but stark and rigid, stiffened by the agony of death, and with an unconscious gesture that had the character—not of prayer, but of menace. Then it sank for the third time, and rose no more.

As Conrad stood gazing with a vacant, stupefied stare at the spot where it disappeared, the distant barking of a dog upon the bank aroused him. He started, horror struck, as from a dreadful dream, and looked around him. He was alone—alone with the irrevocable reality. And, in an agony of remorse and terror, he plunged headlong into the river.

All this was now known to Juliet. Known to her, for the first time, after she had

linked herself for ever to the murderer of her betrothed. So, at least, she deemed her husband. The knowledge did not kill her. It only killed her heart and brain. She lived on—not the consoler of Conrad, but the avenger of Felix. Love may survive esteem; but Juliet had never loved Conrad. She had worshipped him; and he had committed sacrilege against himself. There is no mercy for impostures that have been adored as ideals; no forgiveness for the false gods who desecrate their own shrine.

POSTSCRIPTUM.

THE night was far spent before I had finished my perusal of the count's papers. Horror and compassion contended within me. Could I tell that wretched man that his punishment had been greater than his crime? "No!" I said to myself, at last, "No pity for the pitiless, no mercy for the unmerciful! The Judgment Angel is no scribe; he does but keep the registers we write ourselves, and the hand that signs the Judgment Record is man's own."

As I came to this unwilling conclusion, my musings were interrupted by a well-known voice that addressed me in a tone of tender reproach.

My wife put her head in at the door, and said, "Dear, you have been poring over those papers all night; and yet you have often said yourself that the night is no man's friend."

"An angel has spoken out!" I thought.

I walked to the window and drew aside the curtains. My wife followed me, and put her arm round my neck. The sun was already risen, and the text came into my mind—"He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good—"

"No, my dear," I said, "Night is not the friend of man, and the inhumanities it was putting into my heart, you and the dawn have banished."

I rang the bell, and told the servant, who came in half asleep, to go round to the stables and order the horses to be put to at once.

"Good heavens, my dear!" exclaimed my wife. "Surely you are not going out at such an hour as this? Let the sleepers rest. The day has scarcely broken."

"From the man I seek," said I, "rest has fled long since, but I go to bring it back to him."

And I went.

When I reached the house of Count von Roseneck, I was informed that he had been seized with a fit a few hours before, and the condition in which I found him told me at once that I could be of no medical assistance to him. I had arrived only just in time to offer to a wearied and departing spirit the sorrowful assistance of a long-needed compassion.

As I sat by his bedside, saying all I could think of to comfort him, and holding his left hand in my own, I noticed that the hand I held had suddenly become pulseless; and for a moment I thought that he was dead. Presently, however, he lifted himself half up, with a sudden and surprising effort. His eyes, which had been closed, opened wide, and gazed upward with a look of fervid supplication. At the same time he also raised his right hand in the air, as if to seize something he saw there, and cried with a voice that startled me, it was so strong and deep—

"In the name of the All-merciful God, brother, save my immortal soul, and stretch out your hand to me!"

I shuddered; for this was almost word for word the last cry of Felix.

As I stared in awe and fear upon the face of the dying man, a smile, that revealed ineffable gratitude and joy, broke over it. He drew back his uplifted hand, as if it had found what it sought, and pressed the invisible treasure to his lips.

Then he fell back in his bed, with a deep sigh.

It was his last.

THE END.

GERMAN GIRLHOOD.

By LADY BLENNERHASSETT

(*née Countess Leyden*).

IPHIGENIE, Leonore, Eugenie—the priestess of Diana, banished to the Scythian shore, the noble child of the house of Ferrara, whom Tasso loved and lost, the exiled daughter of a Bourbon—such are the messengers chosen to convey to the girlhood of Germany the highest tidings of German poetry.

Their foreign garb may seem at first sight strange, but to those only who are not familiar with the deepest instincts of the German race—cosmopolite in art, impersonal in thought, but distinctly national in its ethical construction of duty. And as to what that notion of duty means to the women of Germany, there is not the shadow of a doubt : as their supreme right they have been taught to claim, not freedom, but obedience.

Iphigenie and King Thoas, who sheltered her in the house of the goddess and under the protection of his unrequited love, meet for the last time. Thoas under the mistaken impression that Orest is a rival and that the hand of Iphigenie refuses to sacrifice, not the brother but the lover, asks from her the life of the stranger. In this supreme moment, Goethe puts into the mouth of Iphigenie the immortal words :

> "Von Iugend auf hab' ich gelernt gehorchen,
> Erst meinen Eltern und dann einer Gottheit,
> Und folgsam fühlt' ich immer meine Seele
> Am schönsten frei."

In obedience, first to the parental will, then to the will of the gods, Iphigenie has offered up her life, a willing sacrifice, and in so doing, has freed her soul for ever.

Let Thoas do his worst. To such a soul as hers, what is the power of fear, what the sting of death itself? The only thing she does fear, is contact with wrong, the contamination of a lie. She entrusts her own fate and that of her brother to the Scythian king, and, by her immaculate purity, redeems the last survivor of the fated house of Tantalus.

The scene changes. From the shores of the Propontis to the shades of Belriguardo ; from classical to historical days, into the very heart of the Italian culture of the *Renaissance ;* from the conflicts of fraternal devotion to the struggles of a poet's love. Here again the solution of the ethical problem rests in female hands, in the hands of one of the fairest of her sex, taught by physical suffering, by mental isolation, by the quickened pulses of female intuition. She, too, has to meet the furies, not without, but within the soul of man—scorn, jealousy, hatred, love, the claim for freedom from social restraint, revolt against the barriers of rank, which shield her maidenly dignity against his impetuous youth, all the feelings expressed in the dialogue in which the man pleads

for passion, the woman for self-control. The claim of Leonore d'Este is the claim of Iphigenie :

"Nach Freiheit strebt der Mann, das Weib nach Sitte."

Of her love it is said that "it is a light, not a joy," so complete, from first to last, is her renunciation of all the prizes of life, so unselfish the yearning of that noble, solitary heart.

Once more the scene changes. This time to reveal the fate of another girlish existence, shipwrecked on the shoals of modern life and society. The royal blood of the father cannot obliterate the taint which rests on the birth of his child. She is banished from her native land by a *lettre de cachet* from the king, the head of her house. Will the outcast rise up against the social order which to her has brought ruin?—against the absolute power, the arbitrary will which have destroyed her life?

For a moment, no doubt, the temptation is strong :

"Aus roher Menge
Kündet ein mächt'ger Ruf mir meine Freiheit an."

But this girl too, German at heart, feels as her supreme need, not revenge against the wrong inflicted, but guidance as to where the path of duty lies.

Safety, happiness, most likely greatness and glory, too, are within reach of the exile on distant shores. But she knows destruction will soon overtake her country, and in that country, therefore, she remains under another name, at the peril of life, ready to save those who destroyed her. "For, if wonders are achieved on earth, they are achieved by loving, trusting and submissive hearts."

In regard to womanhood, to German girlhood above all, the ethics of Goethe are the ethics of German poetry itself. Lessing or Schiller, Kleist or Grillparzer hold no different doctrine. Schiller's German maidens, Amalie, Luise, Thekla—the meek heroines loved by the outcast, the rebel, the hero—are not pale and passive, broken reeds, unfit to face the tragic issues of their lives. They too are brave, but brave with the tenderness of love, the passiveness of resolute despair. When Thekla hears that Max Piccolomini is slain, the beauty of his youthful form trampled under horses' hoofs, she listens to what is to her like the tale of woe told to Andromache after the death of Hector. She never flinches, never faints. But afterwards, in the fierce struggle which brings destruction to her house, she is never heard of again. "What became of Thekla?" enquired a young enthusiast of the poet. "Do you enquire," he answered, "what becomes of the nightingale when the sweet melody of her song has died away in the stillness of the night? . . . She lived as long as she loved."

The more dramatic heroines of the German stage, Princess Eboli, Countess Orsina, Leonore San Vitale, Sappho, Countess Terzky, Queen Mary, Joan of Arc—the tempters, the charmers, the proud ambitious women who wield the powers of the state, the inspired virgin who saves it, they are not German in the sense in which Eugenie or Iphigenie are German. Not as if the powers for good or for evil, which those names personify, were entirely wanting, and specially not as if no German girl had ever been a coquette or erred in the country of Gretchen—and of Faust. But Gretchen is the exception; Dorothea, happily, is the rule.

In the strife with the elements, German girls have ever displayed great courage, and Grace Darling has had humble predecessors among them. Of their heroic deeds one is particularly well known. Before Weinsberg surrendered, the women of the besieged town, and the girls too, got leave to go their own way and to carry with them their dearest treasures. They appeared with their husbands or their lovers on their backs, and a beautiful ballad of Uhland tells the tale. The girls of the Middle Ages are said to have been very brave. One of them, Jacobäa of Bavaria, when brought into contact with the womanhood of Holland, of whom Mrs. Lecky ought to tell us more, became valiant in her turn and wielded the sword like a man. There is a female element in the patriotic revival which led to the war of 1870, and the tears of the queen who died broken-hearted but unsubdued in 1810 were remembered when the laurel crown encircled the brow of her son.

But notwithstanding many instances of mental superiority and physical courage, the distinctive characteristics of German girlhood tend by no means to interfere with politics and statesmanship, with heroic adventure or heroic deeds, performed on the stage of public life.

In this respect, the poetry of the country has remained strictly true to the realities of national life, and the fancies of the imagination rest upon solid historical ground. Of the cuirassiers who rode to destruction on the battlefield of Mars-la-Tour, of the forgotten sentry, shot ingloriously in the dark, of the thousands who died in hospital with that uncomplaining patience which astonished the French Samaritans and impressed them more than the German victories, of all these victims of silent heroism it has been truly said that, next to Christianity, upon which all true philosophy rests, their deeds were the result of the teaching of Kant. And this although the men who performed them had never, for the most part, even heard the name of the thinker whose doctrine of the Categorical Imperative pervades the very air which they breathe.

Of the German girl it is equally correct to say that her present position in life is the result of a conception of womanhood, the roots of which, although mostly unknown to her, strike far into the very depths of the national soil.

"The history of woman is in truth the history of man," writes a celebrated lawyer, Professor Rudolph Sohm. "For it is from man that she receives her social position, and his own standard of civilization is fixed by his notion of what that position is or ought to be!" And Sohm, too, claims for his people the proud privilege of having first discovered what the female element in woman really means. "Something holy and prophetic," thus Tacitus described what he found to be the prevailing notion about womanhood in the homes of the Teutonic foe. It survived in the Middle Ages, but transformed by Christianity into awe and reverence for the physical weakness of the sex which, by that very inferiority, seemed nearer to the ideal of spiritual life, dear alike to monk and troubadour, to warrior and to king. Women in those days knew the healing power of plants; they shared with the clergy the knowledge of reading and writing and the art of miniature painting; they truly reigned supreme over all the social relations of life.

The position of the German girl was, however, very different, when considered from the point of view of law. To the German legal mind, liberty and equality for everybody are entirely unknown. Freedom belongs to those only who are able to fulfil all their duties towards the commonwealth, *who are fit to bear the burden of freedom*. The prime duty is to defend, sword in hand, the native soil. Whoever, man or woman, was not able to do that, had no claim to the exercise of power in the community, to personal independence, no civil rights, not even the right of administering a private fortune. The child, the invalid, the old man, were temporarily deprived of these rights; women were excluded from them altogether.

With regard to the girlhood of Germany, a change was brought about at the end of the fifth century. The right of the German girl to own property dates from that time. The administration of her fortune, however, was left to a guardian. She was partially free, *eine Halbfreie*, and not until the thirteenth century did she really enter into the independent possession of her fortune, did she become a legal person, not indeed according to public, but to private right, and so she has remained to the present day.

Only in so far as the legal position of the married woman must exercise a moral influence on the life of the unmarried, is it necessary to say a word of the legal foundation of marriage in Germany. It rests entirely on the view of the superiority of man, of the subordination of woman. Even the notion that she is bought by her husband, survives, in however slight a form, in the ceremony of betrothal. Her husband is her master, her guardian, her natural supporter—above all, he is her educator. She shares his rank, his name, his dignities, his fortune, but without him she cannot administer her own. "In the domain of law she remains a subject," Sohm concludes, "and if she reigns at all, it must be by the free will of man."

In a country like Germany, where in all matters connected with moral and intellectual life, the links of tradition have never been severed, the present is explained by the past. Disdainful silence is the mildest form of criticism opponents will offer whenever on the platform or from the professional chair the attempt is made to plead in favour of women's political rights. On this point, all the female advocates of the emancipation of their sex are unanimous in their lamentations. The introductory page of a pamphlet, by Hedwig Dohm, on "the scientific emancipation of woman," opens with this sentence: "In Germany, to defend the political rights of woman at the present hour, would be nothing short of folly, a radical anticipation of the future. A seed for which

the soil is so totally unprepared can bear no fruit. It is therefore indeed advisable to keep the counsels of the wise and to strive after what is possible." Equally despondent is the tone of Fräulein Helene Lange, another energetic champion of women's rights. In a speech delivered this year at Erfurt, on the occasion of the fifteenth meeting of the Women's Association of Germany, she complains of the "resolute opposition" offered by influential circles whenever the necessity of a radical change in the position of her sex is so much as touched upon, and she too acknowledges that the German ideal of womanhood, "a decidedly passive ideal," as she calls it, is partly accountable for this hostility. The tone of these and other female writers who share their opinions is, indeed, remarkably bitter whenever this question comes within sight. In the excitement of warfare they are often tempted to forget with Hedwig Dohm that to write a spirited satire against men is not quite the same thing as to vindicate the claim of their own sex to perfect equality with them. When they want the support of male authorities in favour of their views, they are obliged to quote foreign writers—John Stuart Mill, for instance—or the names of American politicians, because not one of the leading German newspapers, not one German politician or scientific man of note has ever been on their side. August Bebel, the leader of the social democrats in the Reichstag, who advocates the emancipation of women in the socialist state of the future, has found a vigorous opponent in Carl von Raumer, who very justly points out what German girls would lose if the materialist ideal of Bebel ever became the ruling power of society. But it is most significant that Bebel himself, while rejecting the ethical doctrine of his race and country, strictly adheres to the German legal notions about woman, and actually asserts that the German girl of the future must take arms in the defence of the Fatherland.

The aspect of the debate is different when transferred from political to social grounds, and limited to the inquiry as to how girls are to face the difficulties of modern society, how they are to fight for their very lives and earn an honest living under the high pressure of the wants and competitions of to-day. According to the statistical reports of 1875, the districts or towns of Germany where eighty-four out of one hundred girls had a chance of marrying at all, were considered as favoured by circumstances. In other parts of the country, the average was between forty or fifty per cent. The question therefore as to "what we are to do with our girls," is very far from moving in metaphysical heights.

It is an undisputed fact that, in the struggle for existence, those are most to be pitied who by birth, outward position, and rank in life, are either supposed not to be in want at all, or forbidden and in most cases also incapable of maintaining themselves by the work of their hands.

Even in cases where brainwork is possible, it is too often of such an inferior kind that it is rejected by the unrelenting laws of supply and demand. Recourse has therefore been taken to the principle of association. In Austria, in Bavaria, partly also in Prussia, there exist so-called "Damenstifte," accessible to the daughters of impoverished aristocratic families. They are supported by legacies and by donations from the crown and the various Orders of German nobility, for instance, the Knights of Malta, of St. John, the Teutonic Order, and the bulk of the aristocracy which benefits by them. One of these institutions, the Stift on the Hradschin at Prague, is presided over by an archduchess, and offers to its inmates not only comfort, but luxury. Every lady inmate has an apartment, servants, and a carriage of her own; residence is obligatory for only a part of the year; she is perfectly free to marry, and thereby to leave the Stift.

But the mere fact that a pedigree is required for admission in this and in similar other institutions, renders them accessible to a very limited number of girls. The principle, however, on which these institutions rest, has been adopted by many others, intended to provide, although on a much more moderate scale, for the daughters of public servants, men of science, officers, and others, left destitute by the death of parents or by unforeseen calamities. A very small amount of capital, a very moderate yearly contribution secures for them a home, where meals are generally taken in common, but where every inmate is free to dispose of her time as she likes during the rest of the day.

Institutions of that kind are particularly required in a country like Germany in which, as in older times, Antigone is only too ready to sacrifice herself for a prejudice. An aged father, an invalid mother, a helpless brother or sister have always and everywhere a claim on the devotion of the daughter or the sister whose help they require.

But in Germany these notions of duty are complicated by circumstances which do not necessarily belong to them. It is one of the most common occurrences for a girl to give up an attachment, not only because of the difference of creed, a question in which her conscience is involved, but also because of the difference of rank and station. Sometimes simply because parents choose to withhold their consent, although they may have no distinct reason to give in support of such a decision. In other cases, not at all rare, every pecuniary advantage is secured for the sons in the family. The girls have uncomplainingly to resign themselves to a future little short of poverty in the name of what is emphatically called "the honour of the family." When independence comes in the shape of isolation, it is too late for them to think of themselves, too late to begin really useful work. Antigone has become an old maid and may call herself happy indeed if the humble tragedy of her life ends in the real or comparative comforts of the "Stift."

By the very nature of these associations they must, however, remain the exception; for this reason chiefly, that the girls who belong to them cannot earn much, supposing they earn at all. In Germany, therefore, as in all civilized countries, the choice lies for them between education and training for science and art, and purposes more or less connected with them, or with charitable work in all its varieties.

First, with regard to education:

Whenever a German, be it a girl or a married woman, advocates women's rights—"the rights of man"—as they are called by female orators—she means the girls' right to University education, and specially the right to study medical science and to become a physician. This is precisely the point on which she will finally win her case, even in Germany. To the gifted, resolute girl, who has no ties and no domestic duties in life, and who wishes to devote herself to the tending of the sick, not only as a nurse, but as a doctor, none of the arguments apply which are drawn from her supposed mental inferiority or real physical weakness. Provided that, by her moral still more than by her intellectual qualities, she justifies her pretensions to be considered an exception among her sex.

First-rate German doctors, Professor Leyden at their head, are unanimous in asserting that the female nurse is far superior to the male attendant. They are less clear as to the advisability of giving them a medical degree. Partly because, with Dr. L. Meyer and other celebrities of the medical world, they fear the strain on the nerves, partly because of other reasons, connected with the views of the country at large in respect to the woman question. They are all more or less inclined to believe in a certain inferiority of the female brain for some branches of mental discipline, and they deny that the female doctor is wanted or popular in Germany. Besides, the medical profession is overstocked. Nevertheless, the University of Leipzig and several others have conferred degrees on women in exceptional cases. These cases would have been more numerous, were it not that Russian female medical students at Zürich gave grave offence by their misconduct. It must not be forgotten that the German Universities at all times conferred degrees on women in every faculty, but rarely and under special circumstances.

There is no doubt that the German girl who exchanges the work which she alone can do, for the work hitherto done by men, will remain an exception for a long time to come. As a general rule, not only can she not obtain a degree, but the doors of the lecture-rooms of the twenty-eight German Universities are closed to her. It has therefore been thought advisable to provide lectures on scientific subjects for women in special establishments. The first founded of these, and the most important of them, is due to the efforts of an Englishwoman, Miss Archer, and to the enlightened protection of the Empress Frederick, then Crown Princess. The Victoria Lyceum at Berlin was founded at the close of the year 1868, and supports itself by the fees paid for instruction. The subjects lectured on were natural science, history, literature, art. A few years afterwards it became evident that most of the girls who attended the lectures contented themselves with very superficial acquirements. Miss Archer then introduced stricter methods of teaching and regular instruction in mathematics and classics. Later on courses in modern languages and literature, botany, music, and drawing were added, and the Lyceum took gradually equal rank with the Gymnasium for boys. Before Miss Archer died, in 1882, she had the satisfaction of knowing that she had not worked in vain and that the future of her institution was secure. Since then a similar institution has been founded at Leipzig with equal

success, and many private establishments in different parts of the empire aim at analogous work.

The primary school, as it at present exists, must be attended by girls as well as by boys. It is not under the supervision of the State, but under control of local bodies, and has been accepted as the standard school of the world. The sexes are divided. The girls are taught by schoolmistresses ; religious teaching is obligatory, except for children whose parents proclaim themselves agnostics. Religious instruction is given separately by the clergy of the various denominations. Governesses and private teachers of all kinds have nearly disappeared, because, during the first years of education, the children of the rich are associated with the children of the poor in a common training which costs nothing and could not be equalled at home. A young girl, when she leaves the primary school and goes to one of the high schools for girls, controlled by the State, is able, when she comes out of that, without further preparation, to present herself for the State-examination, and to become a teacher in her turn. The instruction in the high school is almost exclusively given by men, but it is the aim of the advocates of womens' rights to replace male by female teachers.

Notwithstanding the advantages which the German girl at present enjoys, a certain number of female writers demand for her absolute equality in education with the German boy. The majority of those who have a right to speak reply that the severe uniformity and methodical accuracy of modern training is even more dangerous to the faculties of the average woman than to those of the average man, because the female nature has a tendency to overwork the brain, to strain the nervous energy till collapse ensues. Moreover, they assert that it is ruinous to the health of the girl to work in the school more than six hours a day, and that a longer time spent in lessons must interfere with the duties which even the tiniest little girl owes to the household. They prove, by the hard test of statistics, that the liberal professions are already overcrowded, that the pressing necessity would be, not to provide classical training for girls, but to diminish the number of men who are supposed to know Latin and Greek, and yet are incapable of finding employment, and prove fit only to augment the increasing crowd of social failures. It is further contended that the qualities essential for good housekeeping have diminished instead of increasing, and that they are just as important to the girl who does not marry as to the girl who does. One of the most important elements in the state is not the lady artist or the lady novelist. It is the experienced housekeeper, the good servant. In this respect, the plucky, hearty German peasant girl is much better trained, much more independent, and well acquainted with the requirements of her work, indoors and out of doors, than the rich middle-class girl, who despises what does not cost money or suit her fancy, and the destitute middle-class girl who has learnt what to her is totally useless, and does not know what she ought to know. "The training of the mother," says Sophie von Hardenberg, in a very able pamphlet, "has not improved in Germany, and this is a loss for which no other gain will ever compensate." It is of particular importance in a country where the house is not managed according to fixed rules, as it is in England, where servants are trained for their work, and rather inclined to resist any attempt to change or to improve it. In Germany, the comforts which may be obtained with the very slight means at the disposal of the majority of families, are, for the most part, the result of the exertions of the German girl, be she daughter or servant, in the house. Even in families which are very well off, the dinner is frequently cooked by the daughter under the mother's eye, and the bill of fare is not expected to repeat itself in the course of the month. In small households less meat is often consumed in a week than a similar household in England consumes in a day. The ingenuity of the housekeeper has therefore to provide a change of farinaceous and vegetable food. In most cases dressmaking is the exclusive task of the middle-class girl. She is constantly reminded that by cleanliness, thrift, and needlework she can often save more than she would earn, were she to exchange indoor for outdoor occupation.

These and similar considerations have led to the organization of societies and schools for the promotion of the employment of women, with the special view of training them for the practical pursuits of life. The first of these associations, the "Lette Society," founded by the philanthropist, Dr. Lette, at Berlin, in the year 1866, and placed under the protectorate of the Crown Princess, supports at this moment a commercial school, a drawing and modelling school, and a cooking school. It gives

"instruction in washing, ironing, cutting, dressmaking, hand and machine-sewing, the manufacture of artificial flowers, and many other kinds of manual and art work. The pupils of these various schools are prepared for the State examinations for drawing teachers, and instructors in mechanic arts, and subsequently find employment in boarding, private, and girls' grammar schools. In another building is a printing office, where women are taught to set type. The society also conducts a boarding-house for women (Das Victoriastift), and in connection with it a women's restaurant. A shop for the sale of female handiwork, known as the Victoria Bazaar, a free intelligence office, and a bank where women may make on easy terms small loans, with which to commence or enlarge their business, or to buy sewing machines, are some of the other admirable features of the Lette Society."

Such is the account given of that organization by an American writer, Mr. Stanton, in his excellent book on *The Woman Question in Europe*. Since 1872, Mrs. Schepeler-Lette directs the society called into existence by her father. Many German towns, from Cologne to Dantzic, and from Bremen to Breslau, possess institutions on the model of the Lette Society. The "Alice-Verein" at Darmstadt, mostly due to the exertions of its illustrious patroness the late Grand-Duchess, Princess Alice of Great Britain and Ireland, proceeds on similar lines.

The Fröbel System, which provides for little girls the institutions known as "Kindergärten," has found an energetic promoter in Mrs. Johanna Goldschmidt, of Hamburg. Under her guidance, courses have been opened for the instruction of girls who want to become teachers for such schools, or children's nurses.

The Housekeepers' Societies, "Hausfrauen-Verein," owe their origin to Mrs. Lina Morgenstern, to whom are also due the Soup Kitchens, "Volksküchen," where the poor are fed at very moderate prices, beginning from twopence and never exceeding sixpence. In both these institutions most of the pupils and attendants are girls. At Cassel, Fräulein Marie Calm is at the head of an industrial school for girls, which she has founded, and which served as model for various establishments of the same kind in other towns.

Of the ladies who are at the head of the Press in the service of "The National Association of German Women," three able writers, Auguste Schmidt of Leipzic, Marie Menzzer of Dresden, and Marie Calm are unmarried. One of the difficulties they have to contend with is this, that in Prussia the State objects to the employment of girls in the Postal and Telegraphic service. The States of South Germany are more liberal in this respect, and allow female candidates to pass the examinations for such employments.

Finally, there is one department of female labour which has been marked by the most signal success, without any but the inevitable drawbacks which attend all human efforts: it is the nursing of the sick and wounded—hospital work in all its forms.

Its present organization is for the most part due to the impulse given to national energy by the wars of 1864, 1866, and especially by the great war of 1870. The girls of those days who became nurses under the Red Cross were for the most part *improvisées* nurses, who after a few weeks' training assisted doctors and professional nurses in the emergency of the moment. They had proved so useful and had come to like their work so much that they resolved not to give it up when peace was restored. The combined efforts of the girls who returned from the hospitals and of their mothers and sisters, who had provided at home for the wants of the wounded officers and soldiers, led to the organization of the "Women's Patriotic Society," *der Vaterländische Frauen-Verein*, due to the exertions of her Majesty the Empress Augusta. Institutions under that name exist now in every one of the German States under the patronage of the sovereign. They hardly differ as to the end they have in view, for to all of them the training of thoroughly reliable, clever and experienced nurses is the principal object. The oldest and one of the best of these societies is the *Badisch Frauenverein*, due to the special care of the daughter of Emperor William, the Grand-Duchess of Baden. Faithful to the traditions of her house, she has ever vied with her illustrious mother, Empress Augusta, with her sister-in-law, the Empress Frederick, in enlightened care and charitable work for the destitute and suffering members of society. Besides the instruction of nurses, the *Verein* for women in Baden makes its special object to succour the poor and aid the working women.

In Bavaria, the girls who wear the badge of the Red Cross live in common, are remunerated and provided for by the Association, and go out nursing in town and

country. Like the Deaconesses, they wear a special dress, and are free to marry. If, however, they prefer to go on with their work, they are provided for after the age of sixty, or in the case of illness and decline. Nearly the same rules are applied by the Victoria-haus, at Berlin, for the training and support of nurses, which is under the special protection of her Majesty the Empress Frederick.

In the course of a few years the number of girls in this establishment increased from eleven to ninety, and is expected to increase much more. Some of these nurses went to the battlefields of Bulgaria, there to take care of the wounded ; others are regular attendants in the great hospitals of Berlin, and look after the poor of their respective districts.

Thousands of German girls are thus employed, and thousands more would be not only useful, but wanted for the work at hand. In this field of labour the supply, however generously given, never seems to meet the demand. The Deaconess and the Sister of the Red Cross, the trained nurse and the devoted girl who never had the opportunity to get a regular training, are alike insufficient in number for giving help to those who ask for it.

At this point, when lay assistance and the organizations of Protestantism have exhausted their resources, another kind of charity, in the dress of the Catholic nun, steps in and claims from society the right to help. Nowhere in Germany has this been refused. The nun is hardly less popular in the Protestant countries of the north than among the Catholic populations of the south. In her favour two circumstances plead which are peculiar to all the religious institutions of the Church to which she belongs. They are the most ancient forms of association called into life in the service of suffering humanity, and their members alone devote themselves to that service entirely and for ever.

The first Deaconess was Phœbe, mentioned by the Apostle St. Paul in his Epistle to the Romans. Since then, empresses of the east and west, descendants of the great Roman houses, royal ladies and ladies of high rank in the world have shared with the humblest of their sex the glorious task of serving Christ in the persons of the poor and the afflicted. Under one form or other the nursing of the sick formed part of the work of the female religious communities of early days. At the beginning of the thirteenth century Pope Innocent III. instituted the hospitals of the Holy Ghost, and Guy de Montpellier founded a religious Order for both sexes, whose special object was the nursing of the sick. This work has been carried on in Germany from his day to ours by communities, lay and religious, the best known of which and the most numerous is the Grey Sisterhood of St. Vincent of Paul, best known under the name of Sisters of Charity. This institution has proved most attractive to the South-German peasant girls, who are numerous in its ranks. Its merits are so well known that they need not be touched here. Great as they are, they must not be allowed to throw the achievements of others into the shade. The nuns of the Good Shepherd open a refuge to the poor erring girls of their sex. Benedictines, Sisters of the School of Citeaux, Dominicans, Franciscans, Sisters of St. Clare, St. Elizabeth, of the Infant Jesus, of the Redeemer, Carmelites, Servites, educate the poor, nurse the sick, attend the dying, train servants, take care of invalids, of abandoned children, of the insane, and of the incurable. In the Kingdom of Bavaria alone these nuns number between 8,000 and 10,000, and are steadily on the increase. The newest foundation, a sisterhood for mission-work in Africa, which follows the rule of St. Benedict, has proved particularly attractive to young girls since one of these nuns met with a violent death at Pugu, in East Africa, January, 1889, and the palm of martyrdom seems within reach.

If the picture drawn by poets of the ideal of German girlhood be not the dream of their imagination but a living reality, the attraction exercised on them by a life of self-sacrifice, of perfect purity, of entire obedience, hardly requires to be explained. Well may many of them tremble and hesitate on the threshold of married life. The more such a girl loves, the more she will have reason to remember, with Goethe's *Eugenie*, that henceforth, if one heart proves faithless, "no one will give back to her what she has lost." No such hesitation darkens the future of her who has given up her life to Christ. Behind her lie not all the temptations but certainly all the disappointments of the world. Before her is a life of toil, but also a life of rest. Of the affections of the heart she is not deprived. She has become the mother of the orphan, the support of the lonely, the companion of her fallen sister. The face of the German girl is often serious ; the expression of the German nun is nearly always

bright. To her have been addressed these charming lines of the greatest poet since Schiller :—

"Das bittere Gefühl wie arm dies Leben,
Wie trügerisch des Glückes Gunst
Derselbe Wunsch, dasselbe Streben
Gab Dich dem Glauben, mich der Kunst."

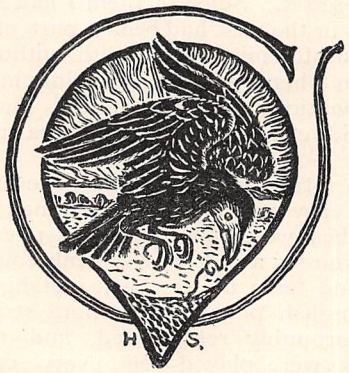
Here the question may well be asked : Are German girls always at work ?—do they never amuse themselves ?—and are we to believe that their whole life is spent either at school or in the kitchen, in the hospital or in the convent ?

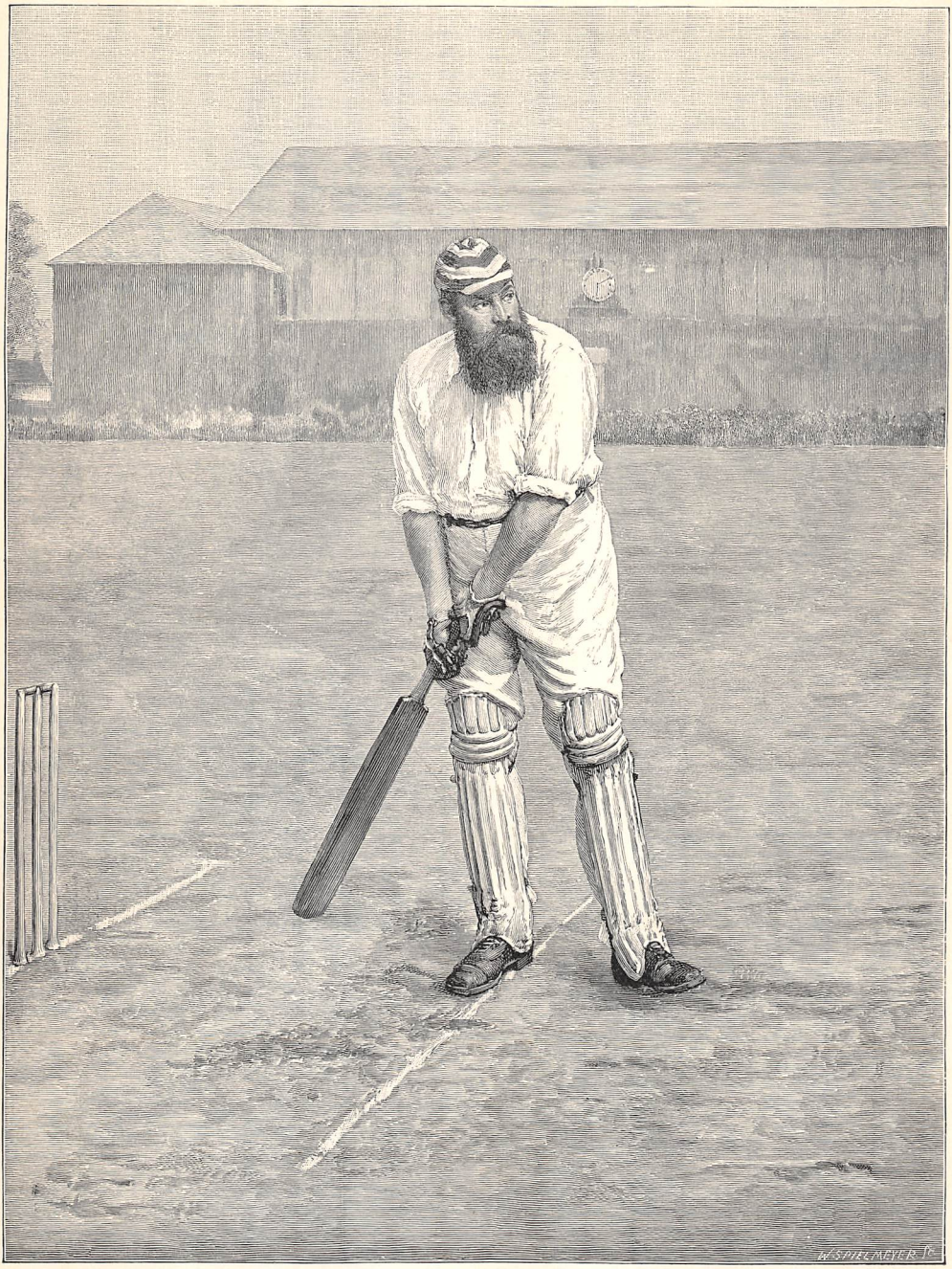
If anything of the kind had been implied, it would indeed be time to correct it. Not at Vienna only, where the mixture of races has produced a more frivolous type, but everywhere in Germany young people are particularly fond of dancing. During Carnival, between New Year and Lent, balls are numerous, and last between six and eight hours. The German girl is fond of games, a good skater, and a resolute mountain-climber. She is very fond of riding ; but in most cases the quadruped indispensable for this exercise is wanting. Country-houses are so far distant from each other that a set of lawn tennis outside the family circle is not easily procured.

To resume. Girls in Germany are simple in their tastes and habits, hardworking, rather serious. Frivolity among them is still quite an exception, but of course it exists. Attractiveness is not their prevailing characteristic. Partly because they are shy, partly also because habits of self-control and renunciation, early acquired and steadily followed, do not always make it easy to sacrifice to the graces, particularly in a country where the art of conversation is not cultivated. Their powers of acquisition seem greater than their creative power. Both in literature and in art no German girl has ever produced anything first-rate ; no German novelist has equalled one of the second-rate female novelists of England. In regard to poetry, an exception, however, must be made. Annette von Droste Hülshoff has produced works which, for depth of thought and beauty of form, rank with the best lyrics ever produced in the German tongue. She has had distinguished followers. Betty Paoli, Emilie Ringseis, and others have written beautiful lyric poetry.

Still the purely intellectual work achieved by the German girl might have been left undone without considerable loss. What the country will never be able to spare is the self-sacrifice and the loving obedience with which she silently shapes the national life :

"Aus Märchen gränzt was sie für Andre konnte,
An Heilgenschein, was sie sich selbst versagt."





W. G. GRACE.

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CRICKET.

A REVIEW OF THE GAME, PAST AND PRESENT, IN AUSTRALIA, CANADA, THE UNITED STATES, INDIA, AND ENGLAND.

By W. G. GRACE.

I WONDER how many realize the remarkable hold the game of cricket has outside of England. We at home are too apt to believe it is entirely English, and think it can be seen at its best in England only; but by degrees the fact dawns upon us that an eleven of Australia has defeated more than one representative English team, and we have to admit that others can play the game nearly, if not quite, as well as we can. The time has gone past when we could look on without anxiety as to the result of a contest between England and Australia, or predict a certain win for the former. I am not going to say a word here as to the wisdom of our Australian cousins in coming to us so often: this much I know and can say, the visit of the seventh team is creating as much interest as any of those which preceded it, and before the season is over we are likely to have contests which will do honour to both countries. Before dealing with cricket in this country I propose to touch upon the growth of the game in Australia, Canada, the United States, and India, and in the order named.

In Australia.

I was in my fourteenth year when the first English team, under the captaincy of H. H. Stephenson, visited Australia in 1862, and can remember how my thoughts went with the players who composed it. Some of them I had seen, all of them I knew by reputation, and their doings in the past had been a part of my education. The undertaking appealed to my youthful mind, filled with enthusiasm for the game, and I was not alone in my opinion when I said what a faint chance players in Australia will have against such a combination. Results showed that even then the game was making rapid progress outside of England, but there was no doubt about the superiority of the visiting team.

Twelve matches was the total number played. The first was against Eighteen of Victoria, and resulted in an easy win for the Englishmen by an innings and ninety-six runs. The remaining matches were played against twenty-two's, and gross results showed that England had won six and lost two, while four were drawn.

Two years later a second team under the leadership of George Parr went out, when the superiority of English players was more strikingly confirmed. England on that occasion was thoroughly represented, and the results were still more decisive. Sixteen matches were played—on every occasion against twenty-two of their opponents—ten were won, *none* lost, six drawn! I very much question if a stronger team could have been found at that time, and I have only to give the names of the players to prove it, George Parr, A. Clarke, J. Jackson, R. C. Tinley: Notts; W. Caffyn, Julius Cæsar, T. Lockyer: Surrey; R. Carpenter, T. Hayward, G. Tarrant: Cambridgeshire; G. Anderson: Yorkshire; Mr. E. M. Grace: Gloucestershire.

The first team consisted entirely of professionals, this it will be seen was made up of

eleven professionals, and one gentleman—the gentleman being my brother, E. M. Grace. Every one of them was a household name, and I need not say that their doings generally were eagerly and impatiently waited for at home, and the matches in which my brother played were carefully cut out, and inserted in the list of family performances. My brother's successful effort with bat and ball at Canterbury, in 1862, was now a matter of history, and we were proud that he should be considered worthy of a place in so notable a team. Tarrant and he played single wicket matches on two or three occasions against considerable odds, and showed that Australia was still far behind in the game.

Ten years elapsed before a third team decided to go out. A few gentlemen, who were much interested in cricket at Melbourne, and who were very anxious to see another English eleven over there, invited me to take out and captain a mixed team of gentlemen and professionals. I accepted this invitation, and in the summer of 1873 made the necessary arrangements. After many disappointments, I got a fairly good twelve together, but not so strong as I desired. The composition of this team showed the marked change which was creeping over English cricket. For years the professionals had stood head and shoulders above the gentlemen, and matches between them had been almost a certainty for the former. On this occasion the professionals still predominated, but only in the proportion of seven to five. We had heard from time to time of the great strides which were taking place in Australian cricket, but we were not prepared to be beaten in three out of the first five matches. However, as soon as we became accustomed to the glare and light, we began to assert our superiority, and we won nine out of the remaining ten matches played. Altogether we played fifteen matches, all of them against odds: ten were won, three lost, and two drawn. In ten of them we played against twenty-two of our opponents, three times against eighteen, and twice against fifteen. Messrs. B. B. Cooper and W. J. Pocock, who learnt their cricket in England, and had only been in the colonies a short time, did a great deal towards winning two of the three matches lost: at Melbourne Mr. Cooper scored eighty-four, and at Sydney Mr. Pocock scored sixteen not out, and twenty-seven. The Australian batting did not then appear to be very good, but the bowling greatly impressed me. I must mention Mr. Frank Allen, a left-hand bowler, who was then far and away the best in the colonies. Messrs. F. R. Spofforth and H. F. Boyle were commencing their career, and played once or twice against us.

Three years elapsed before a fourth team left our shores. This time it was under the management of James Lillywhite, and made up entirely of professionals. Before the end of the tour results proved that the desired improvement had taken place in Australian cricket. Against fifteen of New South Wales the Englishmen suffered defeat twice, and experienced a similar fate at the hands of fifteen of Victoria; but the 15th, 16th, and 17th March, 1877, was the crowning point of Australia's long and persevering efforts, for it was the first time Australia met an eleven of England on level terms, and beat them by forty-five runs, owing to the magnificent batting of C. Bannerman. True, they suffered defeat by four wickets a fortnight later, but that did not affect the precedent established that Australia was now worthy of playing England, the home of cricket, man to man, the result being uncertain. A. and C. Bannerman, Blackham, Evans, Garrett, Horan, Midwinter, Murdoch, and Spofforth were the names dear to Australia then. They have done greater things since with both bat and ball, but there is little doubt that that was the time they made their reputations and gave an impetus to rising talent in their own country.

We at home put little value on the defeat of Lillywhite's team, and did not fully realize the wonderful improvement our cousins had made. They thought differently; for hardly had the news of it died out when the startling information came that an eleven of Australia had decided to visit England and beard the lion in his den, and on the 14th May, 1878, the first Australian team stepped hopefully on British soil. After a day or two's practice, they made their bow before an English public against Nottingham, only to be beaten by an innings and fourteen runs. "That is about their form," said thousands; "not quite up to English county cricket."

May 20th, at Lord's, caused quite a revolution in public opinion. I had the honour of being one of the eleven of the M.C.C. on that day—an eleven considered the equal of any batting eleven in the world, and including two of the best bowlers of the day—Alfred Shaw and Morley. Cricketers in general looked upon the match as a crucial one, the result of which would make or mar the rest of the tour. Unfortunately the wicket was a bad one, owing to rain and then a drying sun, and it was impossible to

arrive at an idea of their true form We lost the match by nine wickets. This much was clear to us : Australian cricket had wonderfully improved, and henceforth England *v.* Australia, both playing their full strength, would be full of interest wherever it was played. The match, it will be remembered, was finished in one day, and was the first victory of an Australian eleven on English ground.

The total scores were : M.C.C., first innings, thirty-three ; second innings, nineteen. Australia, first innings, forty-one ; second innings, twelve (for one wicket). There were thirteen ducks on the M.C.C. side, and the bowling of Spofforth, Boyle, and A. Shaw was decidedly sensational.[1]

The rest of the trip was a great success, and the gross results showed that of the thirty-seven matches played, eighteen were won, seven lost, and twelve were drawn, seventeen of them were eleven-a-side matches, of which the Australians won nine, lost four, and four were drawn. Their best wins were against M.C.C. and Ground, Yorkshire, Surrey, Middlesex, Gloucestershire, and Eleven Players ; their heaviest defeats by Cambridge University, Nottinghamshire, Gentlemen of England, and the return against Yorkshire.

BARDWELL, PHOTO.

ALLAN GIBSON STEEL. BORN AT LIVERPOOL, SEPT. 24, 1858. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1882.

One of the best all-round cricketers it has been my lot to meet during my long career.

Altogether six Australian teams have visited England, and eleven English teams gone out to Australia ; and results show that England has still more than one eleven capable of defeating the combined strength of Australia. The teams which visited us in 1886 and 1888 did not materially add to the reputation of Australia, but it must be remembered that on both occasions several players who were chosen to represent Australia were unable to join the team owing to business and other engagements.

When we make comparisons of play we have undoubted evidence that England has still a strong lead in batting, but that in bowling and fielding there is little to choose between the two countries. Murdoch, G. Giffen, McDonnell, the Bannermans and Moses have been a tower of strength in batting, but one does not require to search far in England to find a large number of players who have performed as great things as they. Spofforth, Garrett, Palmer, Evans, Boyle, Turner, and Ferris are bowling names to compare with ours, but we have only to place opposite them the names of Alfred Shaw, Morley, Lohmann, Peate, Attewell, Briggs, and Barnes to make the scales hang evenly. In fielding there is little to choose between us, although I must in fairness say that at the present time the Australians can throw in better than we can.

In Canada and the United States.

American cricketers can boast of an earlier visit by English cricketers than Australia, but the game has not progressed at the same rate in both countries. As long ago as 1859 an English twelve under George Parr visited Canada and the United States, and had little difficulty in winning all their matches. The team was made up of six players from the United All England Eleven and six from the All England Eleven, so that cricketers in Canada and the States got a thorough insight into first-class play. The first match was played against twenty-two of Lower Canada, and resulted in an easy win for the English eleven. A similar fate befel twenty-two of Hamilton

[1]

	O.	M.	R.	Wks.		O.	M.	R.	Wks.
Spofforth . .	5·3	3	4	6	...	9	2	16	5
Boyle . . .	14	7	14	3	...	8·1	6	3	5
A. Shaw . .	33·2	25	10	5	...	8	6	4	1

and district; and later, on October 21st, at Rochester, Upper Canada, twenty of United States and Canada were defeated by an innings and sixty-eight runs.

Nine years rolled by before a second team, under Willsher, paid Canada and the States another visit, and results were still more disastrous. Twenty-two of Canada could only score twenty-eight to England's 310 for nine wickets. Canadian bowling did not come out favourably in this match, for forty wides appear in the English score. The Philadelphians then, as now, seemed to be the strongest club in either country, and twenty-two of them lost by two wickets only. Of the six matches played, five were won, and one drawn; and Canada and the United States were, as they still are, far behind the English standard of play.

The third team, in 1872, was under the leadership of Mr. R. A. Fitzgerald, secretary of the M.C.C., and was made up entirely of gentlemen cricketers, who were quite as successful as their predecessors. I was one of the team, and have very pleasant recollections of the hospitality and great kindness shown to us throughout the trip. Undoubtedly we were a strong batting team, and that seemed to attract the American public; but, with the exception of the Philadelphian club, we met with little opposition, and won seven out of the eight matches played, while the eighth was drawn. A reference to a note which I made at the time gives my opinion formed at the conclusion of our visit. "The bowling was better than the batting; the fielding generally not very good; but here and there we met with brilliant exceptions."

The fourth team, in 1879, was a combination of Notts and Yorkshire, captained by R. Daft, and was just as successful. Twelve matches were played: nine won, none lost, three drawn. Seven of them were against twenty-two, the others against varying odds, but every match was won very easily. Quite evidently the Americans considered they had improved, for one of the engagements was:—Eleven of Young America *v.* The English Eleven.

The result was not encouraging, for A. Shaw, Morley, and Bates created sad havoc among the American batsmen, and England won by an innings and sixty runs, and so maintained the unbroken record of wins for England in America. Up to this date thirty-six matches had been played in Canada and the States, of which English teams had won twenty-eight; the other eight were drawn.

It was natural that sooner or later a team from Canada or the United States should pay a visit to the home of cricket, and no one was surprised when it was announced early in 1884 that the Philadelphians, undoubtedly the strongest club in either country, had made up their minds to come here. They did not come believing they could hold their own with a representative team, or even the best of our county teams: they came hoping to see the best players in England, and anxious to improve their own cricket. I need not say they were as cordially welcomed as the Australians, who were making their fourth visit that year. Every club, every player in England, extended the hand of welcome; and from their first match against Dublin University on the 2nd and 3rd of June, at Dublin, until their last match against the United Services Club, on the 1st and 2nd of August, at Portsmouth, their doings were closely watched. Eighteen matches were played: eight won, five lost, five drawn.

The matches played were mostly against eleven gentlemen of the first and second class counties. They did not measure their strength against our professional or first-class bowling. Their great match was against the Gentlemen of the M.C.C., a most disastrous one for them. The M.C.C. won by an innings and 171 runs, scoring 406 to the Philadelphians' 174 and sixty-one. I had the pleasure of meeting them only once when playing for the Gentlemen of Gloucestershire, but had to bear with defeat. My friend, Lord Harris, had rather the laugh over me at the result, and said, somewhere, in Lillywhite, I believe, "If there is magic in a name it should certainly be found in the Gentlemen of Gloucestershire and the brothers Grace; but in this match the Philadelphians did not allow apprehension to neutralize their efforts. Surely this victory went far to compensate for the disappointment at Lord's. One thing, at least, is certain, that the disappointment was lifted on to other shoulders, for so great was the wrath of the Gloucestershire captain at the result that we believe he dismissed his eleven with a parting injunction, 'not to let him see them for a month.'"

Twelve English amateurs visited America in 1885, not a first-class team by any means, but good enough to win every match but one; and that one, as was expected, was against the Gentlemen of Philadelphia, on September 17th, 18th, and 19th. This was the first match ever won against an English team in America. A week later the

English Amateurs had their revenge, defeating the Philadelphians by 243 runs. The year after a slightly stronger team of English amateurs went out, and carried everything before them, not losing a match. The Philadelphians were still considered the strongest fixture, but the first match the Englishmen won by an innings, and the second by six wickets. Altogether they played nine matches : won eight, lost none, and one was drawn.

The Gentlemen of Canada came to us in 1887, had a very enjoyable time, but met with moderate success. I played against them at Yatton for Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne's Eleven, which was chiefly composed of the Gentlemen of Gloucestershire.

The doings of the Philadelphians in England, Ireland, and Scotland in 1889 will be fresh in the memories of most players—a strong batting team, but moderate in bowling ; the fielding at times very good on hard, good grounds, but on slow grounds not so good as one would have expected. One or two of their best bowlers did not come, or they certainly would have given a better account of themselves : as it was, they were a far better team than that of 1884. They played in all twelve matches. Three of them were lost against strong amateur elevens of Gloucestershire, Kent, and the M.C.C. ; four were won against the Gentlemen of Scotland, Gentlemen of Liverpool, and Gentlemen of Hampshire, and Cambridge University Long Vacation Club. The other five were drawn ; these being against the Trinity College Long Vacation Club, the Gentlemen of Ireland, the Gentlemen of Surrey, the Gentlemen of Sussex, and the United Services. I can assure my readers that if the Gentlemen of Philadelphia go on improving as they have done since their first visit, when they come again they will hold their own against county amateur teams, if they do not beat them. What I have said will show that while cricket has progressed in America since the visit of the first English team, the progress is not to be compared with that made in Australia.

E. HAWKINS & CO., PHOTO.

WALTER WILLIAM READ. BORN AT REIGATE, NOV. 23, 1855.
" Without doubt, as good a batsman as we have at the present time."

Cricket and Baseball.

Cricket in Australia, as in England, is considered the national game ; in America it has to contend against baseball. To realize the hold baseball has upon Americans we have only to watch one of the great matches. At every important match played the attendance is as large as, if not larger than at any first-class cricket-match in England ; and the fact is forced upon us that baseball, not cricket, is the national game there. Cricket clubs of importance are few in number in America : baseball clubs have a hold in every large town and city, and the doings of the professional players are followed with as much interest as the doings of every first-class professional cricketer in England.

I have been asked to account for the remarkable hold baseball has upon its followers, and to compare the two games of baseball and cricket. Frankly, I cannot. It would be presumption on my part to express an opinion on the merits of a game of which I have seen, and know so little. My experience might be summed up in a visit to the Oval, and a visit to the County Ground, Ashley Hill, Bristol, when Mr. Spalding's team gave their exhibitions. I was much impressed with the smartness of the fieldsmen, their catching and throwing being almost perfection. But the batting,

to a cricketer, seemed rather a weak spot ; and with the crowd I was disappointed that hitting the ball was the exception instead of the rule. Of course I am perfectly well aware that the pitcher is the most important member of the team, and that what I thought was a weakness in the hitting was really a tribute to his skill.

Our American friends say that a first-class match can be played in the course of a single afternoon, and that being a busy working nation, therein lies half the charm of the game to them. They are certainly enthusiastic over it, and I know that but few Englishmen have yet realized the science and aptitude required to play it well ; but I do not think it will ever take hold to any extent in England or Australia, where cricket is played to such perfection. And I hope its thousands of followers will pardon me when I say that I have too strong a love for the game with which I have been so closely associated for the last twenty-five years to wish that it should.

In India.

But if we want further confirmation as to the growth of cricket outside of England, we have only to turn to the progress it is making in India. It has been said that wherever you find a dozen Englishmen you are sure to find the national game played. That it should be played in India by Englishmen under the disadvantages of a climate more calculated to make one physically indolent than active is a tribute in its favour, but that it should be taken up and played vigorously by the native races, is praise indeed.

The Parsees came to us in 1886. Of them it can be said that their motive was the purely disinterested one of seeing the best exponents of the game. Their display was anything but first-class ; and financially, the promoters of the trip had reason to be dissatisfied and discouraged from making a second trip : but 1888 saw them back again, and, what was most gratifying, playing in improved form.

Thirty-one matches were played on the second visit against very fair elevens, and in two or three of the most important they showed up very creditably. Their last engagement, against the Gentlemen of Surrey, was only lost by nine runs, and they could show at the finish of the trip a record of eight won, eleven lost, and twelve drawn. Their enthusiasm and pluck in playing up, whether winning or losing, was the marked feature of their play, and good judges of the game predicted good results from it.

The results of Mr. Vernon's team in India have been read everywhere : thirteen matches played, of which ten were won, two drawn, and one lost. The eleven could not be considered first-class, or even representative of the Gentlemen of England, but there were in it two or three batsmen who more than once have scored heavily against the best of our professional bowling, so we need not wonder they had matters pretty much their own way. Six times they won in a single innings, and the clubs played against were the strongest in India. That makes their defeat by the Parsee Eleven at Bombay on the 30th and 31st of January all the more remarkable. It was said when the team left England that the Parsees would give them the most trouble, but after the triumphal march of the English Eleven in more than half of the matches, we at home, not unreasonably, concluded that the Parsees would have to submit to defeat also. And yet they won by four wickets.

We have no occasion to go far to find the reason. With one exception Mr. Vernon's Eleven never scored less than a hundred runs in an innings, and oftener the total was nearer three hundred. The Parsees got them out for ninety-seven and sixty-one ; and the opinion of Mr. Vernon and every one who played was that their bowling was the best they had played against in the whole tour.

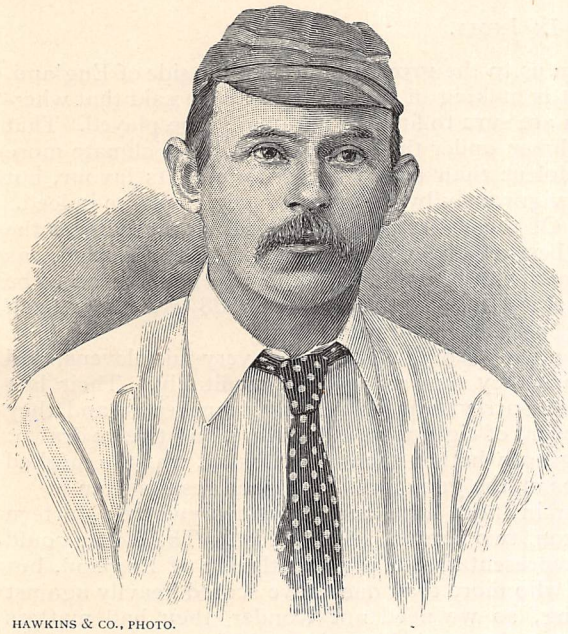
In England.

It has given me pleasure to speak of Australia, Canada, the United States, and India in the way I have done, but it gives me greater pleasure to say that the game has a stronger hold in England to-day than at any time in its history. For one eleven that could draw a crowd in the past we can show half a dozen or more who can do so at the present time : and we have only to look at the averages of individual players with bat and ball to find that the deeds of twenty and thirty years ago have been surpassed.

In batting the number of players, both amateur and professional, with an average of twenty runs and over is far ahead of the number in 1860 or 1870. Scoring an aggregate of 1000 runs in first-class matches during the season was thought a remarkable

feat twenty years ago ; we do not think so much of it now. Nine players accomplished it in 1886, and though 1889 was one of the wettest seasons we have had for years, there were five players who exceeded that total. Scoring a hundred runs in one innings is another important feature of the play to-day. It was done by more than twenty players last year, and by some of them twice or thrice. And if we only remember how general is the improvement in bowling, the performance becomes even more remarkable. County cricket is a very fair test of a batsman's powers. Well, in first-class county cricket last year the century was scored forty times. That is surely evidence enough of the great strides we have made in batting.

Take our bowling averages. Capturing a hundred wickets in first-class matches twenty or thirty years ago was another exceptional and remarkable feat. We are not surprised at it to-day. G. Lohmann captured over 200 in 1888, and repeated the performance in 1889, and six others had considerably over a hundred to their credit the same year.



HAWKINS & CO., PHOTO.

ARTHUR SHREWSBURY. BORN AT NEW LENTON, NEAR NOTTINGHAM, APRIL 11, 1856.
The finest professional batsman of the present time.

Batting improvement is to be expected when we consider the change for the better that has taken place in the grounds played on. A wicket that was considered good enough ten or twenty years ago would not be tolerated to-day ; and I can mention two or three of our present county grounds where in favourable weather every ball can be relied on to come true, and where the batsman plays back and forward with the utmost confidence. Twenty or thirty years ago the selection of the wicket was too often left until the morning of the match, and that was considered time enough to begin preparing it. Go to any of the principal grounds to-day, and you will find that the roller is in use every day, and all day, in the season when there is no match on : and that not one, but half-a-dozen good pitches can be obtained even if the selection be deferred until the morning of the match. Now that, while it has made large batting averages easy nowadays, has made it more difficult for the bowler to get the batsman out.

Reference to some of the principal grounds in England and the Colonies will be appropriate here. The captain of the county eleven, or of any eleven travelling from home, is lacking in his duty if he does not find out something about the characteristics of a ground before a match begins. It is of little use to win the toss if he be careless about that. Judgment before a match shows the thoughtful captain : and while I have an immense respect for the man who "rises to the occasion," I have often found that a little forethought in examining the pitch before tossing might have prevented the occasion arising at all. It used to be said, "What is the use of winning the toss if you do not take first innings?" You do not hear that said now : anyhow, not until a thoughtful leader has carefully examined the pitch and considered the weather, light, and other circumstances, and thinks it advantageous to take first innings.

Lord's Ground has a right to the first place. In dry weather the wicket is one of the fastest and truest anywhere : in a very wet condition, one of the easiest for scoring. In a sticky condition it is almost unplayable, and about the worst I know. The soil is clayey, and that explains it. It was on a wicket of the latter kind that the Australians played their first match there in May 1878, and Spofforth, Boyle, and A. Shaw worked wonders with the ball. A strong batting eleven was all abroad and could do nothing on it. Playing forward was out of the question, playing back dangerous, and following

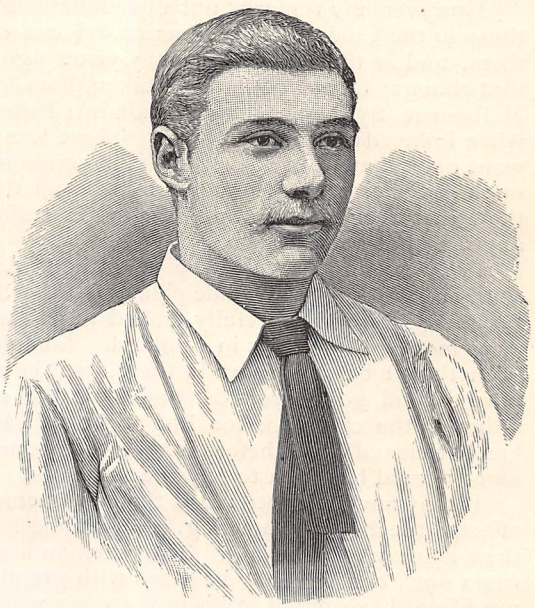
the ball a failure. I can recall two or three occasions when it was nearly as bad. When Yorkshire County played for the first time at Lord's in 1870 the ground was hard and rough. Freeman and Emmett for Yorkshire, and A. Shaw and Wooton for the M.C.C., had a high time of it with the ball, tattooing the bodies of every batsman who had the pluck to face them. Neither practice wickets nor football is allowed on the centre of Lord's Ground, so that the pitch can be trusted unless when, as I have said, the ground is in a sticky condition.

At the Oval you get some of the very best wickets in the world, and some batsmen prefer it to Lord's. It is not so fast for one reason, although, for myself, I still prefer a fast wicket as long as the ball comes true. The soil is undoubtedly different to that at Lord's, for very rarely do you get the sticky and unplayable wicket I have just mentioned.

Trent Bridge is a greatly improved ground, one of the finest county grounds in England, and entirely owing to the great care now given to the preparation of the wickets. Losing the toss there does not make such a difference now as it used to. The wicket wears fairly well from start to finish of a match, and rarely do you now find it in a crumbling condition.

Old Trafford has the reputation of being one of the best-kept grounds anywhere, but of late the pitches have not worn well. However, we hope this year will see a vast improvement. At the end of last season the Committee set about remedying the defects, and a good coat of top dressing was put down, which should in time restore it to its former and excellent condition. The outfielding has always been good and easy there. Liverpool, in the number of matches played, is not so much favoured by the Lancashire C.C., but it is a very fine and improving ground.

Bramall Lane, Sheffield, is not quite so good as the grounds I have already mentioned, but that too has improved considerably. The Yorkshire C.C. play all over the county—Bradford, Halifax, Dewsbury, and Huddersfield all being visited by them; and while that is to be commended, it sometimes affects the quality of particular wickets. The acknowledged head-quarters of a county club is always well looked after, the ground in particular being carefully watched and prepared.



E. HAWKINS & CO., PHOTO.

GEORGE ALFRED LOHMANN. BORN AT KENSINGTON (MIDDLESEX), JUNE 5, 1865.

One of the best all-round cricketers of the present day. His bowling on a sticky wicket is simply unplayable, as he breaks both ways, and alters his pace and pitch continually.

The Kent Eleven have had a similar experience. They, too, play all over the county. One day it is at Blackheath, the next at Mote Park, then Beckenham is visited, and we have the Canterbury week in August. Beckenham has been relaid during the winter, and ought to play well if carefully looked after, and thoroughly rolled. Blackheath is a large and good ground, but does not play so well, owing, I think, in some measure to the amount of football played over it. Canterbury is a good ground, although on a slope. The wicket in dry weather is very hard and fast. Apart from the happy associations connected with it, it is a great favourite of mine.

The Sussex Eleven have occasion to be proud of their County Ground at Brighton, in the past and to-day. The old ground at Hove and the present ground have always been good, and in my estimation about the best and easiest for scoring in England.

Gloucestershire in the past may be said to have divided their favours between Clifton and Cheltenham Colleges. Both are fine grounds, Clifton, if anything, the better. Clifton has the reputation of being the easiest in all kinds of weather, in England, and it well deserves it. A difficult wicket has always been the exception

there, and it is owing entirely to the care and preparation bestowed on it. The out-fielding is rough, but I do not see how that can be remedied much. In the season the boys are playing, and have a right to play, all over it, and it is almost impossible to preserve that part in the condition one associates with a County Ground pure and simple. The new ground at Ashley Hill puts Gloucestershire in a more favourable position. It is certainly an excellent one, one of the finest in the world for good wickets and out-fielding. As at Lord's, all practice wickets are outside the enclosure, and football is only played outside the cricket enclosure.

There are other grounds all over England, Scotland and Ireland about which I could speak favourably, but in an article of this length those I have touched upon will show how managers of important clubs realize the need of a good ground if improvement is to be made by their players. They cannot influence the weather, but they can and have made up their minds to see that, given favourable conditions, the wickets shall be carefully prepared and as true as human hands can make them. That, I believe, is the spirit actuating the committee of every county club.

However, my remarks upon grounds would not be complete without an allusion to those in the Colonies and America. I can only speak of the time when I played on them, and as that is a good many years ago, it is possible—certain I ought to say—that changes for the better have taken place. I will just mention the leading grounds—Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, Ballarat, Hobart Town, and Launceston were all good when I played on them in 1873-4. There was lack of knowledge at the time of making, want of judgment in deferring the selection and preparing the wicket until the day of, or the day before, the match. I know all that is changed. We should not have had the great results which players in Australia have produced had the wickets been anything but good.

Pretty much what I have said about Australia may be applied to Canada and America. Toronto, Philadelphia, and the St. George's Club, New York, have good grounds, which are carefully looked after, and as good wickets can be obtained there as at most of the clubs in England. I can say very little about India. I have not been there: but my heart is there, as it is wherever cricket is played. I know they have several good grounds, and take the greatest interest in the noble game, and although the climate is too hot at times, I believe the only reason an English team has not visited India before is that the grounds are open and free, and that no gate-money could be taken to pay the expenses.

It may now be asked: Has the improvement in the grounds everywhere in any way affected the batting, bowling, and fielding? Undoubtedly it has, and in more ways than some players think. The batsman knows that he can trust the wicket in most cases now, consequently he plays with greater confidence and hits many a ball that he would not have dared to hit in the days when the wickets were not so good. At the time I began to make my big scores writers on the game were pretty unanimous about playing the ball with a certain force when compelled to play back to it. "Do not let it hit the bat, but play firm enough to get it away from the legs, or it may roll on to the wicket," said a very good authority. Carpenter, Daft, Jupp, and Humphrey were the players given by the same authority as being strong in that kind of play. Back play no stronger than that would not be considered first-class form to-day, and the batsman who could not hit the ball more than a yard or two beyond his legs, would take a very long time to compile a century against the best of our bowlers.

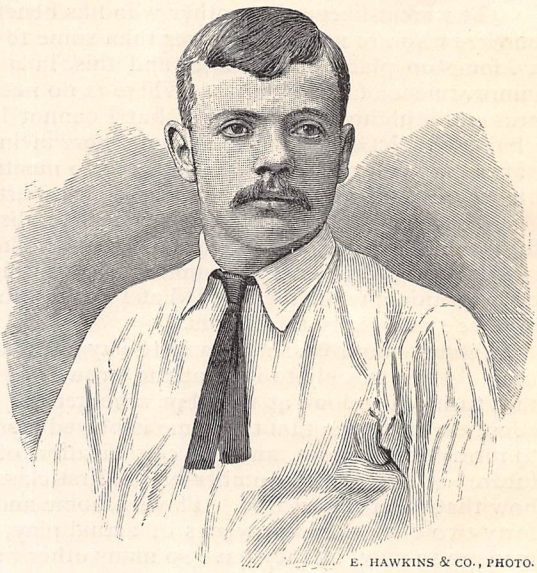
Playing it forcibly and yards away from the wicket is now expected of the majority of first-class players, and I could name a dozen who are not content unless they play it away from the fieldsmen and hard enough to score two runs. That is due in most part to the skill of the player, and, I think, partly to the improvement of the grounds. Twenty years ago, or even ten years ago, a ball bounding breast-high was not an uncommon experience on most wickets, but if it were to occur to-day with half the frequency, the reputation of the groundsman would suffer considerably.

And so it may be safely said that the batting all round is better to-day than in the past. I do not mean to say that the giants of the past would not be giants to-day; but I do say that were those players with us now they too would play in improved form, and that for one good batsman then we have a dozen now. The public have a clear knowledge of that fact. We have only to take a stroll round the ground while a great match is being played to learn what they consider good play. I have an immense respect for the barn-door or stone-wall style, but must confess to siding with

the crowd when they praise the player who times the straight good-length ball, and plays it hard and clean away from the wicket. With my brother, E. M., at his best at point, good old Jupp, in his later days, had a lively time of it when playing at Clifton for his county. Ball after ball I bowled to him which he kept playing back quietly; then the particular ball came, and E. M. rushed in and caught him almost off the bat. The disgust that crept over Jupp's face as point, slip, and short-leg crowded round him, and his helplessness under the circumstances come up before me now. And yet Jupp was considered a good back-player.

Playing forward is also more general, and that, too, owing to improved wickets. Good players know that in playing forward they are now less likely to meet with a kicking ball which would hit them on the fingers, and so play forward with the greatest confidence to balls which they used to watch carefully and in many cases play back to. And short-pitched balls which were blocked then are now pulled across the wicket owing to the same cause.

But bowling more than batting has been affected by the improvement of the grounds. How rarely do we see a real good fast bowler now? The time has gone past when pace alone could obtain a wicket. It was not an uncommon plan for a fast bowler to send in a fast short one, knowing that the half-prepared wicket would cause it to bound very high and make it dangerous for the batsman to hit. When that is done now, the bowler is not surprised to see it hit to the boundary. And so we have more head-work in the bowling, a better length, more break, but less pace. The important point the bowler must bear in mind is not to exceed his strength, or he will very soon go to pieces, and get hit all over the field. No ball can be punished so easily as the short fast one on a good wicket. All good bowlers indulge in an occasional fast one; but that is a different thing to the express pace some bowlers used to keep up for an over or two. Messrs. Spofforth, Steel and Turner, among the gentlemen, Alfred Shaw, Lohmann and Briggs among the professionals, have been the most prominent bowlers for years past. Spofforth's wonderful power lies in his variety. Whether he breaks six inches or twelve he takes good care that the ball will hit the wicket, should it beat the batsman: and he keeps varying his pace till he gets the batsman in two minds, and then treats him to a fast yorker. He has been more effective with fast yorkers than any bowler I know. A. G. Steel is another of the tantalizing bowlers. Rarely do you get two balls in succession the same pace from him; and if there is a weak spot in your defence he keeps hammering at that until you make a mistake. The same may be said of Turner. He is always well within his strength, and ever varying his pace. Lohmann and Briggs work on the same lines. Alfred Shaw had the least break of the lot except on sticky wickets, but his wonderful command of length more than compensated for it.



E. HAWKINS & CO., PHOTO.

JOHN BRIGGS. BORN AT SUTTON-IN ASHFIELD, OCT. 3, 1862.

First played for Lancashire in 1879. One of the most difficult bowlers of the day. As a field he is as quick as lightning, and is no doubt the best cover-point of the present time.

All of them bowled with their head. They saw that the improved wickets were adding to the batsman's chances, and that simple fast bowling would not meet the case: so they cultivated variety of pace-breaking from both sides, and only departing from a good length when the batsman had mastered them. Southerton was one of that school, and a proficient at it too: but the wickets were not so good in his days and helped him considerably. He used to tell with great glee how, after trying me with dodgy breaks for an hour or two, he in despair sent up a simple, harmless straight one, with no break at all, and beat me. There was nothing in the ball, but it was unexpected, and it came off. I have seen Lohmann bowl batsman after batsman with a similar ball. The

batsmen admitted it was as simple a ball as any bowler could bowl, but they expected something different from him.

I am beginning to hope that very shortly we shall have an increase of good fast bowlers. The success of Mr. S. M. J. Woods and Mold last year warrants me in saying that good fast bowlers would baffle a great many batsmen who are now at home with medium-paced breaks. The day of terrific pace and careless length is at an end, but a fast bowler who could bowl a good length for a dozen overs would be invaluable to any of our county elevens to-day.

Out-fielding has also benefited by the improvement in the grounds. Years ago, the pitch was rolled carefully by some clubs, but very rarely anything outside it. As long as the grass was kept short most clubs were content; and cover-point, long-leg, and the out-fieldsmen generally, had to be very quick of eye and hand to stop the ball with certainty even when it was travelling straight to them. To-day the roller is in use all over the ground, and he would not be considered a first-class fielder who failed to pick up the ball correctly and smartly on the run.

The wicket-keeper is another who has benefited. He dispenses with a long-stop to bowlers who are not a bit slower than some to whom it was thought necessary to have a long-stop placed years ago, and this, in a great degree, may be ascribed to the improvement of the ground. There is no need to compare the wicket-keepers of the present with those of the past, but I cannot help saying that the doings of Messrs. Philipson, McGregor, Pilling and Sherwin in 1889, without long-stops, are worthy of the highest praise. I have no need to mention Blackham; he was not here in 1889, but he is still at the top of the tree in that part of the game.

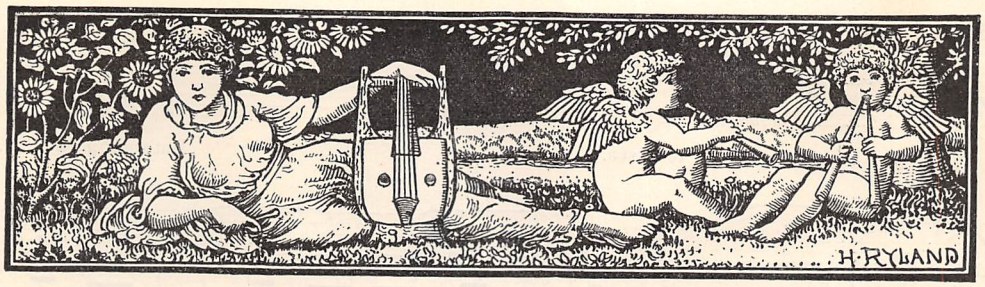
I should be less than human were I to abstain from saying something about the future of the game. I do not lay claim to the gift of prophecy, and have too much respect for the bare and simple truth to think that my opinion will be considered of exceptional value there. What I desire to say is based on my past experience, and may be said in very few words.

There is more cricket played to-day than at any time previously, and good cricket too. We have only to look at the growth of county cricket and observe the crowds that turn out to look at the play, whether the match be between first or second-class counties, to realize that the game is played more than ever. There are counties enough to form three classes, and the classification of them is a question for the immediate future. Eight is the number of the first-class counties at present, and I do not see how that can be increased. Playing home and home matches with each other means forty-two days or seven weeks of actual play, and that is as much as cricketers can manage to play, as they have so many other first-class matches to take part in out of a season which from beginning to end lasts about sixteen weeks. Second-class counties might be limited to six in number, third-class to four; and these might fulfil engagements with each other without interfering much with other important fixtures.

The hardest nut to crack will be the promotion of the second-class to the first, and the third to the second; not an easy matter, I admit; still, in the interests of the game, it will have to be cracked. The point has been under consideration, and a sub-committee of the Cricket Council was appointed in December last; and I have no doubt it will be thoroughly and impartially weighed and some decision arrived at before the end of this season.

I cannot predict that, outside of the Australian matches, there will be more exciting contests in 1890 than there were in 1889. The weather cannot be worse for one thing, and it is not unlikely that individual and club scores may be larger. It will be a very exceptional display that will outshine the Gentlemen *v.* Players' match at the Oval last year. There will be plenty of good batsmen this season, but I do not know of any rising phenomenon who will surpass the achievements of the best players of the last six years in any part of the game. There is a fine opening for good fast bowlers. I could count on the fingers of one hand the batsmen who can play a fast first-class bowler with confidence. Mr. S. M. J. Woods, Mold, Beaumont and Bowley are sure to do good work in the coming season, but after you have named these there are not many fast bowlers left.

The last word to my friend and comrade of many years, Lord Harris, who is giving up the game for the sterner duties of life. He will be a great loss to his county, a greater loss to the cricket world generally. He is one of the few who has contributed with both hands and head to the history of the game, and carries the heartiest wishes of every cricketer to his new sphere of work.



CROSSING THE BAR.

Poem by ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON. *Set to Music by* C. VILLIERS STANFORD.

I . . put out to sea.
But such a tide . .
molto legato.
poco cres.
. . . . as mov - ing seems a - sleep,
Too full for
poco cres.
cres.
sound or foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless
cres.
p
deep . . . . .
Turns . . a - gain home.
dim.
p

p
Sun - set, and eve - ning
bell, . . And af - ter that the dark! . .
pp
mp
And may there be no sad-ness of fare - well, . . . When
p
poco cres.
I em - bark;
For tho' from out our
3

cres.
bourne of Time and Place The flood . . may bear me
cres.
cres.
far, . . I hope to see my Pi - lot face to face, . .
f
f
f
When I have crost . . the
f sempre.
bar.
dim.

FIG. I.—INSERTION OF CARRICKMACROSS *appliqué* LACE, MADE AT THE BATH AND SHIRLEY SCHOOLS, CARRICKMACROSS, FROM A DESIGN BY MISS EMILY ANDERSON.

LACEMAKING IN IRELAND.

BY ALAN S. COLE, OF THE SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT.

LACEMAKING in Ireland, regarded as something more than a name to cover a number of kindly meant but spasmodic efforts to find employment for the poor, has to compete with lacemaking in any other part of the world. And although a good deal that is plausible might be urged against the fairness of comparing this Irish industry with similar industries in France and Belgium, it is only by means of such a comparison that one can arrive at a just idea of the position which the Irish industry occupies. To do this with completeness one would have to bring together a number of trade statistics which are not readily obtainable. Certain conditions of the lacemaking industry however are fairly well known, and upon these conditions the success of the industry really seems to depend. I propose therefore to make those conditions the principal topics of this article.

Now the art of lacemaking by hand has been pursued for close upon four hundred years in Italy, the Netherlands, and France. The continuity of its traditions in those countries is an element in its life there, the parallel to which is not apparently to be traced in either England or Ireland. In its earliest days, lacemaking abroad, practised as it was by peasant women and religious communities, secured the support of a *clientèle* of patrons, whose whimsical tastes stimulated the exercise of artistic invention and subtle handicraft. But whenever that was relaxed, the industry and its trade were seriously affected. Supply stimulated demand, and the nature of the demand helped to keep up a high character of supply.

The merchant or dealer took early note of these conditions in the life of the art. His finger was always upon the pulse of fashion. He knew not only to what designers to turn for ornamental patterns but also how to guide them in inventing devices; he knew what local agents to employ in directing and supervising the peasant women in their cottages to make the required lace from such patterns, and good thread was an article he himself supplied to the lace workers for most of the commissions he gave them. Collecting the laces as made, and then placing them for sale, were matters of ordinary commerce with which of course the dealer was well acquainted. This organized employment, in one part of Europe, of village women's labour to satisfy the wants of fashion, gave rise to hazy ideas about the possibilities of such labour in other parts of Europe; and the general public in England and Ireland, for instance, concluded that a principal characteristic of lacemaking, as a wage-earning employment was

that it was a peasant and cottage industry. This aspect of the industry commended itself to the notice of benevolent persons anxious to do good to their poorer sisters. Experience however has shown that simple benevolence does not imply artistic perception, or capacity to direct; in fact the impulsive sentiment of benevolence usually leads to results different from the more lasting ones of commercial discipline. The influence of benevolence is somewhat strongly marked in its connexion with lacemaking in Ireland. Widespread as lacemaking had become amongst the women of France and Flanders by the end of the seventeeth century, it was at that time somewhat extensively practised in England, whence it passed over in a modified degree to Ireland. Here from the beginning, the conditions seem to have been too weakly to secure for it a fairly promising foothold. This may

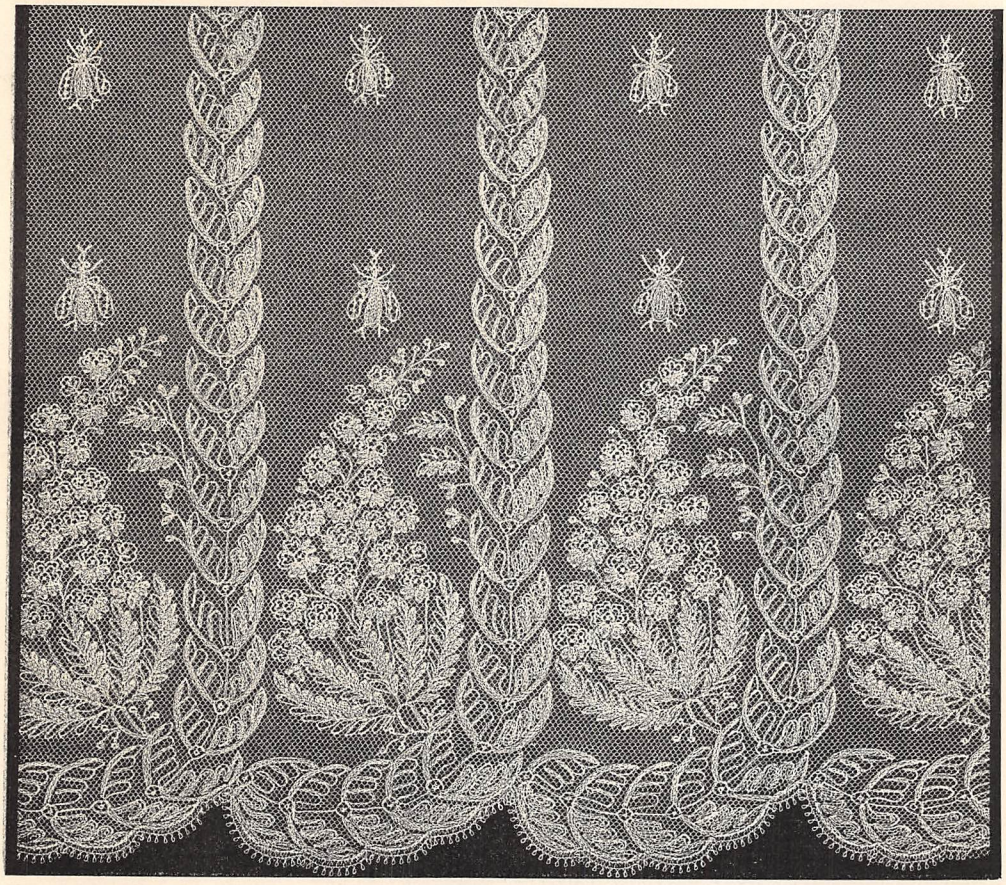


FIG. 2.—PART OF A LIMERICK LACE FLOUNCE, MADE BY WORKERS UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MRS. R. VERE O'BRIEN FOR MESSRS. HAYWARDS (LONDON), FROM A POINT D'ALENÇON DESIGN.

be inferred from the fact that in the year 1743 the Royal Dublin Society granted to a benevolent and energetic lady, Lady Arabella Denny, thirty pounds a year to be distributed by her as she pleased in prizes to those who excelled in lacemaking. She was possibly fired with ambition to promote the industry in Ireland by noting, in the southern counties of England, the diligence of the "free maids who weave their threads with bones," as well as by reading passages in Bishop Berkeley's *Word to the Wise*, which describes how on a summer's evening common labourers were to be seen "sitting along the streets of a town or village, each at his own door with a cushion before him, making bone lace, and earning more in an evening's pastime than an Irish family would in a whole day." She seems to have set to work to teach children in a few of the Irish poor-houses how to make "Bone lace"—a small trimming lace something like the *torchon* of modern commerce, so that they should win the prizes. The Royal Dublin Society continued its annual grants for thirty years. Nevertheless

as soon as, or very shortly after, the death of Lady Arabella Denny occurred, the Irish bone lacemaking became extinct. The effort to give it life had depended upon benevolence and lacked those elements which were necessary to place the industry in a condition for it to compete successfully with similar industries flourishing elsewhere. But the tradition of the industry having been practised in Ireland survived and gave ground for new attempts in reviving the work early in the present century. Like the preceding one, these attempts were due rather to a spirit of philanthropy than to enterprize launched with definite aim and knowledge of necessary conditions. The first of these attempts was made it is said in 1820, and others soon followed. In one place we hear of the rector's wife teaching her housemaid to imitate Italian lace and so spreading the industry to peasant women in the village, with enough success to induce private friends to buy or give orders for similar imitations. Small groups of lace-makers were thus formed. But trade in their out-put was of an amateur nature, inevitably precarious, and

FIG. 3.—PART OF A FLOUNCE OF CARRICKMACROSS *appliqué* LACE, MADE AT THE BATH AND SHIRLEY SCHOOLS, CARRICKMACROSS, FROM A DESIGN BY MISS EMILY ANDERSON.

beset with the difficulties which attend the want of experience in regulating wages and prices. At Limerick a rather more serious endeavour was made. "Mr. Charles Walker, a native of Oxfordshire, while studying for the church married the daughter of a lace manufacturer. He gave up his professional prospects to engage in lacemaking; and in the year 1829 he brought over from England twenty-four girls as teachers, and they commenced to teach the Irish in the city of Limerick" how to embroider net in imitation of the patterned *tulle*, *blonde*, and Brussels pillow laces which were in considerable vogue at that time. This sort of work was identical in character with the *Broderies de Luneville*, which had been flourishing in France since 1800, and continued to do so as late as 1860. Mr. Walker's efforts succeeded so well that in a short time some fifteen hundred women were employed. But in less than fifty years the fifteen hundred had dwindled down to three hundred. The name of Limerick lace had nevertheless established itself. About 1846 another form of Irish lace, or more properly speaking an embroidery on net and with cut cambric, acquired some notoriety. This was the Carrickmacross lace. Now both the Limerick and Carrickmacross laces educed a good deal of skill in dainty needlework. So much so, indeed, that an occasional tradesman saw business in the sale of such things, and employed travellers and local agents to collect them for shops. To this limited extent a commercial spirit may be said to have entered into the enterprises of benevolence. But, as it is not unusual, when benevolence failed to hit public

taste, and its productions would not sell, the tradesman turned his attention to other vendible goods. It was his part to sell what he could, and he did not find it worth his while to try, like his foreign *confrère*, to manage the industry. The uncertain and declining sales of Irish lace then gave birth to a "Ladies' Industrial Society for Ireland," whose announced object was to correspond with English and foreign acquaintances to induce them to sell, free of charge, any Irish work sent to them, and to remit to the owners the full amount that their work realized. With a programme so innocent of commercial conditions it is not surprising that the Ladies' Society did not live many years. During its short term of existence it experimented with diffusion of instruction in

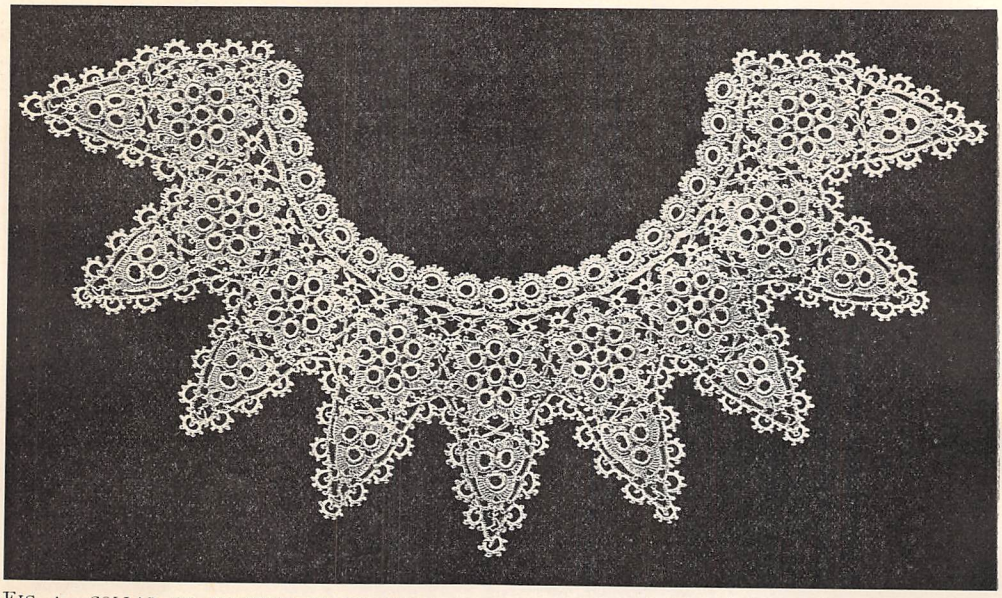


FIG. 4.—COLLAR OF CROCHET BY WORKERS IN CO. CORK, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. MICHAEL HOLLAND (MESSRS. DWYER OF CORK).

lacemaking, and the encouragement of ornamental designing, to which last I shall refer shortly. But the operations of the society were not very far reaching, and, as usual, were undertaken under the stimulus of benevolence.

At the time of the famine in Ireland (1847) other efforts of benevolence sought to allay distress by teaching women and girls to earn something out of lacemaking, and by forcing a sale for the work. Convents which had sprung into existence, and managed poor schools, gave instruction in the craft, and set apart work-rooms where adults also might make lace. Some of the nuns were clever at making needlepoint laces, but were not impressed with the necessity of skilfully designing ornamental patterns for their pupils. Clumsy ornaments were wrought in various sorts of needlepoint lace and sold through charitable persons, and even through professional dealers. Crochet work in imitation of needle-made laces appears to have arisen about this time, and was very readily learnt and produced by a number of peasant girls in the south and north of Ireland: so too a form of netting known as tatting. Thus Irish lacemaking, although without

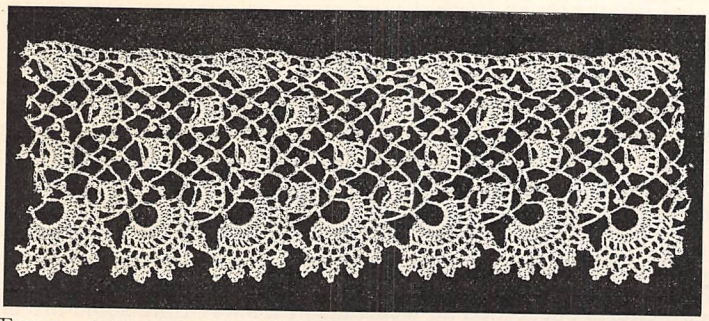


FIG. 5.—CROCHET EDGING, MADE UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. MICHAEL HOLLAND (MESSRS. DWYER OF CORK).

refinement of pattern, had assumed varied forms of expression which have survived to the present day, and it is to this variety of work appealing to different tastes that the industry seems to owe its continuance.

About 1853 some organization was undertaken for training talent in composing and drawing ornamental patterns suited to lace.

As already stated, this essential element in the industry had always been to the fore abroad. Although well recognized by certain leaders of thought, it had not been understood either in England or Ireland; and apparently to no purpose had Bishop Berkeley written early in the eighteenth century: "How could France and Flanders have drawn so much money from other countries for figured silks, lace, and tapestry if they had not had their Academies of Design?"

Now the Ladies' Industrial Society for Ireland, which has been mentioned already, besides selling work, established a Normal Lace School in Dublin in 1851, where pupils were taken in at moderate fees and instructed in making pillow laces. The school petitioned Government for a grant in aid of its expenses, and a Parliamentary vote of £500 was accorded to it. The committee of the school at once engaged a more commodious house, and made application for an Art teacher to instruct the lace pupils in drawing and the principles of design. The drawing classes had not been at work for more than a year when the committee regretted being obliged to report that, whilst their drawing classes had steadily increased, the lacemaking had ceased to be "any attraction to the school." The consequence of this was that further aid from Government was not granted, and the Normal Lace School, as such, closed. Looking back upon what the school had done, and how it had trained a certain number of pupils to make pillow lace, the quality of which was highly commended by a leading London lace merchant in 1853, it is rather hard to understand that in three years its failure was, as officially ascribed, really due to the fact "that there is not sufficient demand for the labour to make its exercise profitable." The managers of the school were benevolent persons, and at the outset attempted to make their school support itself by fees paid by students, by the proceeds of bazaars and other entertainments. Students were consequently free to pick and choose how much, or how little, or for how long, they would learn lacemaking. The Ladies' Industrial Society assumed that the work turned out by the pupils deserved treatment as a marketable commodity, and accordingly plunged into the error of "giving more than the whole-

FIG. 6.—PART OF A CURTAIN OF *appliqué* ON NET, OR CARRICKMACROSS LACE, MADE AT THE LACE SCHOOL OF THE CONVENT OF MERCY, KINSALE, CO. CORK, FROM A DESIGN BY MISS EMILY ANDERSON.

sale price for it in order to prevent the workers from being discouraged in their first attempts." Then the drawing classes at the school, as has been seen, were allowed to supersede the lacemaking classes. There was no distinct notion at the school that the composition of lace patterns was a special branch of instruction to be followed by persons other than the actual makers of laces. Lacemakers are not as a body specially fitted to be trained into designers of ornament any more than bricklayers are peculiarly destined to become architects. The failure of the school cannot therefore

FIG. 7.—RAISED NEEDLEPOINT LACE, MADE AT THE CARMELITE CONVENT, NEW ROSS, CO. WEXFORD, FROM A DESIGN BY MR. MICHAEL HAYES.

be set down wholly to an insufficiency of demand for lace. It is more directly traceable to the system of optional and varied instruction adopted by the managers of the school,

FIG. 8.—RAISED NEEDLEPOINT LACE, WORKED AT THE CARMELITE CONVENT, NEW ROSS, CO. WEXFORD, FROM A DESIGN BY MISS PERRY OF CORK SCHOOL OF ART.

in whose report occur such passages as "the lacemaking is not sought either by the pupils themselves or by their parents for them;" and again, "since the committee received Parliamentary aid it was enabled to enlarge the education given in the school, appropriating a greater portion of the pupils' time to elementary instruction." The plea for lacemaking secured a Parliamentary grant the possession of which, however,

seems at once to have demoralized the committee, who dashed off in other directions altogether.

For some years after the collapse of this Lace School, there was a considerable sale of Irish laces, showing that the demand for it was lively. During this period, as specimens in the South Kensington Museum exemplify, all sorts of poorly contrived patterns—frequently debased imitations of old foreign laces—were in use by the lace workers, who on the whole were left to themselves not only to devise quaint and semi-barbarous ornaments, but in their poverty to make shift with inferior qualities of threads. It is not therefore surprising that the time arrived when trade had become stagnant, the public being satiated with Irish laces. Stocks of poorly-patterned goods of indifferent material were held by merchants. Prices had declined, and the wages paid for labour had fallen. It seemed as if the lace industry in Ireland was irretrievably moribund. At this juncture a number of important firms who had dealt in Irish laces decided to make an effort to save the industry by holding an exhibition of Irish lace in London at the Mansion House in 1883. Every description of Irish lace and crochet work was then displayed. The cleverness of the different sorts of handicraft was generally acknowledged, but it was felt that the artistic or ornamental taste

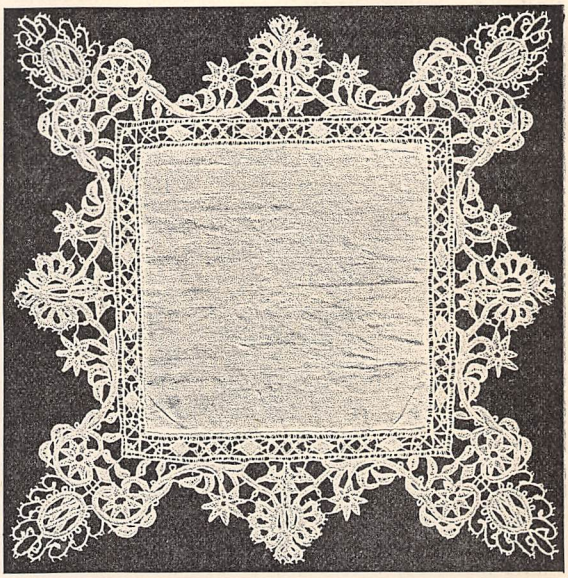


FIG. 9.—DOYLEY EDGED WITH NEEDLEPOINT LACE, WORKED FROM A DESIGN BY MISS KEANE, BY WORKERS AT CAPPOQUIN, CO. WATERFORD, UNDER HER DIRECTION.

FIG. 10.—PART OF A FLOUNCE OF NEEDLEPOINT LACE, MADE FROM A DESIGN BY SISTER M. REGIS, BY THE LACE SCHOOL AT THE PRESENTATION CONVENT, YOUGHAL, CO. CORK.

displayed in them was not only dull but was low in standard; and a few specially prepared specimens made from good patterns and with superior threads did not materially alter this feeling. The exhibition however served to give some hope of new possibilities in Irish lacemaking, and certainly awakened new, if limited, interest. Of this a few Irish Members of Parliament took advantage. They made application to the Department of Science and Art to arrange for the delivery of lectures upon lacemaking and on designing lace patterns, at such centres of lacemaking as chose to apply for this form of instruction. In less than a couple of years later some of the lacemaking convents in Counties Kerry, Cork, and Waterford applied for the lectures, started art classes, and began to earn payments on results of examination, in drawing and designing, from Government. For the most part these convent classes were branches of the School of Art at Cork, an institution under the direction of Mr. James Brenan, R.H.A., and connected with the Department of Science and Art. By means of local funds and a grant from the Department, the Cork School of Art bought a good collection of old hand-made laces, for the study of its own students as well as of the students at the convents. In regulating the courses of instruction in drawing and design at the newly-started convent classes, the study of ornamental composition was reserved for advanced students who had some proficiency in drawing. The special application of the principles of ornamental composition to inventing patterns for various sorts of lace and embroidery work was taken in hand by those advanced students who could either make lace or knew how it was made.

The number of such students at each lacemaking convent is, of course, small, but apparently upon the training and influence of such students, who for the most part are nuns, the possible future success of lacemaking in Ireland will largely depend. At the different centres many of the children learning lacemaking, as well as a few of the adult workers, who come to the workrooms provided for their use, learn to draw and so to accustom themselves to good flowing lines and a sense of proportion in ornament, though very few, if any, of them possess or can be expected to possess the capability or aptitude to compose ornament.

These scattered art classes, most of which are equipped with good examples or photographs of old laces and with other works displaying types of ornamental compositions, are in direct touch with groups of lacemakers. This feature, which is at least a new one in the conditions of lacemaking in Ireland, has been developed since 1884. There are now eight of such classes at lacemaking centres besides six similar classes at convents where varieties of industrial instruction are given. At the Schools of Art in Dublin, Cork, Limerick, and Waterford small classes of lace pattern designers have been established, and the students in them are sometimes commissioned by dealers to compose patterns for laces which may be made in different parts of Ireland.

At Innishmacsaint, Cappoquin, Newtownbarry, Borris, and elsewhere, ladies interested in lacemaking supervise the work done by little groups of peasant women. There is a prosperous lace school on the Bath and Shirley estate at Carrickmacross; but at none of these last-named places are there any drawing and pattern-making classes corresponding with those at the convents.

Limerick lace-workers for recent years have become indebted to Mrs. R. Vere O'Brien for all she has done and is effecting towards the improvement of methods of work, quality of materials, character of patterns, and means of finding sales for the work. Fig. 2 displays a small portion of a deep flounce of Limerick lace made quite lately under Mrs. O'Brien's directions for Messrs. Haywards, of Oxford Street, who derived the pattern from a flounce of French needlepoint lace made at Alençon for the Empress Josephine some eighty years ago. Limerick has now opened a training school for young lace-workers. This school is supported by public subscriptions started by Mr. Shaw, of Limerick, but has hardly been at work sufficiently long to prove its value in influencing the industry. A greater number of children apply for admission than can be accommodated. But with this encouraging sign, much depends upon competent personal supervision of the children, and steady and continued effort. The School of Art, under Mr. Brophy, at Limerick, has also bestirred itself, and a small class of designers of lace patterns has been formed there. Local prizes are offered to stimulate these designers, and some of their patterns have been made use of in the lace training school.

Limerick and Carrickmacross embroideries on net are perhaps the more easily

produced of the different Irish laces. The portions of a flounce and an insertion and trimming for a dress, shown in Figs. 3 and 1, are from work done at the Bath and Shirley Schools, Carrickmacross, and are rather more elaborate in pattern and of better materials than usual. The designs were made by Miss Emily Anderson, of the Cork School of Art; so also was that for the ornament of Fig. 6, which gives a part of a curtain, worked in the same way as Carrickmacross lace, but with coarser net and heavier material for the cut linen and *appliqué* objects. This specimen was made at the lace school of the Convent of Mercy at Kinsale, on the south-west coast of county Cork. It is only within the last two or three years that this lace school has got to work. There is an admirable drawing and pattern-making class in connection with this convent school, and the children who are instructed here in the Limerick and

FIG. 11.—LACE PATTERN DESIGNING, CONVENT OF POOR CLARES, KENMARE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LADY COLOMB.

other methods of embroidering on net, do their work from patterns made by senior students in the drawing class.

Thirty years ago this convent did much in the locality towards organizing the peasant and fish-womens' cottage work, and for a time some success was secured for it. However a rage ensued for making crochet—a class of thread work more easily made, when the pattern is not exacting, than embroidery or net. "Wanton-eyed" women standing at their doors, and chattering with any one who would stop and talk, greatly favoured crochetmaking, and it soon superseded the embroidery on net. Crochet was readily bought up, but it as quickly earned a bad name—not merely on account of its artistic deficiencies, but also because of its socially demoralizing effects. Godly people held the crochet-worker in horror, and so long as travelling agents bought the work freely, and enabled the demoralized crochet women to thrive, there was no doubt a justification for the outcry made against the vice which seemed to be inseparable from this form of industry. But the lesson has not perhaps been useless or too severe.

Crochetmaking has managed to survive a desperate period of decline, and is now apparently in a healthier state than previously. Dealers are beginning to require more careful and more artistic work, and the consequence is that the crochet-worker cannot be the heedless gossip and mischief-maker she was if she is to succeed with her *métier*. There are many hundreds of crochet-workers about Cork, Waterford, and Clones.

Messrs. Haywards have within the last four years invented a sumptuous-looking crochet fabric of silk, which they call "Royal Irish Guipure." Their lead in this matter has told beneficially upon other dealers. In the Cork and New Ross districts the firm of Messrs. Dwyer and Co., of Cork, has of late years raised the quality of crochet. Between two and three years ago I am told that this firm found it difficult to give remunerative and regular employment to a total of sixty workers. Trade was bad, and there were on hand large stocks of old and poorly-patterned crochets. Now, however, the report from this firm is that the demand for well-patterned crochet is unprecedented, and instead of sixty workers, six hundred are busily kept at work. The Americans and French are the larger buyers of the southern Irish crochet. The collar in Fig. 4 is one of the newer patterns for small goods produced by the thousand. The pattern is merely a repetition of two forms, each of which has to be carefully wrought

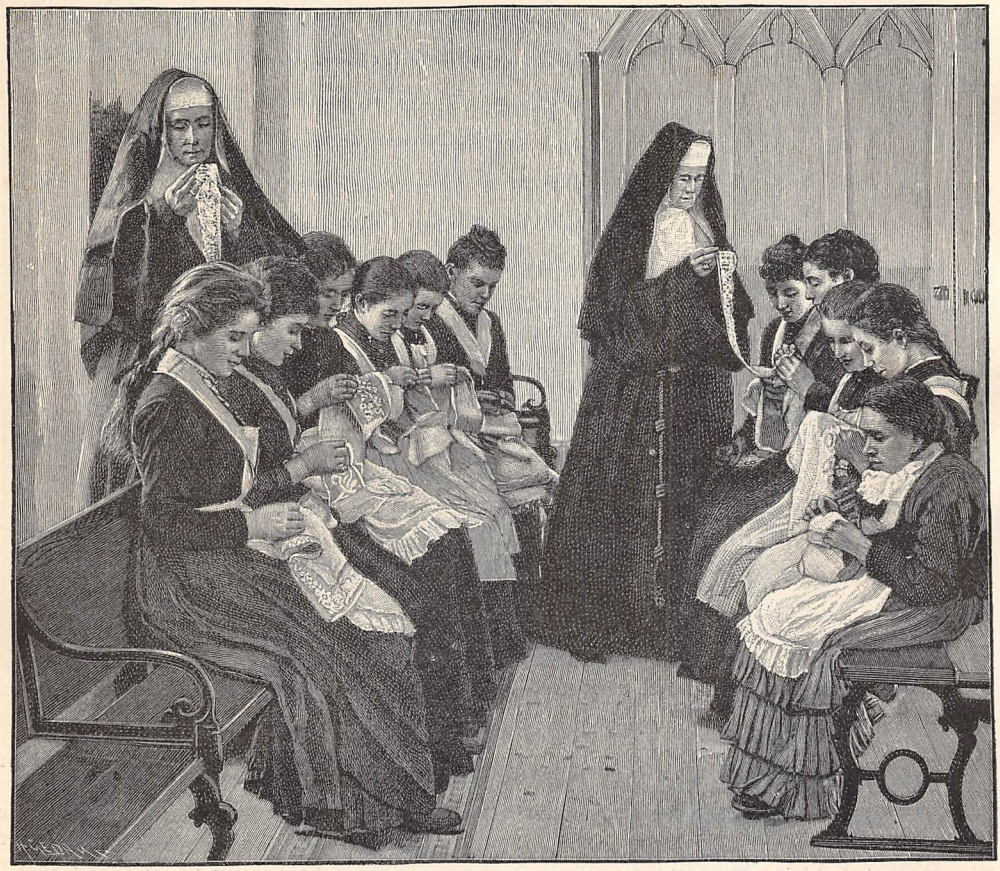


FIG. 12.—NEEDLEPOINT LACEMAKING, CONVENT OF POOR CLARES, KENMARE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LADY COLOMB.

and shaped in order to fit its duly assigned place. In the days of degenerate crochet (and this is not extinct in some districts) the worker made her forms or objects irregularly, and fitted them together irregularly. The ornamental qualities of the collar and the little bit of trimming, Fig. 5, may not perhaps be high in aim, still the crochet-maker employed upon such patterns is forced to pay somewhat close attention to her work, for carelessness would waste her labour. This disciplining of the crochet labour has been carried a good deal further in the production of elaborate and striking effects like those of the "Royal Irish Guipure" above named, which involves a certain amount of point lace stitchery in constructing the groundwork between the different crochet-made objects. Endeavours, due I believe to Mr. Ben. Lindsey, of Dublin, are being made to improve the artistic appearance of crochet from the Clones district, county Monaghan, where the influence of convent supervision and drawing classes does not obtain.

At this point I break off to refer to the results of a scheme initiated and carried out by means of private subscriptions. It was started in 1884 and has had an effect upon Irish lacemaking. Under this scheme money prizes were competed for by designers of ornament suitable to be wrought in lace. As many as possible of these designs were subsequently so wrought by order of the committee administering the scheme. Other new patterns were worked as commissions for her Majesty the Queen, the Marchioness of Londonderry, the Countess of Aberdeen, Lady Dorothy Nevill, Mrs. Alfred Morrison, and others. Almost all of the specimens are such as would not have been produced in the ordinary course of trade. Their patterns were intricate, the materials the best obtainable, and the labour of as good a standard as was available. The object aimed at by the scheme was a production of Irish laces, the influence of which might affect, and elevate if possible, the style of the industry in its ordinary practice. The first public display of the specimens due to the scheme took place at the Irish Exhibition held in London in 1888; the second at the Arts and Crafts Exhibi-

FIG. 13.—PILLOW LACEMAKING AT THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL CONDUCTED BY THE CONVENT OF MERCY, GOLDEN BRIDGE, DUBLIN.

tion of 1889; on which occasion the Society of Arts awarded special prizes for many of the specimens then shown. The scheme touched all branches of the Irish lace industry. Delicate needlepoint laces involving quite new effects were made by the Presentation Convent at Youghal, and by the Convent of Poor Clares at Kenmare, from designs by nuns, by Miss Julyan of the Dublin School of Art, and Mr. Hayes formerly of the Limerick School of Art. Some handsome, heavy, raised needlepoint laces were made by workers under the direction of Miss MacLean at Innishmacsaint, Lough Erne, and by others directed by the Carmelite Convent at New Ross, Co. Wexford (see Figs. 7 and 8), the patterns for these being designed by Mr. Scott and Miss Perry of the Cork School of Art, Mr. Murphy of the Waterford School of Art, and some of the nuns at New Ross. Specimens of Limerick and Carrickmacross laces were worked at Mrs. Vere O'Brien's school of workers, at the Convent of Mercy, Kinsale, and at the Bath and Shirley Schools, Carrickmacross, and for these Miss Anderson, of Cork, Miss Brophy, Miss Inman, and others supplied designs. Miss Keane, of Cappoquin, caused some of her workers to produce dainty specimens in the style of such early Italian needlepoint laces as were made from patterns by Cesare Vecellio and F. Vinciolo, of which

Fig. 9 may be taken as an example. And some novel crochet-works were produced by workers in the south and south-western districts of Ireland from designs by Mr. Michael Holland, of Messrs. Dwyers, and by Mr. Murphy. The activity thus engendered is to be fostered for further development under the auspices of the Royal Dublin Society, who, besides prizes given in 1888 and 1889, have announced their intention of giving prizes annually, for new and good lace and embroidery done in Ireland, as well as for drawings of patterns for such work.

Incidental mention only has been hitherto made of the Irish needlepoint laces. These however are or should be evidences of the highest lacemaking talent in Ireland. The designing of patterns is, I think, more special in character for this than for any other branch. But to expound on this matter it would be necessary to go a good deal beyond present limits. The larger quantity of Irish needlepoint lace is filmy and flat as compared with the substantial raised or relief lace of which as a class the *Gros Point de Venise* is the heaviest and boldest in character. This flat point lace is made principally

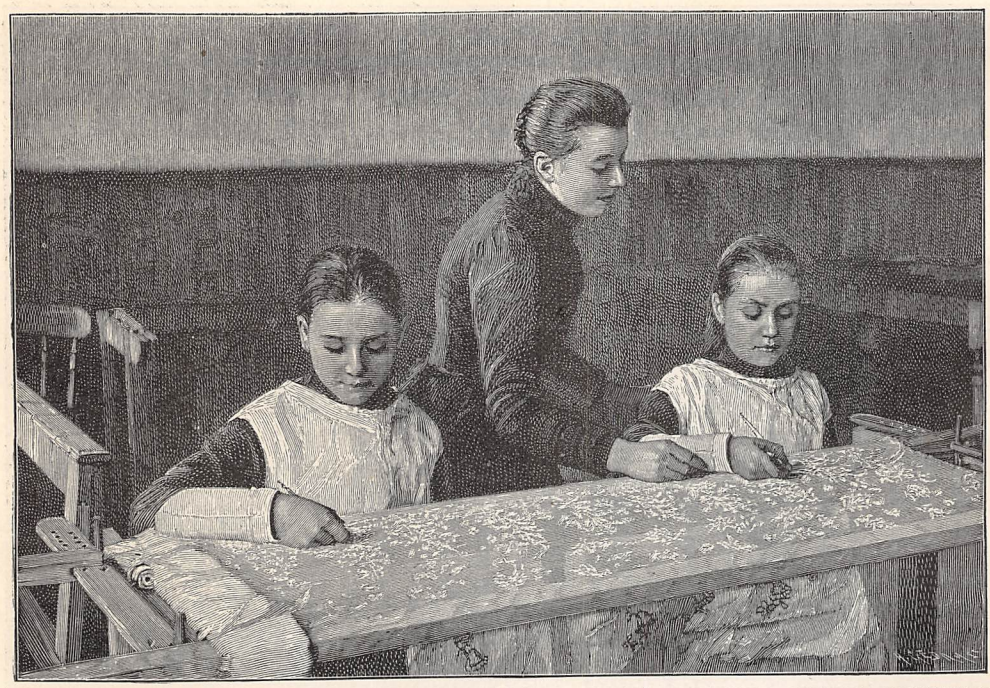


FIG. 14.—LIMERICK LACEMAKING (TAMBOUR EMBROIDERY ON NET), INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CONVENT OF MERCY, GOLDEN BRIDGE, DUBLIN.

at two centres—Youghal, in County Cork, and Kenmare, County Kerry. Youghal, under the direction of the Presentation Convent there, has produced for a good many years some remarkable lace of this sort. But until the attention of the convent was directed to making a special study of the patterns used by the lacemakers, the ornament of the laces remained poor in style. It is now improving, and such a specimen as that figured in illustration No. 10 shows marked progress. The critic conversant with canons of ornamental composition will no doubt detect passages in this specimen capable of correction and revision with advantage in procuring better effect from the abundance of ornamental forms and delicate workmanship displayed here. The design is by Sister M. Regis of the Presentation Convent. The width of the flounce itself is close upon fifteen inches.

Kenmare could not supply any suitable specimen of its lace for illustration, the fact being that the local stock is sold out and lace now in process of making there is being made to order from comparatively unimportant patterns. Kenmare was the first of the lacemaking convents to establish an art class, and during the past five years has not only manifested much energy but has also produced one or two quite remarkable bits of lace—so remarkable indeed that they would, I think, hold their own against similar pieces

of either Alençon or Brussels lace. One may not however speak in the same terms of all the usual Kenmare laces. In some respects they are superior in ornamental design to ordinary Youghal laces, on the other hand these latter are rather daintier in workmanship and lightness of texture.

On the north shore of the Kenmare Bay, in the midst of the mountainous district which has been invested with thrilling romance concerning two chiefs of Dunboy, is Sir John Colomb's residence and demesne. And when I had the pleasure of visiting him last October, Lady Colomb most kindly consented to seek the permission of the abbess of the convent at Kenmare in order to make photographs which might illustrate the operations of the lace school. The reverend abbess, to whose energy and devotion the lacemakers of the district are deeply indebted, readily gave the required leave; and the result is that in Fig. 11 we are brought as it were into the inner life of the convent, and can see nuns at work composing and drawing out patterns for the lacemakers. The lace-working room is a more public department of the convent. Tourists on their journey from Killarney to Glengarriffe, or *vice versâ*, are admitted to this room. As a rule there are some fifty or sixty women and girls at work in it. A group of them is shown in Fig. 12. All are making needlepoint lace under the immediate supervision of the nuns in charge of this department. This class of lace is a fabric slowly wrought over the face of a piece of stout linen or parchment on to which an outline of the pattern has been carefully transferred. It is a species of needle embroidery done, as the French say, *à la main*, and not like the Limerick lace, in a frame. This last-named lace or embroidery on net is much more readily produced than the needlepoint lace; but the apparatus for doing it is more imposing, as may be judged from Fig. 14, which represents the teacher of lacemaking and two of her pupils at work at the industrial school of the Convent of Mercy, Golden Bridge, Dublin. Instruction in another branch of the industry is also given at this school. Fig. 13 shows a group of industrial school children engaged in making little pillow lace edgings and insertions generally known as *torchon*, of which great quantities are more skilfully made in the Auvergne and other parts of France and in Belgium, by women and girls who are born lacemakers, and are the descendants of generations of lacemakers.

Very little pillow lace is produced in Ireland. There are one or two *torchon*-making centres in Galway and the West. Some of the industrial school children under the Convent of Mercy at Parsonstown learn to do a sort of Honiton and Brussels *appliqué* lace, but the annual output is small. Attempts have been made by the managers of the Donegal Industrial Fund to introduce amongst Donegal peasants pillow lacemaking, especially with coloured threads, after the style of certain Bohemian and Russian laces. Encouraging reports have been made of these attempts and of the trade in their results.

For the last six years I have had to pay occasional visits to lacemaking centres, chiefly in the south and south-west of Ireland, in order to discuss with the local supervisors of the industry, the application of ornamental design to lacemaking and to give lectures on the subject. An official inspector[1] has also been appointed to visit such places with the view of giving information as to latest fashions in usage of lace, good threads, &c. These arrangements being of an official nature have come under public notice as well as that of Parliament. Last year Mr. Conway, member for North Leitrim, speaking on the subject in the House of Commons, referred in kind terms to my work, but expressed his regret that in a lecture on Irish lacemaking which I had recently given before the Society of Arts, I had rather discouraged the work. I am sorry if such an interpretation may be placed upon any of my remarks. My aim has always been to deal impartially with facts, and to discourage misapprehension. No one can pretend that Irish lacemaking is on an equal footing with its sister industry in France and Belgium. At the same time the conditions of Irish lacemaking contain promises which to a limited extent have proved capable of fulfilment. On the other hand the general state of the conditions is admittedly weak, otherwise special treatment by means of Government resources would scarcely have been asked for. Now in speaking of the efforts which have grown out of this special treatment, it would be misleading to attempt to encourage them in their incipiency by mere applause. Empty praise or "blarney," if one may say so, is at once seen through by those with whom I have been brought into contact in Ireland. And their quick perception and reasonableness require that their work should be candidly criticized. As far as I have been able to give such criticisms, I have done so.

[1] Mrs. Power Lalor.

The whole gist of what has been lately done (and that it has been acceptable is proved by the repeated demands for more of it) tends towards ascertaining by practical experiments the possibility of putting Irish lacemaking upon a healthy basis. From what I have seen I am inclined to believe in the possibility, but effectually to demonstrate it would entail uphill work for some time to come and would, I think, involve sacrifices and expense. Some branches—the crochet for instance—would possibly pay well. Pillow and needlepoint sections would probably prove more precarious in their returns and profits. The embroideries on net (Limerick and Carrickmacross) ought to be less doubtful. All branches, however, seem to me to require thorough supervision and administration. The operations of the industry are so small, comparatively, that an emulation of the example set in the seventeenth century by the *Manufacture Royale des Dentelles* under Louis XIV. and Colbert, might be useful in bringing about unification of Irish lace interests and in providing efficient commercial regulation of them. One hears of varying prices having so disgusted merchants that they have declined to buy and sell Irish lace. Instances occur of trade having so insufficient a hold on the labour that the workers accept orders directly from private individuals and sell at prices below those of the market. These are elements which creep into minor cottage industries and are disastrous to them. This might, I venture to think, be considerably diminished if a single company, able to be enterprising, were to exploit Irish lacemaking. But then such a company would have to employ a staff of designers, of head-workers to make standard specimens, of efficient supervisors at local centres, and would have to produce splendid pieces of work for exhibition and advertisement. It would have to be in touch with the different markets for Irish laces, and possess adequate resources to develop (if that be possible) new markets elsewhere. It would not probably rely much upon demand from England or Ireland, neither being lace-wearing or lace-fancying countries to the same extent as are France, America, Germany, and Russia. Its head depot might perhaps be in London, Dublin, or Belfast, but Paris would doubtless be preferable. This scheme for a company is perhaps a *château d'Espagne*, but upon it or something like it depends, I believe, the regeneration of lacemaking in Ireland.

M. SULLY-PRUDHOMME, BORN 1839.

THE POETRY OF SULLY-PRUDHOMME.

WITH TRANSLATIONS IN ENGLISH VERSE.

By E. and R. E. PROTHERO.

Since the tide of Romanticism ceased to flow, no single current has swept French poetry towards any definite goal. The ebb has not yet commenced, though Sully-Prudhomme, in his later verse, represents a tendency towards a classical reaction. No master strikes the strings of the human heart with the strong, firm hand of Victor Hugo; the lyrical impulse dwindles; form is preferred to substance, and workmanship valued above material. As plays and novels tend to become monographs on single phases of existence, so poetry, like them, aims at absolute completeness within a narrow compass; like them, again, it grows experimental and even pathological. Probably the change represents the attempt—conscious or unconscious—to give expression to a new age of which Science is the presiding genius, and to follow literary methods which may be called scientific. Poets display little idealism, little imaginative ardour, little grandeur of conception, little creative energy, little power of sustained continuous effort. Lyric singers give place to poetic artists who worship the skill of the engraver of gems and cameos, esteem perfection of detail above dimension of design, study effects and surprises, linger lovingly over one beautiful rhythm or one suggestive thought, and carve their cherry-stones into miniature masterpieces of artistic workmanship. The Romantic School has given way before the Parnassians.

But the cult of art is not in itself an inspiration. Art may conceal sterility; it

cannot revive the verdure of exhausted soils. To restore fertility some other spring of emotion, is required. The work of the Parnassians is valuable. On the creative side it is incomplete. Their efforts are tentative, disciplinary, preparatory ; they are trials of strength, exercises in the conquest of difficulties, gymnastic training for future contests. Their result is to perfect the implement with which creative energy may one day build, to add new keys to the instrument from which the wind will awaken Æolian harmonies. But from what quarter will the divine *afflatus* arise ? Will science create the new *estro ?* There is much both to discourage and to encourage the hope that the contact with science will indirectly, though not directly, impart fresh vigour to poetry. On the one hand, it is idle to expect a nineteenth-century Lucretius. With her exactness, her precise formulas, her inflexible laws, her rigorous processes, science has passed beyond the domain of poetic statement. On the other hand, the enthusiasm of scientific progress, the fascinating idealism which treats each new discovery as a step in advance towards a hidden goal, the widening horizon of mental vision which each conquered peak extends, the sense of solidarity that is encouraged between all created beings, the unity that is revealed in the presence of apparent diversities, the mental stir and agitation which are fostered by the conflict between new and old ideas, may well feed that furnace of thought which heats the soul and fires the imagination of the poet.

To be the Homer of a scientific age, to be the Lucretius of the nineteenth century was the aspiration of André Chenier, and one of the dreams of Goethe. And it is to science that Sully-Prudhomme in his later poetry looks for the inspiration which contemporary life has ceased to supply. Art is with him a means and not an end. Beauty is not his only cult. And it is in this direction that he breaks away from the Parnassian group. But the reaction is controlled and limited by the realism which distinguishes his school.

As a young man, Prudhomme studied mechanics. A severe attack of ophthalmia compelled him to abandon the engineering profession, and, after a brief courtship of the law, he chose literature as the pursuit of his life. An ardent student of philosophy, a disciple and a translator of Lucretius, an anxious enquirer into the destiny of man, he never seems to forget the workshops of Creusot. Life tortures him with its most cruel questions ; he cannot thrust them aside or close his ears to their appeal ; but science keeps green his faith in human progress. Even here his poetry is the poetry of doubt, and fails to create enthusiasm, because it contains no creed. He has wandered far from the ancient land-marks ; he has passed from gloomy pessimism to acquiescence in human ignorance, and finally to the perception of the truth that the questions he had asked of the intellect could only be solved by the heart. A subtle and anxious thinker upon the unknown and the infinite, his tone of thought is always autumnal, never vernal. No French poet has expressed more sadly or more simply the melancholy and dissatisfaction to which thoughtful minds are ever subject. A man of strong affections, he seems, so far as his poetry is concerned, to have had no youth ; his love verses are full of sighs ; deep springs of wistful regret rise to the surface, welling up through the mournful lines of which memories rather than hopes form the staple material. Quiet in manner, reserved, fastidious, shrinking from turbulence and clamour, delicate and even dainty in his refinement, he is a French Matthew Arnold.

His early poetry delineates, with all the refined and cultivated grace of the artistic school, fugitive lights and shades of evanescent feeling. But, almost from the first, his work betrays a preoccupation with larger subjects, an ambition to seek the poetic impulse at higher levels of thought than those which his contemporaries frequented. Art is not his exclusive idol ; yet he is a true Parnassian in his precision of language, his apprehension of the triple strength which thought derives from form, his scientific and philosophical realism. Every poem receives his last and fondest care. He has the accusing conscience of the genuine artist who spares no pains and neglects no resources of skill to express his conceptions with ideal perfection. At the same time, the direction in which he looks for the poetic impulse influences the form of his expression. This scorn of literary conventionalities as well as his scientific tastes incline him to a verbal realism which shrinks from the employment of no word however prosaic, no phrase however severely technical. As science and philosophy gain a stronger hold upon his mind, his verse becomes so closely charged with thought that it grows laborious, elliptical, and obscure. His dissatisfaction with ordinary themes drives him to desert

for more rugged heights a field, of which his delicacy of thought, feeling, and taste, made him a master. As poetry, his verse suffers from the change. On the other hand, it is the exploration of new worlds to discover fresh inspirations, the passion to find worthy employment for the instrument which the Parnassians had perfected, the courageous endeavour to keep poetry in sympathy with the highest thought and deepest impulse of the century, that give to Prudhomme's poetry its distinctive character. Unlike Whitman, whose "barbaric yawp" spurns the artistic progress of the ages, the French poet relies upon the accumulated resources of inherited and expanded art to give expression to ideas, which at present are banished from the domain of poetry and yet absorb the best minds of the day. He believes that poetry cannot stand aloof from science, and philosophy, and the revolutions which they effect, without the loss of its robustness and its manhood. It is his ambition to be the Schopenhauer or the Darwin of poetry. And he treats philosophy not with the lofty vagueness of a Lamartine or a Victor Hugo, but in the true spirit of a scientific age, with the exactitude and precision *Éc* of the *ole Polytechnique*. Those who condemn his preoccupations with scientific and philosophical subjects as themes unfitted for poetic treatment may defend their position by instancing Prudhomme's work; but they must also in fairness remember that nothing has ever succeeded which has not previously failed.

Prudhomme, then, has two different styles, which are distinct yet perpetually touch each other. The one is the style of his youth—the style of *Stances et Poemes*, *Les Épreuves*, *Les Solitudes*, *Les Vaines Tendresses* [1865-78]; the other is the style of his maturity—the style of *Les Destins*, *Lucrèce*, *La Justice*, and *Le Bonheur* [1878-1888].[1] Of the earlier style a few specimens are here offered. Some apology is needed for the attempted versions. Modern poetry contains so little which might not be expressed in prose, that form assumes an importance which it once did not possess. Many who recognise that this is so and that grace of form is untranslatable, or who remember that the Parnassians have made the mastery of literary expression their goal, and that, of all languages, French loses most by the loss of its distinctive charm—may consider it less treachery to render Prudhomme's verse into prose, or may ask, Why translate it at all? Is not the attempt to render French into English an impertinence when all the world reads French? Such criticisms must be present to the minds of all translators who recognise the insurmountable difficulties of their task and the shortcomings of their performances. But thousands of persons, who read French novels with ease, derive no enjoyment from French poetry. It is for them that these imperfect renderings are intended.

In his youthful verse Prudhomme shows the keen insight into the depths of human consciousness which compensates for much that is repulsive in the pathological school of poetry. The most fragile fibres, fibres which are buried in such dim recesses of the heart that their existence is often ignored, are those which preserve with most pious care our tenderest associations, our deepest sensations, our most lasting recollections. Few poets have been able to touch these slender chords without breaking them: but Prudhomme's hand touches the strings, and, as it were, caresses them into music. In ordinary life some incident, so slight that to all the world beside it passes unnoticed, stirs the slumbering fibres into activity. They give back their treasures to us, when the time comes, or when some look, some note in the voice, some scent, some sight, awakens a rush of memories. Prudhomme hopes that his verse may exercise a similar spell upon the hearts of *Unknown Friends*.[2]

"One line may, like a friend who knows us well,
Re-ope the wound whose smart is not forgot;
The word, that doth another's sufferings tell,
May drop, like tears, on our own anguish'd spot,
Where hearts misjudged await its soothing spell.

"My verse, perchance, may reach you and restore,
With lightning flash, the sleeping grief of old,
Or by that one true word—long waited for—
The sudden name of all you feel unfold,
Nor tell the eyes from whom I learnt my lore."

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[1] The edition from which the following translations are made is the beautifully printed *Édition Elzévirienne* of Alphonse Lemerre.

[2] *Les Vaines Tendresses*. Aux Amis Inconnus. Stanzas 5 and 6, pp. 4, 5.

The hope is not misplaced. It is founded upon wide sympathy and the universal elements of human nature. The "old sad music of humanity" remains ever the same, and the delicate graceful lines in which Prudhomme, with quiet reserve, utters his melancholy thoughts awaken associations, and give words to feelings, which, with most men, are inarticulate. His own life is in his verse, and it is the knowledge that other lives besides his own are there expressed which enables him to touch the hidden chords of the heart with unerring hand. He expresses this sympathy in the lines *To the Reader*.[1]

"These flowers I gathered by the highway side,
Where good and evil fate has cast my days;
I dare not give them loosely tied,
I'll twine them in a wreath—to win more praise.

"Still fresh, the Rose is weeping tear on tear;
The Pansy lifts her eye of purple hue;
Then the calm Lilies, dreamers of the mere,
And budding Corn;—and there my life lies too.

"And thine too, Reader,—is't not even so?
One fate is always ours in joy or woe,—
To weep Love's tears, and think, but never know,

"How we have lost in dreaming Spring's best day.
Then comes the hour when we would rise from play,
And plant some seed before we pass away."

The power to awaken memories and associations is delicately rendered in *The Missal*,[2] where the train of feeling is stirred by the sight of a leaf crushed in an ancient volume. When a withered leaf flutters from between the pages, who has not felt the longing to know the story of the two lives it once has linked together? But every lover of French poetry will miss from the English version of Prudhomme's poems that richness of sensuous impression which the French language gains by the use of masculine and feminine genders.[3]

"A Missal of the first King Francis' reign,
Rusted by years, with many a yellow stain,
And blazons worn, by pious fingers prest,—
Within whose leaves, enshrined in silver rare
By some old goldsmith's art in glory drest,
Speaking his boldness and his loving care,
This faded flower found rest.

"How very old it is! you plainly mark
Upon the page its sap in tracery dark.
'Perhaps three hundred years?' What need be said?
It has but lost one shade of crimson dye;
Before its death, it might have seen *that* flown;
Needs nought save wing of wand'ring butterfly
To touch the bloom,—'tis gone.

"It has not lost one fibre from its heart,
Nor seen one jewel from its crown depart;
The page still wrinkles where the dew once dried,
When that last morn was sad with other weeping;
Death would not kill,—only to kiss it tried,
In loving guise above its brightness creeping,
Nor blighted as it died.

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[1] *Les Epreuves*. Au Lecteur, p. 190.
[2] *Les Solitudes*. Le Missal, p. 194.
[3] As an illustration of the meaning, compare stanza 2 of the original poem with the English version:—

"On voit qu'elle est très vieille au vélin traversé
Par sa profonde empreinte où la sève a percé;
Il se pourrait qu'elle êut trois cents ans; mais n'importe,
Elle n'a rien perdu qu'un peu de vermillon,
Tard qu'elle êut vu tomber même avant d'être morte,
Qui ne brille qu'un jour, et que le papillon,
En passant, d'un coup d'aile emporte."

"A sweet, but mournful, scent is o'er me stealing,
As when with Memory wakes long-buried feeling;
That scent from the closed casket slow ascending
Tells of long years o'er that strange herbal sped.
Our bygone things have still some perfume blending,
And our lost loves are paths, where Roses' bloom,
Sweet e'en in death, is shed.

"At eve, when faint and sombre grows the air,
Perchance a lambent heart may flicker there,
Seeking an entrance to the book to find,
And, when the Angelus strikes on the sky,
Praying some hand may that one page unbind,
Where all his love and homage lie,—
The flower that told his mind.

"Take comfort, knight, who rode to Pavia's plain
But ne'er returned to woo your love again;
Or you, young page, whose heart rose up on high
To Mary and thy dame in mingled prayer!
This flower which died beneath some unknown eye
Three hundred years ago,—you placed it there,
And there it still shall lie."

As our years take flight, we live, in our solitary hours, more and more in the past, and it is to memories of childhood that our thoughts return as we pass away. In *The Death Agony* [1] Sully-Prudhomme has touchingly illustrated the tenacity with which the mind clings to the simplest and earliest associations that are treasured in remote recesses of the heart beneath the surface of its frivolities, ambitions, and dissipations.

"Ye, who are watching when my end draws near,
Speak not, I pray!
'Twill help me most some music faint to hear,
And pass away.

"For song can loosen, link by link, each care
From Life's hard chain.
So gently rock my griefs; but, oh! beware!
To speak were pain.

"I'm weary of all words; their wisest speech
Can nought reveal;
Give me the spirit-sounds minds cannot reach,
But hearts can feel.

"Some melody which all my soul shall steep,
As tranced I lie,
Passing from visions wild to dreamy sleep,
—From sleep to die.

"Ye, who are watching when my end draws near,
Speak not, I pray!
Some sounds of music murmuring in my ear
Will smoothe my way.

"My nurse, poor shepherdess! I'd bid you seek;
Tell her my whim;
I want her near me, when I'm faint and weak
On the grave's brim.

"I want to hear her sing, ere I depart,
Just once again,
In simple monotone to touch the heart
That old world strain.

"You'll find her still; the rustic hovel gives
Calm hopes and fears:
But in this world of mine one rarely lives
Thrice twenty years.

[1] *Les Solitudes.* L'Agonie, p. 190.

"Be sure you leave us with our hearts alone,
Only us two!
She'll sing to me in her old trembling tone
Stroking my brow.

"She only to the end will love through all
My good and ill;
So will the air of those old songs recall
My first years still.

"And, dreaming thus, I shall not feel at last
My heart-strings torn,
But, all unknowing, the great barriers past,
Die,—as we're born.

"Ye, who are watching when my end draws near,
Speak not, I pray!
'Twill help me most some music faint to hear,
And pass away."

Prudhomme lives, as has been said, on memories and regrets. He expresses their feelings with infinite variety and with a delicacy of thought which, in the original poems, attains perfection, but loses much of its charm in translation. *Enfantillage*[1] is an inimitable specimen of his simple pathos and dainty grace.

"My lady! you were little then:
Twelve years were mine;
Soon forgotten were your lovers,
All left to pine.

"When we played among the others,
You still I sought;
When small hands were intertwining
'Twas yours I caught.

"As in gold and purple glory,
Poised o'er the rose,
Tells the butterfly his story,
All his heart glows;

"Leaf by leaf, still nearer drawing,
Is yet too shy
All the honey-dew to gather
She holds so nigh.

"So my heart was yearning wildly
Your lips to press;
'Twas your slender fingers only
I dared caress.

"Through me thrilled a sudden rapture,
Then as keen woe;
What gave joy and pain such meeting?
Love—long ago.

"Twelve years only—and a lover!
'Tis not common.
You too, Lady, were you feeling
Like a woman?

"Did there come some thought bewildering
As, half afraid,
With your frock and with your Dolly
You stood and played?

"If *I* praised,—too soon a poet—
Your tiny feet,
Too soon fair, *you* leant and touched me
With magic sweet.

[1] *Les Vaines Tendresses*, p. 19.

"*I* at least have ne'er forgotten
That even-tide,
When we set up house together,—
Bridegroom and bride.

"Gems *you* dreamed of, *I* dreamed over
My vow to you!
Both were older than our years were,
Both different too!

"We played at the dance and dinner,—
You wished it so,—
Said that proper weddings must have
Some pomp and show.

"*You* enjoyed it as a pastime,
I thought it true,
Told my love aloud, and whispered
'Dearest' to you.

"On your cheek I ventured, dreaming,
One kiss to leave.
Play for me has all been over
Since that spring eve."

In a different manner, the poem called *Pélérinages*[1] is equally full of the same melancholy pathos, born of memories of the past.

"Still remembering, wandering on,
Vanished days of love I crave,
Sweetest dreams my heart has known,—
I can only find your grave.

"Though each year we fade and falter,
Our young loves no ageing know,
As that child's face cannot alter
Which we wept o'er long ago.

"Let us lift the lids close-pressing
On our dear ones' languid eyes.
Ah! their glance has no caressing;
Stern they lie in stony guise.

"They attract me, yet repel;
Through these years of parting sore
Faith to them I've guarded well;
Ah! they know me now no more.

"I'm changed in brow, I'm changed in heart;
And they dread the farewell sneer,
Wherewith the aged bid depart
Their youthful visions, once so dear.

"I stand, with love and pity rife,
Yet dare not bend me o'er their tomb;
My kiss might warm them back to life,
And theirs has been so full of gloom."

Even when Prudhomme's note is less deeply tinged with melancholy, his tone is rarely exuberant or enthusiastic. The two following poems—*Au bord de l'eau*[2] and *Ce qui dure*[3]—are unusually passionate in their abandonment; yet even here the warmth is subdued, and the latter, at least, is sombre in its colouring.

"To sit and watch the wavelets as they flow,
Two,—side by side;
To see the gliding clouds that come and go,
And mark them glide;

[1] *Les Vaines Tendresses*, p. 66. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 11. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 36.

" If from low roofs the smoke is wreathing pale,
To watch it wreathe ;
If flowers around breathe perfume on the gale,
To feel them breathe ;

" If the bee sips the honeyed fruit that glistens,
To sip the dew ;
If the bird warbles while the forest listens,
To listen too ;

" Beneath the willow where the brook is singing
To hear its song,
Nor feel, while round us that sweet dream is clinging,
The hours too long ;

" To know one only deep o'er-mastering passion,—
The love we share ;
To let the world go worrying in its fashion
Without one care ;

" We only, while 'around all weary grow,
Unwearied stand,
And, midst the fickle changes others know,
Love—hand in hand."

Ce qui dure is more mournful, though Love is still the conqueror :

" How cold and wan the Present lowers
O my true Love ! around us twain ;
How little of the Past is ours !
How changed the friends who yet remain.

" We cannot without envying view
The eyes with twenty summers gay,
For eyes, 'neath which our childhood grew,
Have long since passed from earth away.

" Each hour still steals our youth ; alas !
No hour will e'er the theft restore ;
There's but one thing that will not pass,—
The heart I loved thee with of yore.

" That heart which plays in life its part,
With love elate, with loss forlorn,
Is still—through all—the child's pure heart
My mother gave when I was born.

" That heart, where nothing new can light,
Where old thoughts draw their cherish'd breath,
It loves thee, dear, with all the might
That Life can wield in strife with Death.

" If it of Death the conqueror be,
If there's in Man some nobler part
That wins him Immortality,
Then thou hast, Love ! that deathless heart."

More commonly his mood is that of *Prière* [1], or the familiar but gracefully expressed idea of the lines that follow :

" If you but knew the tears that fall
For life unloved and fireside drear,
Perhaps, before my lonely hall,
You would pass near.

" If you but knew your power to thrill
My drooping soul by one pure glance,
One look across my window-sill
You'd cast perchance.

[1] *Les Vaines Tendresses*, p. 6.

" If you but knew what soothing balm
One heart can on another pour,
Would you not sit—a sister calm—
Beside my door?

" And if you knew I loved you well,
And loved you too with all my heart,
You'd come to me, with me to dwell,
And ne'er depart."

Or this poem, which in its opening reminds the reader of Jean Ingelow's *Divided*.

" We wandered down, at dawn of day,
A narrow path—heart close to heart;
At noon, upon the world's highway,
I walk to right, you left—apart.

" No more we have our Heaven together.
How bright is yours! How black is mine!
Your choice is still the sunniest weather,
I keep the side where nought will shine.

" Where'er you walk, gleams round you play—
The very sand has diamond beads;
No beams e'er light with gladdening ray
The cold grey soil my footstep treads.

" Bird-songs and whispers full of sweets,
Caressing, woo your eye and ear;
Your hair the breeze, adoring, greets;
Your lip the bee, entranced, draws near.

" And I—I can but sing and sigh;
My heart's deep wound is ill at ease;
From leaf-hid nests the fondling cry
Disturbs me more than it can please.

" But, Love! a sky for ever bright
May make too keen our mortal joy;
The air's embrace has too much might;
The incense e'en of flowers may cloy.

" Then yearns the soul for that calm rest
That closes round at closing day,
With half-shut eye, on some true breast
To watch Life's fever ebb away.

" Will you not come and take your seat
By that highway at evening fall?
I'll wait you there. We two shall meet
Where one deep shadow wraps it all."

These versions are taken from the field of simple melancholy feeling which is Prudhomme's favourite ground. As a rule he is an intensely subjective poet. But he is too patriotic a Frenchman entirely to neglect external events. The Franco-Prussian war suggests the subject of a small section of his poetry called *Impressions de la Guerre*. In the heat of the struggle, he could not have written *La Charpie*.[1] But the choice of the subject illustrates the general tone of his mind. With it the selections from his early poetry may appropriately close, though no just estimate can be formed of his true position, which does not take into consideration the philosophical poems on which his friends would doubtless base his claim to dispute with François Coppée the title of the first of living French poets.

" A sombre night, a starless sky!
Jeanne sits, her heart with weeping sore,
The cloth unwinding patiently
For soldiers wounded in the war.

[1] *Le Prisme*, p. 27.

" Her lover to the war is gone;
His kiss yet fresh—'twas but to-day;
Her brothers too! She sits alone;
They marched with him this morn away.

" Now booms more closely on her ears
The cannon's summons, stern and loud,
' Surrender! Famine!' Then she hears
Her City's ' No' in answer proud.

' Her holy task at last is o'er;
Has it not brought her spirit rest?
When, suddenly, her humble door
By timid hand is softly pressed.

"A stranger girl is standing there
Within the door, her eyes as blue
As Heav'n, her features pale, her hair
Of gold, her dress of sombre hue.

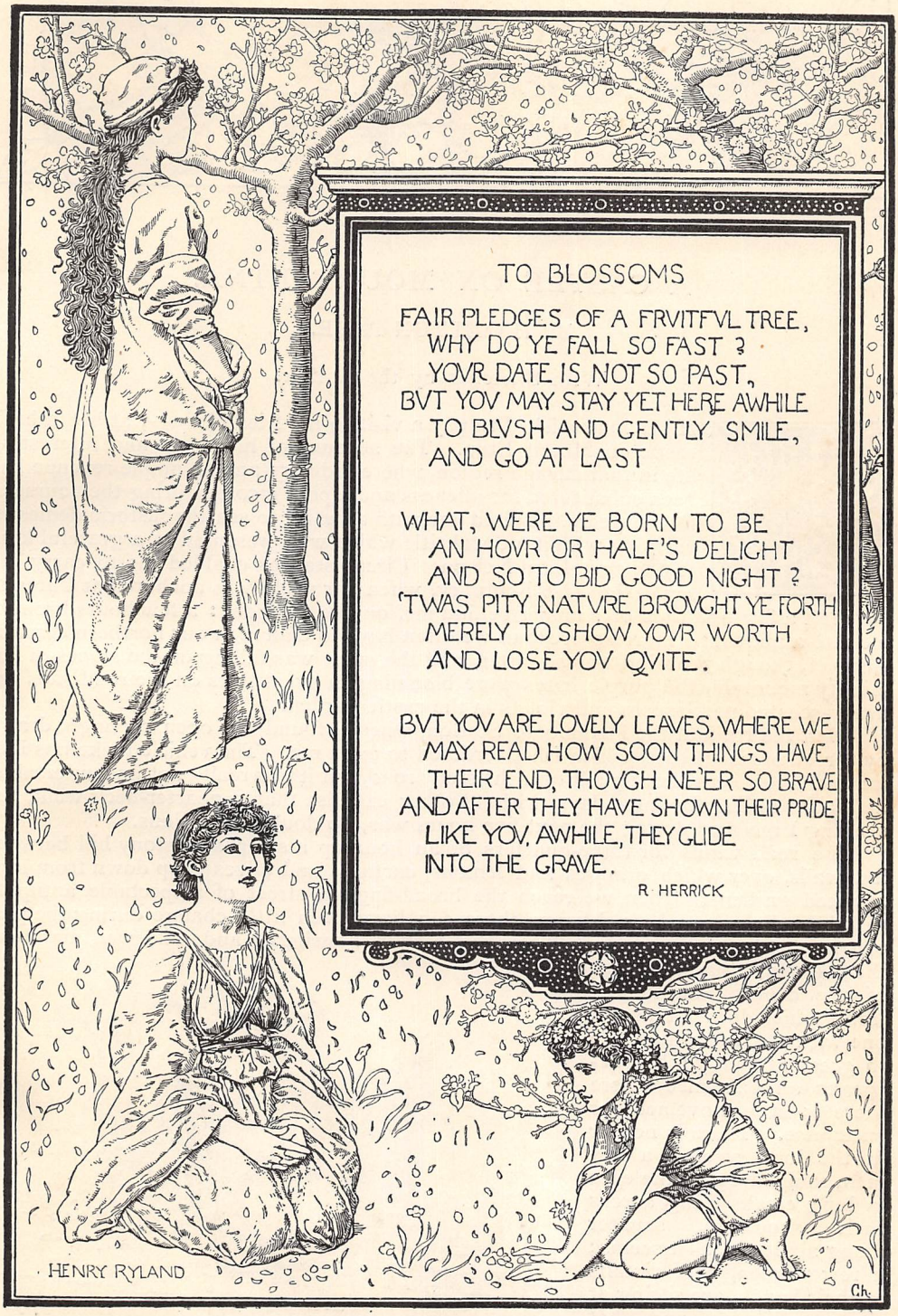
" And these her words, 'Jeanne, have no fear
' The red cross on my arm I show;
' My name and all that brings me here—
' Oh! let me in! You soon shall know.'

" ' At home they call me Margaret;
' I've wandered from the banks of Rhine
' For him on whom my heart is set;
' Oh! let me in! Your grief is mine;

" ' By the same fears our hearts are torn;
' Oh! by our youth, our love, our pain,
' We're sisters now! leave hate and scorn
' For deadly fight on yonder plain.

" ' Together we'll our charpie weave,
' For blood knows nought of colours two,
' Those grow alike who love and grieve,
' We'll weep together, I and you!'

" She, ere the words had left her lips,
The charpie threads asunder tore,
Working with trembling finger-tips,
For soldiers wounded in the war."


TO BLOSSOMS
FAIR PLEDGES OF A FRVITFVL TREE,
WHY DO YE FALL SO FAST ?
YOVR DATE IS NOT SO PAST,
BVT YOV MAY STAY YET HERE AWHILE
TO BLVSH AND GENTLY SMILE,
AND GO AT LAST
WHAT, WERE YE BORN TO BE
AN HOVR OR HALF'S DELIGHT
AND SO TO BID GOOD NIGHT ?
'TWAS PITY NATVRE BROVGHT YE FORTH
MERELY TO SHOW YOVR WORTH
AND LOSE YOV QVITE.
BVT YOV ARE LOVELY LEAVES, WHERE WE
MAY READ HOW SOON THINGS HAVE
THEIR END, THOVGH NE'ER SO BRAVE
AND AFTER THEY HAVE SHOWN THEIR PRIDE
LIKE YOV, AWHILE, THEY GLIDE
INTO THE GRAVE.
R. HERRICK
HENRY RYLAND
Ch.

A CASTLE ON MOUNT ETNA.

By HAMILTON AÏDE.

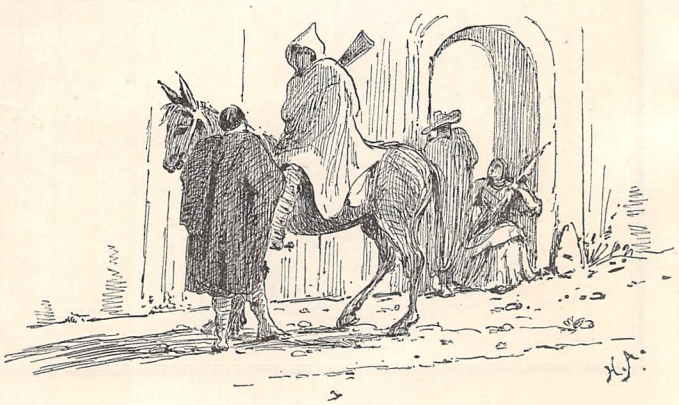
With Sketches by the Author.

I HAD long wished to pay a visit to my friend H——, at his father's castle on Mount Etna. The account of his active and interesting life in that savage region, where industry and an ample revenue had been substituted for idleness and a poor income during the course of fifteen years, inspired me with a desire to see the historic demesne, carrying with it a ducal title which was presented by a grateful king to the first Lord Nelson. Circumstances enabled me to carry out my design last February, when our yacht was anchored at Catania.

I left a fair imitation of summer behind me, on the seashore : a few hours brought me into a midwinter more severe than we often have to endure in our northern climate. And yet, though the wind was so bitter, and the snow was falling on the slopes of the mighty mountain, the purple irises were blooming in great tufts on the road-side, the heavy-scented narcissuses and violets in the castle garden.

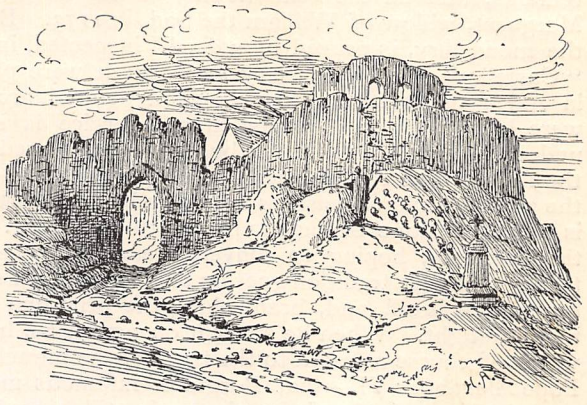
I left the train at the Piedimonte Station, where I found the open carriage, drawn by three horses abreast, which I had ordered to meet me. The vehicle looked as if it would fall to pieces at every jolt over the stony road, but it was really not uncomfortable, and, after sailing for some days, without other exercise than a quarter-deck walk, the shaking I received during the next five hours was, no doubt, salubrious.

The road winds for three-quarters of an hour up a steep and stony hill between low walls, over which oranges and lemons, cactuses and olives peep down from low-terraced gardens. Then we reach the broad-flagged street of respectable antiquity called Piedimonte, where, I fancy, there can have been little change during the past one hundred and fifty years. There is a certain be-wigged and mildewed air about the last-century architecture of the church and house-fronts which does not inspire one with the veneration due to great antiquity ; but bespeaks an existence where there is little movement or enterprise. There is no stir in the long street : a few men, muffled up to the eyes in long cloaks flung across their shoulders, saunter along aimlessly, as it seems ; a few women, with distaffs in their hands, are sitting at the open doors, and that is all.



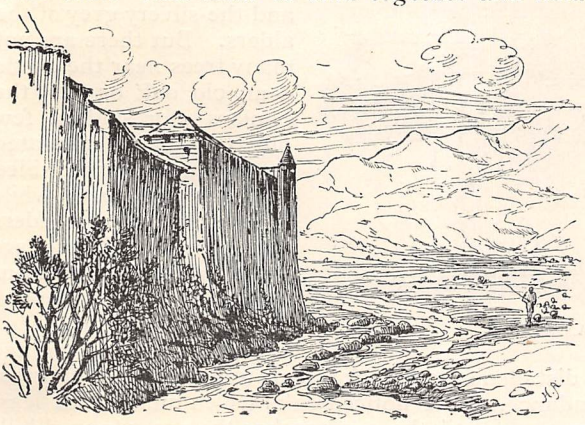
Another three-quarters of an hour, the orange-groves giving place to vineyards, brings us to Linguagrossa, a larger and more important town, though the streets are

narrower and more tortuous than at Piedimonte. Here there is a Campanile, in the last stage of picturesque decrepitude : and the air suddenly becomes much colder ; though we are still a long way off from the snow. The streets are comparatively crowded : painted caratelli, much as in Virgil's day, laden with wine or grain, their sides made brightly horrible with gruesome scenes depicted with a vividness which, happily, a Sicilian sun has done something to mitigate ; men on mules, with carbines slung across their backs—probably rusty fowling-pieces, guiltless of other murder than of a few small birds—but which have a *couleur locale*, as suggestive of possible brigandage in the vicinity : a stunted population, ugly beyond redemption in its women ; squalid, but still with an air of doing something, instead of having fallen asleep, as at Piedimonte.



RANDAZZO.

A two hours drive higher and higher up the mountain-side, with the jagged outline of a plum-coloured lofty range of hills to the right, brings us to the lava-bed deposited here in the eruption of 1879. At this spot my friend's carriage, with an armed *campiere* on the box, he and the coachman in all the bravery of blue and scarlet liveries, fashioned not unlike those of old Italian postilions, is awaiting me. The Sicilian horses are so overflowing with spirits that we are nearly upset at starting, and are carried off at a hand-gallop, up and down over the black, undulating road for another fourteen miles. We pass Randazzo, a curious and interesting town, the first and last aspects of which, as we approach, and as we look back to its machicolated walls and crumbling towers, are very striking. It gave a title, in ancient days, to the royal House of Naples ; but its glories departed even before the Bourbons, I imagine. The walls that seem to bind together and hold it upright on the summit of the steep acclivity where it is set, are pierced by gateways, leading into narrow streets, paved with lava, which retain some pleasant features of sixteenth-century architecture. There is, moreover, a fine lava-built church, of the same period, and a smaller one with a charming Campanile. After this, follows a passage of great dreariness, partly across a range of what looks like rock, but which I subsequently learn is lava, where every inch of available ground is cultivated, and to good purpose. Here man and beast are labouring, one would think, with small result ; but it is not so. This is the beginning of the Maniace property, where the corn grows between six and seven feet high, and the vines are unrivalled throughout the island. To the left, under Etna, on the sky-line, lies what the *campiere* tells me is the town of Maletta, and over against it a strange mass of stone which looks like a fortress, called "Rocca Calandra."



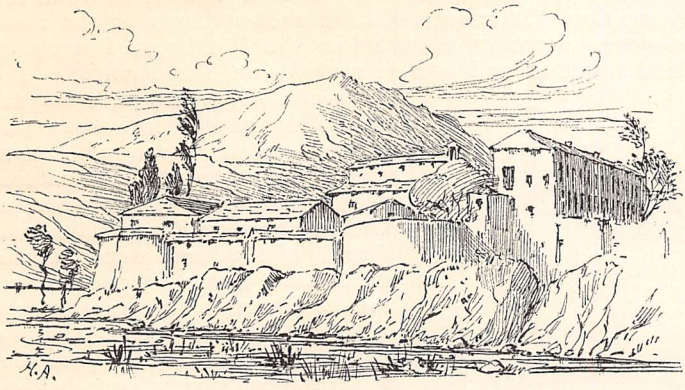
THE SINETO.

The road runs like a skewer (the conventional "arrow" has a feather of lightness which would be inappropriate as a simile here) through the heart of the black volcanic land. Now and again, the lava crops up almost to the height of a wall, crowned with orange lichens ; and everywhere it underlies the thin veil of mould which is so strangely productive. A turn in the road, and a sharp winding descent reveals the long half-grey, half-white building in a hollow, surmounted by a bunch of poplars, like an aigrette,

which the *campiere* points out to me as the Castle of Maniace, and a few minutes later we drive up to the gateway of the inner courtyard.

The name of Maniace is derived from the great general, George Maniace, who gained a mighty victory over the Saracens in 1032, near this spot, where the Sineto, or Fiume Saraceno, as it is still called, flows round a rock which also bears the name of the conquered nation. Part of one of the walls of the castle, still standing, is certainly of this date, if not older. The present dwelling has grown up out of the remains, and on the foundations, of the Benedictine Monastery erected by Queen Margaret, widow of William the Bad, in 1173. But that a castle existed here prior to the monastery, is proved by a deed I inspected, in which the site is spoken of as the "Castello." The monastery and church were partially destroyed by an earthquake in 1693; but the fine doorway, and pointed arches, and some of the monks' cells were left standing. In this church service is still performed every Sunday; and under the high altar lies the body of the Blessed William, the most venerated of all the Abbots who reigned here, to view whose well-preserved remains great numbers of the poor credulous peasants assemble here on certain days. Of this worthy a miracle is told, grotesque enough to be worth recording. He went forth, it is said, to meet the Saracens, hoping to convert them from Paganism by his holy words. Finding this of no avail, tradition goes on to declare that he seized the leg of a donkey standing by, twisted it off, and, brandishing the primitive weapon, smote the enemy, and put them to flight. When he stuck it on again, he, by mistake, put it on the wrong way, which of course attested to the truth of the miracle, beyond the possibility of a doubt! Pope Alexander VI.—that Borgia of infamous memory—was also Abbot of Maniace, early in life, and one of the vineyards still bears his name, "Vigneto Borgia." It is said that Queen Margaret's jewels are buried within an arrow's flight of Maniace, though in what stress of peril this was done, does not appear.

The present building is devoid of architectural pretension; but its position and aspect from the north-west side, where the multi-coloured walls run sheer down to the stony torrent of the Sineto, are impressive. Here is every variety of green, from the emerald of the moss which enamels the stained lava and conglomerate, to the tender yellow of the sedges and the silvery grey of the alders. But there are not many trees near the castle—an old oak or two, the poplars aforesaid, a few olives, some truncated eucalyptuses, nearly killed by the severe frosts (while bamboos and oleanders are unhurt). These are the only indications of our being in the "Regione Selvosa" of Etna, if I except the pines planted by the present proprietor. A little distance off are cork woods and chestnuts of great age; pistacchio nuts grow in abundance, and I noticed oaks which must be at least as old as the monastery. For the rest, until the eye reaches the snow topped hills around, there is little to be seen but vines. These, as I shall presently show, are the main prospective, as the abundant grain is the present, source of income on the Maniace property.



THE CASTLE OF MANIACE.

Of the interior of the castle little need be said. There is a gallery, upwards of a hundred feet long, built over some of the monks' cells, and corresponding, probably with a similar passage in the original building. In the muniment-room are many interesting records of the various hands through which the estates have passed, ending in its transfer (which carried the dukedom of Bronte with it) in 1799 to Lord Nelson, as a handsome recognition of the services he had rendered to Ferdinand IV. The letter in which this royal gift was offered to the English hero is preserved at Maniace.

A second patent was made out, at Lord Nelson's request, securing the property and title to his sister and her heirs, by one of whom it is now held.

To live all the winter on a snowy mountain-side, four thousand feet above the sea-level, far from civilization, in the midst of a primitive people, clinging to the habits and superstitions of the past, would not be an alluring prospect to many young men; probably to no Italian. But in these "ranching" days, Englishmen, at least, have learned the dignity and satisfaction of labour. And my friend's life at Maniace is one of constant and strenuous exertion. Without it no man could succeed in the task he undertook when he entered on the management of a neglected property in an almost savage region, where he had to combat ignorance, sloth and mendacity. In the course of a few years he has increased the income more than 40 per cent. Such a result is not to be attained but by infinite patience—experiments which must sometimes fail, litigation, the slow conquest of prejudice, the slow process of opening the eyes of the blind to their own interests. That is the only chord that can be struck with any effect in the nature of this wild peasantry; possibly after centuries of half-dormant intelligence in humanity generally. An old woman living at the castle, who could neither read nor write, was saving all her money to procure for her grandchildren those advantages of which she recognized the moneyed value, and deplored her own deficiency.

The original mode of preparing the oil (the Sicilian is the most detestable that ever defiled the mouth of man) is giving way to a better one. The new method of preparing the wine, under French direction, will in process of time commend itself to the vine-growers when they come to find what a much higher price it will fetch in the market. I visited the vineyards, which are three hundred acres in extent, and where some one hundred and ten men, under a surveyor, were trenching the ground, in one long line. They were a poor-looking lot, but appeared to use their implements, which are more like axes than spades, to good purpose. When they do not, at such times as English eyes are not upon them, the surveyor's stick or whip plays pretty freely about their backs, I believe; and without vigilance, they will not work at all. They come from their villages on Monday morning, and return on Saturday night. They are lodged, receive three meals, and about 8*d*. a day. The first two meals are given in the vineyard, each man having a sardine, a hunch of excellent bread, and a "pull" at the wine-barrel. The third meal, before dismissal in the yard at night, consists of porridge, served in a trough, from which they scoop it out with their fingers, having discarded the spoons originally provided them. They raised a shout in unison as H—— and I approached, and twice again before we left the vineyard this barbarous greeting was offered to their young lord.

SICILIAN LABOURERS.

The process of wine-making is simple enough. The floor upon which the grapes are emptied, through a large window, is of scrupulous cleanliness. Here a certain number of men, in slippers, especially kept for the purpose, are turned in to tread the grapes down—this primitive process being said to produce a better result than the compression of machinery. The juice, collected in a reservoir, is then poured into vats and left to ferment for two days, after which it is strained off. If the skins remain longer, the colouring process begins, and this is never permitted to the finest quality of wine. Though the grapes are all black, the liquid is a rich gold, and resembles Madeira in flavour more than anything else. When mellowed by age, this Bronte wine, which has not yet come into the market, will be highly esteemed by connoisseurs. There are secondary qualities, some of which are stained red by allowing the dark skins to soak in the juice; but this wine is rough, and though sound and wholesome, is no better than many other Italian wines. The average number of *litres* made annually now on the Bronte property is 150,000.

Under the shadow of the mighty mountain, all vegetation that can withstand the bitter winds and driving snow flourishes in so remarkable a manner that one is led to think that Nature, like a wise parent who does not "spare the rod," knows that the severity of the castigation prepares and purifies the soil for the parching heats of summer that strike through it to the lava below.

FEEDING FROM THE TROUGH.

As spring advances, flowers break up in abundance from the warm earth. Already the almond blossoms are powdering the leafless trees, and the purple flags flaunting in the meadows. Already is the small walled-garden overlooking the torrent bed to the blue range of sharply-articulated hills a poem in itself, with narcissuses and violets—though it is still early in February. The granary tells its own tale of abundance in the past year, the crop of wheat appearing to be almost fabulous in proportion to the acreage. Man, indeed, seems the only product of the soil that is slow to mature, and bring forth his fruit in due season under these vicissitudes of climate. But there is improvement, and *ci vuole pazienza.* Early and transmitted habits of untruthfulness are not easily erased. A people so familiar with lawlessness that hundreds of banditti have, until very lately, been harboured and protected amongst them, are not to be reformed in a day. It is true that the Italian Government is sensitive as to this word, and insists on it that the bandit is an extinct animal. But when you are seized, carried off into the mountains and a heavy ransom demanded for your recovery, or when, with a pistol at your head, you are laid flat upon the road and despoiled of all that is on you, we are not curious to inquire the distinction between a bandit and a robber.

The *campieri* of Maniace have had more than one encounter with what I shall continue to call bandits, within the last few years. It is no more than five since that strange attack was attempted, the audacity of which was only exceeded by its stupidity. Garbled and exaggerated accounts of the affair have been so often repeated that I may as well give the facts. It was early in the afternoon, and my friend was in his "office," when some affrighted servants burst in, exclaiming that his father "il Duca" (who was staying at the castle) was being carried off by brigands. As a matter of fact, they were never near him, as the river divided them from him; but armed men were there, crouching behind the trees, and that they meditated his capture is more than probable. H—— seized his rifle (he is never without his revolver) and started at once with some of the *campieri* in pursuit of the scoundrels, who retired. One of them escaped, the rest were taken prisoners, tried and condemned to penal servitude for some years. Of these, one turned king's evidence, when it transpired that the head of the band was an outlaw, well-known throughout Sicily.

MOUNT ETNA.

There has been another affray since then, in which a man was wounded; but as

the maurauders have in no instance gained their end, there is ground for hoping that these raids will soon become a matter of history.

The life of a dweller on Mount Etna is not all roses, it will be seen; neither is it all scoriæ and snow. There are pleasures of divers kinds for those of country tastes; partridges and woodcocks for the sportsman; wolves for the man who is ever keen to kill something; studies for the geologist, the botanist, the student of human nature, in its primitive forms; and there is, above all, that poetry and charm that belong to a simple existence of practical usefulness away from the tumultuous pleasures and the heated struggle of great cities.

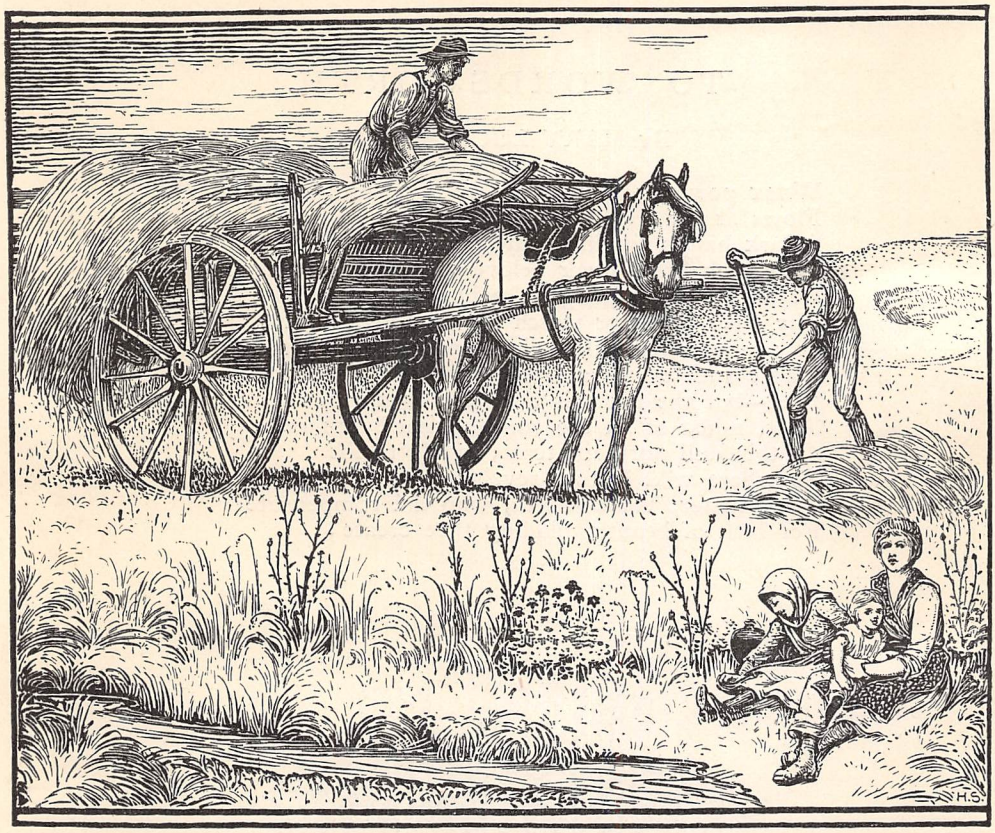
TO WORDSWORTH.

By MARY LUCY BLACK.

WHAT power is thine! that at thy word, a beck
Flows at my feet, a daisy blooms, o'erhead
A lark hangs singing, fair green fields outspread
That each wild flower beloved by thee doth deck;
Or that I trace along its pebbly bed
Thy river wild; or watch the cloudlets fleck
Thy mountains with their shadows—comes the check,
Magic with music ceased, and vision fled.
Fled—but the heart is sweeter for the gift
That, midst of all the smoke-grimed ugliness
Of this dull northern town, avails to lift
To where wild Nature revels; so I bless
Thy Master, Wordsworth, who did compensate
For lack of beauty, bidding thee create!

The labours of THE·XII·MONTHS
set out in NEW PICTURES & OLD PROVERBS

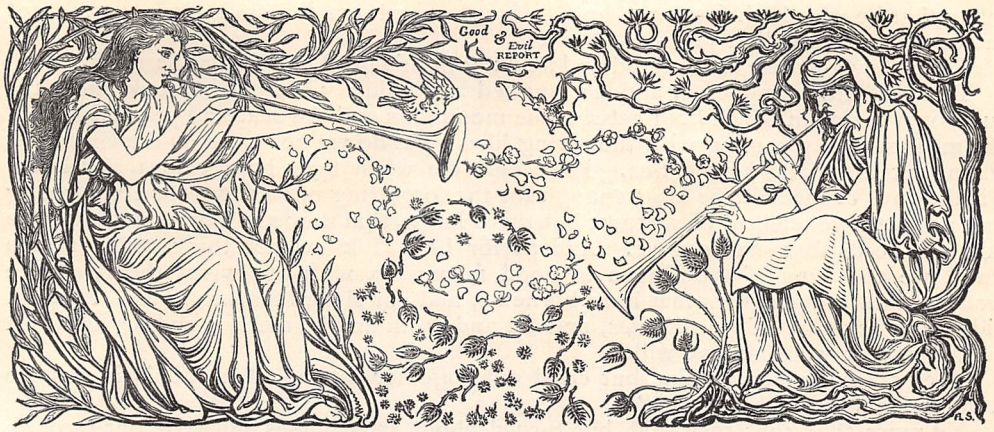
WISE SHEPHERDS say that the age of man is LXXII years and that we liken but to one hole yeare for evermore we take six yeares to every month as JANUARY or FEBRUARY and so forth, for as the yeare changeth by the twelve months, into twelve sundry manners so doth a man change himself twelve times in his life by twelve ages and every age lasteth six yeare if so be that he live to LXXII. For three times six maketh eighteen & six times six maketh XXXVI And then is man at the best and also at the highest and twelve times six maketh LXXII & that is the age of a man.



JUNE

Then cometh JUNE: and then is the sun highest in his meridionall he may ascend no higher in his station, his glimmering & golden beames ripens the corne, and when man is XXXVI yeare, he may ascend no more, for then hath nature given him beauty & and strength at the full, and ripeneth the seeds of perfect understanding.

—Mist in MAY & heat in JUNE
Makes the harvest come right soon.
—A dripping JUNE brings all things in tune.
—No one so surely pays his debt,
As wet to dry, & dry to wet.
—Ash before oak, there'll be a smoke.
Oak before ash, there'll be a splash.
—Another version. Oak-soak-ash-splash.



THE GLITTERING PLAIN; OR, THE LAND OF LIVING MEN.

By WILLIAM MORRIS, Author of "The Earthly Paradise."

CHAPTER I.

OF THE THREE WHO CAME TO THE HOUSE OF THE RAVEN.

IT is told that there was once a young man of free kindred, whose name was Hallblithe: he was fair, strong, and not untried in battle: he was of the House of the Raven of old time. This man loved an exceeding fair damsel called the Hostage, who was of the House of the Rose, wherein it was right and due that the men of the Raven should wed.

She loved him no less, and no man of the kindred gainsaid their love, and they were to be wedded on Midsummer Night.

But one day of early spring, when the days were yet short and the nights long, Hallblithe sat before the porch of the House smoothing an ash stave for his spear, and he heard the sound of horse-hoofs drawing near, and he looked up and saw folk riding toward the House, and presently they rode through the garth gate; and there was no man but he about the House, so he rose up and went to meet them and he saw that they were but three in company: they had weapons with them, and their horses were of the best; but they were no fellowship for a man to be afraid of; for two of them were old and feeble, and the third was dark and sad, and drooping of aspect: it seemed as if they had ridden far and fast, for their spurs were bloody and their horses all a-sweat.

Hallblithe hailed them kindly and said: "Ye are way-worn, and maybe ye have to ride further; so light down and come into the House, and take bite and sup, and hay and corn also for your horses; and then if ye needs must ride on your way, depart when ye are rested; or else if ye may, then abide here night-long, and go your ways to-morrow, and meantime that which is ours shall be yours, and all shall be free to you."

Then spake the oldest of the elders in a high piping voice and said: "Young man, we thank thee; but though the days of the springtide are waxing, the hours of our lives are waning; nor may we abide unless thou canst truly tell us that this is the Land of the Glittering Plain: and if that be so, then delay not, but lead us to thy lord, and perhaps he will make us content."

Spake he who was somewhat less stricken in years than the first: "Thanks have thou! but we need something more than meat and drink, to wit the Land of Living Men. And Oh! but the time presses."

Spake the sad and sorry carle: "We seek the Land where the days are many: so

many that he who hath forgotten how to laugh may learn the craft again and forget the days of Sorrow."

Then they all three cried aloud and said: "Is this the Land? Is this the Land?"

But Hallblithe wondered, and he laughed and said: "Wayfarers, look under the sun down the plain which lieth betwixt the mountains and the sea, and ye shall behold the meadows all gleaming with the spring lilies; yet do we not call this the Glittering Plain, but Cleveland by the Sea. Here men die when their hour comes, nor know I if the days of their life be long enough for the forgetting of sorrow; for I am young and not yet a yokefellow of sorrow; but this I know, that they are long enough for the doing of deeds that shall not die. And as for Lord, I know not this word, for here dwell we the sons of the Raven in good fellowship, with our wives that we have wedded, and our mothers that have borne us, and our sisters that serve us. Again I bid you light down off your horses, and eat and drink and be merry; and depart when ye will to seek what land ye will."

They scarce looked on him, but cried out together mournfully: "This is not the Land! This is not the Land!"

No more than that they said, but turned about their horses and rode out through the garth gate, and went clattering up the road that led to the pass of the mountains. But Hallblithe hearkened wondering, till the sound of their horse-hoofs died away, and then turned back to his work: and it was then two hours after high-noon.

CHAPTER II.

EVIL TIDINGS COME TO HAND.

Not long had he worked ere he heard the sound of horse-hoofs once more, and he looked not up, but said to himself, "It is the lads bringing back the teams from the acres, and riding fast and driving hard for joy of heart and in wantonness of youth."

But the sound grew nearer and he looked up and saw over the turf wall of the garth the flutter of white raiment; and he said: "Nay, it is the maidens coming back from the sea-shore and the gathering of wrack."

So he set himself the harder to his work, and laughed, all alone as he was, and said: "She is with them: now I will not look up again till they have ridden into the garth, and she has come from among them, and leapt off her horse, and cast her arms about my neck as her wont is; and it will rejoice her then to mock me with hard words and kind voice and longing heart; and I shall long for her and kiss her, and sweet shall the coming days seem to us: and the daughters of our folk shall look on and be kind and blithe with us."

Therewith rode the maidens into the garth, but he heard no sound of laughter or merriment amongst them, which was contrary to their wont; and his heart fell, and it was as if instead of the maidens' laughter the voices of those wayfarers came back upon the wind crying out, "Is this the land? Is this the land?"

Then he looked up hastily, and saw the maidens drawing near, ten of the House of the Raven and three of the House of the Rose; and he beheld them that their faces were pale and woe-begone, and their raiment rent, and there was no joy in them.

Hallblithe stood aghast while one who had gotten off her horse (and she was the daughter of his own mother) ran past him into the hall, looking not at him, as if she durst not: and another rode off swiftly to the horse-stalls. But the others, leaving their horses, drew round about him, and for a while none durst utter a word; and he stood gazing at them with the spoke-shave in his hand, he also silent; for he saw that the Hostage was not with them, and he knew that now he was the yokefellow of sorrow.

At last he spoke gently and in a kind voice, and said: "Tell me, sisters, what evil hath befallen us, even if it be the death of a dear friend and the thing that may not be amended."

Then spoke a fair woman of the Rose, whose name was Brightling, and said: "Hallblithe, it is not of death that we have to tell, but of sundering which may yet be amended. We were on the sand of the sea nigh the Ship-stead and the Rollers of the Raven, and we were gathering the wrack and playing together; and we saw a round ship nigh to shore lying with her sheet slack, and her sail beating the mast; but we deemed it to be none other than some bark of the Fish-biters, and thought no harm

thereof, but went on running and playing amidst the little waves that fell on the sand, and the ripples that curled around our feet. At last there came a small boat from the side of the round ship, and rowed in toward shore, and still we feared not, though we drew a little aback from the surf and let fall our gown-hems. But the crew of that boat beached her close to where we stood, and came hastily wading the surf towards us; and we saw that they were twelve weaponed men, great and grim and all clad in black raiment. Then indeed were we afraid, and we turned about and fled up the beach; but now was it too late, for the tide was at more than half ebb and long was the way over the sand to the place where we had left our horses tied among the tamarisk-bushes. Nevertheless we ran, and had gotten up to the pebble-beach before they ran in amongst us: and they caught us, and cast us down on to the hard stones.

"Then they made us sit in a row on a ridge of the pebbles; and we were sore afraid, yet more for defilement at their hands than for death; for they were evil-looking men exceeding foul of favour.

"Then said one of them: 'Which of all you maidens is the Hostage of the House of the Rose?'

"Then all we kept silence, for we would not betray her. But the evil man spake again: 'Choose ye then whether we shall take one, or all of you across the waters in our black ship.'

"Yet still we others spake not, till arose thy beloved, O Hallblithe, and said, 'Let it be one then, and not all; for I am the Hostage.'

"'How shalt thou make us sure thereof?' said the evil carle.

"She looked on him proudly and said: 'Because I say it.'

"'Wilt thou swear it?' said he.

"'Yea,' said she, 'I swear it by the token of the House wherein I shall wed; by the wings of the Fowl that seeketh the Field of Slaying.'

"'It is enough,' said the man, 'come thou with us. And ye maidens sit ye there and move not till we have made way on our ship, unless ye would feel the point of the arrow. For ye are within bow-shot of the ship, and we have shot weapons aboard.'

"So the Hostage departed with them, and she unweeping, but we wept sorely. And we saw the small boat come up to the side of the round ship, and the Hostage going over the gunwale along with those evil men, and we heard the hale and how of the mariners as they drew up the anchor and sheeted home; and then the sweeps came out and the ship began to move over the sea. And one of those evil-minded men bent his bow and shot a shaft at us, but it fell far short of where we sat, and the laugh of those runagates came over the sands to us. So we crept up the beach trembling, and then rose to our feet and got to our horses, and rode hither speedily, and our hearts are broken for thy sorrow."

At that word came Hallblithe's own sister out from the hall; and she bore weapons with her, to wit Hallblithe's sword and shield and helm and hauberk. As for him he turned back silently to his work, and set the steel of the spear on the new ashen shaft, and took the hammer and smote the nail in, and laid the weapon on a great round pebble that was thereby, and clenched the nail on the other side. Then he looked about, and saw that the other damsel had brought him his coal-black war-horse ready saddled and bridled; then he did on his armour, and girt his sword to his side and leapt into the saddle, and took his new-shafted spear in hand and shook the rein. But none of all those damsels durst say a word to him or ask him whither he went, for they feared his face, and the sorrow of his heart.

So he got him out of the garth and turned toward the sea-shore, and they saw the glitter of his spear-point a minute over the turf-wall, and heard the clatter of his horse-hoofs as he galloped over the hard way; and thus he departed.

CHAPTER III.

THE WARRIORS OF THE RAVEN SEARCH THE SEAS.

Then the women bethought them, and they spake a word or two together, and then sundered and went one this way and one that to gather together the warriors of the Raven who were a-field, or on the way, nigh the House, that they might follow Hallblithe down to the sea-shore and help him; after a while they came back again by

one and two and three, bringing with them the wrathful young men; and when there was upwards of a score gathered in the garth armed and horsed, they rode their ways to the sea, being minded to thrust a long ship of the Ravens out over the Rollers into the sea, and follow the strong-thieves of the waters and bring a-back the Hostage, so that they might end the sorrow at once, and establish joy once more in the House of the Raven and the House of the Rose. But they had with them three lads of fifteen winters or thereabouts to lead their horses back home again, when they should have gone up on to the Horse of the Brine.

Thus then they departed, and the maidens stood in the garth-gate till they lost sight of them behind the sandhills, and then turned back sorrowfully into the house, and sat there talking low of their sorrow. And many a time they had to tell their tale anew, as folk came into the hall one after another from field and fell. But the young men came down to the sea, and found Hallblithe's black horse straying about amongst the tamarisk bushes above the beach; and they looked thence over the sand, and saw neither Hallblithe nor any man: and they gazed out seaward, and saw neither ship nor sail on the barren brine. Then they went down on to the sand, and sundered their fellowship, and went half one way, half the other, betwixt the sand-hills and the surf, where now the tide was flowing, till the nesses of the east and the west, the horns of the bay, stayed them. Then they met together again by the Rollers, when the sun was within an hour of setting. There and then they laid hand to that ship which is called the Sea-mew, and they ran her down over the Rollers into the waves, and leapt aboard and hoisted sail, and ran out the oars and put to sea; and a little wind was blowing seaward from the gates of the mountains behind them.

So they quartered the sea-plain, as the kestrel doth the water-meadows, till the night fell on them, and was cloudy, though whiles the wading moon shone out; and they had seen nothing, neither sail nor ship, nor aught else on the barren brine, save the washing of waves and the hovering of sea-fowl. So they lay-to outside the horns of the bay and awaited the dawning. And when morning was come they made way again, and searched the sea, and sailed to the out-skerries, and searched them with care; then they sailed into the main and fared hither and thither and up and down: and this they did for eight days, and in all that time they saw no ship nor sail, save three barks of the Fish-biters nigh to the Skerry which is called the Mew-stone.

So they fared home to the Raven Bay, and laid their keel on the Rollers, and so went their ways sadly, home to the House of the Raven: and they deemed that for this time they could do no more in seeking their valiant kinsman and his fair damsel. And they were very sorry; for these two were well-beloved of all men. But since they might not amend it, they abode in peace, awaiting what the change of days might bring them.

CHAPTER IV.

HALLBLITHE TAKES THE SEA.

Now must it be told of Hallblithe that he rode fiercely down to the sea shore, and from the top of the beach he gazed about him, and there below him was the Ship-stead and rollers of his kindred, whereon lay the three long-ships, the Sea-mew, and the Osprey and the Erne. Heavy and huge they seemed to him as they lay there, black-sided, icy-cold with the washing of the March waves, their golden dragon-heads looking seaward wistfully. But first had he looked out into the offing, and it was only when he had let his eyes come back from where the sea and sky met, and they had beheld nothing but the waste of waters, that he beheld the Ship-stead closely; and therewith he saw where a little to the west of it lay a skiff which the low wave of the tide lifted and let fall from time to time. It had a mast, and a black sail hoisted thereon and flapping with slackened sheet. A man sat in the boat clad in black raiment, and the sun smote a gleam from the helm on his head.

Then Hallblithe leapt off his horse, and strode down the sands shouldering his spear; and when he came near to the man in the boat he poised his spear and shook it and cried out: "Man, art thou friend or foe?"

Said the man: "Thou art a fair young man: but there is grief in thy voice along with wrath. Cast not till thou hast heard me, and mayst deem whether I may do aught to heal thy grief."

"What mayst thou do?" said Hallblithe; "art thou not a robber of the sea, a harrier of the folks that dwell in peace?"

The man laughed: "Yea," said he, "my craft is thieving and carrying off the daughters of folk, so that we may have a ransom for them. Wilt thou come over the waters with me?"

Hallblithe said wrathfully: "Nay, rather, come thou ashore here! Thou seemest a big man, and belike shall be good of thine hands. Come and fight with me; and then he of us who is vanquished, if he be unslain, shall serve the other for a year, and then shalt thou do my business in the ransoming."

The man in the boat laughed again, and that so scornfully that he angered Hallblithe beyond measure: then he arose in the boat and stood on his feet swaying from side to side as he laughed. He was passing big, long-armed and big-headed, and long hair came from under his helm like the tail of a red horse; his eyes were gray and gleaming, and his mouth wide.

In a while he stayed his laughter and said: "O Warrior of the Raven, this were a simple game for thee to play; though it is not far from my mind, for fighting when I needs must win is no dull work. Look you, if I slay or vanquish thee then all is said; and if by some chance stroke thou slayest me, then is thine only helper in this matter gone from thee. Now to be short, I bid thee come aboard to me if thou wouldst ever hear another word of thy damsel betrothed. And moreover this need not hinder thee to fight with me if thou hast a mind to it thereafter; for we shall soon come to a land big enough for two to stand on. Or if thou listest to fight in a boat rocking on the waves, I see not but there may be manhood in that also."

Now was the hot wrath somewhat run off Hallblithe, nor durst he lose any chance to hear a word of his beloved; so he said: "Big man, I will come aboard. But look thou to it if thou hast a mind to bewray me; for the sons of the Raven die hard."

"Well," said the big man, "I have heard that their minstrels are of many words and think that they have tales to tell. Come aboard and loiter not."

Then Hallblithe waded the surf and lightly strode over the gunwale of the skiff and sat him down. The big man thrust out into the deep and haled home the sheet; but there was but little wind.

Then said Hallblithe: "Wilt thou have me row, for I wot not whitherward to steer?"

Said the red carle: "Maybe thou art not in a hurry; I am not: do as thou wilt."

So Hallblithe took the oars and rowed mightily, while the alien steered, and they went swiftly and lightly over the sea and the waves were little.

CHAPTER V.

THEY COME TO THE ISLE OF RANSOM.

Now the sun grew low, and it set; the stars and the moon shone a while and then it clouded over. But Hallblithe still rowed and rested not though he was weary; and the big man sat and steered, and held his peace. But when the night was grown old and it was not far from the dawn, the alien said: "Youngling of the Ravens, now shalt thou sleep and I will row."

Hallblithe was exceeding weary; so he gave the oars to the alien and lay down in the stern and slept. And in his sleep he dreamed that he was lying in the House of the Raven, and his sisters came to him and said, "Rise up now, Hallblithe! wilt thou be a sluggard on the day of thy wedding? Come thou with us to the House of the Rose that we may bear away the Hostage." Then he dreamed that they departed, and he arose and clad himself: but when he would have gone out of the hall, then was it no longer daylight but moonlight, and he dreamed that he had but dreamed: nevertheless he would have gone abroad, but might not find the door; so he said he would go out by a window; but the wall was high and smooth (quite other than in the House of the Raven, where were low windows all along one aisle), nor was there any way to come at them. But he dreamed that he was so abashed thereat, and had such a weakness on him, that he wept for pity of himself: and he went to his bed to lie down; and lo! there was no bed and no hall; nought but a heath, wild and wide, and empty under the moon. And still he wept in his dream, and his manhood seemed

departed from him, and he heard a voice crying out, "Is this the land? Is this the land?"

Therewithal he awoke, and as his eyes cleared he beheld the big man rowing and the black sail flapping against the mast; for the wind had fallen dead and they were faring over a long smooth swell of the sea. It was broad daylight, but round about them was a thick mist, which seemed none the less as if the sun were ready to shine through it. As Hallblithe caught the red man's eye, he smiled and nodded on him and said: "Now has the time come for thee first to eat and then to row. But tell me what is that upon thy cheeks?"

Said Hallblithe, reddening somewhat, "The night dew hath fallen on me."

Quoth the sea-rover, "It is no shame for thee a youngling to remember thy betrothed in thy sleep, and to weep because thou lackest her. But now bestir thee, for it is later than thou mayest deem."

Therewith the big man drew in the oars and came to the after-part of the boat, and drew meat and drink out of a locker thereby; and they ate and drank together, and Hallblithe grew strong and somewhat less downcast; and he went forward and gat the oars into his hands.

Then the big man stood up and looked over his left shoulder and said: "Soon shall we have a breeze and bright weather."

Then he looked into the midmost of the sail and fell a-whistling such a tune as the fiddles play to dancing men and maids at Yule-tide, and his eyes gleamed and glittered therewithal, and exceeding big he looked. Then Hallblithe felt a little air on his cheek, and the mist grew thinner, and the sail began to fill with wind till the sheet tightened: then, lo! the mist rising from the face of the sea, and the sea's face rippling gaily under a bright sun. Then the wind increased, and the wall of mist departed and a few light clouds sped over the sky, and the sail swelled and the boat heeled over, and the seas fell white from the prow, and they sped fast over the face of the waters.

Then laughed the red-haired man, and said: "O croaker on the dead branch, now is the wind such that no rowing of thine may catch up with it: so in with the oars now, and turn about, and thou shalt see whitherward we are going."

Then Hallblithe turned about on the thwart and looked across the sea, and lo! before them the high cliffs and crags and mountains of a new land which seemed to be an isle, and they were deep blue under the sun, which now shone aloft in the mid heaven. He said nought, but sat looking and wondering what land it might be; but the big man said: "O tomb of warriors, is it not as if the blueness of the deep sea had heaved itself up aloft, and turned from coloured air into rock and stone, so wondrous blue it is? But that is because those crags and mountains are so far away, and as we draw nigher to them, thou shalt see them as they verily are, that they are coal-black; and yonder land is an isle, and is called the Isle of Ransom. Therein shall be the market for thee where thou mayst cheapen thy betrothed. There mayst thou take her by the hand and lead away thence, when thou hast dealt with the chapman of maidens and hast pledged thee by the fowl of battle, and the edge of the fallow-blade to pay that which he will have of thee."

As the big man spoke there was a mocking in his voice and his face and in his whole huge body, which made the sword of Hallblithe uneasy in his scabbard; but he refrained his wrath, and said: "Big man, the longer I look, the less I can think how we are to come up on to yonder island; for I can see nought but a huge cliff and great mountains rising beyond it."

"Thou shalt the more wonder," said the alien, "the nigher thou drawest thereto; for it is not because we are far away that thou canst see no beach or strand or sloping of the land seaward, but because there is nought of all these things. Yet fear not! am I not with thee? thou shalt come ashore on the Isle of Ransom."

Then Hallblithe held his peace, and the other spake not for a while, but gave a short laugh once or twice; and said at last in a big voice, "Little Carrion-biter, why dost thou not ask me of my name?"

Now Hallblithe was a tall man and a fell fighter; but he said: "Because I was thinking of other things and not of thee."

"Well," said the big man, in a voice still louder, "when I am at home men call me the Puny Fox."

Then Hallblithe said: "Art thou a Fox? It may well be that thou shalt beguile me as such beasts will; but look to it, that if thou dost I shall know how to avenge me."

Then rose up the big man from the helm, and straddled wide in the boat, and cried out in a great roaring voice: "Crag-nester, I am one of seven brethren, and the smallest and weakest of them. Art thou not afraid?"

"No," said Hallblithe, "for the other six are not here. Wilt thou fight here in boat, O Fox?"

"Nay," said Fox, "rather we will drink a cup of wine together."

So he opened the locker again and drew out thence a great horn of some huge neat of the outlands which was girthed and stopped with silver, and also a golden cup, and he filled the cup from the horn and gave it into Hallblithe's hand and said: "Drink, O black-fledged nestling! But call a health over the cup if thou wilt." So Hallblithe raised the cup aloft and cried: "Health to the House of the Raven and to them that love it! an ill day to its foemen!" Then he set his lips to the cup and drank; and that wine seemed to him better and stronger than any he had ever tasted. But when he had given the cup back again to Fox, that red one filled it again, and cried over it, "The Treasure of the Sea! and the King that dieth not!" Then he drank, and filled again for Hallblithe, and steered with his knees meanwhile; and thus they drank three cups each, and Fox smiled and was peaceful and said but little, but Hallblithe sat wondering how the world was changed for him since yesterday.

But now was the sky blown all clear of clouds and the wind piped shrill behind them, and the great waves arose and fell about them, and the sun glittered on them in many colours. Fast flew the boat before the wind as though it would never stop, and the day was waning, and the wind still rising; and now the Isle of Ransom uphove huge before them, and coal-black, and no beach and no haven was to be seen therein; and still they ran before the wind towards that black cliff-wall, against which the sea washed for ever, and no keel ever built by man might live for one moment 'twixt the surf and the cliff of that grim land. The sun grew low, and sank red under the sea, and that world of stone swallowed up half the heavens before them, for they were now come very nigh thereto; nor could Hallblithe see aught for it, but that they must be dashed against the cliff and perish in a moment of time.

Still the boat flew on; but now when the twilight was come, and they had just opened up a long reach of the cliff that lay beyond a high ness, Hallblithe thought he saw down by the edge of the sea something darker than the face of the rock-wall, and he deemed it was a cave: they came a little nearer and he saw it was a great cave high enough to let a round-ship go in with all her sails set.

"Son of the Raven," quoth Fox, "hearken, for thy heart is not little. Yonder is the gate into the Isle of Ransom, and if thou wilt thou mayst go through it. Yet it may be that if thou goest ashore on to the Isle something grievous shall befall thee, a trouble more than thou canst bear: a shame it may be. Now there are two choices for thee: either to go up on to the Isle and face all; or to die here by my hand having done nothing unmanly or shameful: What sayest thou?"

"Thou art of many words when time so presses, Fox," said Hallblithe. "Why should I not choose to go up on to the Island to deliver my trothplight maiden? For the rest, slay me if thou canst, if we come alive out of this cauldron of waters."

Said the big red man: "Look on then, and note Fox how he steereth, as it were through a needle's eye."

Now were they underneath the black shadow of the black cliff and amidst the twilight the surf was tossed about like white fire. In the lower heavens the stars were beginning to twinkle and the moon was bright and yellow, and aloft all was peaceful, for no cloud sullied the sky. One moment Hallblithe saw all this hanging above the turmoil of thundering water and dripping rock and the next he was in the darkness of the cave, the roaring wind and the waves still making thunder about him, though of a different voice from the harsh hubbub without. Then he heard Fox say:

"Sit down now and take the oars, for presently shall we be at home at the landing place."

So Hallblithe took the oars and rowed, and as they went up the cave the sea fell, and the wind died out into the aimless gustiness of hollow places; and for a little while was all as dark as dark might be. Then Hallblithe saw that the darkness grew a little greyer, and he looked over his shoulder and saw a star of light before the bows of the boat, and Fox cried out: "Yea, it is like day: bright will the moon be for such as

needs must be wayfaring to-night! Cease rowing, O Son of the coal-blue fowl, for there is way enough on her."

Then Hallblithe lay on his oars, and in a minute the bows smote the land; then he turned about and saw a steep stair of stone, and up the sloping shaft thereof the moonlit sky and the bright stars. Then Fox arose and came forward and leapt out of the boat and moored her to a big stone: then he leapt back again and said: "Bear a hand with the victuals; we must bring them out of the boat unless thou wilt sleep supperless, as I will not. For to-night must we be guests to ourselves, since it is far to the dwelling of my people, and the old man is said to be a skin-changer, a flit-by-night. And as to this cave, it is deemed to be nowise safe to sleep therein, unless the sleeper have a double share of luck. And thy luck, me-seemeth, O Son of the Raven, is as now somewhat less than a single share. So to-night we shall sleep under the naked heaven."

Hallblithe yeasaid this, and they took the meat and drink, such as they needed, from out the boat, and climbed the steep stair no little way, and so came out on to a plain place, which seemed to Hallblithe bare and waste so far as he might see it by the moonlight; for the twilight was gone now, and nought was left of the light of day save a glimmer in the west.

This Hallblithe deemed wonderful, that no less out on the open heath and brow of the land than in the shut-in cave, all that tumult of the wind had fallen, and the cloudless night was calm, and with a little light air blowing from the south and the landward.

Therewithal was Fox done with his loud-voiced braggart mood, and spoke gently and peaceably like a wayfarer, who hath business of his to look to like other men. Now he pointed to certain rocks or low crags that a little way off rose like a reef out of the treeless plain; then said he: "Shipmate, underneath yonder rocks is our resting-place for to-night; and I pray thee not to deem me churlish that I give thee no better harbour. But I have a charge over thee to bring thee safe thus far on thy quest; and thou wouldst find it hard to live amongst such housemates as thou wouldst find up yonder amongst our folk to-night. But to-morrow shalt thou come to speech with him who will deal with thee concerning the ransom."

"It is enough," said Hallblithe, "and I thank thee for thy leading: and as for thy rough and uncomely words which thou hast given me, I pardon thee for them: for I am none the worse of them: forsooth, if I had been, my sword would have had a voice in the matter."

"I am well content as it is, Son of the Raven," quoth Fox; "I have done my bidding and all is well."

"Tell me then who is it hath bidden thee bring me hither?"

"I may not tell thee," said Fox; "thou art here, be content, as I am."

And he spake no more till they had come to the reef aforesaid, which was some two furlongs from the place where they had come from out of the cave. There then they set forth their supper on the stones, and ate what they would, and drank of that good strong wine while the horn bare out. And now was Fox of few words, and when Hallblithe asked him concerning that land he had little to say. And at last when Hallblithe asked him of that perilous house and those who manned it, he said to him: "Son of the Raven, it avails not asking of these matters; for if I tell thee aught concerning them I shall tell thee lies. Once again let it be enough for thee that thou hast passed over the sea safely on thy quest; and a more perilous sea it is forsooth than thou deemest. But now let us make an end of vain words, and make our bed amidst these stones as best we may; for we should be stirring betimes in the morning."

Hallblithe said little in answer, and they arrayed their sleeping places cunningly, as the hare doth her form, and like men well used to lying abroad.

Hallblithe was very weary and he soon fell asleep; and as he lay there, he dreamed a dream, or maybe saw a vision; whether he were asleep when he saw it, or between sleeping and waking, I know not. But this was his dream or his vision, that the Hostage was standing over him, and she as he had seen her but yesterday, bright-haired and ruddy-cheeked and white-skinned, kind of hand and soft of voice, and she said to him: "Hallblithe, look on me and hearken, for I have a message for thee."

And he looked and longed for her, and his soul was ravished by the sweetness of his longing, and he would have leapt up and cast his arms about her, but sleep and the dream bound him, and he might not. Then the image smiled on him and said:

"Nay, my love, lie still, for thou mayst not touch me: here is but the image of the body which thou desirest. Hearken then. I am in evil plight, in the hands of strong thieves of the sea, nor know I what they will do with me, and I have no will to be shamed; to be sold for a price from one hand to another, yet to be bedded without a price, and to lie beside some foeman of our folk, and he to cast his arms about me, will I, will I not: this is a hard case. Therefore to-morrow morning at daybreak while men sleep, I think to steal forth to the gunwale of the black ship and give myself to the gods, that they and not these runagates may be masters of my life and my soul, and may do with me as they will: for indeed they know that I may not bear the strange kinless house, and the love and caressing of the alien house-master, and the mocking and stripes of the alien house-mistress. Therefore let the Hoary One of the sea take me and look to my matters and carry me to life or death, which-so he will. Thin now grows the night, but lie still a little yet while I speak another word. Maybe we shall meet alive again, and maybe not: and if not, though we have never yet lain in one bed together, yet I would have thee remember me: yet not so that my image shall come between thee and thy speech-friend and bed-fellow of the kindred that shall lie where I was to have lain. Yet again, if I live and thou livest, I have been told and have heard that by one way or other I am like to come to the Glittering Plain and the Land of Living Men. O my beloved, if by any way thou mightest come thither also, and we might meet there, and we two alive, how good it were! Seek that land then, beloved! seek it, whether or no we once more behold the House of the Rose, or tread the floor of the Raven dwelling. And now must even this image of me sunder from thee. Farewell!"

Therewith was the dream done and the vision departed; and Hallblithe sat up full of anguish and longing; and he looked about him over the dreary land, and it was somewhat light and the sky was grown grey and cloudy, and he deemed that the dawn was come. So he leapt to his feet and stooped down over Fox, and took him by the shoulder, and shook him and said: "Faring-fellow, awake! the dawn is come, and we have much to do."

Fox sat up and growled like a dog, and rubbed his eyes and looked about him and said: "Thou hast waked me for nought: it is the false dawn of the moon that shineth now behind the clouds and casteth no shadow; it is but an hour after midnight. Go to sleep again, and let me be, else will I not be a guide to thee when the day comes." And he lay down and was asleep at once. Then Hallblithe went and lay down again full of sorrow: Yet so weary was he that he presently fell asleep, and dreamed no more.

CHAPTER VI.

A DWELLING OF MEN ON THE ISLE OF RANSOM.

When he awoke again the sun shone on him, and the morning was calm and windless. He sat up and looked about him, but could see no signs of the Puny Fox save the lair wherein he had lain. So he arose to his feet and sought for him about the crannies of the rocks, and found him not; and he shouted for him, and had no answer. Then he said, "Belike he has gone down to the boat to put a thing in, or take a thing out." So he went his ways to the stair down into the water-cave, and he called on Fox from the top of the stair, and had no answer.

So he went down that long stair with a misgiving in his heart, and when he came to the last step there was neither man nor boat, nor aught else save the water and the living rock. Then was he exceeding wroth, for he knew that he had been beguiled, and he was in an evil case, left alone on an Isle that he knew not, a waste and desolate land, where it seemed most like he should die of famine.

He wasted no breath or might now in crying out for Fox, or seeking him; for he said to himself: "I might well have known that he was false and a liar, whereas he could scarce refrain his joy at my folly and his guile. Now is it for me to strive for life against death."

Then he turned and went slowly up the stair, and came out on to the open face of that Isle, and he saw that it was waste indeed and dreadful; a wilderness of black sand and stones and ice-borne rocks, with here and there a little grass growing in the hollows, and here and there a dreary mire where the white-tufted rushes shook in the

wind, and here and there stretches of moss blended with red-blossomed sengreen; and otherwhere nought but the wind-bitten creeping willow clinging to the black sand, with a white bleached stick and a leaf or two, and again a stick and a leaf. In the offing looking landward were great mountains, some very great and snow-capped, some bare to the tops; and all that was far away save the snow was deep-blue in the sunny morning. But about him on the heath were scattered rocks like the reef beneath which he had slept the last night, and peaks, and hammers, and knolls of uncouth shapes.

Then he went to the edge of the cliffs and looked down on the sea which lay wrinkled and rippling on toward shore far below him, and long he gazed thereon and all about, but could see neither ship nor sail, nor aught else save the washing of waves and the hovering of sea fowl. Then he said: "Were it not well if I were to seek that house-master of whom Fox spake? Might he not flit me at least to the Land of the Glittering Plain. Woe is me! now am I of that woful company, and I also must needs cry out Where is the land? Where is the land?"

Therewith he turned toward the reef above their lair, but as he went he thought and said: "Nay, but was not this Stead a lie like the rest of Fox's tale? and am I not alone in this sea-girt wilderness? Yea, and even that image of my Beloved which I saw in the dream, perchance that also was a mere beguiling; for now I see that the Puny Fox was in all ways wiser than is meet and comely." Yet again he said: "At least I will seek on, and find out whether there be another man dwelling on this hapless Isle, and then the worst of it will be battle with him, and death by point and edge rather than by hunger; or at the best we may become friends and fellows and deliver each other."

So came he to the reef, and with much ado climbed to the topmost of its rocks and looked down thence landward: and betwixt him and the mountains, and by seeming not very far off, he saw smoke arising: but no house he saw, nor any other token of a dwelling.

So he came down from the stone and turned his back upon the sea and went toward that smoke with his sword in its sheath, and his spear over his shoulder. Rough and toilsome was the way: three little dales he crossed amidst the mountain necks, each one narrow and bare, with a stream of water amidst, running seaward, and whether in dale or on ridge, he went ever amidst sand and stones, and the weeds of the wilderness, and saw no man or man-tended beast.

At last after he had been four hours on the way, but had not gone very far, he topped a stony bent and from the brow thereof beheld a wide valley grass-grown for the more part, with a river running through it, and sheep and kine and horses feeding up and down it. And amidst this dale, by the stream-side, was a dwelling of men, a long hall and other houses about it builded of stone.

Then was Hallblithe glad, and he strode down the bent speedily, his wargear clashing upon him: and as he came to the foot thereof and on to the grass of the dale he got amongst the pasturing horses, and passed close by the horse-herd and a woman that was with him. They scowled at him as he went by but meddled not with him in any way. Although they were giant-like of stature and fierce of face, they were not ill-favoured: they were red-haired, and the woman as white as cream where the sun had not burned her; they had no weapons that Hallblithe might see save the goad in the hand of the carle.

So Hallblithe passed on and came to the biggest house, the hall aforesaid: it was very long, and low as for its length, not over shapely of fashion, a mere gabled heap of stones. Low and strait was the door thereinto, and as Hallblithe entered stooping lowly, and the fire of the steel of his spear that he held before him was quenched in the mirk of the hall, he smiled and said to himself: "Now if there were one anigh who would not have me enter alive, and he with a weapon in his hand, soon were all the tale told."

But he got into the hall unsmitten, and stood on the floor thereof, and spake: "The sele of the day to whomsoever is herein! Will any man speak to the new comer?"

But none answered or gave him greeting; and as his eyes got used to the dusk of the hall, he looked about him, and neither on the floor or the high seat nor in any ingle could he see a man; and there was silence there save for the crackling of the flickering flame on the hearth amidmost, and the running of the rats behind the panelling of the walls

On one side of the hall was a row of shut-beds, and Hallblithe deemed that there might be men therein; but since none had greeted him he refrained him from searching them for fear of a trap, and he thought, "I will abide amidst the floor, and if there be any that would deal with me, friend or foe, let him come hither to me."

So he fell to walking up and down the hall from buttery to daïs, and his wargear rattled upon him. At last as he walked he thought he heard a small thin peevish voice, which yet was too husky for the squeak of a rat. So he stayed his walk and stood still, and said: "Will any man speak to Hallblithe, a new-comer, and a stranger in this Stead?"

Then the small voice made words and said: "Why paceth the fool up and down our hall, doing nothing, even as the Ravens flap croaking about the crags, abiding the war-mote and the clash of the fallow-blades?"

Said Hallblithe, and his voice sounded big in the hall: "Who calleth Hallblithe a fool and mocketh at the sons of the Raven?"

Spake the voice: "Why cometh not the fool to the man that may not go to him?"

Then Hallblithe bent forward to hearken, and he deemed that the voice came from one of the shut-beds, so he leaned his spear against a pillar, and went into the shut-bed he had noted, and saw where there lay along in it a man exceeding old by seeming, sore wasted, with long hair as white as snow lying over the bed-clothes.

When the elder saw Hallblithe, he laughed a thin cracked laugh as if in mockery and said: "Hail new-comer! wilt thou eat?"

"Yea," said Hallblithe.

"Go thou into the buttery then," said the old carle, "and there shalt thou find on the cupboard cakes and curds and cheese: eat thy fill, and when thou hast done look in the ingle, and thou shalt see a cask of mead exceeding good, and a stoup thereby, and two silver cups: fill the stoup and bring it hither with the cups; and then may we talk amidst drinking, which is good for an old carle. Hasten thou! or I shall deem thee a double fool who will not fare to fetch his meat, though he be hungry."

Then Hallblithe laughed, and went down the hall into the buttery and found the meat, and ate his fill, and came away with the drink back to the Long-hoary man, who chuckled as he came and said: "Fill up now for thee and for me, and call a health to me and wish me somewhat."

"I wish thee luck," said Hallblithe, and drank.

Said the elder: "And I wish thee more wits; is luck all that thou mayst wish me? What luck may an outworn elder have?"

"Well then," quoth Hallblithe, "what shall I wish thee? Wouldst thou have me wish thee youth?"

"Yea, certes," said the Long-hoary, "that and nought else."

"Youth then I wish thee, if it may avail thee aught," said Hallblithe, and he drank again therewith.

"Nay, nay," said the old carle peevishly, "take a third cup, and wish me youth with no idle words tacked thereto."

Said Hallblithe raising the cup: "Herewith I wish thee youth!" and he drank.

"Good is the wish," said the elder; "now ask thou the old carle whatso thou wilt."

Said Hallblithe: "What is this land called?"

"Son," said the other, "hast thou heard it called the Isle of Ransom?"

"Yea," said Hallblithe, "but what wilt thou call it?"

"By no other name," said the hoary carle.

"It is far from other lands?" said Hallblithe.

"Yea," said the carle, "when the light winds blow, and the ships sail slow."

"What do ye who live here?" said Hallblithe. "How do ye live, what work win ye?"

"We win diverse work," said the elder, "but the gainfullest is robbing men by the high hand."

"Is it ye who have stolen from me the Hostage of the Rose?" said Hallblithe.

Said the Long-hoary, "Maybe; I wot not; in diverse ways my kinsmen traffic, and they visit many lands. Why should they not have come to Cleveland also?"

"Is she in this Isle, thou old runagate?" said Hallblithe.

"She is not, thou young fool," said the elder.

Then Hallblithe flushed red and spake: "Knowest thou the Puny Fox?"

"How should I not?" said the carle, "since he is the son of one of my sons."

"Dost thou call him a liar and a rogue?" said Hallblithe.

The elder laughed; "Else were I a fool," said he; "there are few bigger liars or bigger rogues than the Puny Fox!"

"Is he here in this Isle?" said Hallblithe; "may I see him?"

The old man laughed again, and said: "Nay, he is not here, unless he hath turned fool since yesterday: why should he abide thy sword, since he hath done what he would and brought thee hither?"

Then he laughed, as a hen cackles, a long while, and then said: "What more wilt thou ask me?"

But Hallblithe was very wroth: "It availeth nought to ask," he said; "and now I am in two minds whether I shall slay thee or not."

"That were a meet deed for a Raven, but not for a man," said the carle, "and thou that hast wished me luck! Ask, ask!"

But Hallblithe was silent a long while. Then the carle said, "Another cup for the longer after youth!"

Hallblithe filled, and gave to him, and the old man drank and said: "Thou deemest us all liars in the Isle of Ransom because of thy beguiling by the Puny Fox: but therein thou errest. The Puny Fox is our chiefest liar, and doth for us the more part of such work as we need: therefore, why should we others lie. Ask, ask!"

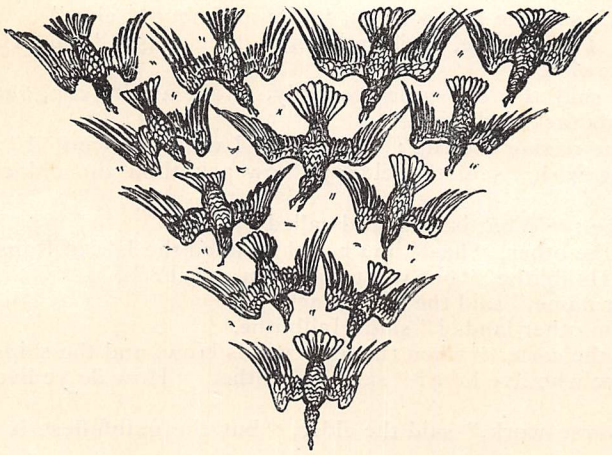
"Well then," said Hallblithe, "why did the Puny Fox bewray me, and at whose bidding?"

Said the elder: "I know, but I will not tell thee. Is this a lie?"

"Nay, I deem not," said Hallblithe: "But, tell me, is it verily true that my troth-plight is not here, that I may ransom her?"

Said the Long-hoary: "I swear by the Treasure of the Sea, that she is not here: the tale was but a lie of the Puny Fox."

(*To be continued.*)



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H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY ADELAIDE, DUCHESS OF TECK.

ENGRAVED BY H. GEDAN.

THE NEEDLEWORK GUILD.

I.

By H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY ADELAIDE, DUCHESS OF TECK.[1]

HAT, another Guild! I fancy I hear my readers saying. Yes, I reply, another, but one not altogether unknown, for it has for nearly eight years been doing good work in our land. From a little band of sewers gathered together in 1882, dealing with a very limited space, we have in seven years grown into an army of workers, firmly established in almost every county in England. The object of this paper therefore is not to introduce the readers of *The English Illustrated Magazine* to a new society, but by explaining its origin, object, and organization, to some who may be unaware of its existence, to add to the number of workers.

Our origin was simple enough. A demand from the matron of Lady Wolverton's Orphanage at Iwerne, in Dorsetshire, for a large supply of jerseys and socks, to be completed in a month or so, brought such ready help from the ladies who happened just at the time to be staying at Iwerne Minster, that not only was the order executed, but the idea of the possibility of organizing a Needlework Guild at once suggested itself to the hostess, and was quickly acted upon, with the happy result that in response to the invitation issued, we have now enrolled in our ranks thousands upon thousands of workers, and there is every reason to hope that we shall be able yet further to increase our numbers and extend our borders.

Unity is strength. Without unity little or nothing can be done. Combination has in our case already accomplished much, and organization overcome many difficulties. In forming ourselves into a Union or Guild, we had no desire to take away from individual effort. All we wished was to provide the hundreds of women in England, hitherto working aimlessly, and many uselessly, with an object to work for, and to secure clothes for the thousands of men, women, and children wanting them.

The luxury of giving is so often confined to the rich, that an additional charm is lent to this Society by the fact that in it all classes are working together with the one object of assisting the poor and the needy in all ranks of life, according to the means at their command.

We are not bound by rules and regulations to the acceptance of assistance only from persons belonging to the Church of England. We welcome into our midst all sorts and conditions of men and women, irrespective of creed. And here perhaps I should point out that although hitherto our Society has been confined to female members, it is now proposed to extend its sphere of usefulness in order to provide tailor-made clothing for indigent men and boys, and boots for both sexes and all ages, and to this end we ask men to join our Guild as honorary associates.

The only stipulation we make is that each member should supply the Society with two or more articles of clothing annually, and that the articles be given over to the executive or presidents, to be dealt with in whatever manner they think proper. As with the members of the Guild, so with the recipients: all destitute people are alike considered, irrespective of creed.

[1] Patron of the Needlework Guild.

Due care is taken to see that only the deserving are assisted. In order to guard against imposition, as well as to minimize any chance of favour being shown, we do not distribute the articles ourselves, but send them for distribution to individuals approved by the committee, whose calling and position give them an intimate knowledge of the poor among whom they dwell.

We hear of schemes for the better housing of the working classes, and of many efforts for the improvement of their moral condition. Surely nothing can be a greater help in this direction than the substituting for the discarded flimsy finery which alone seems within their reach, the simple, clean, suitable, well-made clothing which the Guild supplies. And to this end we invite every man and woman in this country who has the welfare of his or her poorer brethren at heart to aid us still further in carrying on our work.

I will now leave it to the Founder to give some particulars of the organization of our Guild.

II.

By the LADY WOLVERTON.

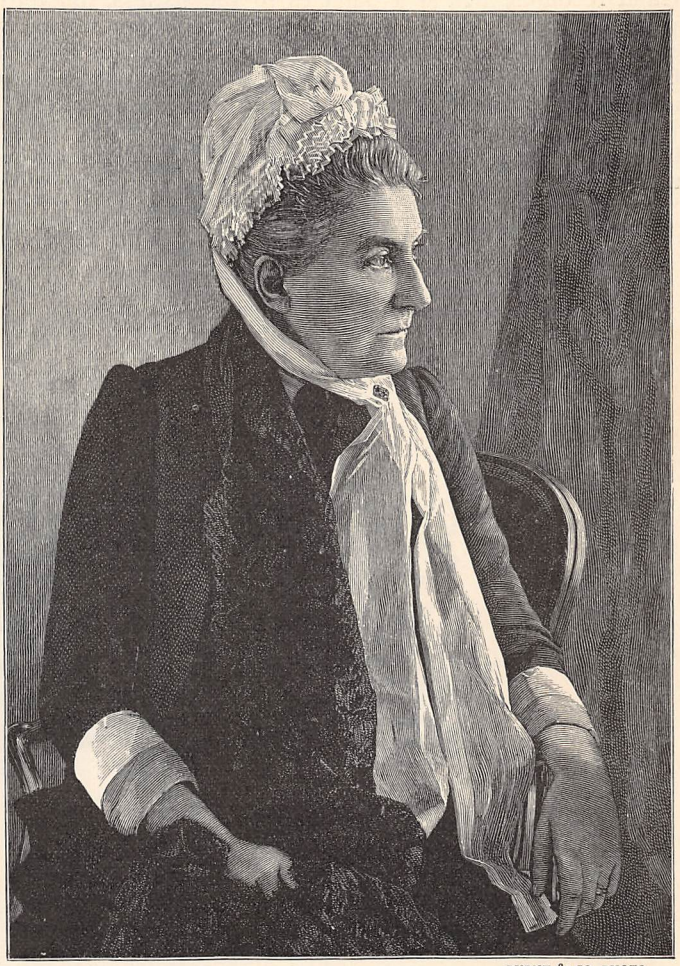
THERE is no denying the fact, we are the plain members of a large family of beautiful "needle works": we write no "art" or "fancy" before our name, we fill our needles with no lovely silks in all the "newest" or "oldest" shades, whichever chances to be the fashion, our material is not furnished by the looms of Lyons or Spitalfields; we use only Horrocks's stoutest calico and the roughest Welsh homespun, and thread our needles with Coates's "No. 40, best six cord"; we are unpoetical and inartistic, but, like the plain member of the family, we are essentially useful—indeed I think to many we have become indispensable.

We have sent forth this year over 200,000 articles of good useful clothing for distribution in the poorest parishes, homes, hospitals, and missions in England. We work away quietly, very perseveringly, and only once a year make a little splutter in the world as to our doings. Then we are spoken of in the newspapers, and we allow ourselves a momentary spasm of self-satisfaction at the results of our year's work, before settling down to begin for the next.

Our primary object is to bring waste and want to each other's relief; there are thousands who waste, many more thousands who want; the Needlework Guild bridges over the separation of these two islands, and pours what was waste into the lap of want. *Want* there must always be; waste now need never be if only every woman in England joined our Guild; it gives an object to all. Some have *never* worked with one before—oh, how dull that work must be!—some have only filled what I call the "white elephant" drawers and cupboards existing in most houses. Now they can fill cupboards always, like Oliver Twist, "asking for more," and can work on and on all the year and every year with the same delightful certainty that the best use will be found for the article, whatever it be. Human beings are ever on the increase—there are more babies every day to clothe, more little feet calling out for socks, more children wanting tidy things before they dare present themselves at school, more men and boys to whom good shirts and vests are an untold boon, more poor hard-worked mothers—I put them last, because they come last on the list in their own estimation—to whom the petticoats and shawls and all underclothing which falls to their share comes as an unexpected godsend. There is the want; now for the waste. It is, perhaps, best represented by what *is* under the Guild's beneficent shadow, and figures are the best proof. London, Birmingham, Surrey and Liverpool, sent between them this year in round numbers, 83,000 articles of clothing to their respective centres. This large amount of time and material in some part represents the waste that was—for the Guild is a supplement to all other existing work, it supersedes none, it is the basketful of fragments gathered up after the feast, it represents saved minutes, saved scraps, saved pennies, minute things saved instead of wasted.

Our system is exceedingly simple. We subdivide the work of organization, so that there is hardly any one, however delicate or however busy, that cannot find time or strength to join us—*if they will*. That is the first essential, they must will heartily, must persevere, and then really almost fabulous results follow. In less than six

months after starting, Liverpool contributed 5,000 articles. Nothing but will and energy could accomplish that. The three divisions in our organization are—President, Vice-President, and Associate. One "Group" contains one president, five (or more) vice-presidents, ten (or more) associates. It *must* contain the smaller number; it may increase, but at any rate every "Group" must consist of fifty-six members, and as each member must contribute two articles, a "Group" can be *relied upon*—this is an immense point—to send in 112 articles. As a fact they generally send in more. Out of eighty-two "Groups" in London this year, two sent in over 2,000, four over 1,000, and only twenty-six were under 200.



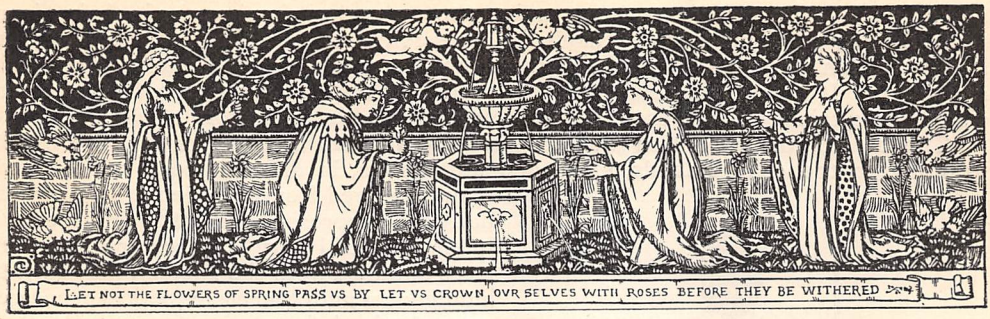
BYRNE & CO. PHOTO.

LADY WOLVERTON.

Objections in a way strengthen vitality, they either make one see and remedy defects, or they strengthen what exists by showing that the suggested defects were but shadows. We have met with many on our way, generally easily disposed of, often most contradictory, but perhaps the most original came from an old lady living in the far west. I was told she was one of those excellent people who are always knitting, and was likely to be taken with the idea of a new outlet for her industry. I wrote with great confidence to her, not tentatively as to the uncertain, and enclosed a pamphlet giving a history of the first year's work, and hoped she would join us herself and persuade others to do the same. By return of post came a furiously indignant letter, returning the pamphlet, "I can have nothing to do with any one or any work at all connected with one who was an enemy to Protestantism and persecuted Protestants in his day"—all this, because at the end of the book I had quoted one of St. François de Sale's pithy sayings. He would have been the first to be amused by such a verdict. The chief objection we encounter is made to our giving away so many things. Our answer is, that the things being freely given us, we freely grant them to our applicants—with them rests the responsibility of seeing that a proper use is made of the gifts. We are a society to supplement, not to supersede, what has hitherto existed; we are a society for emergencies, whether on a large scale—as when at Birmingham during an epidemic 2,000 articles were sent to the hospitals within a fortnight—or on a smaller scale to supply the immediate need constantly arising in parishes. The Guild articles are not meant to hang on Christmas-trees and so save some pocket that hitherto had provided the presents, nor are they intended to be frittered away by district visitors, here a little pinafore, there a little shirt. If such things are done it is against the spirit of the Guild, and the people to blame are those who do not see when they have a grant that it is properly used. The heads of

parishes and missions are at liberty to sell, instead of giving away, if they deem it wiser, but not to have a "Sale of Work," or to furnish a bazaar stall with Guild articles. I am sure that if this intention were fully understood and carefully acted upon, there could be no objection to the way the Guild articles are given.

We are sanguine enough to hope that many more will join us; we shall welcome you gladly, from whatever class you come, or whatever age you may be, only on joining think first of the good you will get, then of the good you will do. We are not without our ambitions; personally I have one, that is, to see the Needlework Guild recommended as a panacea to the listless, unhappy, idle heroines of the three volume novel. It would be a new idea, and a much more wholesome cure for the poor creatures than many hitherto suggested. Another is to be able this year to call our Guild the "All England," we only want six counties to join us to make it so. Will any one help on this ambition? Durham, Leicestershire, Nottinghamshire, Rutland, Huntingdon, and Wiltshire, are the only counties in which, to my knowledge, no branch of our Guild exists. Six energetic presidents would do it. Who will hold up their hand?



ETON COLLEGE.

I.—HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE.

By H. C. MAXWELL LYTE, C.B.

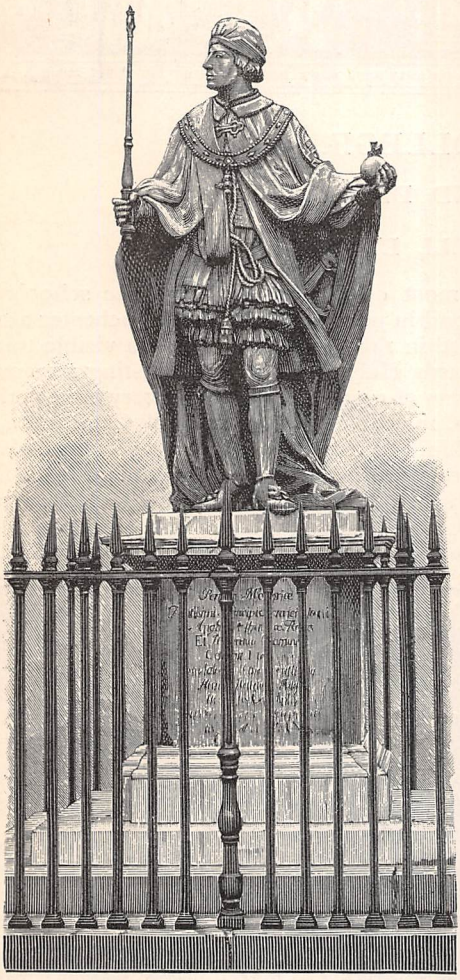
ETON, the largest and the most celebrated of the public schools of England, ranks as the second in point of antiquity, Winchester alone being older. It was founded in 1440 by Henry VI. as a visible token of his dutiful affection towards Holy Church, and a lasting memorial of his assumption of the reins of government after a very long period of tutelage. John Langton, master of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, is said to have suggested to him the establishment of a secular college in that university, and there were at his court several more distinguished men who were glad to support any scheme for the advancement of learning, then much neglected in England. The young king himself must, however, be credited with the idea of emulating William of Wykeham, by founding colleges at Cambridge and Eton, which should be closely connected together, just as New College at Oxford was connected with the sister college at Winchester.

FRONT OF THE UPPER SCHOOL.

In selecting Eton as the site of one of his proposed colleges, the royal founder was influenced mainly by its proximity to his own birthplace and residence at Windsor, for the place, lying low and being liable to frequent floods, had few natural advantages. It did not even belong to him, either as King of England or as Duke of Lancaster, and in order to carry out his scheme he had to purchase the advowson of the parochial church, as well as many separate pieces of land in the immediate neighbourhood. After visiting Winchester College, which was to serve as his model, in July, 1440, he issued the formal Charter of Foundation on the 11th of October in that year. "The King's College of Our Lady of Eton beside Windsor" was thereby created a corporation capable of holding property in perpetuity, and consisting of a Provost, ten Fellows, four clerks, six choristers, a schoolmaster, twenty-five poor scholars, and a like number of poor infirm men. The scheme may thus be said to have combined the characteristics of a college of secular priests, an eleemosynary school for boys, and an almshouse. Before long the number of scholars was raised to seventy,

and an usher, or lower master, was appointed to assist the schoolmaster in their education. Ampler provision was also made for the services of the collegiate church, by the addition of ten chaplains, six clerks, and ten choristers, to the normal number previously appointed. It should, however, be remarked that the full complement of members was never attained even at the most prosperous period in the history of Eton.

The charter of foundation was followed by a series of charters of endowment, granting to the college lands, rents, and advowsons, in different parts of England, mainly derived from the alien priories which had been suppressed and vested in the crown in the reign of Henry V. Secular immunities were obtained from the English parliament; indulgences and other ecclesiastical privileges were obtained, for a price, from the Pope. A code of statutes was also issued, which, nominally at least, continued in force from 1442 to 1872. During the long interval between these two dates, the college of Henry VI. maintained a continuous existence, although seriously threatened at times by political changes which affected the nation at large.



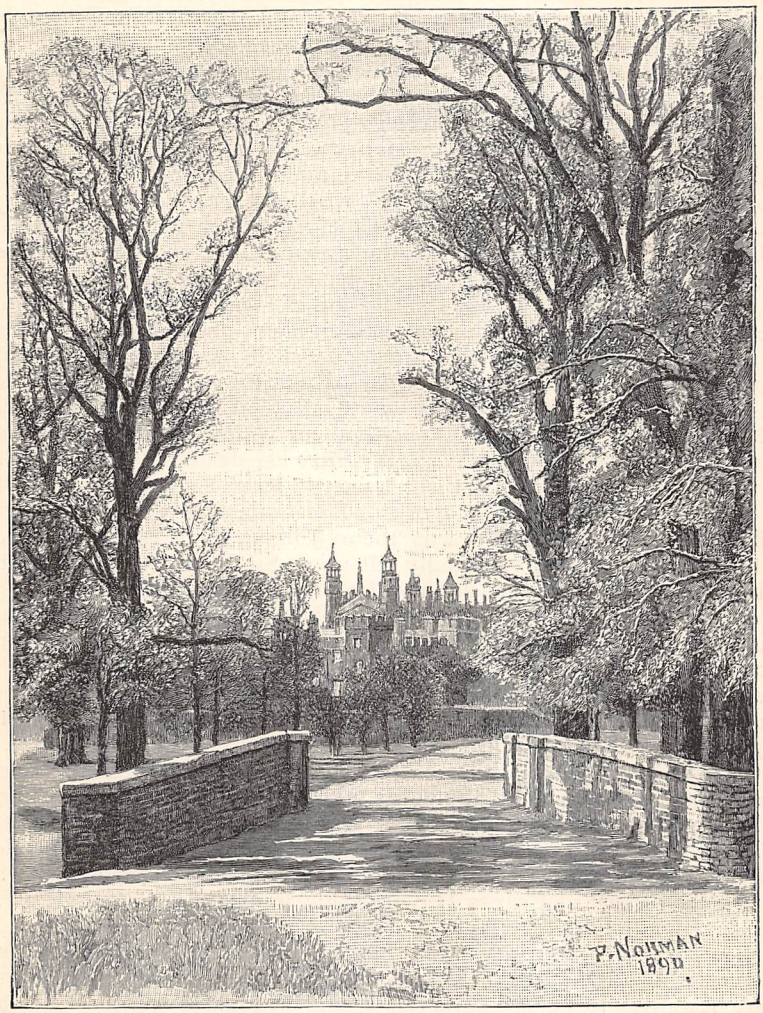
STATUE OF HENRY VI. BY BIRD.

Henry VI. himself did not live to see the completion of his own design, and the very fact that Eton was a Lancastrian foundation sufficed to discredit it in the eyes of adherents of the House of York. Edward IV., disregarding a written promise of protection which he had given to the Provost and Fellows on the eve of his triumphal entry into London in February 1461, resolved to suppress the college, and actually obtained from the Pope a bull sanctioning its annexation to St. George's Chapel at Windsor. Many of the estates granted to Eton were taken away, never to be recovered, and movable goods, such as bells, tapestry and vestments, were transferred to Windsor. Nevertheless the college survived the crisis. The King was somehow propitiated, and induced to acknowledge that he had acted upon erroneous information, and a new Pope authorised the Archbishop of Canterbury to annul the recent bull of union if he should find just cause to do so. Some of the confiscated property was restored; the Provost and Fellows obtained the arrears of their salaries; and the regular election of scholars was resumed. Edward IV. himself visited Eton several times, and the college testified its gratitude for his favour by causing his arms to be engraved upon a new seal, substituted for one which bore a figure of the unfortunate founder, Henry VI. The loss of revenue, however, at this period, has often since been pleaded as an excuse for the consequent reduction in the number of Fellowships from ten to seven, and other similar infractions of the statutes.

Property, which is now far more valuable than that confiscated by Edward IV., was alienated in 1531, when by an exchange with Henry VIII. the college conveyed to him the site now occupied by St. James's Palace, together with a hundred and fifty-eight acres of land immediately adjacent, and some outlying fields at Knightsbridge, Chelsea and Fulham. A few years later, twenty acres at St. Pancras and St. Marylebone were sold to the Crown for 52*l.* Happily the college still retains about a hundred acres near Primrose Hill, which, like the rest, had formed part of the posses-

sions of the lepers' hospital of St. James in the fields of Westminster, granted to Eton by Henry VI.

In 1545, an Act of Parliament vesting in the Crown all chantries, free chapels, hospitals, and colleges, placed Eton at the mercy of Henry VIII., and his commissioners came early in the following year to make a report on the collegiate revenue, and a detailed inventory of the ornaments and plate. No further steps, however, seem to have been taken in the matter during his lifetime, and, although Eton was again threatened at the beginning of the next reign, it was eventually exempted by name



THE COLLEGE, FROM SHEEPS BRIDGE.

from the operation of the Act for the suppression of colleges, chantries and hospitals. In 1642, and again in 1649, it was specifically exempted from the operation of ordinances of the House of Commons for the seizure and sale of the property of ecclesiastical corporations, and it retained its ancient organisation almost unaltered for more than two centuries longer.

According to the original statutes, the Provost of Eton was to be a priest, and a graduate in Divinity or Canon Law, freely elected by the Fellows from among the members or the former members, of one of the two sister foundations of Henry VI. In point of fact, however, many of the Provosts have not had the statutory qualifications, and most of them have owed their appointment to the influence of the Crown.

Henry Sever, who was nominated the first Provost in 1440, was before long succeeded

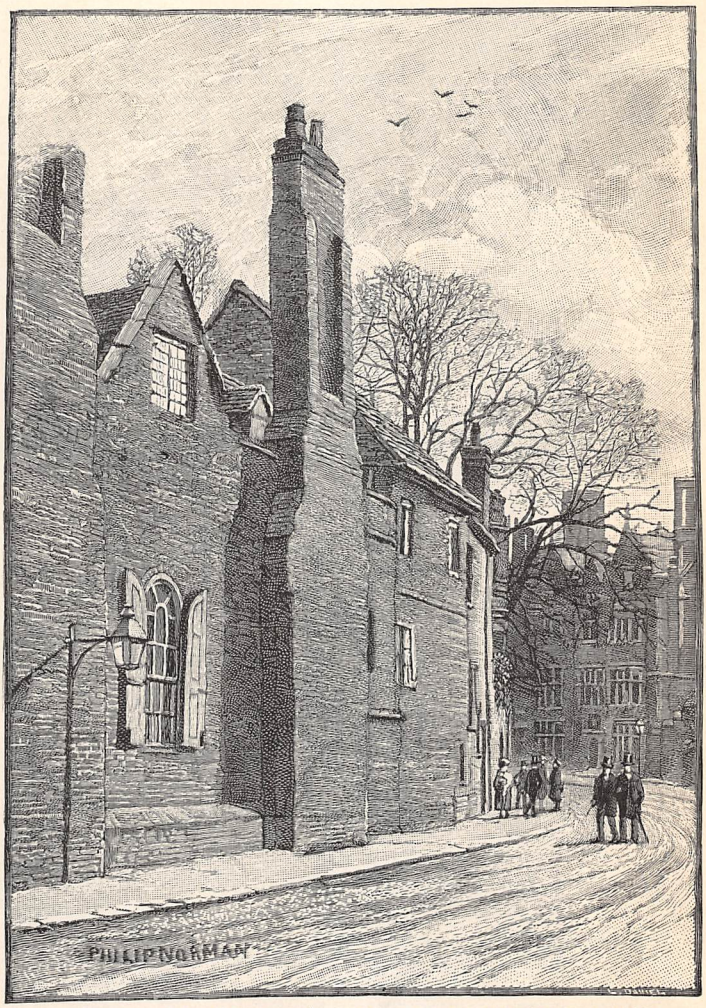
by William Waynflete, who had been the first schoolmaster, and, although the latter left Eton as early as 1447, on his elevation to the important see of Winchester, he continued to take a fatherly interest in the welfare of the college, not only during the reign of Henry VI., but also during the troublous period that succeeded the accession of Edward IV. Himself the liberal founder of one of the largest colleges at Oxford, Waynflete ranks among the benefactors of Eton second only to Henry VI. Lupton's Tower, facing the school-yard, and Lupton's Chapel preserve the name of the sixth Provost, Roger Lupton. His successor, Robert Aldrich, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle, was the first Provost who had been educated at Eton and King's conformably to the statutes. Upon his resignation, the Fellows were commanded by Edward VI. to elect a man who was not connected with either of the colleges of Henry VI. and not even a priest. The King's nominee, Thomas Smith, who was soon afterwards knighted and appointed Secretary of State, caused much scandal by bringing a wife to live in a college intended for the clergy ; and he eventually found it necessary to resign, in the stricter reign of Mary. Henry Cole, who succeeded him, was in his turn ejected upon the accession of Elizabeth, to make room for William Bill, a courtly divine who was at one and the same time Provost of Eton, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, Dean of Westminster, and Chief Almoner to the Queen. Richard Bruerne, the next Provost, resigned on the appointment of a royal commission of inquiry, and William Day, his successor, on promotion to the see of Winchester.

In 1596, Elizabeth gave orders for the election of Henry Savile, Warden of Merton College, Oxford, who, although a layman and an alien, proved an admirable Provost, and made the name of Eton famous among learned men throughout Europe by a noble edition of the works of St. John Chrysostom, printed at a press which he had established in the stable yard in the house now occupied by the head-master. Thomas Murray, who succeeded Sir Henry Savile, had no claim to promotion save that of having been tutor to the Prince of Wales. After his death, in 1622, the Provostship remained vacant for fifteen months, there being at least six candidates for the place, all laymen of at least knightly rank, more or less connected with the Court. By far the most illustrious of the number was the ex-Chancellor, Francis Bacon, Lord St. Albans, but the King's choice eventually fell upon Sir Henry Wotton, well known in his own day as an experienced diplomatist and a man of letters, and since immortalized as the subject of one of Isaac Walton's *Lives*. Wotton's successor, Richard Steward, a divine highly trusted by Charles I., was ejected by the Parliament in 1644, and replaced by a member of the dominant party, Francis Rous, who figures in political history as Speaker of the "Barebones Parliament," and a member of Cromwell's House of Lords, and in literary history as the author of a metrical translation of the Psalms which is still used in Scotland.

Rous was succeeded by an Independent minister named Nicholas Lockyer, who resigned quietly, in order to avoid expulsion, upon the Restoration of Charles II., by whom the Provostship was bestowed upon Nicholas Monk, brother of the celebrated General. Few of the subsequent Provosts have enjoyed any great reputation beyond the limits of their own domain, although Francis Hodgson is remembered as a friend of Lord Byron, and Edward Craven Hawtrey, his immediate successor, as a collector of books and a friend of literary men.

Next in rank and power after the Provost came the Fellows, whom he was bound to consult in all matters of importance. By the statutes of Henry VI., the Fellows were required to be secular priests, and graduates chosen from among the members or former members of Eton College or King's College. One of them was to be Vice-Provost, a second Precentor, a third Sacristan, and two others Bursars. All of them were to reside continually at Eton, to perform and attend certain services in the collegiate church, and to dine and sup together in the hall. They were not, however, directly charged with the education of the scholars. On the whole, the founder's directions as to the tenure of Fellowships have been obeyed more exactly than those as to the tenure of the Provostship. An important change in their position was, however, made in the reign of Edward VI., when they arrogated to themselves a right to marry, which was not enjoyed by the Fellows of King's, or indeed by the Fellows of other colleges at Oxford and Cambridge. And again, although they had solemnly sworn not to seek or accept any dispensation from the observance of the statutes, the Fellows of 1566 obtained from Queen Elizabeth license to hold a benefice apiece not exceeding a certain yearly value. This, of course, in its turn involved long periods

of non-residence at Eton. The old idea of collegiate life received its death-blow in 1646, when some of the Fellows discontinued the practice of dining and supping together at the high table in the hall, finding it pleasanter to receive the value of their "commons" in money, and take their meals in their private houses in the Cloisters. Soon after this, several of the Fellows were ejected by the Parliament on account of their adherence to the King, and their refusal to subscribe the "Engagement," the most eminent of the loyalist sufferers being the "ever-memorable" John Hales, one of the apostles of the latitudinarian party of the Church of England. The intruding Puritans were in their turn ejected at the Restoration, when the influence of the Crown became for a while paramount in the election of Fellows. In the eighteenth century, Fellowships came to be regarded as retiring pensions for those assistant-masters who had sufficient interest to obtain them. Each of the seven Fellows, moreover, usually held one of the ecclesiastical benefices of which the advowson was vested in the college. On the other hand, it should be noted, in justice to a corporation now practically defunct, that many of the Fellows have at different times and in various ways proved themselves notable benefactors to the College.



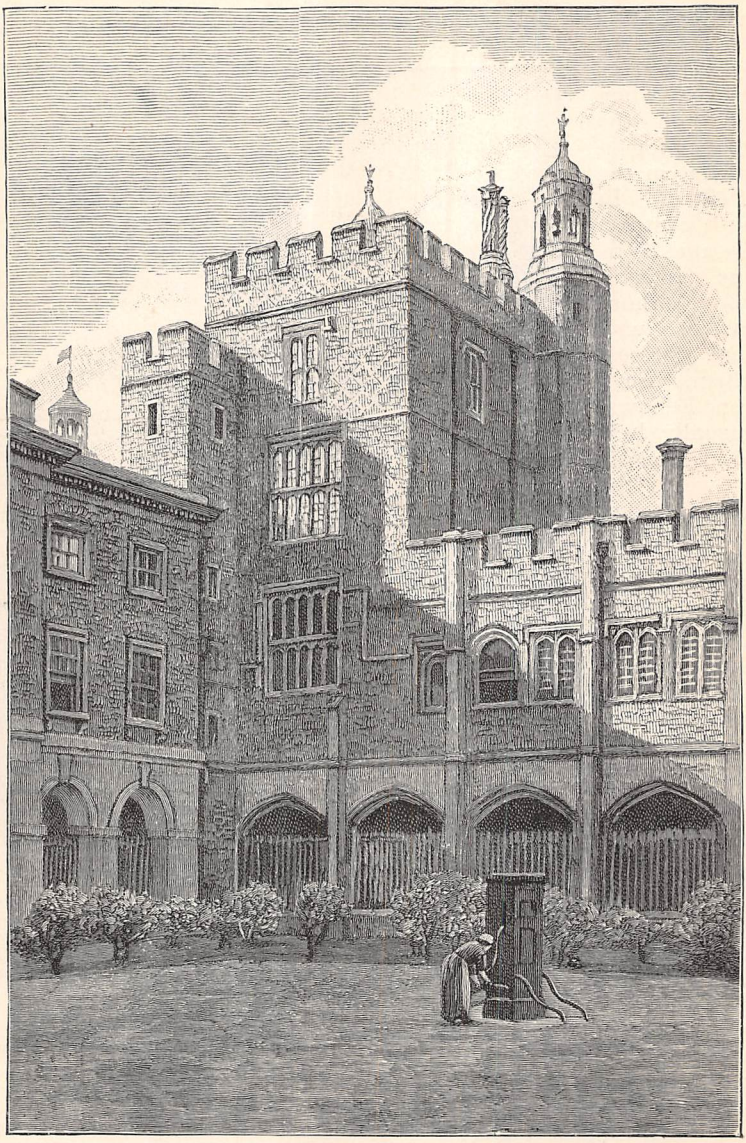
PART OF THE HEAD-MASTER'S HOUSE, FROM THE SLOUGH ROAD.

A royal commission, appointed in 1861, to inquire into the endowments, administration, and educational system of the nine public schools of England, paved the way for an Act of Parliament, which, seven years later, empowered certain persons to frame new constitutions. A Governing Body was accordingly created, consisting of the Provosts of Eton and King's, and nominees of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the Royal Society, the Lord Chief Justice, and the Eton masters, with four other members added by co-optation. "The King's College of Our Lady of Eton beside Windsor" has been suppressed, and the great school of Eton is now controlled by a code of statutes issued in 1872 by its new rulers. The Provostship, however, has been retained, under somewhat altered conditions, and the other ten members of the governing body are styled Fellows. Three Fellows elected under the old statutes still survive, but they will have no successors.

Nothing need be said here about the chaplains, the clerks, and the choristers, except that the old statutes concerning them have been persistently disregarded since the Reformation, and that the chaplains derive their singular appellation of "Conducts"

from the Latin adjective *conductitii*, which implies that they are hired to perform the services of the church.

A list of the head-masters of Eton gives the names of several who have afterwards become Provosts, six out of the last ten having been thus promoted to the more honourable but less lucrative position. Several others have become Provosts of the sister college at Cambridge. Among the remainder may be noticed William Horman,



LUPTON'S TOWER, FROM THE CLOISTERS.

the author of a schoolbook entitled *Vulgaria Puerorum*, which had a considerable sale in the time of Henry VIII., Richard Coxe, afterwards Dean of Christ Church and Bishop of Ely, and Nicholas Udall, the author of the earliest English comedy—*Ralph Roister Doister*—which seems to have been composed for representation by the scholars at Eton. To William Malim, who was head-master in 1561, is due a very curious and interesting account of the studies and customs of the school in the middle of the sixteenth century. By far the most famous head-master of recent times was John Keate, who ruled the school with extraordinary vigour from 1809 to 1834.

The younger boys constituting the Lower School have from an early period been subject to the usher, under-master, or lower-master. It is impossible to ascertain the date at which the head-master and the usher—the only teachers provided by the original statutes—first found it necessary to seek external help in the task of instructing the boys committed to their care. In 1718 there were as many as eight assistant-masters, none of whom were officially recognised by the college, their emoluments being derived principally from the parents and guardians of their respective pupils. Gradually the classical assistant-masters acquired considerable authority over the boys, delegated to them by the head-master and the usher, and a position much higher than that of the writing-masters or the teachers of French, drawing, dancing, and fencing, whose classes did not form part of the regular curriculum.

Education at Eton was, until a very recent period, confined almost exclusively to the ancient languages of Greece and Rome; Homer, Virgil, and Horace, being the authors most diligently studied, and special attention being devoted to the composition of Latin verses. Mathematics were not made compulsory until 1851, and the force of old associations continued so strong that the assistants in the mathematical school were not until many years later placed upon an equality with the other assistant-masters. French was made part of the regular work of the school by Dr. Balston about twenty-three years ago, and his successor introduced physical science. Now there are some fifty-two assistant-masters, of whom eleven are teachers of mathematics, five of physical science, four of French, and three of German. Boys destined for the army pursue studies somewhat different from those of their schoolfellows.

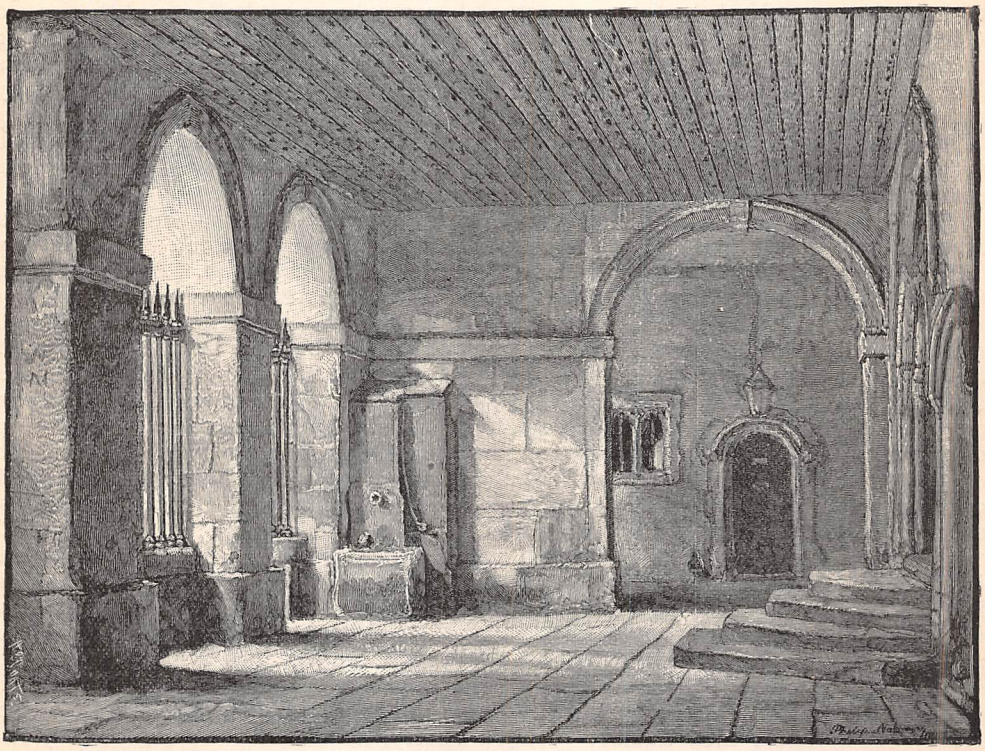
The seventy scholars who formed so important a part of the amended scheme of Henry VI. were required by him to be poor and needy, but of good character, and fairly instructed in Latin grammar and plain-song before admission. An election was to be held at Eton once a year, about the end of July, by the Provosts of Eton and King's and two other representatives of each college, who were at the same time to make choice of senior scholars of Eton to fill any places at King's actually vacant, or likely to become vacant, during the next twelvemonth. Any scholar of Eton who had not been elected to King's before attaining the age of eighteen was to be superannuated. Such in brief were the regulations observed from 1443 to 1872, except during the troublous periods from 1459 to 1465 and from 1642 to 1644. The benefits of a scholarship at Eton were professedly a free education, with free lodging, food, and raiment, and a fair chance of succession to a lucrative place at Cambridge. These scholarships were therefore in great request in the early part of the seventeenth century, and the electors were beset with the importunities of parents and patrons. In course of time, however, the interests of the scholars were sacrificed to those of the Provost, the Fellows, and the head-master, whose emoluments continued to increase while the boys committed to their care were badly fed, badly lodged, and compelled to pay for most of the necessaries of life. In the absence, moreover, of any proper supervision, there grew up an organised system of tyranny and bullying which rendered the existence of the younger scholars in college almost intolerable. Under these circumstances their number declined visibly, and in 1841 there were only two candidates for thirty-five vacancies on the foundation of Henry VI.

To Francis Hodgson, who was elected Provost in 1840, is primarily due the vast improvement in the condition of the scholars, or collegers, which was effected in the course of the next few years. Better food was provided for the hall; breakfast and tea were supplied at a very low charge; and servants were engaged to perform some of the duties previously imposed upon the younger boys. The domestic superintendence of the collegers was entrusted to an assistant-master, and a matron was appointed to attend to their wants. Long Chamber, a dormitory containing no less than fifty-two beds, notorious for its filth and discomfort, was considerably curtailed, and separate rooms were provided for forty-nine boys by the erection of a new wing with funds obtained by a public subscription. Before long, there were sixty candidates at electiontide for a few vacancies. The remaining portion of Long Chamber was divided into cubicles in 1861

Since the reforms of the early part of the present reign, there has been a gradual but very marked change in the social position occupied by the collegers towards their schoolfellows. Various badges of inferiority, such as the obligation to wear thick black cloth gowns, even out of doors, have been removed, and the old animosity between collegers and "oppidans" has been appeased. The statutes of 1872 make no

mention of poverty among the necessary qualifications for a scholarship, and parents of independent means rejoice when their sons obtain places on the foundation at Eton. Admitted after a severe competitive examination, and specially encouraged in habits of industry, the seventy collegers generally win a large proportion of the prizes and other distinctions that are offered to Etonians, and maintain the high reputation of their old school in the class lists at Oxford and Cambridge. A certain number of places at King's are still reserved for scholars of Eton, but many of the latter now go to other colleges.

It is remarkable that Henry VI. made arrangements in the statutes not only for the maintenance and education of the seventy poor scholars belonging to the foundation, but also for the gratuitous instruction in grammar of other boys resorting to Eton from different parts of the realm, and paying for their own board and lodging. A limited number of *Commensales*, or commoners of an upper class, the sons of noblemen or gentlemen, were to be allowed to sleep within the college, and to sit at the



PUMP IN THE CLOISTERS.

second table with the chaplains, the usher, and the clerks, while others of a lower class were to sit with the scholars and the choristers, sleeping apparently in private houses in the town of Eton. In the course of the great Civil War, the *Commensales* of the upper class disappeared altogether, and the "oppidans," or *Commensales* of the lower class, ceased to take their meals in the hall. The total number of boys at Eton has fluctuated greatly from time to time according to the general prosperity of the country and the popularity of the head-master in power. In 1678 it was 202, and in 1718 it was 353. The collapse of the South Sea Scheme caused an immediate reduction of almost 50. Under Dr. Barnard, whom Horace Walpole calls "the Pitt of masters," the number rose in eleven years from about 300 to over 500; but after his time, in 1775, it was once more as low as 246. Between 1823 and 1833 it increased from 510 to 627; in 1834 it fell to 486, and in 1836 to 444, mainly in consequence of severe criticisms on the Eton system of education. Dr. Hawtrey was therefore justly proud when, in the twelfth year of his administration, the school list recorded the unprecedented number of 777 names. Although the next few years showed a considerable decline, 801 was reached in 1859, and 908 in 1871. The actual number now is verging upon 1,000.

Until recently, some of the boarding-houses were kept by assistant-masters, the remainder by "dominies" or "dames," who took no part in the work of education and had little or no disciplinary jurisdiction. The boys, therefore, who boarded in dames' houses had as their tutors assistant-masters residing elsewhere. Now, although there remains only one female dame, the teachers of mathematics, science and French, are for some purposes accounted dames. Every boy—collegers and oppidans alike—has a tutor, who is responsible for him throughout his career at Eton; he is successively taught by different masters as he rises from one division of the school to another. The head-master of Eton does not receive boarders into his house.

The sixth form has for a considerable period been limited to twenty, ten collegers and ten oppidans, but the arrangement and names of the other forms have been changed from time to time. At present, the fifth form comprises the first hundred, upper, middle, and lower divisions, and three army classes. Below it ranks the remove. The fourth form, which is divided into upper, middle, and lower, and the third form are subject to the lower-master. There is no longer a second form or a

HEAD-MASTER'S HOUSE AND COLLEGE BUILDINGS, FROM WESTON'S YARD.

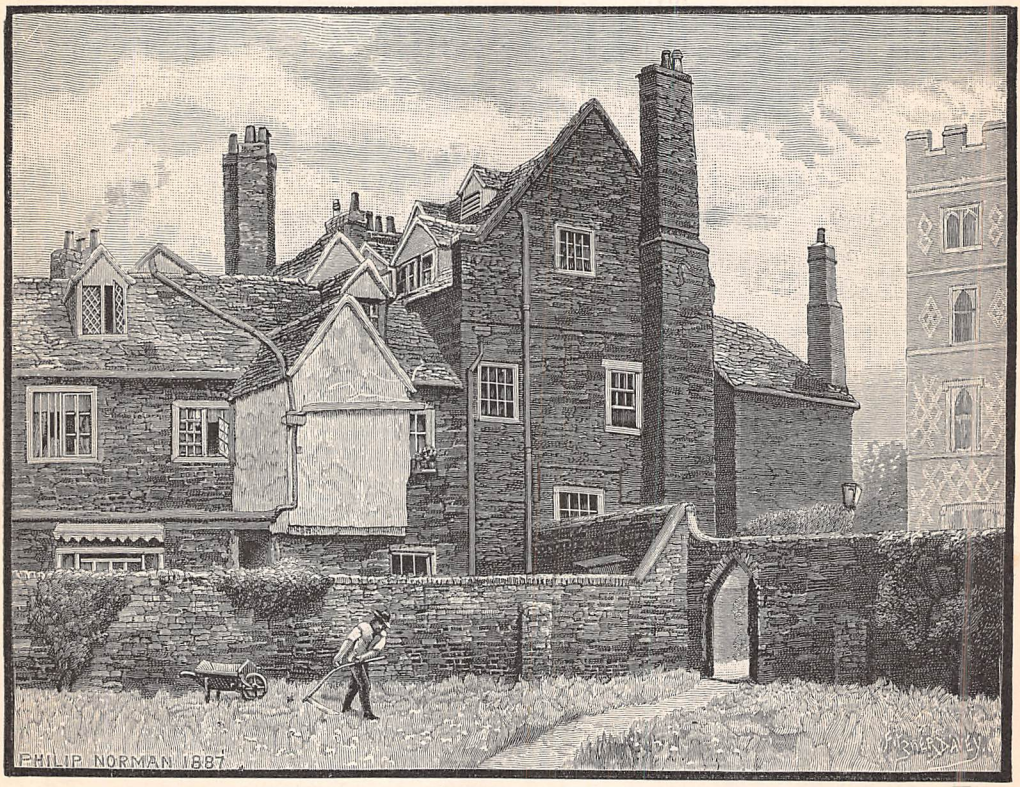
first. Certain unwritten but well-established rules regulate the right of fagging exercised by members of the sixth and fifth forms. These last have very little monitorial authority.

All the ancient buildings of Eton College lie on the eastern side of the high road from Windsor to Slough. The most conspicuous of them is the church, or chapel, which consists of a large choir and a short nave or "ante-chapel," built of grey stone in the late Gothic style generally termed Perpendicular. Mullioned windows, lofty and broad, alternate in the choir with massive buttresses terminating in pinnacles which rise high above the roof. Upon the original establishment of the college, the old parochial church of Eton was converted into a collegiate church, and accordingly somewhat altered within. From the first, however, the royal founder contemplated the erection of an edifice more suitable to the wants of a corporation of secular clergy and a large grammar-school. A formal document issued under the Great Seal of England in March, 1448, gives the dimensions of a church which was then in course of construction. Before long, however, the King resolved to enlarge the fabric so considerably as to necessitate the sacrifice of most of the work actually accomplished. This second design was in its turn laid aside in favour of another conceived in a more magnificent spirit. According to this last, the church of Eton was to comprise a choir 150 feet long by 40 feet broad, within the walls, and a nave 168 feet

long by 40 broad, with an aisle on either side 20 feet broad. The nave would thus have been equal in size to that of the cathedral church of Lincoln, while the aisles would have been broader than those of that church, or indeed of any other in the kingdom except York Minster. The whole edifice would have been much larger than King's College Chapel at Cambridge, with which it may most fitly be compared.

Henry VI. himself saw the new choir almost finished, but the Wars of the Roses caused a long interruption of the work. At last, in the reign of Edward IV., Bishop Waynflete, at his own expense, provided a wooden roof for the choir, and made the first bay of the projected nave into a vestibule, or "ante-chapel," somewhat similar to the corresponding portions of New College and All Souls' College at Oxford.

Since Waynflete's time the exterior has not been much altered, save by the addition of Lupton's Chapel between two buttresses on the north. The interior, on



OLD BOARDING-HOUSE IN WESTON'S YARD OCCUPIED BY MR. ARTHUR COCKSHOTT.

the other hand, has undergone many vicissitudes representing successive changes of national opinion in matters of religion and ecclesiastical art. It assumed its present general appearance about forty years ago, after a "restoration" which destroyed little except some unsuitable woodwork that had been placed there in 1699 and 1700. The stained glass of the great east window was the result of a subscription; other windows have been filled with better glass by private munificence. The choir contains only two sepulchral monuments, that of Provost Murray, a fine specimen of the Jacobean style, and that of Provost Hawtrey. In the ante-chapel there is a marble statue of Henry VI. by Bacon, a colossal effigy of Provost Goodall by Weeks, and a plain stone in memory of Sir Henry Wotton, with a remarkable inscription expressing his detestation of religious controversy. Etonian officers who fell in the Crimea are commemorated by a series of illuminated shields on the walls of the ante-chapel; a solid stone screen designed by the late Mr. Street is a memorial to those who lost their lives in the service of their country in the Zulu War, the Afghan War, and the Boer War.

Until 1868, all the boys were required to attend service in chapel at 11 and at 3 on

Sundays and holidays, and at 3 on half-holidays. Saturday was an inviolable half-holiday, and Tuesday and Thursday were usually half-holidays; but the normal arrangements were liable to be thrown out of gear by the occurrence of a Saint's Day, for not only was the day itself observed as a holiday, but its eve was accounted a half-holiday. Inasmuch, moreover, as some of the holidays were avowedly of secular origin, it is not surprising that service in chapel was regarded by many as a mere substitute for "absence," or roll-call. A reform of the Eton Calendar was effected in 1868, when a short daily service at 9.25 A.M. was substituted for the casual week-day services mentioned above. The chapel has long ceased to afford accommodation for the whole school, and the younger boys have had to worship elsewhere. In this connexion it may be noted that a mission at Hackney Wick is supported by a subscription raised at Eton.

Upon the north side of the ante-chapel, and almost parallel with it, is a building which was erected in 1689, to replace a very similar one that had been very insecurely

MR. A. COCKSHOTT'S HOUSE FROM THE GARDEN.

built a few years before. On the ground floor there are small rooms looking westward into the Long Walk, and an arcade along the school-yard, which lies on the east, and is approached by a gateway in the middle. Nearly the whole of the first floor is occupied by the upper school, which measures about 81 feet by 25. A great raised desk at the northern end is the official throne, or pulpit, of the head-master, and there are smaller desks for four assistant-masters, so that five classes could after a fashion be held there simultaneously. When Dr. Keate was in charge of the school, he sometimes had as many as one hundred and ninety big boys in his own division, and the uproar that prevailed, especially at the time of Windsor Fair and on the Fifth of November, may be more easily imagined than described. His successor, Dr. Hawtrey, abandoned the attempt to teach so large a number of boys, increased the staff of assistant-masters, and withdrew with a compact division to a smaller and quieter room.

Since the erection of a block of new schools in 1861, and their subsequent enlargement, the upper school has gradually fallen into disuse, and Etonians of the present day seldom enter it except at the time of "trials," or examinations, and other formal occasions. It is, however, thronged once a year—on the 4th of June, when some of the senior boys, attired in evening clothes, with silk stockings and knee-breeches, recite selected passages in prose and verse before a large audience of school-fellows and

visitors. Its walls are an interesting memorial of the past, for the oak panelling is covered with the names of old Etonians originally carved at will by the boys themselves when leaving school, but afterwards carved for them by a professional with regard to chronological arrangement. Above the panelling is a series of marble busts some set up during the present reign in commemoration of eminent Etonians. Statesmanship is represented by Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Chatham, Lord North, C. J. Fox, Lord Grenville, Lord Wellesley, and Lord Grey; seamanship by Lord Howe; law by Lord Camden and Lord Denman; divinity by Bishop Pearson and Henry Hammond; literature by Fielding, Gray, Porson, and Hallam. These, however, are but a few of the great men who have been educated at Eton.

Beyond the head-master's desk in the upper school is a smaller room, still called the library, although no longer stored with books. Here, in extreme cases, flogging is administered by the head-master, none of the assistants being empowered to inflict corporal punishment. The victim, kneeling on a wooden step, called the "block," is "held down" by two junior collegers, and a senior colleger hands to the head-master the necessary birch or birches. A former block was destroyed during a rebellion in 1783, and fragments of it were distributed as trophies among the boys concerned. Its successor was cleverly carried away by the late Lord Waterford and two other old Etonians in 1836, and it is now preserved at Curraghmore as a historical relic. Flogging was for many generations the normal punishment for almost all offences, great or small, for serious breaches of discipline and for mistakes in Latin construing. Many amusing stories—some of them true, more of them apocryphal—are told of Dr. Keate and the vigorous manner in which he wielded the birch, and it is remembered that he suppressed an attempted rebellion by successively flogging more than eighty boys in the middle of a summer night in 1832. Since his time, there has been a gradual decrease in the number of floggings administered by subsequent head-masters, and Dr. Warre seldom resorts to this form of punishment.

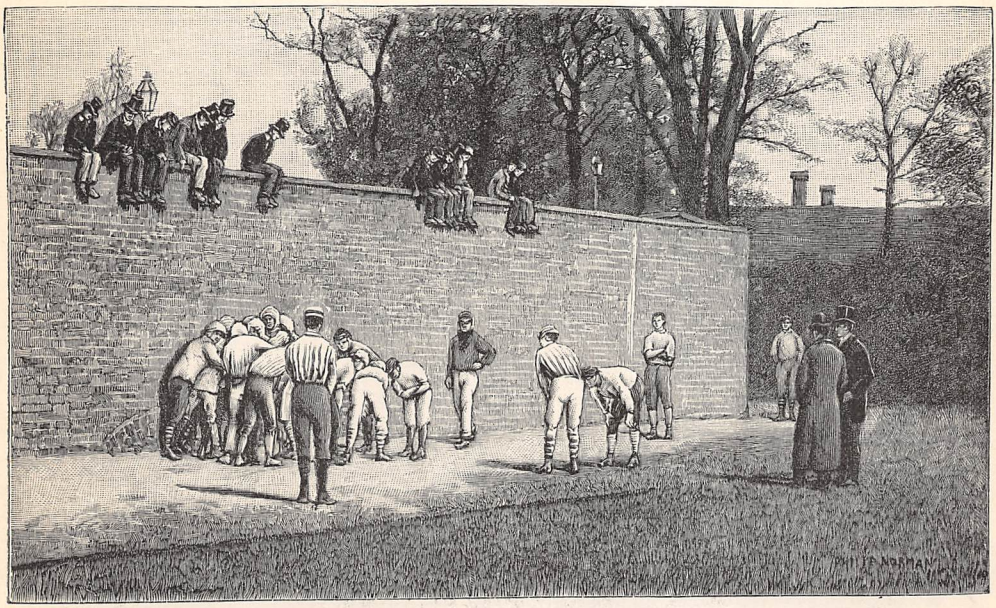
Lupton's Tower, in the middle of the school-yard, rises above a vaulted gateway which gives access to the Cloisters, some parts of which are the oldest buildings at Eton. The original appearance of this small quadrangle was, however, considerably changed by the erection, in 1759, of a handsome but incongruous library on the southern side in 1725, and by the addition, in 1759 of a new story to the northern and eastern sides, in order to provide better accommodation for the families of the Fellows. In the library, which is no longer reserved for the exclusive use of the Provost and Fellows, may be seen some rare books and valuable manuscripts. There is also a very fine collection of engraved British portraits collected to illustrate Granger's *Biographical History*. More interesting, locally, are the charters and other historical documents connected with the college and its possessions, which the late Provost, Dr. Goodford, placed in glass cases. Adjoining the library on the south, and approached from the Cloisters by a flight of steps, is the Hall, the walls of which were built by Henry VI. The oak panelling dates from the sixteenth century; the roof and the furniture were made in 1858, at the charge of Mr. Wilder, one of the Fellows, who still survives. Here the collegers dine and sup daily at 2 and 9 P.M. The high table is seldom used except on the 6th of December—the birthday of Henry VI., and the 4th of June—the birthday of George III. A small doorway in the corner leads to the Provost's Lodge, which has several other more important entrances. Scattered in the different reception rooms is a large and valuable collection of portraits of old Etonians, given by them or their parents as parting presents to successive head-masters, but since acquired by the college. Among the subjects are some of the most distinguished Englishmen of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, painted by the best artists of their time—Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Hoppner, Beechey, Lawrence and others. There are also earlier portraits of Henry VI., Richard III., and Henry VII., and of a long line of Provosts, beginning with Sir Thomas Smith. In the election-hall, which was built for a library, there is a curious picture of Venice, presented by Sir Henry Wotton.

II.—ATHLETICS.

By the Rev. SYDNEY R. JAMES.

In times past, perhaps even quite recently, the Eton system has been most roundly abused as a system which fosters athleticism in the many at the expense of mental culture. It is possible therefore that some people will be surprised to learn that, after all, for more than half the year there are at any given moment of playtime a large number of boys in the school for whom no outdoor occupation can be found. In the following article it will be the writer's object to show how far this want is supplied, not only for individuals with a natural aptitude for games, but for the undistinguished mass.

Let us follow the round of the school year, which may be taken as beginning in September, after the great annual exodus has occurred. At this time the leading boys are new to their work, and the destinies of the school are in a measure placed in fresh

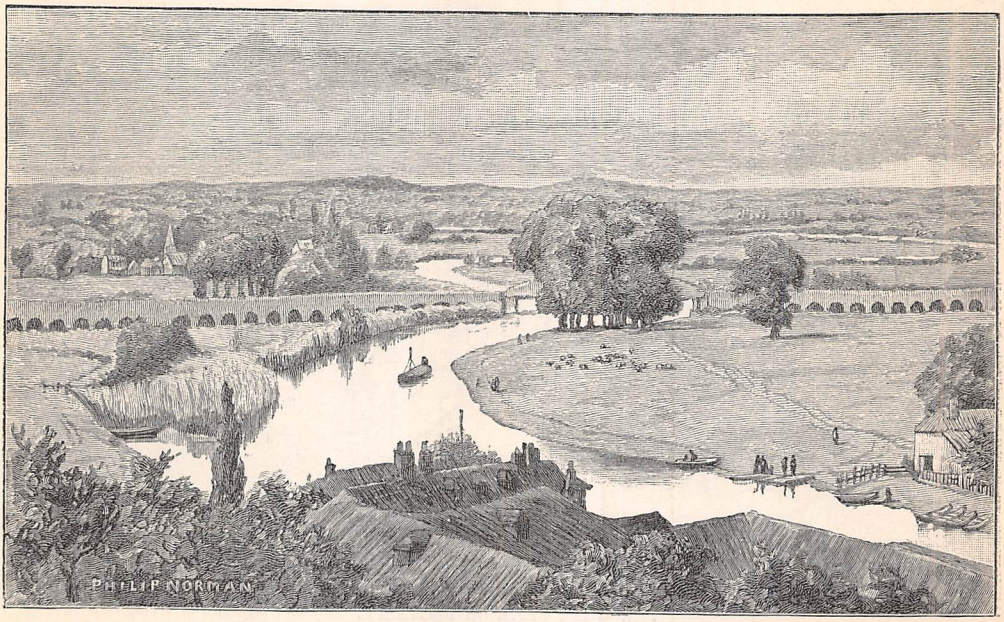


THE WALL GAME OF FOOTBALL.

hands. Football is practically the only game played during this, the Michaelmas schooltime; here and there you will find a racquet-player or a votary of fives who makes time for his favourite pursuit, but every one, except those debarred from the game for reasons of health, plays football more or less. In a correspondence which filled innumerable columns of the *Times* last autumn, the "new tyranny," as compulsory football was dubbed, found many enemies and many supporters. This is not the time or place for a discussion of the question, but it is no exaggeration to say that Eton masters, who are in this matter better qualified to judge than any one else, are unanimous in looking upon the system in vogue as a most valuable, indeed an indispensable institution. There are no hard-and-fast *school* rules on the subject; the number of times a week boys have to play varies in different houses, as do the penalties exacted for non-compliance with the house-rule, and the position in the school which a boy must attain before he is exempt from such compulsion. These matters are left entirely to the boys themselves. There are few indeed who do not look back with gratitude, either when they are still in the school, or after they have left, to a system which has compelled them as small boys to take a certain amount of wholesome open-air exercise even against their will. Many of those who have afterwards become enthusiastic and skilful players were unwilling enough to "go down" to play as lower boys.

There are, as is well known, two games played at Eton—one at the "Wall," the other in the "Field." The first is only played by a very limited number of boys, for there is but one "Wall;" the game is of a mysterious and intricate nature, and the uninitiated spectator cannot as a rule even see how a point (called a "shy") is obtained. Indeed, were it not for the time-honoured match between Collegers and Oppidans on St. Andrew's Day, the game would probably become obsolete. As it is, however, the enthusiasm annually displayed, not only by present Etonians, but by old boys, shows little sign of diminution. It would seem at first sight that an eleven selected from nine hundred ought to beat an eleven selected from seventy; but the sides are placed on equal terms by the fact that Collegers learn the game both in its principles and in its finer points as soon as they come to Eton, whereas it is uncommon to find an Oppidan who has more than one or at the outside two years' experience. So it frequently happens that skill wins against strength.

The "Field" game is played by everybody. The picked players meet twice a week in "Field" games, and about once a week there is a school match in which the school "Field" eleven contend against a team from outside—old Etonians, masters, old Etonians at the Universities, at Sandhurst, in the Guards, &c.



THE RIVER AND THE BROCAS, FROM THE TERRACE OF WINDSOR.

The rest of the school play in "house games." Three or more houses unite and hire two or more fields, so that players may be sorted out roughly according to their size and skill, and the games may not be spoilt by the admixture of smart performers with the hopelessly incompetent; at any rate, not always.

Three times a week on whole school days Lower boys play together from 3 to 4 p.m. House games take place either "after 12" (*i.e.*, from 12.30 to 1.30) on any day, or "after 4" (*i.e.*, from 3 to 4) on half holidays.

The real interest of football at Eton centres in the competition for the House Challenge Cup, which begins in November, and is finished in the last week of the half. Even boys who belong to houses which have no chance of the cup have a stimulus to exertion in the fact that they may win their "house-colours"; for all the houses which enter for the cup, that is, something like twenty out of twenty-six, have "colours" of their own; and though these are not given to the whole eleven, except in the case of the two teams left in for the final tie, yet the longer a house survives in the competition the more "colours" are, as a rule, given. No one unacquainted with school life would believe how great an incentive anything like a "colour" is to a boy's mind. This is in some ways ridiculous, but the fact remains.

The Eton "Field" game has, in the opinion of the writer, merits, as a game for

boys, superior to those of any other kind of football. In it speed and skilful dribbling and accurate kicking have their due success, but strength and dogged perseverance and pluck are not left out in the cold. A player of the clumsy, hardworking order is of the utmost value to his side. And further, the Eton game, unlike most other forms of football, is not hopelessly spoilt by the addition of two or three to the proper eleven-a-side: hence its value for "house games."

Enough of football. Let us pass on to the "Easter half," or "Fives half," as the boys call it. It is easy enough to find employment for all the school at football, but the fives-courts are limited in number, and though there are now fifty of them, only two hundred boys can play at a time, and two hundred is not a very large proportion out of nine hundred and eighty. There are nine "times" in a week for Fifth Form, and three for Lower boys exclusively, as at football. But the best players play every day, and sometimes twice a day, and there must be a number of boys left out in the cold altogether. What do they do? First, there are the Beagles, known otherwise as the Eton College Hunt. They go out thrice a week, but of course only a limited number of subscribers can be allowed to run with them; say one hundred and sixty. These then are provided for. Then there are paper chases, confined as a rule to Lower boys. A few play football for a while. Some practice for school or house sports. After March 1st the river is open to enthusiasts. Some find room in the racquet-courts. A certain number work in the carpenter's shop. But at any given moment there must always be a number unemployed; it must be so at any school, and it is so at Eton. The consoling feature in the case of Eton is that so many of the fives-courts belong to individual houses, that all boys who care for it are sure of a certain amount of fives regularly; but still the more skilful players get an undue advantage.

The events of the Easter half, besides the competitions in Racquets (to select representatives for the Public Schools' Challenge Cup) and Fives, are the School and House Sports and the Trial Eights. Of these no more need be said.

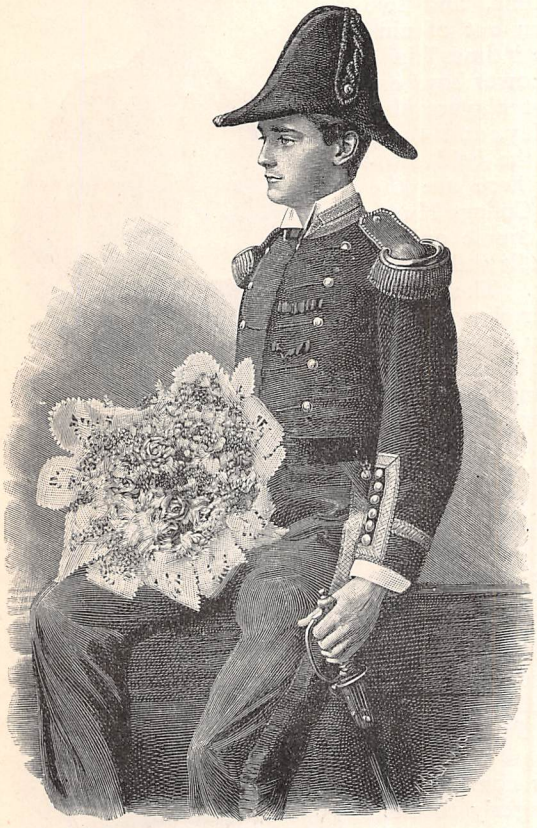
After the Easter holidays the boys come back, looking forward, for the most part, eagerly to the summer half. Into it are crowded many events—the Fourth of June, Henley, the Winchester match, and "Lord's," not to mention the House Cricket Cup, House Fours, and all the school aquatic contests except the Trial Eights, besides "Wimbledon." These are for the minority—the distinguished athletes. To them we will return presently. But what of the greater number—the undistinguished herd who, far from aspiring to represent the school with oar, bat, or rifle, unable perhaps even to hope for a "Lower boat colour" or a cap in Middle or Lower Club, yet for all that want some employment for their time and their muscles, and enjoy a game of cricket or a good pull up the river as much as the greatest "swell" in the place?

HILLS & SAUNDERS, PHOTO.

FOURTH OF JUNE COSTUME—CAPTAIN OF THE BOATS.

Here at least the "wet-bobs" are, in a way, better off than the rest. Any boy who can pay for a "lock-up" or a "chance" can go on the river when he pleases. Within certain limits he is his own master, and if he is ambitious he may always bring himself into notice by constantly going down to be coached, or by entering for Lower-boy or junior races. It must be remembered however that all cannot be "wet-bobs," at least at once. For before a boy goes on the river he has to "pass," *i.e.* to satisfy

a "passing" master or masters by ocular demonstration of his power and skill as a swimmer. The test is a severe but not an unfair one, and is intended to insure a boy's being able to reach the shore if upset, even when hampered by clothes, under any ordinary circumstances. A boy, then, who wishes to be a "wet-bob" must first "pass," and if he cannot swim already, he must learn to swim. In the earlier weeks of the summer half bathing is of course out of the question, so all the new boys who have come since the end of the previous summer half must "dry-bob" or do nothing for the best part of a month. This throws a great strain upon the resources of the playing fields, and it is to them that we must now turn. There are six separate *grounds*—Upper Club, Lower Club, Upper Sixpenny, Sixpenny, Jordan, and the new ground, well named Mesopotamia. On the ground called Upper Club, and occupied by the first school game, the second game, Middle Club, also finds its home. When cricket is in full swing the following games are going on:—1, Upper Club; 2, Middle Club; 3, Lower Club; 4, Upper Sixpenny; 5, Sixpenny. The first twenty-two or so in Upper Club, and the first eleven in each of the others named receive colours. 1, is picked from the whole school: 2, 3, and 4 from certain blocks of Fifth Form divisions: 5, from all Lower boys. Then come 6, Jordan; 7, second Middle Club (these two are practically second and third Middle Club); 8, 9, second and third Lower Club; 10, 11, second and third Upper Sixpenny; 12—16, various Sixpenny games. Any Fifth Form boys not picked up in regular games find their consolation in "Refuse" games, sometimes as many as three in number. It will thus be seen that as many as nineteen games may be going on at the same time; say there are twelve a-side in each (probably thirteen would be nearer the mark)—and four hundred and fifty odd may be playing. Besides these there are always some practising at nets. This enumeration however only applies to the earlier weeks of the summer, for as soon as bathing begins a number—especially of Lower boys—find their chief delight in the waters of Cuckoo Weir and Upper Hope, and there is no longer the same pressure on the available space.



HILLS & SAUNDERS, PHOTO.

FOURTH OF JUNE COSTUME—COXSWAIN OF ONE OF THE UPPER BOATS.

To return for a moment to the select of the select. Whereas ordinary, *i.e.* lower games are only played on Tuesday and Saturday "after four" and "after six," and on Thursdays "after twelve," and "after four," the chosen few who play in Upper Club have, in addition to these games, to attend practice every day once, and most of them come twice, so that they are not overburdened with leisure for other amusements. There are two professional bowlers constantly employed, and several of the masters give their help in coaching under the presiding care of that genius of Eton cricket, Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell, whose astonishing success in teaching the principles of the game is amply proved by the after-performances of a number of the greatest cricketers of the day. The point in which Eton cricket requires strengthening is in the lower games, where promising cricketers often acquire bad faults for want of being properly looked after; but the improved organization of recent years is likely

to bear fruit in this respect, and the general level of merit is certainly higher than it was, even if there are at the moment no "bright particular stars."

Of Eton rowing but little need be said. The style taught for so many years by the present Head-Master, Dr. Warre, has suffered no deterioration in the hands of his successor, the Rev. S. A. Donaldson, and the Head-Master himself still keeps a watchful eye upon the training of the Eton Eight for Henley. There the boys always make a gallant bid for victory even against opponents of vastly superior strength, and if they do not win outright, they are never very badly beaten.

In the races which take place amongst the boys themselves the greatest interest really attaches to the House Fours, though of course the various sculling and pulling races excite much individual emulation.

Such, then, is a rough review of a year's athletics at Eton, taken mainly as regards the occupation provided for the school at large rather than as regards the distinguished athletes, who would make their way to the front under any system. And from this point of view it would not be fair to omit the Rifle Corps, which provides an interest and an occupation for a very large number of boys, to some occasionally only, to some nearly all the year round. The corps forms a separate battalion—the 4th Volunteer Battalion Oxfordshire Light Infantry; it consists of something over 300 members. During the summer half there are battalion drills every Monday morning, and the annual inspection takes place just at the end of the summer half. At the beginning of the summer holidays a detachment goes into camp for a few days, and days of very complete enjoyment they are. In autumn and spring there are field-days—six in all as a rule—when practice is obtained in outpost work, skirmishing, attack and defence, &c., either with other school corps, or occasionally with regular troops, or between the two half-battalions. The greatest interest is taken in these operations by all ranks. All the year round shooting goes on at the range which is close at hand, and herein is provided a pursuit which has its attractions for some who do not care for ordinary games. The corps fills a large place in Eton life, if not, strictly speaking, Eton athletics, and any account of that life would be incomplete without some allusion to it.

Much more might be said on the whole subject, but the writer will be satisfied if he has succeeded in giving a tolerably comprehensive view of the everyday outdoor pursuits of an Eton boy in 1890.

III.—AS A SCHOOL.

By the Hon. ALFRED LYTTELTON.

In the account which Mr. Lyte has given of the history of Eton in the past, he has in part answered the question from time to time put by friendly and hostile enquirers, "Why do you send your son to Eton?" For even if Eton had deteriorated and not advanced, men would support her from conservative instincts, from sympathy with her tradition, and from memory of her splendid past. There are others who would answer the question in the affirmative because they are satisfied that their son will be happy there. They remember the magnificent years they spent at Eton in their youth, the romance of the ancient buildings and nobly timbered fields, of the broad river crowned by the stately towers of Windsor; they dream of their then free and careless life, each day bringing some bright enterprise unmarred by doubts of expediency or "questionings of sense and outward things," and they gladly echo the words of a well-known Etonian, "In London life is endurable, at the University it was enjoyable, at Eton it was fascinating;" and so they save their money and determine that at least their eldest son shall have the chance of kindling for himself those sunny memories; perhaps they may ask him to work rather harder than they did themselves, but their object will be attained if he is as happy as they were.

But first let it be freely admitted that there is something to be said against any public school in favour of home education aided by day schools, and completed by University life. All public schools, even the greatest, have a tendency to exact from their members too much uniformity. Boys resent the "pain of new ideas" and

mistrust an original. Of such a one average school criticism is apt to say, "He is a very rum fellow," or "Oh, he is quite mad." Investigation proves that the object of these comments has a dash of the poet or the man of letters in him, or perhaps he has not conformed to the strict law of custom in the school, or to the minutiæ of its comical fashions. Not having attained a prominent position he has had the effrontery to wear a "stick-up" collar or has carried an umbrella furled (unfurled would be permissible) down the main street.[1] Yet though these things may be said of opinion among the smaller boys at Eton, there exists in the higher parts of the school a tolerance and application of unusual tastes truly remarkable.

Mr. Arnold's famous "There are our young barbarians all at play," is singularly inapt to describe modern Eton, however appropriate it may have been to Oxford. The modern Etonian is in many ways marvellously civilized. He discusses politics and public affairs in the county council of the house debating society and in the parliament of "Pop," and welcomes elaborate papers on literary topics read before a literary society meeting weekly.[2] Once a year he does justice and credit to the teachings of a brilliant master of dramatic art. If perchance his applause of performances of Schumann and Brahms at the school concert is prescribed "not by Nature and her verities but by the century expecting every man to do his duty," his liking of pretty things is genuinely shown in the refined decoration of his tiny room, and the sense of his dignity marked by the faultless neatness and taste of his dress. Notwithstanding these things, if your son has genius, if he has rare tastes, if he is acutely sensitive, if he has the Shelley temperament, you may well think that sufficient experience and contact with his fellows may be gained for him in a good day school, and that until he goes to the University his "immortal part" may thrive best amid the associations and under the continuous influence of home life. As successful instances of this training two of the strongest and manliest of English statesmen may be mentioned —William Pitt the younger and Lord Hartington.

In the second place it should also be owned that Eton is rather expensive. The school charges are not indeed heavier, if so heavy, as those of some other of the great public schools, but there is an air of wealth and a large way of looking at things, absolutely inevitable in a place whither so many congregate who, having taken the trouble to be born, are relieved by circumstances from the necessity of further labour. In any community expenditure tends to follow the lead of the wealthiest, and among average young Englishmen it requires the glorious enterprise of imprudent marriage to induce an effective economy.

In the third place, few Etonians will deny that as compared, not with Harrow, Winchester, or Rugby, but with Clifton, Marlborough, Wellington, and Shrewsbury, the standard of general industry is not very high. It is indeed far higher than it used to be, perhaps as high as it can be, under the circumstances. For it is against the whole spirit and tradition of Eton for the authorities to be constantly watching and supervising the boys. The only way consistently with that tradition to exact hard work is by raising the standard of the examinations as high as possible, and by retiring the boys who fail to pass them. This I believe has been done, but it is obvious that examinations can never be adjusted so as to be beyond the capacity of an ordinary boy with hard work to pass. Clever boys are more likely to work than ordinary boys, for most do hardest what they can do best. But no school system can compel a clever boy to work. The standard must be adjusted for the mediocre. But these reasons, it will be said, apply to other public schools as well as to Eton. True, but the smaller public schools consist mainly of boys who have to make their way in the world; and at Eton no energy, no ambition, no enthusiasm, can be entirely an adequate substitute for that necessity which is not only the mother of invention, but is the parent of nine-tenths of the industry of the world. The most ordinary man can get work out of a youth who expects a portion of £150 per annum, but it needs an Arnold or a Jowett to make an eldest son extend his full powers. And it is the misfortune not the fault of Eton that she harbours many eldest sons.

We have seen then that in economy and in general industry Eton does not equal some of her competitors, but it may safely be said that she turns out many most brilliant scholars, as many in proportion to her numbers as almost any other school, and that

[1] These are real instances of public school fashions.

[2] Mr. Matthew Arnold once told me that the two best audiences in England were the Eton Literary Society and the Ipswich Working Men's Club.

the collegers (from whose ranks eldest sons are as a rule excluded) are intellectually the most distinguished body of boys in England. But it is not in scholarship that her peculiar and unique strength lies.

Mr. Ruskin once said that "Germans are born students, Italians are born artists, and Englishmen are born captains." I think that Eton plays a great part in giving this characteristic to Englishmen. Eton has a special faculty in producing men with the qualities of leadership. She breeds captains. Go to the Universities, and to Sandhurst, explore the army, the Church, the Civil Service, and the Houses of Parliament, read of enterprise in the Colonies and in India, and in a word ransack the world of action and you will find Etonians constantly in the very front. And, what is more notable, you will observe that frequently these men are not intellectually superior to those they lead. Indeed they are often inferior. But somehow they get to the top.

Within a year or two of his arrival at Eton a boy learns to rely on himself in all matters not connected with work. Even in his work far greater liberty is accorded to him than in most other schools, and after two years he may do a considerable portion of it very much in his own way. If he prefers assistance the best teaching in the world is at his service, if he wishes solitude he can remain unmolested provided that the results of it are satisfactory. In the organization of all games, in the conduct of the numerous debating societies, in the discipline administered by sixth form and by the captains of houses, the masters, unless invited to do so, very rarely interpose. Herein Eton differs widely from public schools lately established. I am told that in the latter the interference of the masters with games, debating societies, etc., etc., has to be constant; the boys have not the tradition of self-government, they cannot organize, they are continually appealing for assistance, they are incapable of standing alone.

At Eton the departure of every master, disastrous though it would be to the good fellowship promoted by their active participation in their pupils' amusements, would not dislocate a single game or silence a single debating society. The result of this autonomy is most striking. I have often visited Eton both in the summer and in the winter, and have observed the extraordinary change which has come over a boy in a good position between July and December. In July he has been timid and frivolous, in December he is resolute, self-reliant and impressed with a sense of responsibility. What has caused this transformation? My friend has been in a subordinate position in July, but most of the senior boys leave at the end of the month, and in September he will therefore have become one of the leaders of the school, and by December will have exercised the duties of command for three months. He will have led his eleven to victory in football, he will have helped to keep order in his house, he will have taken the chair in the debating society, the thousand problems involved in ruling others will have presented themselves to him in miniature, he must show tact and resolution, he must depend on himself, he must not be a master or anything like a master, but if his heart is in the right place he can do as much for the school as the best and strongest of them. Some of the authorities, recognising this, entrust much of the discipline in their houses to the care of the boy captain, and at any rate one celebrated instance of a community mainly self-governing has been seen by thousands of Etonians, presided over now and for many years past by a lady of unique tact, humour and sagacity, untiring in kindness, unerring in swift intuition of character. Such a conclusion to a boy's career at Eton has the greatest effect on his character. I do not think that he loses the elasticity and charm and freshness of boyhood, but certainly he gains many of the qualities of a man.

Space forbids enlargement on other topics which might otherwise be properly treated here. Much might be said of the reforms of the last twenty years, which have mitigated so greatly the antique classicism of former Etonian learning, and yet more of the tutorial system, which secures to every Eton boy permanent relations of a very close and confidential character with one master, selected at the outset of the boy's career, and who throughout his schooldays is to him really, and not nominally, *in loco parentis*. But I trust that enough has been said to convince candid inquirers that the passionate attachment which Etonians feel for their school is solidly founded and can be amply justified.

S. CECILIA.

By LEWIS MORRIS.

THEN, as we passed, we came on one whose face
The whole world knows, so fine a soul and hand
Knew her long since, and fixed her for our eyes—
A maiden with rapt gaze, and at her side
An idle music, listening half entranced
To some celestial harmonies unheard
Save by pure souls like hers. There was no need
To name her name, as thus the tale began:

"Once in old Rome, long centuries ago,
There lived a pair, noble in rank and soul,
Who, though the Pagan idols still bare sway,
Knelt not to them, holding the faith of Christ.
And one fair girl was theirs, Cecilia,
Nourished on thoughts of virgin purity
Which filled her cloistered gaze. No earthly love
Might touch her pure pale soul, which always viewed
Lit only by the frosty moon of faith,
The cold clear peaks of soaring duty pierce
The still blue vault of heaven, as soar the snows
Of lifeless Alp on Alp, where comes no herb
Nor blade of green, but all the icy world
Dreams wrapt in robes of sterile purity.

"For evermore to her rapt eyes the skies
Stood open, evermore to her rapt ear
Celestial music came, and strains unknown
To mortal sense amid the throng of life
Hushed all the lower tones and noise of earth
With heavenly harmonies; and the high notes
Of the angelic chanting seraphim
Would occupy her life, until her soul,
Rapt by the ravishing sound, would seem to 'scape
From her raised eyes, and float, and speed itself
Between the rhythmic wings of harmony,
Even to Heaven's gate, and was transformed and lost
Its earthly taint; and sometimes on her lips
Thin traces of the heavenly music dwelt,
Which bound the listener fast, and of her skill
Some half-remembered echoes, faint yet sweet,
Were born again on lute or pipe, and linked
The world with Heaven; the immortal chanting quires
With earth's poor song; the anthems of the blest
With our poor halting voices, till the soul
Of that fair virginal interpreter,
Pierced with keen melodies, and folded round

With golden links of gracious harmonies,
Lived less for earth than Heaven, and to her thought
It seemed a guardian angel stood by her
In sleep or waking hours, so that no care
For earth or earthly love might press on her.
Such sweetness touched her voice, the sacred quire
Would hearken pleased, and voices not of earth
Mingled with hers harmonious, and she drew
From voice and hand such descants as the skies
Themselves had envied, as with pipe on pipe
Conjoined with wedded notes and varying tones
She made high music to our Lord in heaven.

"Now, when this maiden lost in dreaming thought
Bloomed in full age, her father bade her wed
A noble Roman youth, Valerian,
A Pagan yet; but she, whose filial love
Constrained her to obey, beneath her robes
Of marriage hid a robe of penance still,
And to her husband, whom indeed she loved
With wifely love, she told her wondrous tale—
How night and day, whether she slept or woke,
A mystic guardian, standing at her side,
Kept watch and ward, unfailing. And when he
Asked sight of him, and proof, she bade him seek
The saintly Urban in the Catacombs,
Where he lay hid, and he consenting went,
And rose converted from his old unfaith
And was baptized; and when, a Christian now,
He sought his home again, he heard within
Enchanting music sweet, and strains divine;
And long time listening rapt, at last he came
To his wife's chamber, and beheld, indeed,
His eyes being opened by his faith, a form
Celestial standing by her, with a crown
Of roses in each hand, in scent and hue
Immortal, and the Angel as they knelt
Crowned each with them—the crown of martyrdom.

"And then, because the Lord Valerian
Obeyed so well, the Angel bade him ask
What boon he would. And he: 'My lord, I have
A brother of my love, Tiburtius;
Let him believe.' And he made answer to him,
'So shall it be, and ye shall both attain
The martyr's crown.' And then he passed away.
And presently Tiburtius, entering,
Though yet he might not see the roses, knew
Their fresh immortal sweetness, flood the air
With fragrance, and he heard the gracious words
Cecilia spake, and all her proofs inspired
Of Heaven and of the truth, and so his heart
Was touched and he baptized, and held the Faith.

"But when the Pagan Lord Almachius,
The prefect, heard these things, he bade them cease
To call on Christ, and when they would not, sent them
To prison dungeons foul, and thence to death.

"Last, when the brothers died, his pitiless rage
Summoned Cecilia. Her, with threats of pain

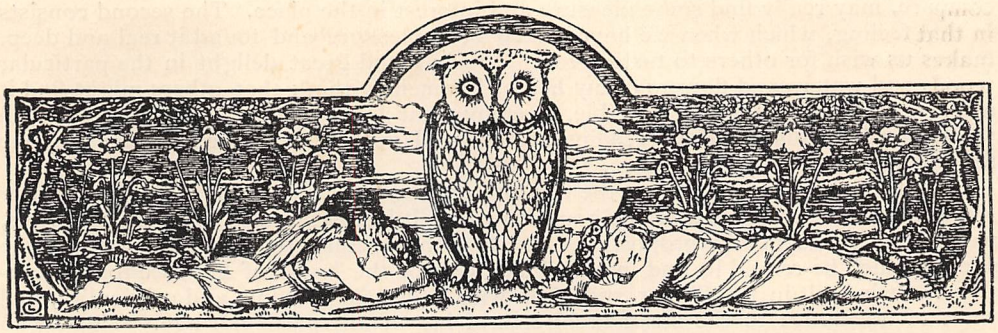
And horrible death, he bade do sacrifice
To the false gods. She, with a smile of scorn,
Denied him; and the people round who heard
Her constancy, wept for the fate they knew
Waited the fair girl-wife, and, bathed in tears,
Confessed themselves to be like her, of Christ,
Till the fierce prefect, mingling rage with fear,
Spake thus: 'What art thou, woman, who dost dare
Defy the gods?' And she, with lofty scorn:
'I am a Roman noble.' He in wrath,
'I ask thee of thy faith?' And she: 'Oh, blind!
See these whom my example drew to Christ,
And be thou answered.'

"Then with panic haste
A headsman sent he whose keen axe should end
That high undaunted courage. He, with fear
And trembling hand, upon her slender throat
And virgin breast planting three cruel strokes,
Fled, leaving her for dead. But three days yet,
Three precious days she lingered, strengthening all
Her converts in the Faith, and to the poor
Vowing her wealth; and last of all she sent
For Urban, and besought him of his grace
That of her palace they should make a church
For Christian worship.

"Then she raised her voice
In soaring hymns of praise, and with her sang
The quire of Angels, chanting row on row
Celestial strains, and the rapt hearers knew
The sound of heavenly voices and the lyres
Of the angelic company; and yet,
When her voice soared no longer, but was still,
Fair dying echoes, fainter and more faint,
Stole downward from the skies, and then were lost
Within the heavens—the music of a soul
Which swells the eternal concert and is blest.

"And still where once she sang, the unfailing grace
Of music rises heavenward, day by day;
For, as she would, they built a stately church
Above her. There, when centuries were past,
The Pontiff Paschal found her body lie,
Wrapt in a tissue of gold, and by her side
Her husband and his brother.

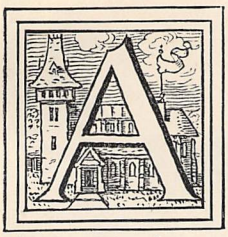
"And, again,
After long centuries they built a shrine,
And in it laid an image of the saint
In Parian marble. On her side she rests
As one asleep; the delicate hands are crossed,
Wrist upon wrist; a clinging vestment drapes
The virgin limbs, and round her slender throat
A golden circlet masks her cruel wound.
And there she lies for all to see; but still
Her voice is sounding in the Eternal Psalm
Which the Church singeth ever, evermore,
The Church on earth, the Church of Saints in Heaven."



ADARE MANOR.

BELONGING TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN, K.P.

BY THE LADY ENID WYNDHAM QUIN.



DARE is situated in the lowest part of the wide plain of County Limerick, encircled, though at some distance, by low, smooth-sloped hills, and with the bright little river Maigne watering its woods and meadows.

Remarkable features of scenery it has none, but it posseses no small share of quiet loveliness. Loveliness consisting chiefly of gentle slopes of emerald sward, noble groups of stately and broad-branched trees, clear and sparkling water winding its way through thickets glowing with the rich crimson of dog-wood, and the gold of graceful osier, and fair glimpses caught here and there of the lifted blue of distant hills, framed in the grave sable of pine-boughs, or the more vivid foliage which crowns the elm and oak. But though Adare would always have been fair and fertile, though nature's hand traced the soft undulations of the ground, and led the windings of the clear river through smiling meadow and dusky wood, and strewed the fields thick with cowslip-gold and anemone-silver—though through nature it receives the invigorating sea-breeze and the refreshing sea-shower, and has the hills cast like a rampart wall around it, yet I doubt if it would have attracted more attention than an ordinary fertile valley, had not its owners bestowed upon it an unusual amount of care and love.

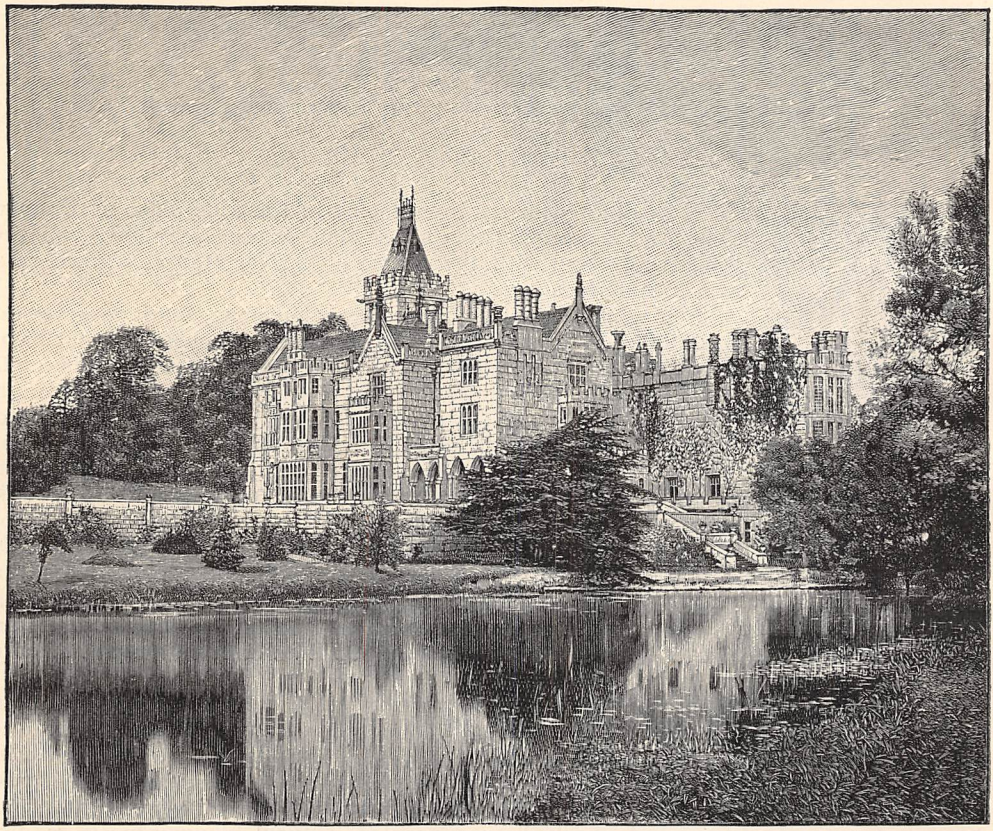
The scenery which impresses us most is certainly that in which nature is seen in her primitive condition. In which we have evidence of her growth and decay, her caprice, her submission to eternal law, unchecked and uninfluenced by human hand, but we also feel a certain pleasure in the contemplation of those scenes whose ordered stateliness and harmonious beauty attest to the labour and skill with which man has developed natural virtues and checked or concealed natural waywardness or disadvantages.

And therefore, I think, I am on the whole justified in asking the reader to leave for a while the more frequently trodden routes of travel in Ireland and accompany me in spirit for an hour's ramble through the woods and by the waters of Adare. I naturally feel some hesitation in doing so, for Adare is my home, and I may easily be led by my affection for it to exalt its simple beauty, and to suppose it more worthy of the attention of others than it really is. My own happiness has been so much increased by the beauty of the simple scenery around me, and my life is so bound up, by association and memory, with that scenery, that I can hardly fail to regard it with an admiration which may appear uncalled for by the casual visitor.

Two things urge me to persist in my attempt to bring before the eyes of the readers of this magazine the scenes which have so pleasantly influenced my own life. The first is, that as those who are really fond of Nature (and for these alone I write) love her in her simple as well as in her sublime aspects, and as Adare does indeed possess a great amount of quiet loveliness, I think that they, coming to enjoy and not to criticise and

compare, may really find some pleasure and interest in the place. The second consists in that feeling, which when we have tasted of a pleasure and found it real and deep, makes us wish for others to taste it too. I have found great delight in the particular woods and waters and flowers of my home, I somehow think that others might find it also. I should like them, if possible, to enjoy what I have enjoyed, and, therefore, in the strength of this and the preceding argument, I invite the reader to accompany me for a short ramble through Adare.

The first object which strikes the eye on entering the demesne is a tall gray tower rising above the trees, and as the house to which it belongs comes more fully in view, we are told by its goodly proportions and fair architecture, that its builder loved the site on which he reared it, and intended Adare to be the home of his race for generations. It is built in the Tudor style but with a certain freedom and originality, and want of adherence to the strict architectural law of any particular age. Those who



ADARE MANOR.

care to read the history which is clearly written on the walls of any noble building will find plenty to interest them in the quaint gargoyles that look down from every angle and "coign of vantage," their demoniac scowls, or ridiculous grimaces frozen and fixed in the gray limestone, and the gracefully carved patterns, and knots of bossy foliage that here encircle the crests of the family, and there fill panels beneath some projecting window, while those who look only at the structure as a whole will not fail to admire its harmony, the beauty of its proportions, and the fair colours obtained by the chequering of its surface with blocks of red and yellowish lime-stone.

As I see, by the number of names entered in the visitors' book, that visitors like to explore the house, I will invite the reader to follow me into the interior of my home, on the chance that it may interest him too. Through a small vestibule, hung round with antlers and brightly blazoned shields, we gain access to the great hall. The stranger's first feeling is, I think, one of astonishment, at the boldness of the designer in seeking to introduce in a dwelling-house those elements of space, height, and

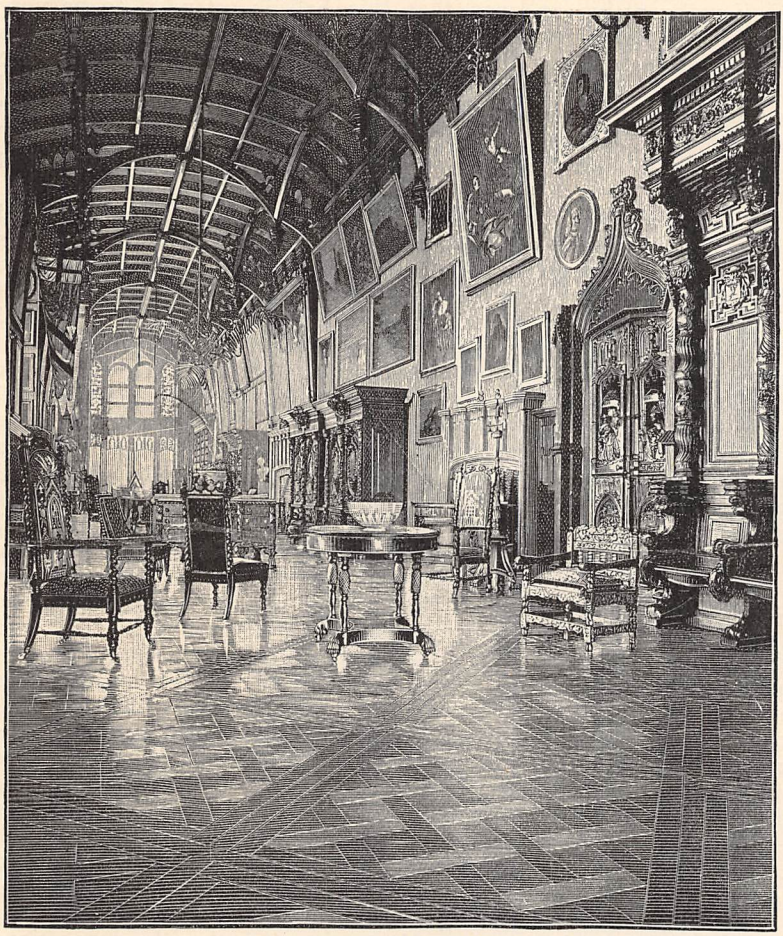
mystery, which help to constitute the sublime, and, on taking a further look round the apartment, one of admiration at the manner in which they have been obtained and combined without unfitting it for domestic uses. For the hall has indeed more the air of an ecclesiastical building than a dwelling-room. Lofty pillars of gray stone support the oaken roof, tall windows filled with stained glass admit the light in streams of gold and crimson, old oak panelling and the deep carving of niche, cornice, and soffit produce an air of mystery and dim richness, while the great organ whose rows of silver pipes gleam in their setting of elaborate tracery still further increases the impression of sacredness and solemnity which the mind at first receives. But on taking a second look we perceive at once that this hall is intended to be very comfortably lived in. In the open hearth of the immense fireplace great white logs and squares of brown turf, supported on brazen fire-dogs, blaze and crackle, the nakedness of the lofty walls is concealed by fine antlers, suits of ancient armour and weapons tastefully grouped and arranged, comfortable furniture, bright flowers, and broad-leaved palms relieve the monotony of gray stone and dark oak, and a minstrels' gallery occupying one side, at some height, suggests pleasant ideas of music and cheerful social gatherings.

Whatever the reader's particular taste may be I think that he is almost sure to find something to interest him in this hall. If he cares for architecture he will admire its proportions, the arrangement of the upholding and dividing pillars, the leading of the staircase through lofty balustrades of carved oak, and the placing of the windows; if he likes carving he will find many a graceful and well-executed pattern or intricate and rich design, wreathing itself within panels or following the course of mouldings; if he takes an interest in antiquities he will be able to study the skeleton of a gigantic elk dug out of a bog in the vicinity, and the numerous swords, bucklers, and curious old weapons, which as we noticed before, decorate the walls, and if it be music that he loves, there is the great organ ready to speak to him with its hundred voices. Perhaps however he may care for none of these things. Pictures may be his hobby, or natural scenery. I will therefore take him, first to the gallery, where one or two good pictures are to be found, and then out into the Park, where he may choose the scenery for himself.

The gallery is reached by a passage and flight of steps in the thickness of the wall, lighted by arched windows looking down into the hall, which has a most picturesque effect. Still more picturesque is the view of the hall afforded by the minstrels' gallery, which we now enter and pass along before opening the tall and wonderfully carved doorways that once stood in some ancient church of Antwerp, but now admit us into the beautiful room we wish to visit. As we enter, we shall, if it is a sunny afternoon, be almost dazzled by the flood of many-coloured radiance which the sun streams through the great western painted window, but when our sight has sufficiently recovered to enable us to look round, we shall at once be struck by the harmony and exquisite proportions of the gallery in which we stand. It is said to be one of the most difficult tasks of the architect to design a gallery so that its proportions shall be pleasing to the eye. In most galleries faults of this kind are not much observed, as they are generally constructed entirely for the reception of pictures and *objets d'art*, which occupy the mind and prevent it from dwelling upon the apartment in which they are contained, but when a gallery is intended for a living-room, as this one at Adare, it becomes a matter of the greatest importance whether the proportions are just and beautiful. That they are so, in this particular gallery, is felt at once by the spectator, however ignorant he may be of the subtle laws which regulate such matters. The room is perfectly harmonious and well balanced, and produces upon the mind that sensation of satisfaction and pleasure which just and fair proportions always give, in whatever object we view them. To say that an apartment is well proportioned is however to give but a very vague idea of its appearance, and I will therefore mention a few of its most important features, before asking the reader to join with me in the admiration which I think is due to its beauty. The dimensions of the gallery are one hundred and thirty-two feet in length, twenty-one feet in breadth, and twenty-six feet in height, and it is lighted by five great bay windows, the upper lights of which are filled with stained glass, setting forth in many a glowing ordinary and glancing field of azure, vert and gules, the alliances formed by the family for many generations.

The window at the east end overlooks the river, whose sweet, subdued murmur is heard unceasingly, imparting a certain pensive restfulness and calm to the place. The ceiling is of oak, with massy bosses, pendants, and pierced spandrils, and has its

cornice upheld by carved shields. Of oak also is the parquet floor, whose smoothness and polish produce almost the effect of water, and by causing it to reflect both the light and the articles of furniture placed upon it, add materially to the beauty of the room. Of oak, too, is the panelling which decorates for a certain height the north side of the wall. This panelling would, I think, very much amuse and interest the reader, could I bring it in all its quaintness before his eyes. The subjects are all taken from the prints in Froissart's *Chronicles*, and if he has ever glanced at that book, the mere recollection of the historical events as there depicted will cause him to smile. More ridiculous still do they appear when carved and arranged in the confined compass of a panel. Here we have a fierce battle, in which the soldiers are running and fighting on one another's heads, here the scaling of a tower, which must be a comparatively easy business, as the men are as tall as the tower itself—and in this most touching representation of a fair ladye, bidding farewell to her true knight from her bower window, we are unable to feel the true pathos intended, on account of the fear which seizes us lest the fair ladye's voluminous person should overbalance her fragile bower, and both she and the bower be precipitated upon the head of the unfortunate knight. But despite these curious defects of composition and perspective, and the want of any notion of the relative size of objects, there is great life, freshness, and vigour, in the quaint scenes, and great ingenuity is displayed in the manner in which battles, sieges, and sea-fights are made gracefully to fill their respective panels, and pennons and lance-heads kept within the limit of their encircling pattern.



THE GALLERY, ADARE MANOR.

On the other side of the room stand between the three red marble fireplaces, great carved presses of walnut; and above these as above the panelling, pictures are hung, amongst which the distorted and gloomy trees of Salvator, the dingy green canals by which Canaletti endeavours to represent the glowing "city of the sea," the bright female faces of Kneller, and the delicate forms and exquisite colour of Sir Peter Lely may be distinguished.

But I must not forget to ask the reader to walk down to the west end of the apartment and look up at the high stalls which decorate each side. One set of them was brought from Antwerp, and the other so skilfully copied from it by Adare workmen,

that critical connoisseurs have been unable to tell which was the foreign, and which the Irish work. Very rich in design, and very beautifully executed they are. Round-faced cherubs peep out at us, smiling and sweet even in the dark oak out of which they are chiselled, luxuriant foliage wreaths itself round twisted shafts, conventional ornament, intricate and rich, decorates the projecting cornice and brightly-blazoned shields which in the old Antwerp church set forth the rank and family of each stall, serve to relieve the monotony of the dark wood-carving.

I have now mentioned a few of the features of this gallery, but I do not think that in following me thus from one object to another, the reader can have obtained a clear idea of its general appearance. I would have him pause once more before turning away, and glance down its long perspective, without fixing his eye on any particular spot. He will then, I think, carry away with him the remembrance of a stately, rich and beautiful apartment. He will be impressed by the sense of peace, comfort, and grave grandeur which pervades the scene and, I think, will readily acknowledge that the Adare gallery combines in an unusual manner all that is calculated to elevate the mind, delight the senses, and impart refined enjoyment. I promised the reader that when I had shown him the apartment containing the pictures he should wander about in the park and find for himself the spots which pleased him best, so we will leave the house and I will try and bring before his eyes the most prominent features of the surrounding scenery.

On the southern side of the house flows the Maigne, one of the prettiest little rivers that was ever tossed out of the golden urn of a hillside nymph. It winds through the park in curves and loops of shining silver, now leaping over a weir with mimic jets of spray and bright gushes of hurried water, and foam-crested wavelets playing back on each other's smooth, green slopes—now calming itself for a moment in deep brown pools where the bubbles like great jewels float slowly round and round, and the fins of the fish gleam like silver between the stones—now making its way with difficulty under the tangled boughs of dogwood and osier matted thick above its surface, a safe home for timid moorhen and a nesting-place for the wild duck, and now emerging into light and flowing swiftly and busily between the green banks of the meadows, and round the grassy shores of little islands starred with primroses, or set thick with the quivering silver of snowdrops. Beneath the house it runs very swiftly with a strong, swirling, eddying current down the centre, showing that the real object of the river, despite its wilful wanderings and playful pauses, is to get into the Shannon and out to the sea as soon as possible ; but it is yet calm and clear enough to reflect in every ripple either the gray of the towers, or the crimson of the Virginia-creeper upon them, or the sable of the great cedar-branches that almost rest like outstretched hands upon the water.

On the opposite bank of this river the park, broken by one clear line of blue where sleeps a lazy little lake, rises softly to the great wall of trees which shuts out the surrounding world, in winter by a deep brown curtain, in summer by a bright tapestry of varied green. In front of the house lies an Italian garden with regular flights of steps, and dark, pointed cypress-yews bordering straight gravel-paths, and beyond its trimly-kept lawns stretches a long vista of level sward, fenced in by a broad belt of russet wood above whose rounded tops the smooth, blue outline of a neighbouring hill is seen to rise. On the northern side the trees again close in, but are here intersected by numerous winding paths, which lead through grassy lawns embroidered with daisies and by shrubberies ringing with the songs of happy, unmolested birds, to quiet nooks where month by month Flora strews her fairest jewels, and where, from the first frost-pinched snowdrops to the last brown "lord-and-lady," almost every wild flower may be found. Behind the house are trees again—indeed they are everywhere. The chief beauty of Adare consists in them. Its very name is derived from two words—"Ash-tara"—which means "the ford of oaks." The place seems made that they may display their utmost beauty and grandeur in it. The greensward laid so smooth and level that they may strike their roots deeply and firmly without hindrance—and the clear river led amongst them that they may never lack moisture and due nourishment. Tall elms full of stately majesty, giant oaks, their gnarled boughs hoary with silver lichen—beautiful beeches, their stems gray, and smooth, and rounded as cathedral pillars—larches tufted with emerald and jewelled with rubies ; cedars, one mass of solemn sable—all these and many others far too numerous to mention here—rise in proud isolation or group themselves into fair groves on every slope and in every hollow.

Then there are the pines—ranging from the lofty Scotch fir to the splendid *nobilis* with its cone of silver-sprinkled branches—doing good service by giving warmth and colour to the landscape when winter has stripped the other trees of their glowing robes. Colour! ah, that is a great source of beauty at Adare.

I have often noticed that in Ireland Nature's colouring is much brighter and richer than in England, and her effects dependent upon colour, far more striking. The blue of the hills is deeper, the blue of the sky purer, the blue of the water more intense. The sunset clouds are of a more splendid crimson, the rainbow relieves itself more vividly against the deeper gloom of the passing storm—the very sunshine is more full and golden, and the grass and the flowers certainly glow in brighter and fresher tints. This fact lends a peculiar charm to any Irish scene, however devoid of actual beauty it

THE ABBEY CHURCH.

may be; but when the landscape is already lovely as at Adare, it increases that loveliness tenfold, and becomes an unfailing source of delight to those who appreciate "sacred" colour as Ruskin calls it.

We have now briefly reviewed the surroundings of Adare and noticed some of its characteristics, but I think the reader cannot but feel that despite all the charms lent to it by Nature and developed by loving care, the place must be wanting in real interest if it has no human associations, no tale of human joy and sorrow connected with its name, no ancient legend to give a pathos to rippling river and woodland glade. "Man is the sun of his world," and I think we will find it almost invariably the case that Nature's fairest scenes fail to inspire us with true interest if we cannot read upon them some human record, and connect them with the story of some toiling, struggling human being like ourselves. Our hearts naturally go out in sympathy to our brothers of whatever age or clime, we take keen interest in their successes or failures, their

joys and sorrows, and the scenes which impress us most are generally those which are linked to some story of their lives and deeds. The primeval forest is magnificent, but I have heard it said by many travellers that its majesty soon became oppressive and wearisome to them, and the pine-forests of Jura and the rocky shore of Uri have power to stir our hearts more deeply than all its untrodden aisles, because their trees and rocks, and waters, are hallowed by the memories of noble men, and consecrated by deeds of human heroism. The crumbling walls of some ancient fortress are looked upon by us with deeper interest than the frowning cornice of the great natural cliff, because they were once raised by a man like ourselves, bear witness to his labour, necessity, and skill, and have the strife and sorrow and difficulties of human beings knit up with their old scarred stones. The things of Nature are sometimes too far above us, and too wonderful for us to grasp them, they are cold in their perfection, self-sufficient in their beauty or strength, but every man can to a certain extent,

CHANCEL OF ABBEY CHURCH.

understand and sympathize with the feelings, weaknesses, and difficulties of his fellow-men, and it is "the still, sad, music of humanity," that we listen to after all, above the singing of birds and the plashing of waters.

Therefore Adare, with all its sweetness of forest glade and glancing water, would be deserving of little notice, did no tradition attach to its fields, and no monument of past ages overshadow its flowers ; but if the reader will have patience with me a little longer, I will show him that the true interest of the spot lies not so much in its sweeping elm-boughs as in the hoary ruins which they shade, and less in its sparkling wavelets than in the ancient stones they lave. Not far from the Manor itself, on a green slope falling gently to the water lie the ruins of a Franciscan abbey. The chief part of the building was raised in 1464 for the Observant Brothers by Thomas, Earl of Kildare, and Johanna his wife, in honour of St. Michael the Archangel ; and it was completed by different devout persons whose names are all inscribed in an ancient register which was read out every Friday in the Chapter-house, that the friars might "pray for the health of their benefactors' souls." During the wars of the great "black" Earl of Desmond, the friars were expelled from their abbey, and Queen

Elizabeth bestowed the desecrated building on Wallop, a soldier of fortune, who allowed it to go to ruin. The Church was much grieved at losing her hold on an abbey which possessed such fat lands, so much fine timber, and had a river flowing near, so well-stocked with fish for Fridays and fast-days, and did her utmost to regain it. She succeeded, but at what precise period is not known; and in a letter from Justice Walsh to Burleigh, giving an account of "Ye state of M'onster altered by ye Erle of Desmond's actions," we find the first complaint to be "the Abbaye of Adare stored again with Friars." During the Civil wars in the reign of Charles I., the peace of the monks was again disturbed and the sanctity of their cloister violated. The Earl of Inchquin—"Murrough of the conflagrations"—came down with fire and sword, sacked the abbey, carried off the plate, emptied the cellar, and finally slew the priest and burnt part of the building. In the glare of these flames we lose sight of the further history of Adare Abbey, but where records fail the imagination steps in to fill up the picture; and by glancing over its beautiful ruins we shall obtain a truer idea of its history than in poring over the dusty parchments which antiquaries have unearthed and garret-students deciphered.

Passing first under a ruined archway whose keystone bears the saltire of the Kildares, blazoned with orange and silver lichen, and then through a low and narrow doorway with a slab of gray limestone for porch, we leave the warmth and sunshine for shadow and chill air, and find ourselves suddenly transported from the nineteenth to the fifteenth century. Above our heads a tall, gray tower lifts itself into the sunshine which steeps its rugged brows in gold and brightens, too, the glossy plumage of the jackdaws who sit chattering at each angle; in front of us the blue sky is seen through the stone mullions of a noble, shafted window; at our feet the damp, dank grass starred by no daisies, (for no sunshine ever comes to drink its dewdrops) is chequered by old monumental slabs worn level with the ground, and on each side of us rise rugged walls, partly covered at the base by rude plaster but displaying at the top nothing but scarred stones, warmed and enlivened by every variety of moss and lichen. We are in the nave of the church, let the reader pause to look at the perfectly preserved sedilia, at the recessed tombs with their carved and crocketed finials, and then pass into the transept under one of the two pointed arches which, springing from an octagonal pillar, divides it from the nave. Facing us is one of the recesses above-mentioned, and we notice at once that the wall within it is stained and spotted with dull red. The imagination immediately conceives a scene of violence and bloodshed, and is in this case not wrong.

When the Cromwellian soldiers came down upon the abbey, the priest was saying Mass. On each side of the altar stood the little acolytes swinging their censers, in the body of the church knelt the faithful. Suddenly the low murmur of the Latin prayers and the wail of the *Miserere* were broken by the clatter of hoofs, by the clash of arms, and by the shouts of soldiery. Many a meek face grew pale within its cowl, many an attenuated hand grasped nervously at the crucifix, but the priest continued his murmuring as if he heard it not. In broke the soldiers. The timid monks were huddled together like a flock of sheep, the censers lie smoking on the pavement together with the rich plate snatched from the altar, the sacred building echoes to the tramping of armed heels, to the clang of steel, to the oaths and shouts of the fierce men, and the terrified cries of the friars. A torch is thrust into the roof, red flames begin to leap up, still the priest stands at the altar. Exasperated by the calmness and courage of the monk, Murrough, the wild leader of the band strides up: his sword flashes in the red glare of the kindling rafters. Another moment, and the priest is being hounded down the nave and into the transept. He yet has time to fling his arms round the feet of the Virgin who smiles in her niche above the recess, and then falls, pierced by many sword thrusts. So Adare has a martyr of its own, and can proudly point to bloodstains more deeply red and more numerous than those which visitors to Holyrood strike matches to go down on their knees to discover.

In this same transept are two chantry-chapels, beautiful little places, each with its narrow lancet window, and its recess surmounted by carved foliage. More beautiful, I think, with a blackbird perched on the window-ledge for chorister, and a tapestry of green, red, and variegated ivy concealing the walls, than when the incense rose in fragrant clouds to the vaulted roof, and a circlet of tapers burned around the flower-wreathed image of the Virgin.

Nature is kind to ruins. When Time has taken from them the beauty and sub-

limity with which they were first endowed, when he has traced tracks in the polished stone, and stained the marble with lichen, when the painted window is broken and the tesselated pavement trodden down underfoot, the fresco peeled off, and the purple hanging rent away—when frost, wind, and rain are allowed unhindered to carry out their work of destruction, and none stays the falling stone, or props the tottering buttress—then she comes and puts up her hangings of green and gold, paints her frescoes with silver and scarlet, and lays down her pavement of emerald. Her gentle fingers soften the sharply-broken angle, and veil the scars and rents with waving flowers. She gives to the whole ruin a loveliness and a dignity which stir our hearts more deeply than all the pride of soaring turret and glistening masonry. More interesting than the nave are, I think, the little cloisters, though to them attaches no legend of bloodshed and rapine. They consist of a square surrounded by lofty walls, with a narrow gravel path running round it, and a plot of garden or "garth" in the centre which has a fine old yew overshadowing it, and is separated from the path by a low wall surmounted by a row of small, pointed arches, carried on double shafts. In the western wall is a small figure of St. Bridget, a most benign and bountiful lady, for if you will but bestow a kiss upon her old gray face she will grant any wish that you form at the moment. She looks exceedingly grim and fierce for a saint, I am bound to say, but then so many devout Catholics and superstitious persons of all sects have come by zealous kissing to obtain their hearts' desires, that her nose has been kissed off, poor thing, and her once smiling lips worn down to a mere slit. Such is this ungrateful world's reward for liberality—even when it flows from a saint! The romantic loveliness of this little cloister cannot be imagined except by those who have seen it. With the sable boughs of its ancient yew forming its roof, with its garden carpeted by blue and white spring violets, with its lofty walls shutting out the outer world, but not preventing a stray sunbeam or two from playing on the polished surface of its graceful arches, it is the calmest and most secluded spot imaginable, and expresses the very essence of monastic life. In some such cloister as this, I think, must those glorious visions of saints and angels, which he afterwards transferred in such glowing colours to his canvas, have appeared to Fra Angelico, and some such quiet nook as this within a convent's walls must have impressed by its holy calm the romantic soldier heart of Loyola.

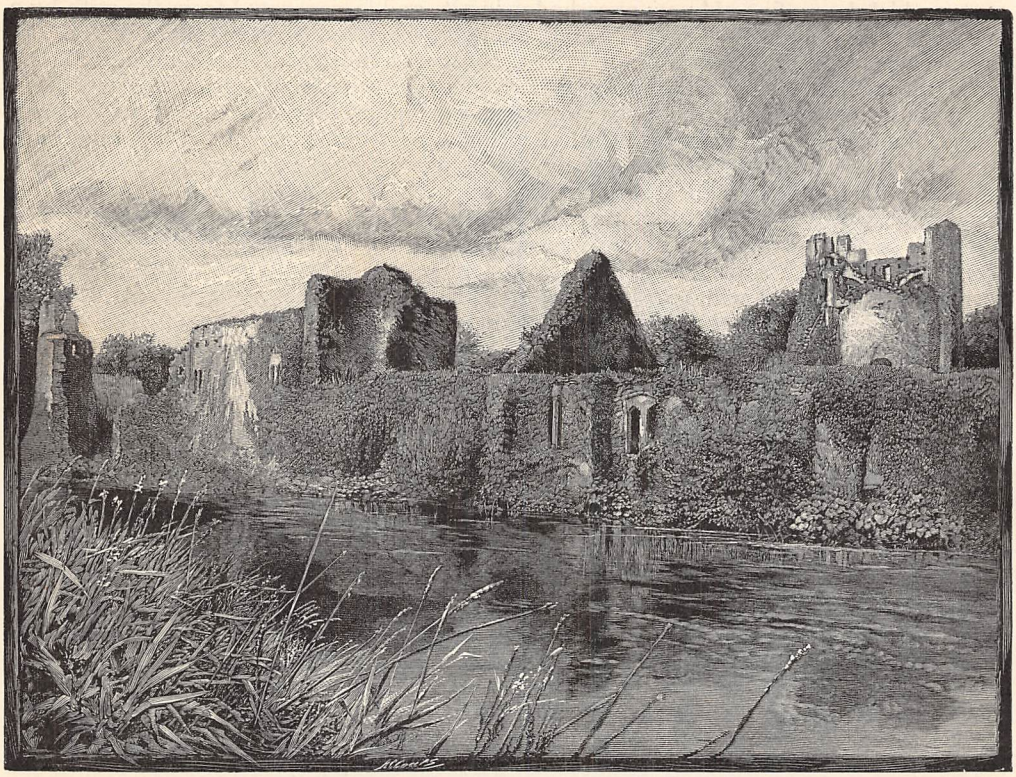
Having now taken a glance at the dwelling of the monks, we will pass on to the proud castle over whose turrets the great Desmond once had sway, and through whose gateway the kerns of the Geraldines rode out on their errands of blood and fire. No particular date can be assigned for its building, but tradition says that it was raised by "Geoffroi de Morreis," 1226, and its architecture indicates a period not later than the close of the twelfth century. I shall not trouble the reader by referring to all the historical mentions of this castle, for they are so involved in the complicated and confused history of the civil wars and feuds constantly raging between Ireland's great families—Geraldines, Fitzgeralds, and Desmonds—that they would prove of no interest except to an antiquary or deeply-read student of Irish annals, and only puzzle and probably horrify the ordinary reader. I shall, therefore, only set down a few of the chief events with which it is connected.

In 1312 we read of a great banquet and joyous festival given at Adare by Baron FitzThomas. In 1314 it is conferred upon John Darcy, guardian to the young Earl of Kildare, by a grant from Edward III., and in 1519 Gerald, ninth Earl of Kildare, sets out from Adare to meet the charges brought against him by Cardinal Wolsey. The year 1535 sees the rebellion of Thomas, the tenth Earl, and all his lands being attainted, the Earl of Desmond takes possession of the "castels in the countie of Lymeryk" and holds them till 1583. About this time the celebrated Severus, Dean of St. Patrick's, is deprived of his deanery because he refuses to take the Oath of Supremacy, and flying to Desmond Castle is there hospitably received and concealed.

In the wars which terminated in the death of the unfortunate Earl of Desmond, Adare is frequently mentioned as the scene of skirmishes, sorties, and attacks; and in 1578 we find that it is taken by the English after a siege of eleven days. The following year Captain Mallery defeats the Geraldines at Manisteranena, and stations an English garrison in Desmond Castle. Hooker's *Continuations of Hollinshed* gives a curious description of a combat between the garrison, consisting of 120 men, and Sir James Desmond's force of 430, in which the English defeat the Irish after eight hours' hard fighting and kill more than fifty of the enemy without losing one man! Remember,

credulous reader, that the historian is English! Then follows a long piece of confused history—we read of civil wars, massacres, insurrections, plots, sieges, and skirmishes, till we are sick of bloodshed—and I think the reader will gladly agree to skip over this period.

We must notice, however, that the English still held Desmond Castle in 1581, but the following year Desmond, supposed to be dead or beyond the seas, suddenly re-appears at the head of a large force, marches to Adare, beleaguers the garrison, and regains possession of his stronghold. Here he remains till the end of the year, "caring neither for tillage nor reaping, but the reaping of the Butlers by day and by night, so that the lowing of a cow, or the voice of a ploughman was not heard from Dun-casine to Cashel." 1583 sees the bloody career of this wild Earl cut short in Castle Island. The next notice we have of Adare is in 1599, when Essex marches into Munster to attack the Geraldines. He encamps his army on the banks of the Maigne, but the troops of



RUINS OF DESMOND CASTLE, ADARE.

Desmond sally forth from the castle, and joining the Geraldines so harass his force that he can make no further progress and camps at Askeaton. 1600 sees Adare still held by a Desmond, but in the same year Sir George Carew takes it and holds it through a long siege, during which the garrison could only obtain water by excavating a subterraneous passage to the bed of the river. In 1641 the castle is again seized by insurgents, and they hold it till the Earl of Castlehaven drives them out. Finally, in 1657, Protector Cromwell gives an order to dismantle Desmond Castle. Such is a very brief outline of the history of this castle.

Like all Irish strongholds—for when has unfortunate Ireland ever been at peace?—it was the scene of perpetual warfare. Held by the Geraldines for a month, by the Desmonds the next, having England's banner floating over the keep at sunset, and "Thanet-a-boo" ringing on the courts at sunrise.

Ah, if that old gray keep, and if those grass-grown courts could speak, what tales would they not tell of sieges and scalings, of triumphant sorties, and bloodstained retreats! Of deeds of heroism done in crumbling breaches, of traitorous plots hatched in the dead of night, of women's tears shed over flaming homes and slaughtered

heroes, of the wail of captives fettered in the dark, damp dungeon. They have watched and taken part in the history of a whole country, those old scarred stones, nor are they wholly silent. Through their scars and fire stains, and crumblings they speak to us, and if we listen with sympathy, they will tell us things that remain unknown to those whose very lives have been spent over the annals of the past. Even should the reader be but very slightly acquainted with the different styles of architecture, I think that on entering the outer ward of Desmond Castle, and looking up at the ruins around him, he would immediately recognize in their every line the characteristics of the Norman period. The broad, square keep, massive and gray and weather-beaten as a rock, tracing itself against the sky in outlines like those of a natural cliff, and pierced here and there with dark slits, where the daws rear their chattering families, but through which many an arrow once whizzed forth on its errand of death—the rude, and crag-like solidity of encircling walls and battlements—the low-browed entrance to the keep and the dark, gloomy dungeons within—the exceeding roughness and simplicity of the mouldings of doors and windows—these and many other peculiarities tell at once to what early period the fine old structure belongs. There is not the slightest attempt to decorate or beautify any part of the building, except the banqueting hall by a two-light window with cusped heads. Everything is as simple, as solid and as strong as possible.

JOHN EDWARDS, PHOTO.

WINDHAM THOMAS, FOURTH EARL OF DUNRAVEN.

In those days men built for shelter and protection, and of necessity alone. They did not build for the sake of having beautiful places to dwell in, they would just as soon have made the greenwood tree their roof, and the river-bank their hall; but a sharp arrow could pierce the foliage of the tree and a sharp sword-thrust be dealt upon the river's bank, and as arrows were then constantly flying about, and swords never rested in their scabbards, they wanted some places where they could get out of the way of these weapons and hurl them at other people. So they built in the style best suited to their necessities without giving a thought to its appearance. The keep so high—not because it would rise nobly above the woods and be a fine object in the landscape—but because from the top of it, the warder would be able to see for many miles the glitter of a lance, or the moving of a troop of horsemen; the walls thus battlemented not because it gave them a grand and craggy appearance, but because it rendered them easier to aim from, and less easy to scale. They had no time, those stirring men, whose life was spent with foot in stirrup and lance in hand, to enjoy the beautiful, to study Nature, to cherish fancies and carve them in stone. Warfare was their occupation, plundering their pleasure, deep-drinking in the hall their rest and relaxation. Trees were only known to them as supplying tough wood for spear-handles, herbs and flowers as making healing balsams for wounds, buildings as places to store plunder and get out of the way of arrows in. So they raised these buildings as quickly and strongly as they could, and used them just as the animals do their dens, as shelters against the hunters and the elements, having no more idea that they were doing anything grand and noble, than the chaffinch has that its nest is a miracle of woven loveliness.

But they did do something great and noble. Every work which fulfils the purpose for which it was wrought, perfectly and simply and fully, is good and noble work;

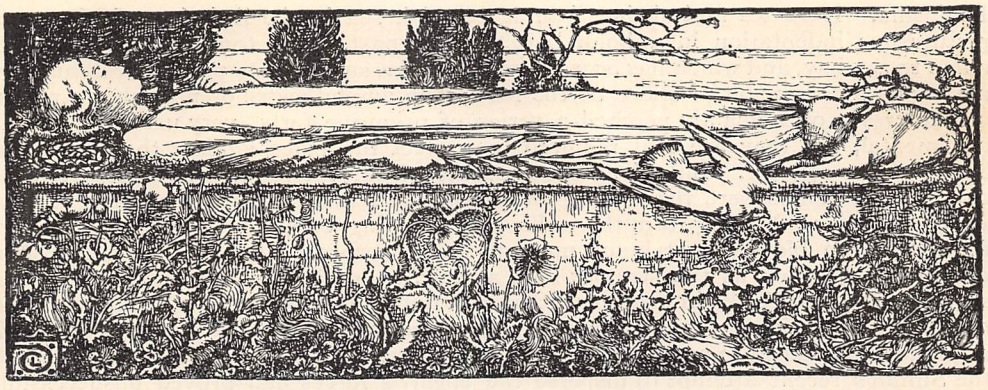
and this rude old Norman architecture exactly meeting all the requirements of that age, appeals to us by its simplicity, as the elaborate buildings of Flamboyant, Gothic, and all the pedimented porches of the Renaissance fail to do. It is so honest and straightforward. It tells its story so plainly. It tells us all about the wild days which gave it birth, about the necessities and difficulties and toils of the men who raised it, about the insurrections and feuds and wars which brought about its building. It is noble architecture, also, because it bears, as every good work does, the impress of its builders on every line and stone. The latest school of Gothic is weak, false, and redundant, because its founders were weak men, unbelievers, full of false, over-driven sentimentalism. The Norman style is simple, massive and grand, because the Normans were simple, sound-hearted, and true, morally and physically grand. Therefore I think, did the reader stand under the archway of Desmond Castle and look up to its keep and round to its battlements he would feel love and reverence spring up in his heart towards the gray majesty of the ancient tower, and the gloomy strength of its encircling walls. Having said that Desmond Castle is a perfect type of an early Norman fortress, I need waste no time on further description of it, as that type is well known to every one, but I must direct the reader's attention to part of the building to which a gloomy legend clings.

The ruins of the banqueting hall are very large, and have several windows overlooking the river, as well as a tall, narrow doorway. Two or three broken steps lead from this doorway to the water's edge, and here, every night glides a monk, tall, thin, and sinister-looking, with a red cloak flowing over his emaciated limbs, and a great book clasped in his hands. For a few moments he stands on the steps, watching the moving blackness at his feet, and then, without word or warning, plunges himself headlong into the stream. No reason is given for this nightly recurring suicide, no legend helps us to decipher the lines of remorse and woe traced upon the brow of this poor ghost, and we can only conjecture that some deed, unusually dark, even in those dark ages, drives the sin-stained soul of the wretched friar to revisit the scene of his crime and self-revenge.

Before we leave the Castle, I would bid the reader admire with me, the beauty of its site. It stands on the very brink of the river; its foundations are set deep in the water, and its rugged walls, massive buttresses and ivy-wreathed turrets, are reflected leaf for leaf and stone for stone in the clear, tremulous mirror. The glancing of the bright stream beneath the grim, gray fortress, the sparkle of the weir round the foot of its tower, the sweet, monotonous cadence of the ripples as they plash against the old stones, the beauty of those long reflections—quivering streaks of gray and green cast deep down into azure—increase the loveliness and romance of the scene tenfold.

A moralist, as he watched the swift flowing of the river, could hardly fail to dwell once more on that well-worn theme—the fleeting character of human life—and as he glanced from silver stream to mighty tower reflect upon the generations that have lived and passed away since first the gray shadow darkened the silver current. Yes, the terror of Black Desmond's name is passed away, and the young Lord Thomas sleeps at Rouen, his sorrows at an end, the war-cry of the Geraldines is heard only in the refrain of a ballad crooned over the cottage fire on Christmas night, but still the Maigne flows on, as swift and full as in the days when it rolled red to the Shannon, and still the old keep rears its massive brow into the sunshine, though the birds build in its loopholes, and the rabbits play around its walls, once defended by the life-blood of heroes.

And now the reader has passed with me through the fairest spots of this quiet valley of Adare. I have shown him my home as it appears to me, I have led him to all my favourite haunts. If I have erred in supposing that Adare possesses enough interest and beauty to be worthy of attention from a wider circle than that of its inhabitants, my error, fostered by a natural love of my home, will be, I hope, by virtue of its cause, readily forgiven; but, if there is in this brief sketch anything to amuse or interest one reader, if some one carries away but one idea of the loveliness of a simple Irish valley, or is brightened for one moment by the thought of its quiet pleasures, my own joy in the scenes around me will be infinitely greater, and my first effort in the path of literature perhaps not altogether fruitless.



OVERLAND FROM INDIA.

By SIR DONALD MACKENZIE WALLACE, K.C.I.E.

I.—Bombay to Bushire.

THE above title is not quite correct, for the route in question is not altogether overland. From Bombay to the head of the Persian Gulf I went by steamer, touching at a number of interesting places by the way. First of these was Karachee, a busy little oasis on the shore of the Scind desert, not far from the delta of the Indus. Karachee aspires to become a great commercial port for the vast grain-producing region of the north-west, and believes she could compete with powerful Bombay as far east as Delhi and even to Cawnpore, which is now an important centre both for grain and for manufacturers, if only she could get a direct railway constructed to these places. More than once she has memorialised the Government on this subject, and she has adduced strong arguments in favour of her proposals, but financial considerations have hitherto prevented her proposals from being adopted. Meanwhile she is striving, not unsuccessfully, to develop her trade with the north-west, and has thrown out two long arms into the sea to protect the ships that come into her harbour. And it is not merely from the commercial point of view that her harbour is of importance. It plays also a by no means insignificant part in the general scheme of Imperial defences, as the port nearest to the north-west frontier. Of this fact an official recognition has lately been given in the shape of new forts on the shore with heavy guns, which would doubtless give in time of war a good account of any hostile ship of war that might come within range.

Almost immediately after sailing out from between the two long arms of the harbour we can see in the distance the point on the shore where the north-west frontier of India reaches the sea. It is not marked by any colossal delimitation pillar or other visible sign, and even if we were travelling by land we should probably pass from British territory into independent Biluchistan without being conscious that we had crossed a frontier. Nor would we be one whit less safe in the land of the so-called independent tribes, for the Biluchees have none of the fanaticism and little of the predatory character of their Afghan neighbours on the north, and they are well under the control of our political officers, who contrive to maintain order in these wild countries without the help of uniformed policemen and the penal code. I happen to know a good deal about the recent history of Biluchistan, and I can say confidently that if ever the history of British India comes to be written in detail, one of the most satisfactory chapters will be the record of the work done by these plucky, muscular, hard-riding Britons, with their rough-and-ready methods tempered by sterling honesty and a sturdy sense of justice.

The Sultan of Muscat.

After touching at Gwador, a poor fever-haunted village on a natural, half-protected harbour, we leave the Biluchistan coast and make for the western point of the Arabian

Peninsula. Here we find shelter from a roughish sea in the little bay of Muscat, a picturesque indentation in a bold, bare, rocky coast. The town, which gives its name to the bay, and which has occasionally played a subordinate part in Arab history, nestles on a narrow bit of shore at the foot of an amphitheatre of precipitous rocks, on the crests of which are perched a series of primitive forts, very useful as well as ornamental, for they are still required to protect the place against the marauding Arabs of the interior. Indeed at the moment of our arrival a little army of these troublesome people were threatening the town, and I was in hopes that I might have an opportunity of seeing from the walls some dashing exploits of Arab chivalry performed in the bloodless style of modern Arab warfare. These hopes were soon dispelled. As soon as the steamer cast anchor, a fine barge, propelled by a dozen swarthy, stalwart Arabs in magnificent scarlet uniforms, came alongside and took me to the British Residency, where a native Indian gentleman who was temporarily acting as Resident hastened to assure me that the town was quite safe from attack. Though the Sultan's recent attempt to disperse the enemy's forces had proved unsuccessful, his rival had not since ventured to advance. Even the satisfaction of making a reconnaissance was denied me, for the enemy was encamped at a distance much too great to be got over in the few hours at my disposal. I had to content myself, therefore, with visiting the Sultan in his palace—if a very ordinary, moderate-sized, oriental house can be called by that name. His Highness is a boy of about eighteen, son and successor of the late Seyyid Turki, who was long a British *protégé*, and who was not ungrateful for the support frequently afforded him by the timely appearance of a British gunboat, ready to shell any besieging force. The son does not appear to have the ability and energy of his father, but he is an intelligent, amiable youth, amenable to good advice. The interview I had with him was of the ceremonial, uninteresting kind, but when I rose to depart he insisted on accompanying me to the gate and there presenting me to his "gate-keeper," a magnificent Persian lion, who did not look at all amiable, but who assumed a respectful attitude when his master spoke to him in a commanding tone. From the palace I went to visit the only European merchant in the place, an enterprising Scotchman, who admitted that Muscat was a little out of the way, and might not suit a man fond of society and amusement, but maintained that on the whole it was not a bad place to live in, the only serious drawback being the frightful heat in summer. His principal occupation consisted in exporting dates to America, a new trade, which is assuming considerable importance all along the shores of the Persian Gulf and even into Mesopotamia. In Muscat, which has no date-palms of its own, or any other kind of vegetation, the supply is obtained from the oases of the interior.

Towards evening the wind died away and we spent the night pleasantly sailing across a calm sea to the Persian coast, which is here low and tame, with mountains in the background. First we touched at Jask, which is simply a transmitting station of the Indo-European telegraph, built on a long solitary spit of sand and inhabited by a few European officials with their families: then at Bender-Abbas and Linga, small commercial towns with open roadsteads, which look bright and pretty enough when seen from a distance, but squalid and miserable when inspected more closely.

From Linga our direct course lay along the coast to Bushire, but we had on board a great many bags of rice for Bahrein, and accordingly we steered for that curious island which lies near the other side of the Gulf, close to the so-called "Pirate Coast"—a designation which has not yet entirely lost its primitive meaning. As these pirates carry on their trade in a peculiar way perhaps I ought to say something about them. They do not prowl about and attack ships, like the pirates of history and romance: indeed, the great majority of them do not belong at all to a sea-faring race. On the contrary they are Arabs who live at some distance from the coast, and who begin their expeditions by seizing boats which they find drawn up on the beach or anchored near the shore. If the boats do not already contain enough of plunder, they are used for raiding expeditions like those of the old Norsemen. And woe to the undefended village which receives a visit from them! Serious raids are now, however, a thing of the past, and our political officers could, without difficulty, completely put an end to this form of lawlessness if they were allowed a free hand. Unfortunately, in this part of the world the efforts of the Government of India to maintain the *pax Britannica* are regarded with profound mistrust by Turkey, and marauders often escape punishment by taking refuge in Turkish territory. Any action taken against such criminals might,

it is thought in Constantinople, give an appearance of legitimacy to our peculiar political position in the Gulf, whereas that position cannot be reconciled with the Sultan's pretensions to sovereignty over the whole of the Arabian Peninsula and the adjoining waters. Persia, too, has interests in this region ; and Russia is suspected of a desire to appear on the scene.

The Sheikh of Bahrein.

In these circumstances the local native potentates try to steer their barks cleverly—sailing sometimes very near the wind—among the conflicting diplomatic currents, and none have hitherto been more successful, if I am rightly informed, than the Sheikh of Bahrein, whose island we were about to visit. Having clearly recognized that, whatever the future might bring forth, the English are for the present far more powerful than any of their rivals, he has placed himself at their service, to the advantage both of himself and of law and order in the Gulf. To the Turkish officials on the mainland, and to his co-religionists generally, his conduct does not perhaps appear in quite so favourable a light as it does to us, but that is of no practical importance.

Having heard much of the Sheikh whilst I was still in India I was anxious to see him, and as soon as the steamer cast anchor I sent a messenger to say that I should be happy to pay my respects if convenient and agreeable to him. In the course of the evening the reply came that he had already been informed of my intended visit to the island and would be glad to receive me next morning.

Before sunrise I was on deck, and even before going on shore I was amply rewarded for the effort of getting up so early. As the sun rose the tiny ripples on the light-green water became tipped with crimson and gold, and the greyish-brown masses on the land dissolved themselves into variously coloured, well-defined objects. Our steamer was anchored in a broad bay, about half a mile from the shore, on the left of which was a town of some size, and on the right a large number of palm trees with much thick undergrowth. To the left of the town, and further away, was another island with a town and a large fort upon it, and beyond the palm trees and underwood rose the ruins of a mosque with minarets. There seemed hardly a breath of air, but the bay was alive with little sailing craft, flitting about with a speed which suggested some occult means of propulsion. One of these, bearing the British flag, soon came alongside, and I was greeted by the British political agent, a polite, amiable native, who informed me that the Sheikh had crossed over from the farther island, where he usually resides at this season of the year, and was awaiting my visit. At once I went ashore and found before the gateway of the Chief's house a large group of retainers, any one of whom might have made a living in London or Paris as an artist's model—all of them plentifully supplied with old-fashioned weapons which would have excited the envy and cupidity of a bric-a-brac hunter. The house itself in its dimensions and appearance was even more modest than the "palace" of the Sultan of Muscat, but the owner of it looked a much more interesting personage than the young son of Seyyid Turki. His features could not be called handsome or regular according to any of the usually recognized standards, but the expression was pleasing, his manner was singularly graceful and dignified, and in his mouth the rough, guttural sounds which make Arabic such an unmelodious language were in some degree softened. In his deep lustrous eyes I thought I perceived a great fund of Oriental diplomacy, but I was perhaps *reading into* them what I had previously read in official papers concerning his sayings and doings. About these sayings and doings I should have liked to have a long confidential chat with him, but I felt that, as I was merely a tourist making a ceremonial visit, it would be highly unbecoming in me to go beyond the polite platitudes commonly used on such occasions. It was, however, not without a feeling of regret that I took leave of him with no prospect of ever seeing him again, for it seemed to me that I was losing an opportunity of being initiated into the secret history and most recent phases of piracy and politics in the Gulf, an interesting subject which occasionally forces itself upon the attention of the Government of India.

From the Sheik's house I rode out to the Fountains, which are, after the Sheik himself, the most interesting thing on the island. On them, and in a lesser degree on the pearl-fisheries, depends the prosperity of the population. As the island is low and flat one would naturally suppose that fresh water must be scarce, but in riding out of the town one finds frequently streams of clear, sweet, running water, far exceeding in amount

the requirements of the inhabitants, though it is copiously used for irrigation. In the streams are lots of fish resembling trout, which dart away in shoals as soon as they discover they are being looked at from the bank. The streams all come from the Fountains, which are about three miles distant from the town, near the ruined minaret which I had seen from the harbour. Here stood evidently an ancient city, of which only a few ruins remain. The Fountains fortunately are still as brisk as ever. The biggest of them bubbles up into a great circular pool and fills a rapidly flowing canal about four feet wide and two feet deep. But where does all this water come from? It is difficult to say, but we may safely presume that as there are no hills in the island it must come by submarine channels from some high ground on the distant mainland. No doubt geologists could explain all about it, but to the unscientific tourist it seems very wonderful. The direct and indirect effects are more easily understood than the causes. Thanks to the plentiful supply of water it is possible to raise good fodder and rear fat cattle, and I afterwards heard on the Persian coast that Bahrein butter was in great request.

Some miles beyond the Fountains an English archæologist had recently been making excavations, and I should willingly have visited the spot but I found it was too far off. This was something of a disappointment for me, for I was interested in Bahrein antiquities, having often encountered the name of Bahrein when studying the early history of Islam; nor was I altogether consoled by the assurances of the natives that nothing had been found, because I knew that in the mouth of an ignorant Oriental the phrase means simply that no treasure in the form of gold or silver has been brought to light. At a later period of my journey I met the archæologist in question, but he did not volunteer any information and I did not venture to question him, because I have generally found archæologists to be very reticent people. When they have been lucky and are on the track of finding more they are naturally afraid of putting others on the scent; and when they are unlucky they do not like to talk about their mishaps. Regarding these Bahrein excavations a report will be made, I believe, in due time to the British Museum.

From Bahrein we steered once more for the Persian coast, and next morning we anchored off Bushire close to the *Persepolis*, a ship of war which comprises the whole of the Persian navy. She was built in Germany, and her officers are all Germans. Soon after we had cast anchor I was installed in the house of the British Resident, enjoying the comforts of an English home. Wherever the Englishman goes he carries a great deal of his own country with him, and very pleasant it is to light on a bit of England in the far East.

II.—A Trip up the Karun.

In the original programme of my journey I had determined to go from Bushire up the Tigris to Bagdad, but I now determined, for reasons which need not here be enumerated, to cut out this part of my programme, and my kind host offered me as compensation a trip up the Karun, a river about which there had recently been a good deal of diplomatic correspondence. Attentive newspaper-readers will remember that our Minister at Teheran had succeeded in the teeth of much opposition on the part of Russia in getting the Karun opened for foreign trade. The Cabinet of St. Petersburg had accepted the fact with tolerably good grace, but the newspapers of St. Petersburg and Moscow had raised an angry wail over what they considered a serious blow to Russian trade and Russian political influence. By preventing the transit of foreign goods across the Caucasus, Russia had practically excluded her competitors from the markets of northern Persia, and hoped to extend gradually the sphere of her commercial influence to the southward. Any improvement of the means of communication from the south must necessarily interfere with the scheme by facilitating the import of English goods from the Persian Gulf. From the Russian point of view, therefore, the opening of Karun to foreign trade was certainly undesirable, but with all due deference to my friends in the Russian press, I cannot help thinking that their manner of dealing with the subject is a little illogical. They abuse in no measured terms what they call the English commercial system, and at the same time they call upon their own Government to emulate and surpass it. And unfortunately they misunderstand and misrepresent what they condemn. They cannot believe, for example, that goods from France or Russia can be imported into a British colony or dependency on the same terms as

goods manufactured in Lancashire; and many of them evidently imagine that all non-English manufactures are rigorously excluded from India by a protective tariff! Tell a Russian that a British colony can establish a protective tariff against English goods, or that the Parsee mills of Bombay are now successfully competing with the mills of Lancashire not only in India but also in the Chinese markets, and he will receive your assurances with undisguised incredulity. If he condescends to argue he will probably say that it is quite impossible that the notorious commercial selfishness and tyranny of England could admit such things!

The Sheikh of Mohammerah.

I was thinking of all this as we steamed up the Gulf on board the *Lawrence*, a fine paddle-steamer of the Indian navy, which has been placed at the disposal of the Resident in order that he may be able to visit without delay such places as Bahrein and Muscat, where his presence may at any moment be required. Our immediate destination was Mohammerah, a small Persian town at the junction of the Karun and the Shatt-el-Arab, the broad river formed by the confluence of the Euphrates and Tigris. At the mouth of this river we noticed the fortifications recently constructed by the Turks to prevent any steamer going up to Bassra and Bagdad without the Sultan's permission, and two or three hours later we cast anchor at the mouth of the Karun, where a deputation from the local Sheikh came on board to welcome the Resident. The Sheikh himself did not come on account of a diplomatic illness of a peculiar kind, which was afterwards explained to me. It seems he is a remnant of the old Persian system of administration, according to which the greater part of the country was governed by semi-independent chiefs, who owned allegiance to the Shah, but who did not allow any interference from Teheran, and who paid as little money as possible into the Imperial treasury. This primitive order of things is now being replaced by a centralized administration, and the Sheikh of Mohammerah, whose jurisdiction extends a considerable way into the interior, has not yet accommodated himself to the new system. As yet the Government has refrained from using force against him, but he shrewdly suspects that the forbearance hitherto displayed may at any time suddenly come to an end, and he has made his preparations accordingly. On the other side of the Shatt-el-Arab, in Turkish territory, he has built himself a house, where he generally spends the night, and where he is said to have deposited a large portion of his treasures. So long as he is on the Persian side he always takes elaborate precautions against being arrested or kidnapped, and a boat is said to be constantly in readiness to convey him to the house across the river! When the *Persepolis* visits Mohammerah his diplomatic illness prevents him from going on board, and in order to give this diplomatic illness a semblance of reality, he refrains from going on board the war-ships of other nations. Hence his not coming in person to visit the Resident.

Mohammerah is a miserable little place surrounded by palm trees, and so little above the level of the river that it ought to be very swampy and unhealthy. It looked from the water so uninviting that we did not visit it, but at once got on board a big steamer belonging to Messrs. Lynch and Co., which was waiting for us. On that steamer we sailed up the Karun about 120 miles to Ahwaz. Of the voyage I have little to say. The tourist in search of scenery should not go to the Karun, for its banks are as flat and monotonous as those of the Rhine below Cologne. Of architectural remains there is nothing except the tomb of a comparatively modern Moslem saint, which cannot be described as a great work of art; and the villages and encampments on the banks as we passed up seemed to be all, with one exception, deserted. The fact that the houses were in good repair surprised me till I heard the explanation, which is worth mentioning as throwing some light on the manners and customs of the natives. At certain seasons of the year, especially at sowing-time and harvest, the villages and encampments are inhabited, and thereafter the communities emigrate in a body to other places, where they find a cooler climate and better pasture for their flocks. Though subjects of the Shah these semi-nomadic people are not Persians, but Arabs, and they endeavour—doubtless for good and sufficient reasons—to avoid all contact with the Persian officials. Of the river itself all I need say is that it is a broad, rapid, muddy stream, which meanders about in a very capricious way, with here and there a very sharp turning. Our captain assured me, however, that it was comfortably deep and much more easily navigated than the Tigris, because the channel was more clearly defined and there were fewer sandbanks. That it was not absolutely free from

these obstacles to navigation I can testify from personal experience, for we ran aground on one of them and remained fast for twelve hours ; but this incident ought not to damage the reputation of the Karun as a fine, navigable river, for our captain was on his first trip, and the local pilots had little or no experience in steering large double-decked steamers.

"*Monsieur, le* Susa *est prêt.*"

At Ahwaz the further advance of our steamer was prevented by a dam composed partly of a natural ridge of rocks and partly of an artificial wall, which had no doubt been constructed in old times in order to raise the level of the water for purposes of irrigation. Above the dam was another long stretch of navigable river, of a hundred miles or more, reaching to the town of Shuster. On this upper reach was a small Persian steamer which the authorities were ready to place at our disposal, but we had not sufficient time to take advantage of the offer. As soon as the chief authority of the place—a colonel of artillery who had been to Europe and had learned to speak French—discovered that we did not wish to go farther he appeared before me, and, drawing himself up in an attitude of "attention," announced in a formal tone : "Monsieur, le *Susa* est prêt ! " The *Susa* was the name of the little steamer, and the gallant colonel explained to me that he had received instructions to assist me in every possible way and was most anxious to carry them out. I thanked him, and politely told him—what he knew already—that I had no intention of going any farther, but the more I impressed on him that I did not want the steamer, the more pertinaciously did he inform me that she was at my disposal and ready to start. In the hope of escaping from his importunity I retired first to various quiet corners of the upper deck, and finally to the privacy of the dining-room ; but into each new retreat my persecutor pursued me, and no sooner had I settled down comfortably than I heard a voice behind me saying, "Monsieur, le *Susa* est prêt ! " Finding ordinary politeness ineffectual, I assumed a sterner tone, and asked him how often he wished to be told that I did not want the steamer ? The gallant officer was not at all abashed by this rebuff. Without answering directly my question, he gave me to understand that what he really wanted was some sort of certificate for his superior that he had shown all possible zeal not only in my service, but likewise in that of the trading company which was trying to open up the Karun for traffic. Now I have had considerable experience in the section of Oriental diplomacy which aims at obtaining certificates of merit for people concerning whose merits the person addressed cannot possibly have any direct or indirect knowledge beyond the unsupported assurances of the petitioner himself, and I have always declined to write or endorse such documents. In the present case I had no inclination to depart from my rigid principles, and I confined myself to a promise that I would let the colonel's superior know that he had placed the *Susa* at my disposal. With a very bad grace my friend had to rest satisfied with this promise, and I had soon reason to congratulate myself that I had not allowed amiable weakness to commit me to anything further, for a short time afterwards the local representative of the company—a young Englishman who told his story in quiet, veracious style—related to me some of his recent experiences, and gave me a glimpse of how things are done in the Persian official world. The young man's duty was to receive the goods brought up from Mohammerah and to pass them on to Shuster by the *Susa*, of which I had heard so much. He was a young gentleman who was quite capable of taking care of himself and looking after the interests of his employers, but he was watched and guarded by the officials as if he had been a wayward child in a well-regulated nursery. Though the country round was as safe for an Englishman as an English county, he was not allowed to go out riding, or shooting, or walking alone, lest he should be attacked and murdered by ill-disposed persons ; and he could not even go into the village to buy provisions without special permission and the attendance of a policeman. In the carrying out of his duties he was equally hampered by the undesired, but ever-present, paternal solicitude of the authorities. In short, he found himself a prisoner under a pretty rigorous system of discipline ; and his efforts to forward goods by the new route met with much resistance from the captain of the *Susa*, who had spent the best part of his life as groom to a Pasha, and who could not be made to understand the elementary principles of business. As a remedy, or at least a palliative, to these evils, I suggested a little baksheesh judiciously applied, but both the young Englishman and a superior of his who happened to be on board, shook their heads sceptically. They had already

had in Turkey much experience in the art of applying baksheesh, and had always easily come to terms with the officials concerned, but they found the Persians much more difficult to deal with ; and the illustrations they gave me brought out very clearly a characteristic difference between Persian and Turkish administration. The evils of the latter are softened by weakness, apathy, and carelessness ; whereas Persian official supervision forces its way into the minor details of private life, and its representatives show remarkable energy and tenacity in squeezing money out of all classes of the population. The unofficial subjects of the Shah are squeezed by the officials immediately over them, and each official in the hierarchy is squeezed by the one immediately above him. In Turkey, as in Persia, the administration is a sort of squeezing machine ; but in Persia it is a machine of a far more complicated, more searching, more efficient type. We must remember, too, that in Turkey the officials have other resources besides the product of squeezing : they are all entitled to salaries of some kind, and their monthly allowance, though always a good deal in arrear, is generally paid sooner or later. In Persia the majority of the officials appear to receive no salaries whatever from the Exchequer.

III.—A Thousand-Mile Ride across Persia.

Persia is one of the few countries where one can still have a long ride—I mean a ride of a thousand miles or so—without making elaborate preparations beforehand. The modern blessings of good roads and railways are fatal to the more primitive, and in some respects more agreeable, mode of locomotion ; but these blessings are not yet enjoyed by Persia, and are not likely to be conferred on her for some little time to come, notwithstanding the Shah's visit to Europe and his Majesty's laudable desire to push his country forward on the road of progress. For the present, railway enterprise in Persia has not got much beyond a little toy line from Teheran to a venerated shrine in the suburbs. There are, it is true, the beginnings of another little line near the shore of the Caspian, and a number of grandiose projects on paper, but the little railway which has actually been begun is a very insignificant affair, and the grandiose projects cannot be regarded as within a measurable distance of realisation. Lately I had an opportunity of studying one of these projects in a bulky printed pamphlet, which proved by reasoning and statistics that the line would be strategically most important and commercially very remunerative, but my confidence in the writer's conclusions was a little shaken when I discovered that the imaginative projector had never seen the country to be traversed, and had not even a general idea of its most prominent natural features. As for roads, I have only heard of two which are suitable for wheeled vehicles, and they are, taken together, only about two hundred miles in length. In these circumstances, the art of riding is something more than a mere accomplishment, and it is not surprising that the Persians ride much and well. They are not perhaps in all respects finished horsemen, but they fulfil at least two elementary requirements of the art—they can keep their seat, and they can make their animals go at a decent pace.

But how is the tourist who has no horses of his own to travel about the country? On the main roads he has the choice between two modes of locomotion, the one by caravan and the other by galloping post. The caravan method is not exactly what its name suggests. We would naturally suppose by the term that it meant travelling in a large company, but in reality the caravan need not be composed of more than one or two horses and a similar number of attendants. The essential is that the same animals, horses or mules, must be used during the whole journey, and consequently not more than one stage, or at most two stages, can be done in a day. By the other method, on the contrary, the horses are changed at the end of every stage, and the traveller may ride all day—and all night too if he chooses. By caravan you can travel anywhere in Persia : by galloping post you can travel only on the routes which have post-stations. If you ride by the road from Bushire to the Caspian you will have experience of both methods.

As far as Shiraz, a distance of about 180 miles, there are no post-stations, and consequently horses or mules must be hired for the whole journey. A Tcharwadar ready to supply them can easily be found, and he will undertake to land you in Shiraz in six days. Though he begins by assuring you that it is quite impossible to do it in less, the offer of a good baksheesh will probably get the six days reduced to five, especially if you consent to go by boat to Sheif, a few miles up the coast, and make this your starting-point. This arrangement has the advantage of saving a tedious march along the sandy shore of the Gulf, and I adopted it without hesitation.

Arrived at Sheif in the early morning I found two horses and three mules waiting for me, the horses for myself and servant, and the mules for the baggage. There was, of course, the usual difficulty in getting the baggage distributed and equipoised, and then off we started on our thousand-mile ride! When I say "we" I mean myself and servant, for the three muleteers went on foot and were to accompany me only as far as Shiraz. All three were good-natured, cheery fellows, good specimens of their class, which is renowned all over Persia for honesty and fidelity. The Tcharwadar naturally likes to drive a good bargain and may haggle for hours over the terms, but if he once makes a contract there is very little danger of his failing to fulfil it, and whatever is confided to him may be regarded as quite safe in his keeping.

The Road to Shiraz.

The first part of the road to Shiraz lies near the sea-coast, beginning on the shore and gradually approaching the foot of the mountains. A great part of the way it passes through cultivated fields and close to villages with flat-roofed houses, and two or three times we have a pleasant halt of a few minutes at a cool fountain shaded with trees. The cold water and the shade are both very agreeable, for on this low-lying strip of land the sun is very hot at the beginning of April, and a long ride, even at slow caravan-pace, has a tendency to make one thirsty and languid. Towards sunset we arrived at Borazjun, a goodly-sized village, which is said to be twenty-eight miles from Bushire. For the accommodation of travellers there is a large caravanserai, but I found much more comfortable quarters in the house of the clerk in charge of the telegraph office, an amiable, English-speaking, well-educated Armenian, who gave me a great deal of interesting information about the locality and its inhabitants. This was my first experience of the telegraph stations on the line, and I may say once for all that my agreeable first impressions were always confirmed. The officers employed on the line—some of them Armenians, but the majority Englishmen—are without exception most kind and hospitable, and the traveller's only regret on leaving these kind strangers is that he has so little prospect of ever being able to make a return for the hospitality received. On the ordinary Persian high-roads the traveller has to put up with caravanserai accommodation, which is of a primitive and anything but luxurious description. The caravanserais are large rectangular buildings composed of cells opening into a court. They have been erected by the Government or by rich private individuals for the protection of travellers at night, without distinction of persons, the rule of the establishment being—first come, first served. This rule requires, however, a short commentary, for the word "served" must not be taken in its strictly literal sense. There is in fact no service supplied, and as a set-off to this, there is no bill to be paid in the morning. On arrival the guest takes possession of any unoccupied cell he pleases, and makes himself as comfortable as he can in it by means of the resources which he has brought with him. These will probably comprise two carpets—one to be hung up as a door to keep out the cold, and the other to be laid on the floor—bedding, cooking-pots, dishes and food. On the premises he must not expect to find anything beyond drinking-water, fuel, fodder for the animals, and bread for himself and servant. The latter ought to have brought with him all other food required, together with the art of cooking it. If he is a fellow of the right sort he will quickly sweep out the cell and make it comfortable, and then prepare a meal of three or four courses. The time for preparing the repast may be usefully and agreeably employed, if one knows the native dialects, in chatting with the muleteers, some of whom are intelligent men, well acquainted with the less frequented parts of the country.

Should the caravanserai be in the neighbourhood of a village it is possible that milk and fresh eggs may be procured, but it is better not to trust to the possibility of obtaining such local supplies. Altogether there is no difficulty in "roughing it" in a tolerable way in these primitive hostelries, and the traveller has often occasion to feel grateful to the charitable personages whose good works took the form of caravanserai-building. On this route, however, it is rarely necessary for the English traveller who has brought introductions with him to have resource to the caravanserais, for he can easily arrange to spend the night always at a telegraph station or rest-house, and he will there find himself much more comfortable.

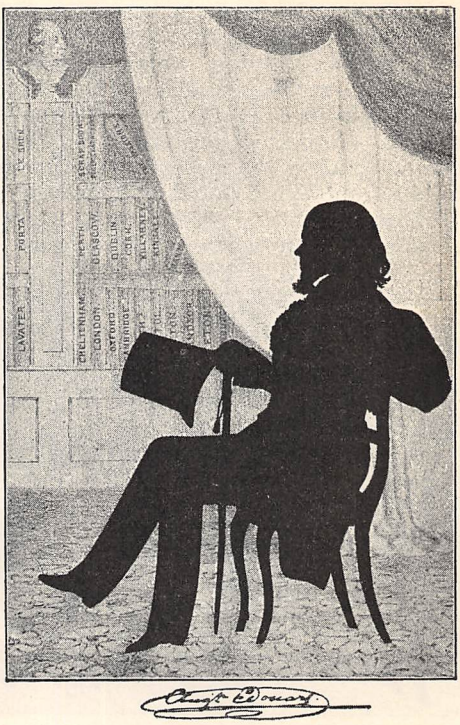
(*To be continued.*)

THE ART OF SILHOUETTING.

By ANDREW W. TUER.

WILL the day ever come when the Iron Duke will be popularly remembered by the Wellington boot, or the great Sir Robert Peel by the double-barrelled nicknames he contributed to his country's police? Certain it is that M. Etienne de Silhouette, the great financial minister of France, has his immortality altogether away from money bags, and is familiar by name only because that name was affixed to the shadow portraits which had their heyday in the days of his decline.

It happened this way. M. de Silhouette may have been a heaven-born minister, but in that case he was a bit before his date. The date was 1709. Destined for public life, he visited England to study her polity; and in this he succeeded so well that, when by his merit and the power of Madame Pompadour he was made Comptroller General, in 1757, he began to reform French finance on English models. Whether it was the reform or the Anglicism matters not, but for one or the other reason M. de Silhouette became the favourite butt of French public life. All that was shabby, mean, and perhaps a little ridiculous, began to be spoken of as *à la Silhouette*. Amongst these things was the bare outline likeness, which began about then to be produced both in France and England, and to which the name was attached.

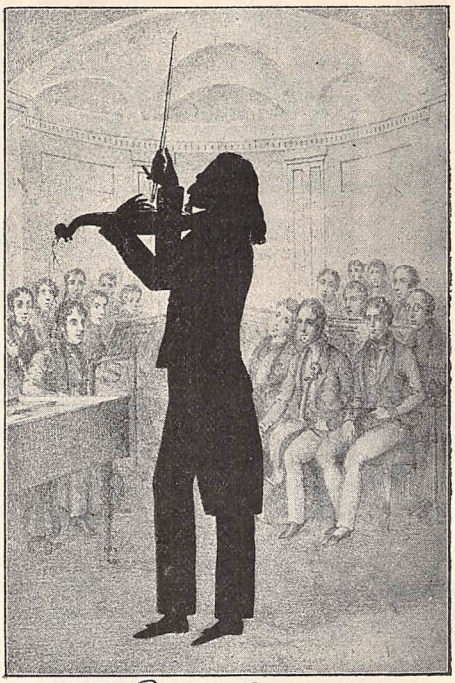


AUGUSTIN AMANT CONSTANCE FIDÈLE EDOUART.

Not that silhouetting was a discovery of the eighteenth century; in fact, and naturally, it was older than the Christian era. Portraiture is, after all, an art to which love is under long obligation; and it is fitting that this first rudimentary portraiture was, according to tradition, achieved by an Etrurian maiden, the daughter of a potter, who traced on the wall the shadow of her swain. That was 776 B.C. The first artists in monochrome—Crates of Sicyon, Philocles of Egypt, and Cleanthes of Corinth—the Doultons, and Mortlocks, and Walter Cranes of their day—practised the art which then went by the name of skiagraphy.

Germany, no less than France and England, shared in the modern revival of silhouetting. In 1780 a German follower of Lavater wrote a volume in which he claimed the shadow portrait as a specimen of true art when compared with the "daub

of the day" (the day of Reynolds, of Romney, and of Raeburn!). "This art," he says, "is older than any other. In Arcadie itself silhouettes were drawn. The shepherds of that golden age, in their happy simplicity, traced shadows of their beloved on the sand—to worship in absence. From silhouettes came contours, then monochrome, and finally, painting. The more perfect in the order of things displaces the less perfect. But now again, since this new culture of physiognomy, silhouettes are asked for, since these give a truer physiognomical idea than the daubs of the ignorant. The taste of man has revolted against affectation and returned to the simple."



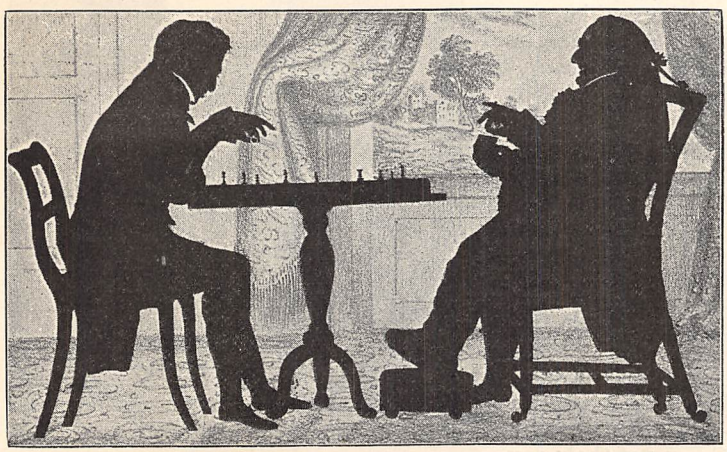
NICHOLAS PAGANINI.

Nearly all that is to be said for the silhouette is said here; and its reappearance in the train of Lavater gives it that touch of seriousness which makes it kin to science and to art. Much has happened since then. The "apothecary artist," as Mr. Ruskin calls the photographer, has arrived, and has focussed the silhouettist out of existence. In theory, his art is as defensible now as it was in the days of the German enthusiast in physiognomy; and on the score of simplicity, where ten applauded it a century ago, a thousand would applaud it now. Yet it must be owned that in even so simple a thing as the catching of a shadow Nature may herself be violated. A shadow is nothing if not shadowy. A form so vague and flitting cannot be interpreted by black paper pasted upon white. Precision is foreign to it, and so is permanence; though, on that latter score, he need not throw stones who admires the marble muslin frills of modern Italian sculpture in all the glass-houses of Europe.

Man however is said to be never happy unless he is catching something—an element of sport which perhaps gives a zest to the catcher of shadows. Silhouettes became household possessions even where possessions were few. The sempstress who had

"A wall so blank—my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there,"

could make her gratitude lifelong by calling in a poor old professor of the art from the nearest garret; while my lady, in the intervals of sitting to Gainsborough, did not disdain to lend her lovely outline to the "black art."



CHECKMATE.

In course of time machinery usurped the functions of the human hand. The pantograph traced in reduced size the outline of a shadow picture thrown by a candle on to a sheet of white paper. A simpler machine was in the form of a long metal

rod, one end of which passed over the profile; while the other, terminating in a point fixed to a universal joint, accurately reproduced it on a small scale. Sometimes the point was replaced by a knife, which traced and cut out the likeness at the same time.

Every town, and almost every village, was periodically visited by the caravan-housed professor, who for sixpence would supply a likeness by the royal patent machine and throw in a frame. For an increased fee he would cut papa, mamma, and the whole tribe of little ones, whose likenesses would be stuck on to a sheet of white cardboard in a mathemetically straight row, the sizes gradually diminishing until the vanishing point was reached by baby, or perhaps a little dog. Cats when cut had a knack of coming out uncommonly like goats or donkeys, and for this reason were tabooed in family groups. Single portraits generally stopped short at the waist. Hands, when attempted by the unskilful, could not fail to resemble glove-stretchers, and for this reason were kept discreetly out of sight.

"OH! HOW DO YOU DO?"

The silhouettists worth talking about dispensed with any such extraneous aid. They exercised, while cutting out the profile with a pair of scissors from direct observation of the sitter, and without any reference to his shadow, some of the qualities of an artist sketching with brush or pencil.

One of the first and best silhouettists who practised in this country was Augustin Amant Constance Fidèle Edouart, who was born at Dunkerque in 1788, and found his way to London as a refugee in 1815. A soldier in his earlier years, Edouart had served under Napoleon, and was decorated. By his marriage, in 1816, with Emilie Laurence Vital, he had two sons and two daughters, the elder of the sons, the Rev. Augustin Gaspard Edouart, being now Vicar of Leominster.

JOHN'S FUNNY STORY TO MARY THE COOK.

It was in 1825 that Edouart took to silhouette cutting as a profession. Spending an evening with some friends, he was shown profile likenesses of some of the family taken with a machine. These Edouart condemned; but the daughters pronounced them perfect. Challenged to do something better, Edouart seized upon a pair of scissors and the cover of a letter, and putting the father in position, "in an instant I produced a likeness." The paper being white, the snuffers were resorted to for blacking it over: natural skill triumphed over inexperience and difficulty. The mother's likeness was taken with equal facility and exactness; and Edouart's career as a silhouettist had begun. Dr. Magendie, the portly Bishop of Bangor, was the first patron, and of his portrait forty copies were ordered. Edouart's charge of five shillings for each silhouette

compared extravagantly with the nimble shilling which was the recognized fee of silhouettists of the baser sort.

Edouart became something of an authority on the art and wrote a book about it, now very scarce. It is entitled *A Treatise on Silhouette Likenesses*, by Monsieur Edouart, Silhouettist to the French Royal Family, and patronised by His Royal Highness the late Duke of Gloucester, and the principal nobility of England, Scotland and Ireland; London: Longmans & Co., 1835. The text, relating to himself and his doings, is enlivened by illustrations, some of which are here reproduced. The likenesses may fairly be regarded as the best ever produced by means of a pair of scissors and a piece of paper. His nimbleness was such that he even made many satisfactory portraits from description. A silhouette would be pointed out in his rooms as somewhat resembling the person whose likeness was required, and from a few hints as to the nose being too long, the chin too pointed, or what not, he would in a very few minutes produce a profile that was smilingly paid for—not a bad test of success.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Even the sitters of the silhouettist had their little vanities. Edouart grows irritable with a man who modified his projecting lower lip by sucking it in, destroying at the same time all chance of a striking likeness. The corpulent man made desperate efforts to be thin—for when does the figure appear to such disadvantage as in the uncompromising blot of black? Children in their innocence he loved to take, and succeeded in almost retaining the charm of the flower-like profile. Edouart held severely to the limitations of his art. He foreswore the ways of those who added brush work to scissor work, whether a few gold hairs, or a white cravat and frill. His portraits he determined should depend for their effect on the outline only, with no extraneous aid beyond that of an accessory background.

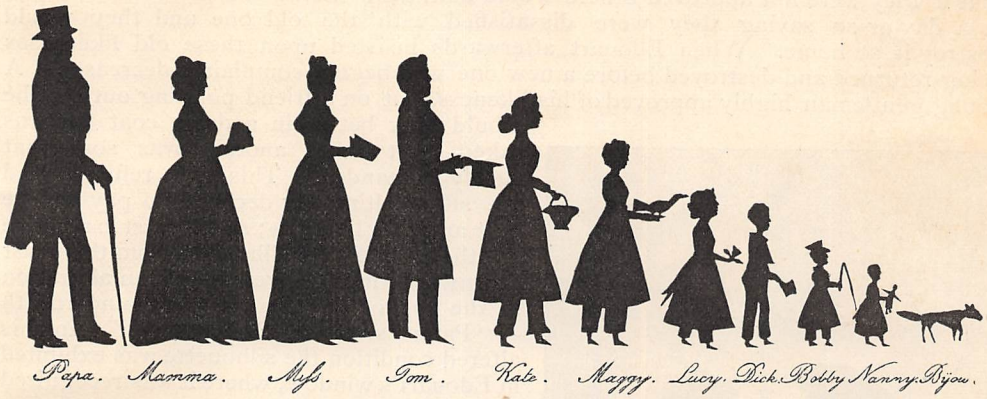
PATENT SCREW FOR FIVE SHILLINGS.

The artist, no less than the sitter, had little vanities of his own. Doubtless Edouart felt himself better than his class. What was, as a rule, a mere means of livelihood to a mountebank, was to him the serious exercise of a talent. His sensitiveness to social slights finds a record in his pages. Once he had a letter of introduction to a well-known public character, who received him among many friends with open arms. Presently his host slipped out of his coat and said that he was quite ready for "a little diversion." Edouart was puzzled, and, seeing that something was wrong, asked that the letter of introduction might be read. It opened—"My dear friend, I take this opportunity to recommend to your notice Monsieur Edouart, the celebrated pugilist." When it was explained that profilist was the word every one, says the chagrined artist, turned his back. Another time—and there were a great many of these invidious other times—a stately proprietress would not "bemean" herself by letting lodgings to "a man who does them common black shades."

As a set off however Edouart was presented in 1830 to Charles X., ex-King of France, at Holyrood Palace, whose likeness in a paper of four thicknesses he cut in the presence of the Royal family and suite. The little Prince, the Duc de Bordeaux, took one, his sister another, the Duchesse de Berri a third, and the fourth was handed to the Duchesse d'Angoulême. All declared that

the likeness was perfect, his Majesty being represented "in his usual mood of thoughtfulness in walking about the room."

It cannot be said that the shadow portraits always pleased his sitters. Edouart tells us of a lady who came to him with her husband, of whom she was anxious to have a likeness. When the portrait was finished she said she did not know it, and so



FAMILY IN A ROW.

another was taken, and another, and yet another, till at last twenty had been separately cut out. Edouart lost his temper and refused to take any more or to receive payment for what he had done. The wife besought him to try once more, and his reply was to place the twenty profiles one on top of another, "which showed at once they were all exactly alike." She went home very much disappointed, and later in the day the

FAMILY GROUP.

husband returned saying that he had no peace at home and another trial *must* be made. Edouart told him to go away and come back at a quarter before seven, and appointed seven for his wife to meet him. The sitter was punctual. Edouart fastened a white cloth across the room, putting him behind in a sitting posture, a light being placed so as to cast the shadow of his profile on the cloth. The wife appeared a few minutes later and asked for her husband. The lamp in front was put out and her husband's profile was distinctly seen on the cloth. Edouart asked her if she knew that living

silhouette, but she stared without any sign of recognition. She looked and looked but could not tell whose it was, when Edouart pushed aside the cloth and showed her her husband in the flesh. The story winds up, as such a story should, by the wife admitting her want of perception and paying for the portraits.

When Edouart first began to cut out paper likenesses it was on the understanding that if they were not approved others would be taken. Some of his clients returned in a day or so saying they were dissatisfied with the old one and they would destroy it at home. When Edouart afterwards insisted upon these old likenesses being returned and destroyed before a new one was begun, complaints decreased. A young gentleman highly approved of his likeness, but on a friend pointing out that he would look better in a dress coat (he was taken in a frock) another was somewhat rudely demanded. This was refused, and the sitter ultimately declined to pay for the first and only likeness; so Edouart in revenge cut the body of the silhouette from the waist downwards into a screw, made an alteration in the top of the hat and wrote underneath —"Patent screw for five shillings." In this altered condition the silhouette was exhibited in Edouart's window, where it was recognized by amused friends, and it was not long before satisfactory terms were made with the artist.

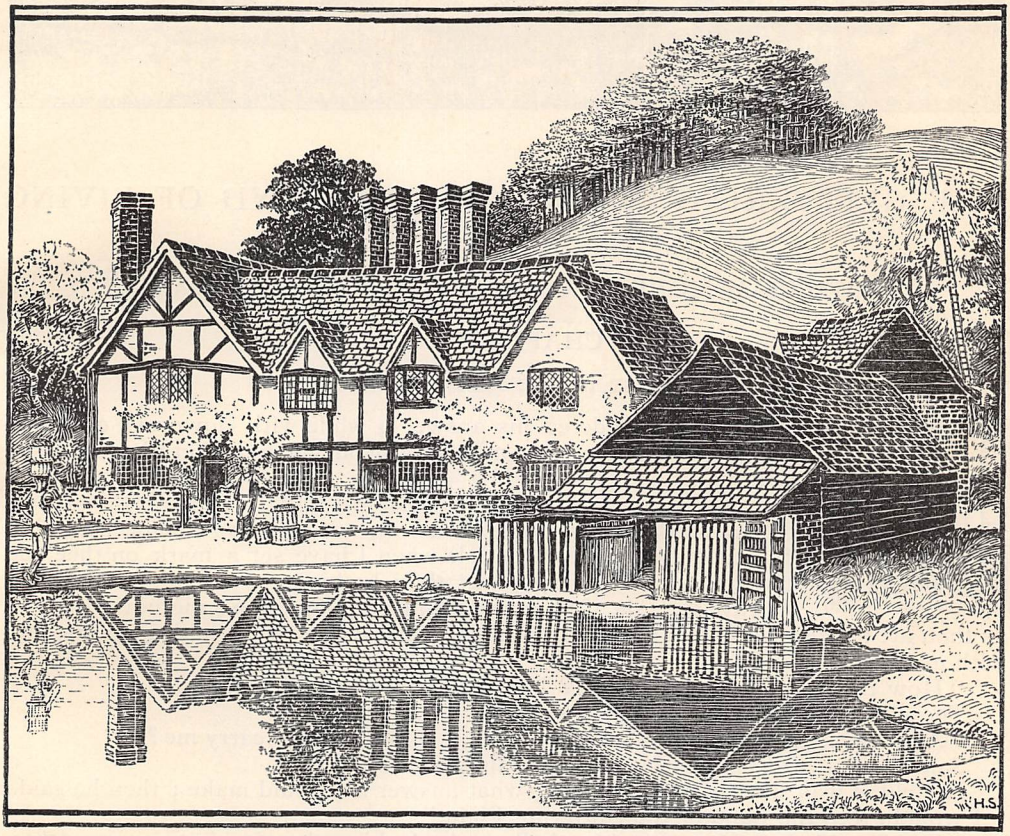
WELL MATCHED.

Edouart was an early riser, and indefatigable in his work. To preserve a steady hand he was obliged to be most particular in his diet, and could not venture on strong tea, coffee or spirits. He had a variety of ingeniously arranged ready-prepared backgrounds lithographed in a light neutral tint, of which that behind the excellent portrait of Daniel O'Connell is a good example; and in the drawing of special backgrounds he employed skilled assistants. The fingers, hidden by the *Times* forming part of the background, are cut short off in the original silhouette and meet the edge of the newspaper, the deception being perfect. O'Connell was seen by Edouart but once—in the Chamber of Commerce at Dublin. He returned home and cut out the portrait from memory, a feat performed, as will be seen, with singular success. In his compositions he did his best to steer clear of the gradually diminishing family group of the day—papa, mamma, miss, Tom, Kate, Maggie, Lucy, Dick, Bobby, Nanny, and four-footed, curly-tailed Bijou. He asks us to compare with this his own family group, which he tells us renders the effect of the perspective "at once elegant and natural." *Autres temps, autres mœurs*, and we must not be too hard on a really gifted man whose work in its own kind was high above that of his contemporaries.

If silhouetting be allowed to possess an artistic side at all, Edouart may be credited with being its best exponent. Perhaps those who will not recognize art in the mere outlining of the human profile have been unfortunate in the silhouettes they have seen —spiritless specimens still lingering on the walls of wayside farmhouse parlours. The vexed question may be summed up in a sentence when it is said that in principle this art of outline is pure, but in practice and material, unpleasant. What Edouart made of it as a means of presenting expression and the habit and attitude of the personality he studied, should convince the most reluctant how entirely the faculty of watchfully and intelligently apprehending character makes itself felt by any medium it may use. The very grotesqueness of these black-patch pictures is turned to purpose by the hand of the master who finds it framed for the purpose of caricature, and even for that whole art of minor portraiture to which caricature is so dangerously allied.

The labours of THE·XII·MONTHS
set out in NEW PICTURES & OLD PROVERBS

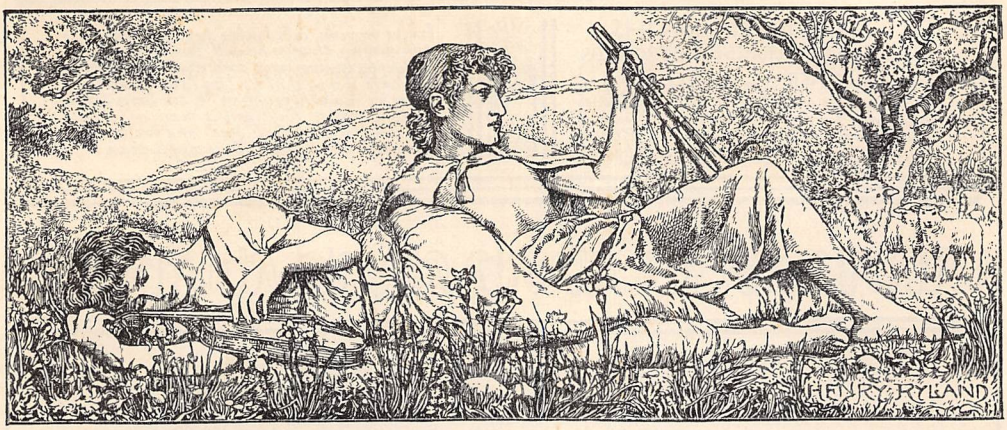
WISE SHEPHERDS say that the age of man is LXXII years and that we liken but to one hole yeare for evermore we take six yeares to every month as JANUARY or FEBRUARY and so forth. for as the yeare changeth by the twelve months, into twelve sundry manners so doth a man change himself twelve times in his life by twelve ages and every age lasteth six yeare if so be that he live to LXXII. For three times six maketh eighteen & six times six maketh XXXVI And then is man at the best and also at the highest and twelve times six maketh LXXII & that is the age of a man.



JULY

Then cometh JULY: that our fruits beene set a sunning, and our corn a hardening, but then the sunne begunneth a little for to descend downward. so man then goeth from youth toward age, and beginneth to acquaint him with sadness for then he is XLII yeare.

St SWITHUN'S day if thou dost rain for 40 days it will remain.
St SWITHUN'S day if thou be fair. for 40 days 'twill rain nae mair.
A swarm of bees in MAY is worth a load of hay. . .
A swarm of bees in JUNE is worth a silver spoon. . . .
A swarm of bees in JULY is not worth a fly. . . . .



THE GLITTERING PLAIN; OR, THE LAND OF LIVING MEN.

By WILLIAM MORRIS, Author of "The Earthly Paradise."

CHAPTER VII.

A FEAST IN THE ISLE OF RANSOM.

HALLBLITHE pondered his answer a while with downcast eyes and said at last: "Have ye a mind to ransom me, now that I have walked into the trap?"

"There is no need to talk of ransom," said the elder; "thou mayst go out of this house when thou wilt, nor will any meddle with thee if thou strayest about the Isle when I have set a mark on thee and given thee a token: nor wilt thou be hindered if thou hast a mind to leave the Isle, if thou canst find means thereto; moreover as long as thou art in the Isle, in this house mayst thou abide, eating and drinking and resting with us."

"How then may I leave this Isle?" said Hallblithe.

The elder laughed: "In a ship," said he.

"And when," said Hallblithe, "shall I find a ship that shall carry me?"

Said the old carle, "Whither wouldest thou my son?"

Hallblithe was silent a while thinking what answer he should make; then he said: "I would go to the Land of the Glittering Plain."

"Son," said the elder, "a ship shall not be lacking thee for that voyage; thou mayst go to-morrow morn. And I bid thee abide here to-night, and thy cheer shall not be ill. Yet if thou wilt believe my word, it will be well for thee to say as little as thou mayst to any man here, and that little as little proud as maybe: for our folk are short of temper and thou knowest there is no might against many. Indeed it is not unlike that they will not speak one word to thee, and if that be so, thou hast no need to open thy mouth to them. And now I will tell thee that it is good that thou hast chosen to go to the Glittering Plain. For if thou wert otherwise minded, I wot not how thou wouldest get thee a keel to carry thee, and the wings have not yet begun to sprout on thy shoulders, raven though thou be. Now I am glad that thou art going thy ways to the Glittering Plain to-morrow; for thou wilt be good company to me on the way; and I deem that thou wilt be no churl when thou art glad."

"What!" said Hallblithe, "art thou wending thither, thou old man?"

"Yea," said he, "nor shall any other be on the ship save thou and I, and the mariners who waft us; and they forsooth shall not go aland there. Why should I not go, since there are men to bear me aboard?"

Said Hallblithe, "And when thou art come aland there, what wilt thou do?"

"Thou shalt see, my son," said the long-hoary. "It may be that thy good wishes shall be of avail to me. But now since all this may only be if I live through this night, and since my heart hath been warmed by the good mead, and thy fellowship, and whereas I am somewhat sleepy, and it is long past noon, go forth into the hall, and leave me to sleep, that I may be as sound as Eld will let me be to-morrow. And as for thee, folk, both men and women shall presently come into the hall, and I deem not that any shall meddle with thee; but if so be that any challenge thee, whatsoever may be his words, answer thou to him, 'The House of the Undying,' and there will be an end of it. Only look thou to it that no naked steel cometh out of thy scabbard. Go now, and if thou wilt, go out of doors; yet art thou safer within doors, and nigher unto me."

So Hallblithe went back into the main hall, and the sun had gotten round now, and was shining into the hall through the clerestory windows, so that he saw clearly all that was therein. And he deemed the hall fairer within than without; and especially over the shut-beds were many stories carven in the panelling, and Hallblithe beheld them gladly. But of one thing he marvelled, that whereas he was in an island of the strong-thieves of the waters and in their very home and chiefest habitation, there were no ships or seas pictured in that imagery, but fair groves and gardens, with flowery grass and fruited trees all about. And there were fair women abiding therein, and lovely young men, and warriors, and strange beasts and many marvels, and the ending of wrath and beginning of pleasure and the crowning of love. And amidst these was pictured oft and again a mighty king with a sword by his side and a crown on his head; and ever was he smiling and joyous, so that Hallblithe, when he looked on him, felt of better heart and smiled back on the carven image.

So while Hallblithe looked on these things, and pondered his case carefully, all alone as he was in that alien hall, he heard a noise without of talking and laughter, and presently the pattering of feet therewith, and then women came into the hall, a score or more, some young, some old, some fair enough, and some hard-featured and uncomely, but all above the stature of the women whom he had seen in his own land.

So he stood amidst the hall-floor and abided them; and they saw him and his shining war-gear, and ceased their talking and laughter, and drew round about him, and gazed at him; but none said aught, till an old crone came forth from the ring, and said: "Who art thou standing under weapons in our hall?"

He knew not what to answer, and held his peace; and she spake again: "Whither wouldest thou, what seekest thou?"

Then answered Hallblithe: "The House of the Undying."

None answered, and the other women all fell away from him at once, and went about their business hither and thither through the hall. But the old crone took him by the hand, and led him up to the dais, and set him next to the midmost high-seat. Then she made as if she would do off his war-gear, and he would not gainsay her, though he deemed that foes might be anear; for in sooth he trusted in the old carle that he would not bewray him, and moreover he deemed it would be unmanly not to take the risks of the guesting, according to the custom of that country.

So she took his armour and his weapons and bore them off to a shut-bed next to that wherein lay the ancient man, and she laid the gear within it, all save the spear, which she laid on the wall pins above; and she made signs to him that therein he was to lie; but she spake no word to him. Then she brought him the hand-washing water in a basin of latten, and a goodly towel therewith, and when he had washed she went away from him, but not far.

This while the other women were busy about the hall, some swept the floor down, and when it was swept strawed thereon rushes and handfuls of wild thyme: some went into the buttery and bore forth the boards and the trestles: some went to the chests and brought out the rich hangings, the goodly bankers and dorsars, and did them on the walls: some bore in the stoups and horns and beakers, and some went their ways and came not back a while, for they were busied about the cooking. But whatever they did, none hailed him, or heeded him more than if he had been an image, as he sat there looking on. None save the old woman who brought him the fore-supper, to wit a great horn of mead, and cakes and dried fish.

So was the hall arrayed for the feast very fairly, and Hallblithe sat there while the sun westered and the house grew dim, and dark at last, and they lighted the candles up and down the hall. But a little after these were lit, a great horn was winded close without, and thereafter came the clatter of arms about the door, and exceeding tall

weaponed men came in, one score and five, and strode two by two up to the foot of the dais, and stood there in a row. And Hallblithe deemed their war-gear exceeding good; they were all clad in ring-locked byrnies, and had steel helms on their heads with garlands of gold wrought about them, and they bore spears in their hands, and white shields hung at their backs.

Now came the women to them and unarmed them; and under their armour their raiment was black; but they had gold rings on their arms, and golden collars about their necks.

So they strode up the dais and took their places on the high seat, not heeding Hallblithe any more than if he were an image of wood. Nevertheless that man sat next to him who was the chieftain of all and sat in the midmost high seat; and he bore his sheathed sword in his hand and laid it on the board before him, and he was the only man of those chieftains who had a weapon.

But when these were set down there was again a noise without, and there came in a throng of men armed and unarmed who took their places on the endlong benches up and down the hall; with these came women also, who most of them sat amongst the men, but some busied them with the serving: all these men were great of stature, but none so big as the chieftains on the high-seat.

Now came the women in from the kitchen bearing the meat, whereof no little was flesh-meat, and all was of the best. Hallblithe was duly served like the others, but still none spake to him or looked on him even; though amongst themselves they spoke in big, rough voices so that the rafters of the hall rang again.

When they had eaten their fill the women filled round the cups and the horns to them, and those vessels were both great and goodly. But ere they fell to drinking uprose the chieftain who sat furthest from the midmost high-seat on the right and cried a health: "The Treasure of the Sea!" Then they all stood up and shouted, women as well as men, and emptied their horns and cups to that health. Then stood up the man furthest on the left and cried out, "Drink a health to the Undying King!" And again all men rose up and shouted ere they drank. Other healths they drank, as the "Cold Keel," the "Windworn Sail," the "Quivering Ash" and the "Furrowed Beach." And the wine and mead flowed like rivers in that hall of the Wild Men. As for Hallblithe, he drank what he would, but stood not up, nor raised his cup to his lips when a health was drunk; for he knew not whether these men were his friends or his foes, and he deemed it would be little-minded to drink to their healths, lest he might be drinking death and confusion to his own kindred.

But when men had drunk a while, again a horn blew at the nether end of the hall, and straightway folk arose from the endlong tables, and took away the boards and trestles, and cleared the floor and stood against the wall; then the big chieftain beside Hallblithe arose and cried out: "Now let man dance with maid, and be we merry! Music, strike up!"

Then flew the fiddle-bows and twanged the harps, and the carles and queens stood forth on the floor; and all the women were clad in black raiment, albeit embroidered with knots and wreaths of flowers. A while they danced and then suddenly the music fell, and they all went back to their places. Then the chieftain in the high seat arose and took a horn from his side, and blew a great blast on it that filled the hall; then he cried in a loud voice: "Be we merry! Let the champions come forth!"

Men shouted gleefully thereat, and straightway ran into the hall from out the screens three tall men clad all in black armour with naked swords in their hands, and stood amidst the hall-floor, somewhat on one side, and clashed their swords on their shields and cried out: "Come forth ye Champions of the Raven!"

Then leapt Hallblithe from his seat and set his hand on his left side, but no sword was there; so he sat down again, remembering the warning of the Elder, and none heeded him.

Then there came into the hall slowly and mournfully three men-at-arms, clad and weaponed like the warriors of his folk, with the image of the Raven on their helms and shields. So Hallblithe refrained him, for besides that this seemed like to be a fair battle of three against three, he doubted some snare, and he determined to look on and abide.

So the champions fell to laying on strokes that were no child's play, though Hallblithe doubted if the edges bit, and it was but a little while before the Champions of the Raven fell one after another before the Wild Men, and folk drew them by the heels

out into the buttery. Then arose great laughter and jeering, and exceeding wroth was Hallblithe; howbeit he refrained him because he remembered all he had to do. But the three Champions of the Sea strode round the hall tossing up their swords and catching them as they fell, while the horns blew up behind them.

After a while the hall grew hushed, and the chieftain arose and cried: "Bring in now some sheaves of the harvest we win, we lads of the oar and the arrow!"

Then was there a stir at the screen doors, and folk pressed forward to see, and, lo, there came forward a string of women, led in by two weaponed carles; and the women were a score in number, and they were barefoot and their hair hung loose and their gowns were ungirt, and they were chained together wrist to wrist, yet had they gold at arm and neck: there was silence in the hall when they stood amidst of the floor.

Then indeed Hallblithe could not refrain himself, and he leapt from his seat and on to the board, and over it, and ran down the hall, and came to those women and looked them in the face one by one, while no man spake in the hall. But the Hostage was not amongst them; nay forsooth, they none of them favoured of the daughters of his people, though they were comely and fair; so that again Hallblithe doubted if this were aught but a feast-hall play done to anger him; whereas there was but little grief in the faces of those damsels, and more than one of them smiled wantonly in his face as he looked on them.

So he turned about and went back to his seat having said no word, and behind him arose much mocking and jeering; but it angered him little now; for he remembered the rede of the elder and how that he had done according to his bidding, so that he deemed the gain was his. So sprang up talk in the hall betwixt man and man, and folk drank about and were merry, till the chieftain arose again and smote the board with the flat of his sword, and cried out in a loud and angry voice, so that all could hear: "Now let there be music and minstrelsy ere we wend bedward!"

Therewith fell the hubbub of voices, and there came forth three men with great harps, and a fourth man with them, who was the minstrel; and the harpers smote their harps so that the roof rang therewith, and the noise though it was great, was tuneable, and when they had played thus a little while, they abated their loudness somewhat, and the minstrel lifted his voice and sang:—

The land lies black — Round field and fold;
With winter's lack, — All folk are within,
The wind blows cold — And but weaving they win.

Where from finger to finger the shuttle flies fast,
And the eyes of the singer look fain on the cast,
As he singeth the story of summer undone
And the barley-sheaves hoary ripe under the sun.

Then the maidens stay — By the blue web's side,
The light hung sley, — While hand in hand
And the shuttles bide — With the carles they stand.

But ere to the measure the fiddles strike up,
And the elders yet treasure the last of the cup,
There stand they a-hearkening the blast from the lift,
And e'en night is a-darkening more under the drift.

There safe in the hall — Of the valiant stead;
They bless the wall, — And the hands they praise
And the roof o'er head — Of the olden days.

Then through the storm's roaring the fiddles break out,
And they think not of warring, but cast away doubt,
And, man before maiden, their feet tread the floor,
And their hearts are unladen of all that they bore.

But what winds are o'er-cold — For the undoomed to die?
For the heart of the bold? — Dark night and dread wind,
What seas are o'er-high — But the haven we find.

Then ashore mid the flurry of stone-washing surf!
Cloud-hounds the moon worry, but light lies the turf;
Lo the long dale before us! the lights at the end,
Though the night darkens o'er us, bid whither to wend.

Who beateth the door — From over the seas?
By the foot-smitten floor? — Take shield and sword
What guests are these — For their greeting-word.

Lo, lo, the dance ended! Lo, midst of the hall
The fallow blades blended! Lo, blood on the wall!
Who liveth, who dieth? O men of the sea,
For peace the folk crieth: our masters are ye.

Now the dale lies grey — O'er the wind-worn grass;
At the dawn of day; — And they turn back to gaze
And fair feet pass — On the roof of old days.

Come tread ye the oaken floored hall of the sea!
Be your hearts yet unbroken; so fair as ye be,
That kings are abiding unwedded to gain
The news of our riding the steeds of the main.

Much shouting and laughter arose at the song's end; and men sprang up and waved their swords above the cups, while Hallblithe sat scowling down on their merriment. Lastly arose the chieftain and called out loudly for the good-night cup, and it went round and all men drank. Then the horn blew for bed, and the chieftains went to their chambers, and the others went to the out-bowers or laid them down on the hall floor, and in a little while none stood upright thereon. So Hallblithe arose, and went to the shut-bed appointed for him, and laid him down and slept dreamlessly till the morning.

CHAPTER III.

HALLBLITHE TAKETH SHIP AGAIN.

When he awoke, the sun shone into the hall by the windows above the buttery and there were but few folk left therein. But when Hallblithe was clad, the old woman came to him, and took him by the hand, and led him to the board, and signed to him to eat of what was thereon; and he did so; and by then he was done, came folk who went into the shut-bed where lay the long-hoary, and they brought him forth bed and all and bare him out a doors. Then the crone brought Hallblithe his arms and he did on byrny and helm, girt his sword to his side, took his spear in his hand and went out a-doors; and there close by the porch lay the long-hoary upon a horse litter. So Hallblithe came up to him and gave him the sele of the day: and the elder said: "Good morrow, son, I am glad to see thee. Did they try thee hard last night?"

And Hallblithe saw two of the carles that had borne out the elder, that they were talking together, and they looked on him and laughed mockingly; so he said to the elder: "Even fools may try a wise man, and so it befel last night. Yet, as thou seest, mumming hath not slain me."

Said the old man: "What thou sawest was not all mumming; it was done according to our customs; and well nigh all of it had been done, even hadst thou not been there. Nay, I will tell thee; at some of our feasts it is not lawful to eat either for the chieftains or the carles, till a champion hath given forth a challenge, and been answered and met, and the battle fought to an end. But ye men, what hindereth you to go to the horses' heads and speed on the road the chieftain who is no longer way-worthy?"

So they ran to the horses and set off down the dale by the river-side, and just as Hallblithe was going to follow afoot, there came a swain from behind the house leading a red horse which he brought to Hallblithe as one who bids mount. So Hallblithe leapt into the saddle and at once caught up with the litter of the long-hoary down along the river. They passed by no other house, save here and there a cot beside some fold or byre; they went easily, for the way was smooth by the river-side; so in less than two hours they came where the said river ran into the sea. There was no beach there, for the water was ten fathom deep close up to the lip of the land; but there was a great haven land-locked all but a narrow out-gate betwixt the sheer black cliffs. Many a great ship might have lain in that haven; but as now there was but one lying there, a round-ship not very great, but exceeding trim and meet for the sea.

There without more ado the carles took the elder from the litter and and bore him aboard, and Hallblithe followed him as if all had been so appointed. They laid

the old man adown on the poop under a tilt of precious web, and so went aback by the way that they had come; and Hallblithe went and sat down beside the long-hoary, who spake to him and said: "Seest thou, son, how easy it is for us twain to be shipped for the land whither we would go? But as easy as it is for thee to go thither whereas we are going, just so hard had it been for thee to go elsewhere. Moreover I must tell thee that though many an one of the Isle of Ransom desireth to go this voyage there shall none else go, till the world is a year older, and he who shall go then shall be likest to me in all ways, both in eld and in feebleness, and in gibing speech, and all else; and now that I am gone his name shall be the same as that whereby ye may call me to-day, and that is Grandfather. Art thou glad or sorry, Hallblithe?"

"Grandfather," said Hallblithe, "I can scarce tell thee: I move as one who hath no will to wend one way or other. Meseems I am drawn to go thither whereas we are going; therefore I deem that I shall find my beloved on the Glittering Plain: and whatever befalleth afterward, let it be as it will!"

"Tell me, son," said the Grandfather, "how many women are there in the world?"

"How may I tell thee?" said Hallblithe.

"Well, then," said the elder, "how many exceeding fair women are there?"

Said Hallblithe, "Indeed I wot not."

"How many of such hast thou seen?" said the Grandfather.

"Many," said Hallblithe; "the daughters of my folk are fair, and there will be many other such amongst the aliens."

Then laughed the elder, and said: "Yet, my son, he who had been thy fellow since thy sundering from thy beloved would have said that in thy deeming there is but one woman in the world; or at least one fair woman: is it not so?"

Then Hallblithe reddened at first, as though he were angry; then he said: "Yea, it is so."

Said the Grandfather in a musing way: "I wonder if before long I shall think of it as thou dost."

Then Hallblithe gazed at him marvelling, and studied to see wherein lay the gibe against himself; and the Grandfather beheld him, and laughed as well as he might, and said: "Son, son, didst thou not wish me youth?"

"Yea," said Hallblithe, "but what ails thee to laugh so? What is it I have said or done?"

"Nought, nought," said the elder, laughing still more, "only thou lookest so mazed. And who knoweth what thy wish may bring forth."

Thereat was Hallblithe sore puzzled; but while he set himself to consider what the old carle might mean uprose the hale and how of the mariners; they cast off the hawsers from the shore, ran out the sweeps, and drove the ship through the haven-gates.

It was a bright sunny day; within, the green water was oily smooth, without the rippling waves danced merrily under a light breeze, and Hallblithe deemed the wind to be fair; for the mariners shouted joyously and made all sail on the ship; and she lay over and sped through the waves, casting off the seas from her black bows. Soon were they clear of those swart cliffs, and it was but a little afterwards that the Isle of Ransom was grown deep blue behind them and far away.

CHAPTER IX.

THEY COME TO THE LAND OF THE GLITTERING PLAIN.

As in the hall, so in the ship Hallblithe noted that the folk were merry and of many words one with another, while to him no man cast a word saving the Grandfather. As to Hallblithe, though he wondered much what all this betokened, and what the land was whereto he was wending, he was no man to fear an unboded peril; and he said to himself that whatever else betid, he should meet the Hostage on the Glittering Plain; so his heart rose and he was of good cheer, and as the Grandfather had foretold, he was a merry faring-fellow to him. Many a gibe the old man cast at him, and whiles Hallblithe gave him back as good as he took, and whiles he laughed as the stroke

went home and silenced him; and whiles he understood nought of what the elder said.

So wore the day and still the wind held fair, though it was light; and the sun set in a sky nigh cloudless, and there was nowhere any forecast of peril. But when night was come Hallblithe lay down on a fair bed, which was dight for him in the poop, and he soon fell asleep and dreamed not save such dreams as are but made up of bygone memories, and betoken nought, and are not remembered.

When he awoke, day lay broad on the sea, and the waves were little, the sky had but few clouds, the sun shone bright, and the air was warm and sweet-breathed.

He looked aside and saw the old man sitting up in his bed, as ghastly as a dead man dug up again: his bushy eyebrows were wrinkled over his bleared old eyes, the long white hair dangled forlorn from his gaunt head: yet was his face smiling and he looked as happy as the soul within him could make the half-dead body. He turned now to Hallblithe and said: "Thou art late awake: hadst thou been waking earlier, the sooner had thine heart been gladdened. Go forward now, and gaze thy fill and come and tell me thereof."

"Thou art happy, Grandfather," said Hallblithe, "what good tidings hath morn brought us?"

"The land! the land!" said the Long-hoary; "there are no longer tears in this old body, else should I be weeping for joy."

Said Hallblithe: "Art thou going to meet some one who shall make thee glad before thou diest, old man?"

"Some one?" said the elder; "what one? Are they not all gone? burned, and drowned, and slain and died abed? Some one, young man? Yea, forsooth some one indeed! Yea, the great warrior of the Wasters of the Shore; the Sea-eagle who bore the sword and the torch and the terror of the Ravagers over the coal-blue sea. It is myself, MYSELF that I shall find on the Land of the Glittering Plains, O young lover!"

Hallblithe looked on him wondering as he raised his wasted arms toward the bows of the ship pitching down the slope of the sunlit sea, or climbing up it. Then again the old man fell back on his bed and muttered: "What fool's work is this! that thou wilt draw me on to talk loud, and waste my body with lack of patience. I will talk with thee no more, lest my heart swell and break, and quench the little spark of life within me."

Then Hallblithe arose to his feet, and stood looking at him, wondering so much at his words, that for a while he forgat the land which they were nearing, though he had caught glimpses of it, as the bows of the round-ship fell downward into the hollow of the sea. The wind was but light, as hath been said, and the waves little under it, but there was still a smooth swell of the sea which came of breezes now dead, and the ship wallowed thereon and sailed but slowly.

In a while the old man opened his eyes again, and said in a low peevish voice: "Why standest thou staring at me? why hast thou not gone forward to look upon the land? True it is that ye Ravens are short of wits."

Said Hallblithe: "Be not wrath, chieftain; I was wondering at thy words, which are exceeding marvellous; tell me more of this land of the Glittering Plain."

Said the Grandfather: "Why should I tell it thee? ask of the mariners. They all know more than thou dost."

"Thou knowest," said Hallblithe, "that these men speak not to me, and take no more heed of me than if I were an image which they were carrying to sell to the next mighty man they may hap on.—Or tell me, thou old man," said he fiercely, "is it perchance a thrall-market whereto they are bringing me? Have they sold her there, and will they sell me also in the same place, but into other hands?"

"Tush!" said the Grandfather somewhat feebly, "this last word of thine is folly; there is no buying or selling in the land whereto we are bound. As to thine other word, that these men have no fellowship with thee, it is true: thou art my fellow, and the fellow of none else aboard. Therefore if I feel might in me, may be I will tell thee somewhat."

Then he raised his head a little and said: "The sun grows hot, the wind faileth us, and slow and slow are we sailing."

Even as he spoke there was a stir amidships, and Hallblithe looked and beheld the

mariners handling the sweeps, and settling themselves on the rowing-benches. Said the elder: "There is noise amidships, what are they doing?"

"They are running out the long oars," said Hallblithe.

The old man raised himself a little again, and cried out in his shrill voice: "Good lads, brave lads! Thus would we do in the old time when we drew anear some shore, and the beacons were sending up smoke by day, and flame benights; and the shore-abiders did on their helms and trembled. Thrust her through lads! Thrust her along!" Then he fell back again, and said in a weak voice: "Make no more delay, guest, but go forward and look upon the land, and come back and tell me thereof, and then the tale may flow from me. Haste, haste!" So Hallblithe went down from the poop, and into the waist, where now the rowers were bending to their oars, and crying out fiercely as they tugged at the quivering ash; and he clomb on to the forecastle and went forward right to the dragon-head, and gazed long upon the land, while the dashing of the oar-blades made the semblance of a gale about the ship's black sides. Then he came back again to the Sea-eagle, who said to him: "Son, what hast thou seen?"

"Right ahead lieth the land, and it is still a good way off. High rise the mountains there, but by seeming there is no snow on them; and though they be blue they are not blue like the mountains of the Isle of Ransom. Also it seemed to me as if fair slopes of woodland and meadow come down to the edge of the sea. But it is yet far away."

"Yea," said the elder, "is it so? Then will I not wear myself with making words for thee. I will rest rather, and gather might. Come again when an hour hath worn, and tell me what thou seest; and may happen then thou shalt have my tale!"

And he laid him down therewith and seemed to be asleep at once. And Hallblithe might not amend it; so he waited patiently till the hour had worn, and then went forward again, and looked long and carefully, and came back and said to the Sea-eagle, "The hour is worn."

The old chieftain turned himself about and said: "What hast thou seen?"

Said Hallblithe: "The mountains are pale and high, and below them are hills dark with wood, and betwixt them and the sea is a fair space of meadow-land, and methought it was wide."

Said the old man: "Sawest thou a rocky skerry rising high out of the sea a-nigh the shore?"

"Nay," said Hallblithe. "If such there be, it is all blended with the meadows and the hills."

Said the Sea-eagle: "Abide the wearing of another hour, and come and tell me again, and then I may have a gainful word for thee."

And he fell asleep again. But Hallblithe abided, and when the hour was worn he went forward and stood on the forecastle. And this was the third shift of the rowers, and the stoutest men in the ship now held the oars in their hands, and the ship shook through all her length and breadth as they drave her over the waters.

So Hallblithe came aft to the old man and found him asleep; so he took him by the shoulder, and shook him and said: "Awake, faring-fellow, for the land is a-nigh."

So the old man sat up and said: "What hast thou seen?"

Said Hallblithe: "I have seen the peaks and cliffs of the far-off mountains; and below them are hills green with grass and dark with woods, and thence stretch soft green meadows down to the sea-strand, which is fair, and smooth, and yellow."

"Sawest thou the skerry?" said the Sea-eagle.

"Yea, I saw it," said Hallblithe, "and it rises sheer from out the sea about a mile from the yellow strand; but its rocks are black, like the rocks of the Isle of Ransom."

"Son," said the elder, "give me thine hands and raise me up a little." So Hallblithe took him and raised him up, so that he sat leaning against the pillows! and he looked not on Hallblithe, but on the bows of the ship, which now pitched but a little up and down, for the sea was laid quiet now. Then he cried in his shrill, piping voice: "It is the land! It is the land!"

But after a little while he turned to Hallblithe and spake: "Short is the tale to tell: thou hast wished me youth, and thy wish hath thriven; for to-day, ere the sun goes down thou shalt see me as I was in the days when I reaped the harvest of the

sea with sharp sword and hardy heart. For this is the land of the Undying King, who is our lord and our gift-giver; and to some he giveth the gift of youth renewed, and life that shall abide here the Gloom of the Gods. But none of us all may come to the Glittering Plain and the King Undying without turning the back for the last time on the Isle of Ransom: nor may any men of the Isle come hither save those who are of the House of the Sea-eagle, and few of those, save the chieftains of the House, such as are they who sat by thee on the high-seat that even. Of these once in a while is chosen one of us, who is old and spent and past battle, and is borne to this land and the gift of the Undying. Forsooth some of us have no will to take the gift, for they say they are liefer to go to where they shall meet more of our kindred than dwell on the Glittering Plain and the Acre of the Undying; but as for me I was ever an overbearing and masterful man, and meseemeth it is well that I meet as few of our kindred as may be: for they are a strifeful race."

Hereat Hallblithe marvelled exceedingly, and he said: "And what am I in all this story? Why am I come hither with thy furtherance?"

Said the Sea-eagle: "We had a charge from the Undying King concerning thee, that we should bring thee hither alive and well, if so be thou camest to the Isle of Ransom. For what cause we had the charge I know not, nor do I greatly heed."

Said Hallblithe: "And shall I also have that gift of undying youth, and life while the world of men and gods endureth?"

"I must needs deem so," said the Sea-eagle, "so long as thou abidest on the Glittering Plain; and I see not how thou mayst ever escape thence."

Now Hallblithe heard him, how he said "escape," and thereat he was somewhat ill at ease, and stood and pondered a little. At last he said: "Is this then all that thou hast to tell me concerning the Glittering Plain?"

"By the treasure of the sea!" said the Elder, 'I know no more of it. The living shall learn. But I suppose that thou mayst seek thy troth-plight maiden there all thou wilt. Or thou mayst pray the Undying King to have her thither to thee. What know I? At least, it is like that there shall be no lack of fair women there: or else the promise of youth renewed is nought and vain. Shall this not be enough for thee?"

"Nay," said Hallblithe.

"What!" said the elder, "must it be one woman only?"

"One only," said Hallblithe.

The old man laughed his thin mocking laugh, and said: "I will not assure thee but that the land of the Glittering Plain shall change all that for thee so soon as it touches the soles of thy feet."

Hallblithe looked at him steadily and smiled, and said: "Well is it then that I shall find the Hostage there; for then shall we be of one mind, either to sunder or to cleave together. It is well with me this day."

"And with me it shall be well ere long," said the Sea-eagle.

But now the rowers ceased rowing and lay on their oars, and the shipmen cast anchor; for they were but a bowshot from the shore, and the ship swung with the tide and lay side-long to the shore. Then said the Sea-eagle: "Look forth, shipmate, and tell me of the land."

And Hallblithe looked and said: "The yellow beach is sandy and shell-strewn, as I deem, and there is no great space of it betwixt the sea and the flowery grass; and a bowshot from the strand I see a little wood amidst which are fair trees blossoming."

"Seest thou any folk on the shore?" said the old man.

"Yea," said Hallblithe, "close to the edge of the sea go four; and by seeming three are women, for their long gowns flutter in the wind. And one of these is clad in saffron colour, and another in white, and another in watchet; but the carle is clad in dark red; and their raiment is all glistening as with gold and gems; and by seeming they are looking at our ship as though they expected somewhat."

Said the Sea-eagle: "Why now do the shipmen tarry and have not made ready the skiff? Swillers and belly-gods they be; slothful swine that forget their chieftain."

But even as he spake came four of the shipmen, and without more ado took him up, bed and all, and bore him down into the waist of the ship, whereunder lay the skiff with four strong rowers lying on their oars. These men made no sign to Hallblithe,

nor took any heed of him; but he caught up his spear, and followed them and stood by as they lowered the old man into the boat. Then he set his foot on the gunwale of the ship and leapt down lightly into the boat, and none hindered or helped him; and he stood upright in the boat a goodly image of battle with the sun flashing back from his bright helm, his spear in his hand, his white shield at his back, and thereon the image of the Raven; but if he had been but a salt-boiling carle of the sea-side none would have heeded him less.

CHAPTER X.

THEY HOLD CONVERSE ON THE GLITTERING PLAIN.

Now the rowers lifted the ash-blades, and fell to rowing towards shore: and almost with the first of their strokes, the Sea-eagle moaned out: "Would we were there, oh, would we were there! Cold groweth eld about my heart. Raven's Son, thou art standing up; tell me if thou canst see what these folk of the land are doing, and if any others have come thither?"

Said Hallblithe: "There are none others come, but kine and horses are feeding down the meadows. As to what those four are doing, the women are putting off their shoon, and girding up their raiment, as if they would wade the water toward us; and the carle, who was barefoot before, wendeth straight towards the sea, and there he standeth, for very little are the waves become."

The old man answered nothing, and did but groan for lack of patience; but presently when the water was yet waist deep the rowers stayed the skiff, and two of them slipped over the gunwale into the sea, and between them all they took up the chieftain on his bed and got him forth from the boat and went toward the strand with him; and the landsfolk met them where the water was shallower, and took him from their hands and bore him forth on to the yellow sand, and laid him down out of reach of the creeping ripple of the tide. Hallblithe withal slipped lightly out of the boat and waded the water after them. But the shipmen rowed back again to their ship, and presently Hallblithe heard the hale and how as they got up their anchor.

But when Hallblithe was come ashore, and was drawn near the folk of the land, the women looked at him askance, and they laughed and said, "Welcome to thee also, O young man!" And he beheld them, and saw that they were of the stature of the maidens of his own land; they were exceeding fair of skin and shapely of fashion, so that the nakedness of their limbs under their girded gowns, and all glistening with the sea was most lovely and dainty to behold. But Hallblithe knelt by the Sea-eagle to note how he fared, and said: "How is it with thee, O chieftain?"

The old man answered not a word, and he seemed to be asleep, and Hallblithe deemed that his cheeks were ruddier and his skin less wasted and wrinkled than aforetime. Then spake one of those women: "Fear not, young man; he is well and will soon be better." Her voice was as sweet as a spring bird in the morning; she was white-skinned and dark-haired, and full sweetly fashioned; and she laughed on Hallblithe, but not mockingly; and her fellows also laughed as though it were strange for him to be there. Then they did on their shoon again, and with the carle laid their hands to the bed whereon the old man lay, and lifted him up, and bore him forth on to the grass, turning their faces toward the flowery wood aforesaid; and they went a little way and then laid him down again and rested; and so on little by little, till they had brought him to the edge of the wood, and still he seemed to be asleep. Then the damsel who had spoken before, she with the dark hair, said to Hallblithe: "Although we have gazed on thee as if with wonder, this is not because we did not look to meet thee, but because thou art so fair and goodly a man: so abide thou here till we come back to thee from out of the wood."

Therewith she stroked his hand, and with her fellows lifted the old man once more, and they bore him out of sight into the thicket.

But Hallblithe went to and fro a dozen paces from the wood, and looked across the flowery meads and deemed he had never seen any so fair. And afar off toward the hills he saw a great roof arising, and thought he could see men also; and nigher to him were kine pasturing, and horses also, whereof some drew anear him and stretched out their necks and gazed at him; and they were goodly after their kind; and a fair stream of water came round the corner of the wood and ran down the meadows to the

sea; and Hallblithe went thereto and could see that there was but little ebb and flow of the tide on that shore; for the water of the stream was clear as glass, and the grass and flowers grew right down to its water; so he put off his helm and drank of the stream and washed his face and his hands therein, and then did on his helm again and turned back again toward the wood, feeling very strong and merry; and he lay down on the grass till the four folk of the country came out of the wood again, after they had been gone somewhat less than an hour, but the Sea-eagle was not with them: and he rose up and turned to them, and the carle saluted him and departed, going straight toward that far-away roof he had seen; and the women were left with Hallblithe, and they looked at him and he at them as he stood leaning on his spear.

Then said the black-haired damsel: "True it is, O spearman, that if we did not know of thee, our wonder would be great that a man so young and lucky-looking should have sought hither."

"I wot not why thou shouldest wonder," said Hallblithe; "I will tell thee presently wherefore I be come hither. But tell me is this the Land of the Glittering Plain?"

"Even so," said the damsel, "dost thou not see how the sun shineth on it? Just so it shineth in the season that other folks call winter."

"Some such marvel I thought to hear of," said he; "for I have been told that the land is marvellous; and fair though these meadows be they are not marvellous to look on now: they are like other lands, though it may be fairer."

"That may be," she said; "we have nought but hearsay of other lands. If we ever knew them we have forgotten them."

Said Hallblithe, "Is this land called also the Acre of the Undying?"

As he spake the words the smile faded from the damsel's face; she and her fellows grew pale, and she said: "Hold thy peace of such words! They are not lawful for any man to utter here. Yet mayst thou call it the Land of the Living."

He said: "I crave pardon for the rash word."

Then they smiled again, and drew near to him, and caressed him with their hands, and looked on him lovingly; but he drew a little aback from them and said: "I have come hither seeking something which I have lost, the lack whereof grieveth me."

Quoth the damsel, drawing nearer to him again: "Mayst thou find it, thou lovely man, and whatsoever else thou desirest."

Then he said: "Hath a woman named the Hostage been brought hither of late days? A fair woman, bright-haired and gray-eyed, kind of countenance, soft of speech, yet outspoken and nought timorous; tall according to our stature, but very goodly of fashion; a woman of the House of the Rose, and my troth-plight maiden."

They looked on each other and shook their heads, and the black-haired damsel spake: "We know of no such a woman nor of the kindred which thou namest."

Then his countenance fell, and became piteous with desire and grief, and he bent his brows upon them, for they seemed to him light-minded and careless, though they were lovely.

But they shrank from him trembling and drew aback; for they had all been standing close to him beholding him with love, and she who had spoken most had been holding his left hand fondly. But now she said: "Nay, look not on us so bitterly! If the woman be not in the land this cometh not of our malice. Yet maybe she is here. For such as come hither keep not their old names, and soon forget them what they were. Thou shalt go with us to the King, and he shall do for thee what thou wilt; for he is exceeding mighty."

Then was Hallblithe appeased somewhat; and he said: "Are there many women in the land?"

"Yea, many," said that damsel.

"And many that are as fair as ye be?" said he. Then they laughed and were glad, and drew near to him again and took his hands and kissed them; and the black-haired damsel said: "Yea, yea, there be many as fair as we be, and some fairer," and she laughed.

"And that King of yours," said he, "how do you name him?"

"He is the King," said the damsel.

"Hath he no other name?" said Hallblithe.

"We may not utter it," she said; "but thou shalt see him soon, that there is nought but good in him and mightiness."

CHAPTER XI.

THE SEA-EAGLE RENEWETH HIS LIFE.

But while they spake together thus came a man from out of the wood very tall of stature, red-bearded and black-haired, ruddy-cheeked, full-limbed, most joyous of aspect; a man by seeming of five and thirty winters. He strode straight up to Hallblithe, and cast his arms about him, and kissed his cheek, as if he had been an old and dear friend newly come from over seas.

Hallblithe wondered and laughed, and said: "Who art thou that deemest me so dear?"

Said the man: "Short is thy memory, Son of the Raven, that thou in so little space hast forgotten thy shipmate and thy faring-fellow; who gave thee meat and drink, and good rede in the Hall of the Ravagers."

Therewith he laughed joyously and turned about to the three maidens, and took them by the hands and kissed their lips, while they fawned upon him lovingly.

Then said Hallblithe: "Hast thou verily gotten thy youth again, which thou badest me wish thee?"

"Yea, in good sooth," said the red-bearded man; "I am the Sea-eagle of old days; and I have gotten my youth, and love therewithal, and somewhat to love moreover."

Therewith he turned to the fairest of the damsels, and she was white-skinned and fragrant as the lily, rose-cheeked and slender, and the wind played with the long locks of her golden hair, which hung down below her knees; so he cast his arms about her and strained her to his bosom, and kissed her face many times, and she nothing loth, but caressing him with lips and hand. But the other two damsels stood by smiling and joyous; and they clapped their hands together and kissed each other for joy of the new lover; and at last fell to dancing and skipping about them like young lambs in the meadows of Spring-tide. But amongst them all stood up Hallblithe leaning on his spear with smiling lips and knitted brow; for he was pondering in his mind in what wise he might further his quest.

But after they had danced a while the Sea-eagle left his love that he had chosen and took a hand of either of the two other damsels, and led them tripping up to Hallblithe, and cried out: "Choose thou, Raven's baby, which of these twain thou wilt have to thy mate; for scarcely shalt thou see better or fairer."

But Hallblithe looked on them proudly and sternly, and the black-haired damsel hung down her head before him and said softly: "Nay, nay, sea-warrior; this one is too lovely to be our mate. Sweeter love abides him, and lips more longed for."

Then stirred Hallblithe's heart within him and he said: "O Eagle of the Sea, thou hast thy youth again: what then wilt thou do with it? Wilt thou not weary for the moonlit main, and the washing of waves and the dashing of spray, and thy fellows all glistering with the brine? Where now shall be the alien shore before thee, and the landing for fame, and departure for the gain of goods? Wilt thou forget the ship's black side, and the dripping of the windward oars, as the squall falleth on when the sun hath arisen, and the sail tuggeth hard on the sheet, and the ship lieth over and the lads shout against the whistle of the wind? Has the spear fallen from thine hand, and hast thou buried the sword of thy fathers in the grave from which thy body hath escaped? What art thou, O Warrior, in the land of the alien and the King? Who shall heed thee or tell the tale of thy glory, which thou hast covered over with the hand of a light woman, whom thy kindred knoweth not, and who was not born in a house wherefrom it hath been appointed thee from of old to take the pleasure of woman? Whose thrall art thou now, thou lifter of the spoil, thou scarer of the freeborn? The bidding of what lord or King wilt thou do, O Chieftain, that thou mayst eat thy meat in the morning and lie soft in thy bed in the evening?

"O Warrior of the Ravagers, here stand I, Hallblithe of the Raven, and I am come into an alien land beset with marvels to seek mine own, and find that which is dearest to mine heart; to wit, my troth-plight maiden the Hostage of the Rose, the fair woman who shall lie in my bed, and bear my children, and stand by me in field and fold, by thwart and gunwale, before the bow and the spear, by the flickering of the cooking-fire, and amidst the blaze of the burning hall, and beside the bale-fire of the warrior of the Raven. O Sea-eagle, my guester amongst the foemen, my fellow-farer

and shipmate, say now once for all whether thou wilt help me in my quest, or fall off from me as a dastard?" Again the maidens shrank before his clear and high-raised voice, and they trembled and grew pale.

But the Sea-eagle laughed from a countenance kind with joy, and said: "Child of the Raven, thy words are good and manly: but it availeth nought in this land, and I wot not how thou wilt fare, or why thou hast been sent amongst us. What wilt thou do? Hadst thou spoken these words to the long-hoary, the Grandfather, yesterday, his ears would have been deaf to them; and now that thou speakest them to the Sea-eagle, this joyous man on the Glittering Plain, he cannot do according to them, for there is no other land than this which can hold him. Here is he strong and stark, and full of joy and love; but otherwhere he would be but a gibbering ghost drifting down the wind of night. Therefore in whatsoever thou mayst do within this land I will stand by thee and help thee; but not one inch beyond it may my foot go, whether it be down into the brine of the sea, or up into the clefts of the mountains which are the wall of this goodly land.

"Thou hast been my shipmate and I love thee, I am thy friend; but here in this land must needs be the love and the friendship. For no ghost can love thee, no ghost may help thee. And as to what thou sayest concerning the days gone past and our joys upon the tumbling sea, true it is that those days were good and lovely; but they are dead and gone like the lads who sat on the thwart beside us, and the maidens who took our hands in the hall to lead us to the chamber. Other days have come in their stead, and other friends shall cherish us. What then? Shall we wound the living to pleasure the dead, who cannot heed it? Shall we curse the Yuletide, and cast foul water on the Holy Hearth of the winter feast, because the summer once was fair and the days flit and the times change? Now let us be glad! For life liveth."

Therewith he turned about to his damsel and kissed her on the mouth. But Hallblithe's face was grown sad and stern, and he spake slowly and heavily:

"So is it, shipmate, that whereas thou sayest that the days flit, for thee they shall flit no more; and the day may come for thee when thou shalt be weary, and know it, and long for the lost which thou hast forgotten. But hereof it availeth nought for me to speak any longer, for thine ears are deaf to these words, and thou wilt not hear them. Therefore I say no more save that I thank thee for thy help whatsoever it may be; and I will take it, for the day's work lieth before me, and I begin to think that it may be heavy enough."

The women yet looked downcast, and as if they would be gone out of earshot; but the Sea-eagle laughed as one who is well content, and said:

"Thou thyself wilt make it hard for thyself after the wont of thy proud and haughty race; but for me nothing is hard any longer; neither thy scorn nor thy forebodings of evil. Be thou my friend as much as thou canst, and I will be thine wholly. Now ye women, whither will ye lead us? For I am ready to see any new thing ye will show us."

Said his damsel: "We will take you to the King, that your hearts may be the more gladdened. And as for thy friend the Spearman, O Sea-warrior, let not his heart be downcast. Who wotteth but that these two desires, the desire of his heart, and the desire of a heart for him, may not be one and the same desire, so that he shall be fully satisfied."

As she spoke she looked sidelong at Hallblithe, with shy and wheedling eyes; and he wondered at her word, and a new hope sprang up in his heart that he was presently to be brought face to face with the Hostage, and that this was that love, sweeter than their love, which abode in him, and his heart became lighter, and his visage cleared.

CHAPTER XII.

THEY SEE THE KING OF THE GLITTERING PLAIN.

So now the women led them along up the stream, and Hallblithe went side by side by the Sea-eagle; but the women had become altogether merry again, and played and ran about them as gamesome as young goats; and they waded the shallows of the clear bright stream barefoot to wash their limbs of the seabrine, and strayed about the meadows, plucking the flowers and making them wreaths and chaplets, which they did

upon themselves and the Sea-eagle; but Hallblithe they touched not, for still they feared him.

They went on as the stream led them up toward the hills, and ever were the meads about them as fair and flowery as might be. Folk they saw afar off, but fell in with none for a good while, saving a man and a maid clad lightly as for midsummer days, who were wandering together lovingly and happily by the stream-side, and who gazed wonderingly on the stark Sea-eagle, and on Hallblithe with his glittering spear. The black-haired damsel greeted these twain and spake something to them, and they laughed merrily, and the man stooped down amongst the grasses and blossoms of the bank, and drew forth a basket, and spread dainty victuals on the grass under a willow-tree, and bade them be his guests that fair afternoon. So they sat down there above the glistening stream and ate and drank and were merry. Thereafter the newcomers and their way-leaders departed with kind words, and still set their faces toward the hills.

At last they saw before them a little wooded hill, and underneath it something red and shining, and other coloured things gleaming in the sun about it. Then said the Sea-eagle. "What have we yonder?"

Said his damsel: "That is the pavilion of the King; and about it are the tents and tilts of our folk who are of his fellowship: for oft he abideth in the fields with them, though he hath houses and halls as fair as the heart of man can conceive."

"Hath he no foemen to fear?" said the Sea-eagle.

"How should that be?" said the damsel. "If perchance any came into this land to bring war upon him, their battle-anger should depart when once the bliss of the Glittering Plain had entered into their souls, and they would ask for nought but leave to abide here and be happy. Yet I trow that if he had foemen he could crush them as easily as I set my foot on this daisy."

So as they went on they fell in with many folk, men and women, sporting and playing in the fields; and there was no semblance of eld on any of them, and no scar or blemish or feebleness of body or sadness of countenance; nor did any bear a weapon or any piece of armour. Now some of them gathered about the new-comers, and wondered at Hallblithe and his long spear and shining helm and dark gray byrny; but none asked concerning them, for all knew that they were folk new come to the bliss of the Glittering Plain. So they passed amidst these fair folk little hindered by them, and into Hallblithe's thoughts it came how joyous the fellowship of such should be and how his heart should be raised by the sight of them, if only his troth-plight maiden were by his side.

Thus then they came to the King's pavilion, where it stood in a bight of the meadow-land at the foot of the hill, with the wood about it on three sides. So fair a house Hallblithe deemed he had never seen; for it was wrought all over with histories and flowers, and with hems sewn with gold, and with orphreys of gold and pearl and gems.

There in the door of it sat the King of the Land in an ivory chair; he was clad in a golden gown girt with a girdle of gems, and had his crown on his head and his sword by his side. For this was the hour wherein he heard what any of his folk would say to him, and for that very end he sat there in the door of his tent, and folk were standing before him, and sitting and lying on the grass round about; and now one, now another, came up to him and spoke before him.

His face shone like a star; it was exceeding beauteous, and as kind as the even of May in the gardens of the happy, when the scent of the eglantine fills all the air. When he spoke his voice was so sweet that all hearts were ravished, and none might gainsay him.

But when Hallblithe set eyes on him, he knew at once that this was he whose carven image he had seen in the hall of the Ravagers, and his heart beat fast, and he said to himself: "Hold up thine head now, O Son of the Raven, strengthen thine heart, and let no man nor god cow thee. For how can thine heart change, which bade thee go to the house wherefrom it was due to thee to take the pleasure of woman, and there to pledge thy faith and troth to her that loveth thee most, and hankereth for thee day by day and hour by hour, so that great is the love that we twain have builded up."

Now they drew nigh, for folk fell back before them to the right and left, as before men who are new come and have much to do; so that there was nought between them

and the face of the King. But he smiled upon them so that he cheered their hearts with the hope of fulfilment of their desires, and he said: "Welcome, children! Who be these whom ye have brought hither for the increase of our joy? Who is this tall, ruddy-faced, joyous man so meet for the bliss of the Glittering Plain? And who is this goodly and lovely young man, who beareth weapons amidst our peace, and whose face is sad and stern beneath the gleaming of his helm?"

Said the dark-haired damsel: "O King! O Gift-giver and assurer of joy! this tall one is he who was once oppressed by eld, and who hath come hither to thee from the Isle of Ransom, according to the custom of the land."

Said the King: "Tall man, it is well that thou art come. Now are thy days changed and thou yet alive. For thee battle is ended, and therewith the reward of battle, which the warrior remembereth not amidst the hard hand-play: peace hath begun, and thou needest not be careful for the endurance thereof: for in this land no man hath a lack which he may not satisfy without taking aught from any other. I deem not that thine heart may conceive a desire which I shall not fulfil for thee, or crave a gift which I shall not give thee."

Then the Sea-eagle laughed for joy, and turned his head this way and that, so that he might the better take to him the smiles of all those that stood around.

Then the King said to Hallblithe: "Thou also art welcome; I know thee who thou art: meseemeth great joy awaiteth thee, and I will fulfil thy desire to the uttermost."

Said Hallblithe: "O great King of a happy land, I ask of thee nought save that which none shall withhold from me uncursed."

"I will give it to thee," said the King, "and thou shalt bless me. But what is it which thou wouldst? What more canst thou have than the Gifts of the Land?"

Said Hallblithe: "I came hither seeking no gifts, but to have mine own again; and that is the bodily love of my troth-plight maiden. They stole her from me, and me from her; for she loved me. I went down to the sea-side and found her not, nor the ship which had borne her away. I sailed thence to the Isle of Ransom, for they told me that there I should buy her for a price; neither was her body there. But her image came to me in a dream of the night, and bade me seek her hither. Therefore, O King, if she be here in the land, show me how I shall find her, and if she be not here, show me how I may depart to seek her otherwhere. This is all my asking."

Said the King: "Thy desire shall be satisfied; thou shalt have the woman who would have thee, and whom thou shouldst have."

Hallblithe was gladdened beyond measure by that word; and now did the King seem to him a comfort and a solace to every heart, even as he had deemed of his carven image in the Hall of the Ravagers; and he thanked him, and blessed him.

But the King bade him abide by him that night and feast with him. "And on the morrow," said he, "thou shalt go thy ways to look on her whom thou oughtest to love."

Therewith was come the eventide and beginning of night, warm and fragrant and bright with the twinkling of stars, and they went into the King's pavilion, and there was the feast as fair and dainty as might be; and Hallblithe had meat from the King's own dish, and drink from his cup; but the meat had no savour to him and the drink no delight, because of the longing that possessed him.

And when the feast was done the damsels led Hallblithe to his bed in a fair tent strewn with gold about his head like the starry night, and he lay down and slept for sheer weariness of body.

(To be continued.)

PORTRAIT OF AN ITALIAN NOBLEMAN.

PROBABLY A MEMBER OF THE FENAROLI FAMILY OF BRESCIA.

ENGRAVED BY O. LACOUR, FROM THE PICTURE BY MORONI IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY. NO. 1022.

THE GIFT OF THE SEA.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE dead child lay in the shroud
And the widow watched beside;
And her mother slept and the Channel swept
The gale in the teeth of the tide.

But the widow laughed at all.
"I have lost my man in the sea,
And the child is dead. Be still," she said,
"What more can ye do to me?"

And the widow watched the dead,
And the candle guttered low,
And she tried to sing the Passing Song
That bids the poor soul go.

And "Mary take you now," she sang,
"That lay against my heart."
And "Mary, smooth your crib to-night,"
But she could not say "Depart."

Then came a cry from the sea,
But the sea-rime blinded the glass,
And, "Heard ye nothing, mother?" she said;
"'Tis the child that waits to pass."

And the nodding mother sighed.
"'Tis a lambing ewe in the whin.
For why should the christened soul cry out,
That never knew of sin?"

"Oh, feet I have held in my hand,
Oh, hands at my heart to catch,
How should they know the road to go,
And how should they lift the latch?"

They laid a sheet to the door,
With the little quilt atop,
That it might not hurt from the cold or the dirt,
But the crying would not stop.

The widow lifted the latch
And strained her eyes to see,
And opened the door on the bitter shore
To let the soul go free.

There was neither glimmer nor ghost,
There was neither spirit nor spark,
And, "Heard ye nothing, mother?" she said,
"'Tis crying for me in the dark."

And the nodding mother sighed,
"'Tis sorrow makes ye dull,
Have ye yet to learn the cry of the tern,
Or the wail of the wind blown gull?"

"The terns are blown inland,
The grey gull follows the plough.
'Twas never a bird the voice I heard,
Oh, mother, I hear it now!"

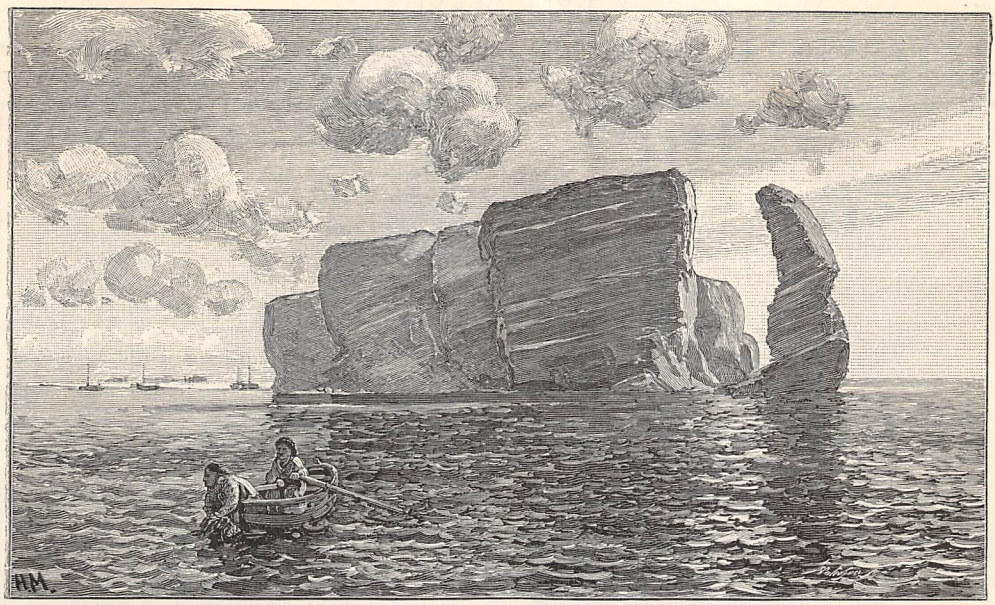
"Lie still, dear lamb, lie still,
The child is passed from harm,
'Tis the ache in your breast that broke your rest,
And the feel of an empty arm."

She put her mother aside,
"In Mary's name let be!
For the peace of my soul I must go," she said,
And she went to the calling sea.

In the heel of the wind-bit pier,
Where the twisted weed was piled,
She came to the life she had missed by an hour,
For she came to a little child.

She laid it into her breast
And back to her mother she came,
But it would not feed, and it would not heed,
Though she gave it her own child's name.

And the dead child dripped on her breast,
And her own in the shroud lay stark,
And, "God forgive us, mother," she said,
"We let it die in the dark!"



HELIGOLAND, FROM THE NORTH REEFS.

HELIGOLAND.

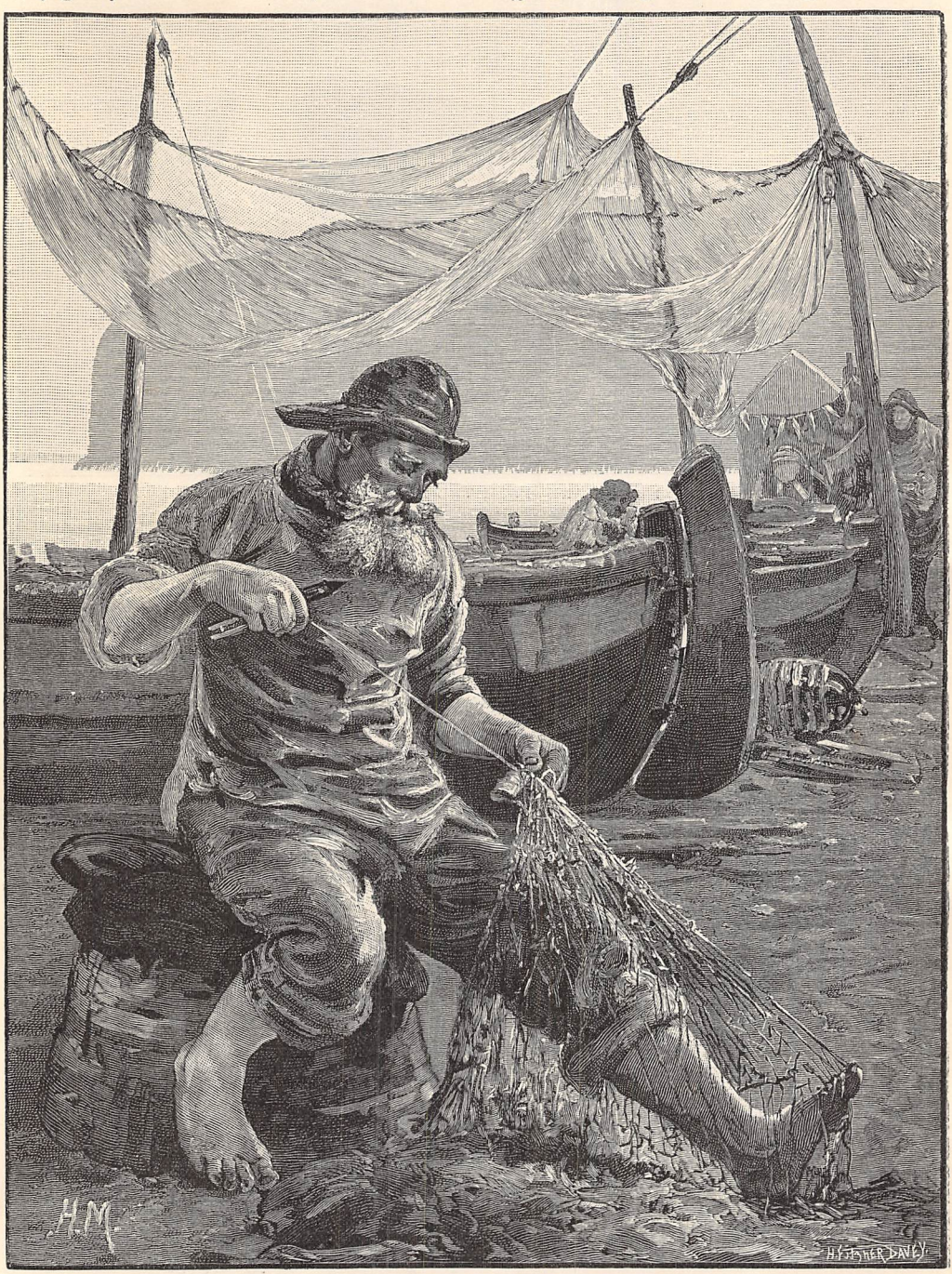
By WALTER ARMSTRONG.

Illustrations Drawn by HAMILTON MACALLUM.

HELIGOLAND was taken from the Danes in 1807, when Napoleon's "Continental system" was in force. It lies about twenty-five miles from Cuxhaven, in a direction north-west-by-west. The colony consists of two islands once united by a bank of sand and gypsum. The larger, or residential island, as I may call it, is about a mile long, by a quarter of a mile wide at its widest part. In superficial shape it is a triangle, with one short side and two long ones. The northern extremity is almost a point, and the total area is less than a quarter of a square mile. It is built—as I feel inclined to put it—of a loosely compacted red rock, and the slightly undulating plateau which forms its summit varies from about one hundred and sixty to more than two hundred feet above the sea-level. On its south-eastern coast—if one may use such a word of such a scrap of land—there lies at the foot of the otherwise unbroken cliff a small ledge of sand on which the lower town is built. This acts as an apology for a port. A mile away stretches the long low bank of white sand which the Germans and the Heligolanders know as the Düne, and the English as the Sandy Island. Here the water shoals very gradually, and affords perhaps the best seabathing in Europe. As for statistics, the population lives on fishing and on the profits made from the summer visitors. These swarm in to the number of from twelve to fifteen thousand every season. The average yield of the fisheries is about £7,000 annually, lobsters, of which about 30,000 are taken each year, counting for a considerable share of the total. The average duration of life in Heligoland is said to be over sixty-three years, and there can be no question of its marvellous salubrity. The permanent population numbers about 2,200, and the revenue touches the respectable sum of £11,715, or considerably more than £5 per head.

The fascination of Heligoland lies in what is done for it by the sea and by its own isolation. No one should go there who cannot be content with the charms of brilliant light, of ever-changing atmospheric effects, of a land free from the countless discomforts of a large and busy population, of a life almost childlike in its simplicity, and of an air which tastes like draughts of life itself.

The best route from London to Heligoland is by way of Hamburg. The explorer may go by a short sea route, such as that *viâ* Queenborough and Flushing, or he may



A HELIGOLAND BOATMAN (PETER EILERS).

go all the way to the Elbe in the charge of the General Steam Navigation Company. From Hamburg to Cuxhaven is a journey by rail of about fifty miles, and then the steamers take rather less than three hours more before they anchor off the island.

On a clear day the first sight of Heligoland is caught an hour or so after the

steamer leaves Cuxhaven. It stands up on the horizon like a small flat-topped cloud, and the feeling of most of those who have never made the trip before is one of something like dismay at its apparently microscopic dimensions. As the distance lessens the abrupt shape of the island becomes gradually visible, and at last, some time before the steamer rounds to in the sheltered water between Heligoland proper and the Düne, it is seen to be a mere vertical-sided slab of red rock with a "footing" visible only at the point where the isthmus once began which joined it to its satellite. There is no harbour. The passengers leave the steamer in as many of the large buoyant wherries, like whale-boats, characteristic of the place, as their numbers require. Here they catch their first glimpse of the Heligolander, tall, sunburnt, and vigorous, as in bright jacket and picturesque straw hat, he pulls them to the steps of the little pier. On the pier itself an ordeal awaits them. All the visitors already on the island are gathered together to quiz the new comers. This assemblage, through which the travellers have to march as indifferently as they can, is called by the Germans the Läster-Allee, or Scandal-lane, and its remarks are now and then audaciously frank. The season only lasts about ten weeks, but every device for which such a little place has room is called in to charm visitors. Nearly all of these have to lodge in the houses of the seafaring population. Everything is scrupulously clean, but no meals are furnished there beyond the morning roll and coffee. For luncheon and dinner recourse must be had to the restaurants. There is, indeed, a hotel, but its accommodation is so limited that it scarcely affects the question. Small as it is however it is notable for the extreme skill with which its architect, an Englishman, solved the problem set before him. This was to plan a building with about thirty bedrooms for visitors every one of which should have a directly southern aspect, and yet to plan it compactly for a nearly square site. The problem was solved by building round a covered court or vestibule, which provided for all the traffic of the house; by making the eastern and western sides converge towards the south; and then by setting back each room successively so that the one behind it could have its window looking to the sun. A building more skilfully adapted to its purpose it would be difficult to find.

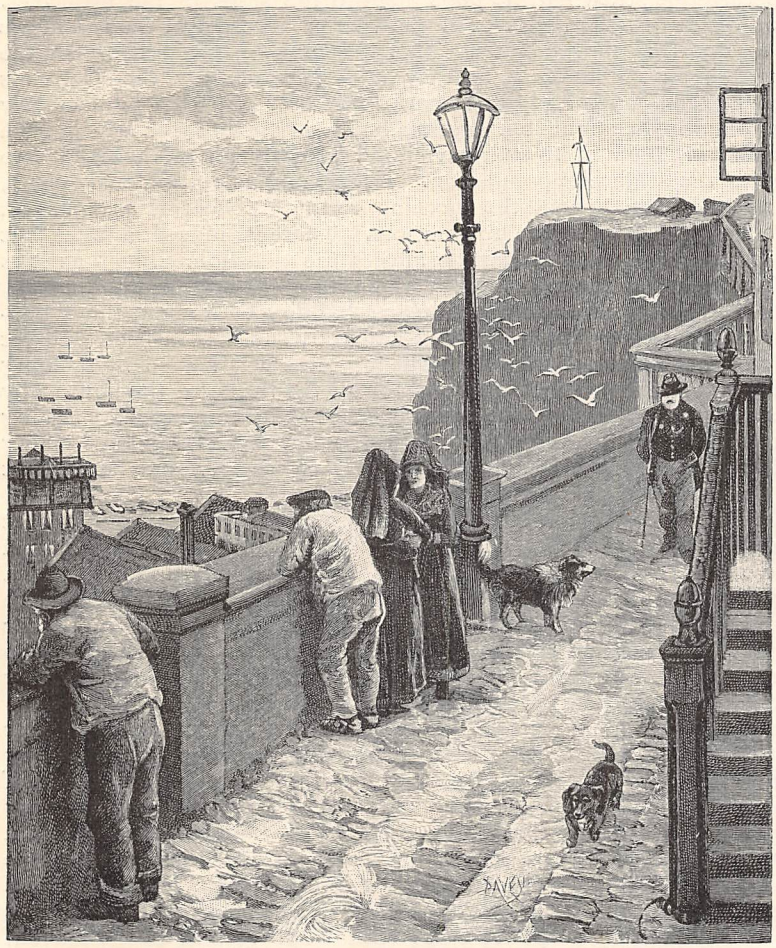
Heligoland was a British possession for eighty-three years, but few English went there. When its cession was announced the other day, the chief person to feel aggrieved should have been Mr. Hamilton Macallum, for whom the island had been a storehouse of subjects for some years. The Heligolanders talk an unwritten language of their own, a sort of Frisian, which some linguists declare to be neither more nor less than Anglo-Saxon. The annual influx of German bathers has compelled them to add German to their *répertoire*. Had the example of Mr. Macallum been more largely followed or anticipated, they might have learnt English instead.

It was in 1826 that a native called Siemens first opened an *établissement de bains*. For a long time the attractions of the place were complicated and its revenue increased, by gambling tables. These do not seem to have done much towards that demoralisation of the people which is supposed to be their certain result. At first the visitors were very few. In 1828 they numbered a century, all told. In 1838 the hundred had become a thousand, and now the total rises in a good year to fifteen times as many. The majority come from Germany and Austria, but bathers from Denmark, Russia, and the Norse Peninsula form a considerable minority. Once a week during the two months and a half of the season proper, a special train runs from Vienna to Cuxhaven, picking up travellers at the larger stations on the way. The absence of English is to be accounted for partly by mere ignorance, partly by an exaggerated idea of the difficulty of getting there. The journey by the Flushing and Hamburg route takes rather less than thirty hours.

Life at Heligoland is like nothing so much as life on board an enormous but motionless ship. Practically everything in the place is brought from the mainland. In an ill-lighted byre seven or eight cows are kept, about the same number as might be stowed away on an Atlantic liner. On the Oberland a flock of about 150 sheep exist on the scanty herbage and on imported food. The ewes provide a certain amount of milk, and one of the quaintest sights of the place is that of a girl acting as dairymaid, while her grandfather, or some other antique male, stands at the animal's head and holds its ears to keep it quiet! Not long ago the surreptitious milking of a sheep by a lady who was not its owner caused a great sensation in the island. The daring thief was brought up before Captain Campbell, the "R.M.," and

in spite of a pathetic and public offer of twenty-five shillings, not as compensation but as a bribe, was sentenced to six weeks of prison!

Like a ship the island has to be provisioned; like a ship it is kept scrupulously clean. There is a tradition that an English smuggler once rode up the "treppe" on horseback and frightened an old woman to death, but no horse has been there in historic times. The main street has a brilliant cleanliness that not even Broeck can rival, for in the North Sea there is no dust. Within the last year or two a lift has been contrived, and is a boon to those to whom the steep climb to the Oberland was too much. Otherwise all locomotion must be done on the feet or in boats. The Heligolander's contentment is like that of the sailor who has no objection to a three years' cruise in a well-found and well-commanded vessel. How much of his content comes from ignorance, it would be unkind to suggest. A considerable percentage of the men have served in the Queen's navy, but they have not done much at home to diffuse true ideas of the outside world. The Heligolander is a tremendous patriot. Talk to him about foreign parts and he will listen with moderate attention but the moment you pause he will shake his head and declare half-questioningly, half with conviction, "But you never saw an island like our Heligoland? or colours like our green, red, and white?" These same colours pervade the place to such an extent that one wonders sometimes that the natives don't paint the red cliffs themselves with streaks of white and green. On second thoughts, however, that is seen to be unnecessary. The fabric of the island bears the colours already—the red wall of rock, its roof of verdure, and the dazzling silver of the sands make up the insular tricolour.



THE FALM.

The national costume of Heligoland is very picturesque. The women wear a red petticoat with a border of yellow silk, a bodice and apron of brocaded silk, a gay kerchief folded across the breast and a jaunty little silk cap with a border of old Flemish lace and long brocaded silk ribbons hanging down almost to the foot of the petticoat. Many costumes like this are still worn, especially among the middle-aged and elderly women. The younger ones are unfortunately beginning to prefer bad imitations of Hamburg fashions. The men's national dress is now very rarely to be

seen. It consists of a ribbed velvet coattee with square tabs round the skirt, breeches of the same material, stockings and buckled shoes. The men are very handsome and tall; the women are pleasant-looking, of medium height, and graceful both in shape and movement.

From the pier the visitor just landed may pass up the spotless main street to the little open *place* in front of the Kurhaus. On his way he will notice the balconied *cafés*, the diminutive shops, some slightly below, others as much above the street level, and will admire the gay effect produced by the white walls, the red tiled roofs, and the outside shutters painted the complementary green. A few steps farther up the winding street, or rather lane, we reach the bottom of the Treppe the great staircase which connects the lower with the upper town. The steps are broad and easy, and the height of the cliffs notwithstanding, the climb is not fatiguing. The Treppe superseded by the present one was about a hundred yards to the north. It was cut out of the rock itself, and crumbled away rapidly with use. The present stairs were built by Government nearly fifty years ago, and now for a considerable number of the visitors and for some of the older inhabitants, it has been superseded by the lift already mentioned. This modern addition has been erected close to the Treppe, and before many years are over it will be entirely hidden by the trees which spring from every point hereabouts where roots can find a hold. For the natives, especially the women, the Treppe may be called the centre of the universe, and even the visitor is apt to find no more fascinating employment than loitering about the foot of it, watching the graceful, well-made Heligolanderins mounting and descending with the heavy wooden trays in which supplies for the Oberland are carried.

From the head of the stairs to Government House stretches the Falm, a well-protected road which skirts the edge of the precipice. Here, after the day's work is done, the dwellers in the upper village come to lean upon the balustrade, to watch the sea and the roofs and lanes of the lower town, and to gossip with each other. Immediately beneath is the winding Treppe, with its never-ceasing stream of happy women, handsome men, and careless boys and girls, and its groups of chatterers on the green, white and red seats which mark each resting-place. Beyond the little town lies the quiet anchorage with its crowd of boats, and beyond that again the long green-edged whiteness of the Düne, between which and the mainland the sea lies like melted emeralds over the sandy bottom. After dark the Falm is more frequented than ever. The sights and sounds from the Unterland draw from their retreats all those to whom the negotiation of the stairs is not to be too lightly undertaken, but who wish to have their part in the teeming life below.

Well back on the Oberland stands the church. It is a quaint seventeenth century building, with a new tower built by a Heligolander who had made a large fortune as a shipowner in Bremen. Otherwise there has been little change in it since the island became English. Round three sides runs a gallery, its panels fitted with strange illustrations of the Bible. The sitting arrangements are peculiar. The seats of each man, or each family, are private property, and pass like other chattels. They are painted according to their owner's fancy, some white, some red, some blue, some green. But each bears upon it its proprietor's name in black, sometimes also the death-date of the previous owner. On either side of the Communion table there is a private box, like a small omnibus, glazed with blue glass. One is the Governor's, the other the magistrate's. From the roof hang a few of those models of ships we meet with so persistently in northern churches, and by the altar there is a regular museum of ecclesiastical *bric-à-brac*, such as sand-glasses for measuring hours, half hours, and quarters, and other quaint odds and ends. The service as a rule is in German, but once a month the pastor preaches an English sermon. The only other public buildings that need be alluded to are the court-house and the prison. Both are comically small. The magistrate holds his court three times a week, but it is the rarest thing in the world for him to have to decide any serious question or pass any serious sentence.

The life led by summer visitors to Heligoland is eminently one of routine, one day repeating another, with the exception of a *fête* or two, when a special programme is gone through. The German who comes for his cure rises early, has coffee and rolls in his lodgings, and then sallies out to buy his bathing ticket, which also franks him for the ferry over to Sandy Island. Ticket in hand he makes

THE "TREPPE," HELIGOLAND.

his way to the pier and there embarks in a boat like that shown in the engraving below. These boats are allowed to carry eighteen people under sail and twenty-two when rowed. They have each a crew of six men, and so well built and well managed are they that no serious accident has ever been known to happen to them. The mile of sea is soon negotiated. A landing is effected by means of a sort of jetty on wheels, part

THE FERRY TO SANDY ISLAND.

of which is shown in our wood-engraving, and then the passengers divide according to sex, the females turning to the left and the males to the right. The bathing takes place from movable machines, very small, very green, and mounted on the largest of wheels. These are run down into the water and dragged up out of it by women, sturdy girls in a loose white costume which is allowed to take its chance with the waves. The machines have large white hoods instead of doors on the side towards the sea. The separation between the sexes is not conducive to any such display of pretty *costumes de bain* as one sees at a French or Belgian watering place, but brilliant colours are so popular that the crowd at a distance looks like a bank of flowers. One curious feature of bathing at Heligoland has now become much less common than it was. The ladies from the more remote parts of Germany used at one time to have a curious prejudice against

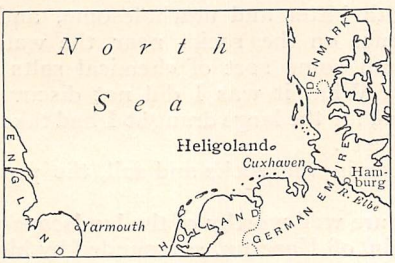
THE CLIFFS, HELIGOLAND.

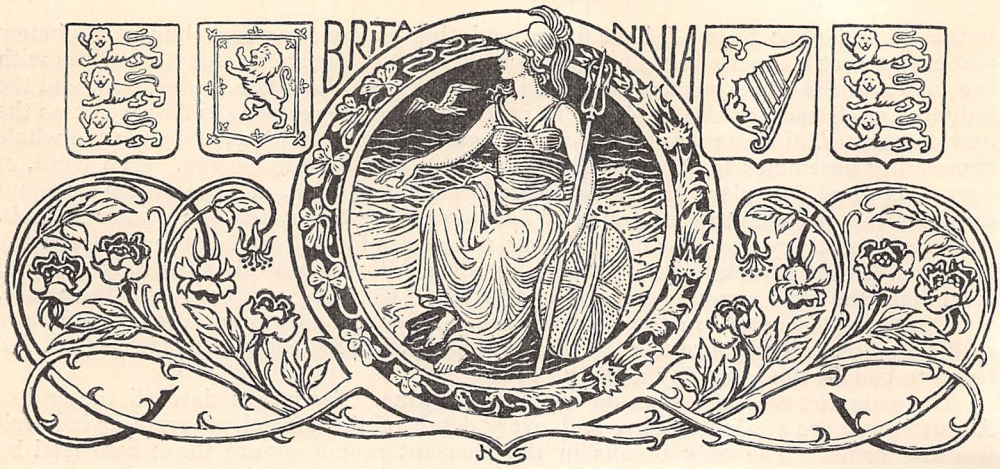
bathing otherwise than in the costume of their mother Eve! To dress for the bath was looked upon both by themselves and their husbands as a confession of some personal deformity; and in spite of government edicts, they used to decline to give grounds for any such suspicion. Even now the practice has not been finally stamped out.

After the sea-bath comes the sand-bath. The bathers lie down in the silver earth and cover themselves to the chin. There they stay for an hour or even two and then wriggle out in shoals, like plaice, and go off to luncheon at one of the two restaurants, which crown the highest part of the island. The larger of the two is Reimer's, and the favourite lunch—indeed, it may be called part of the cure—is a lobster *mayonnaise* with a

bottle of Erlanger beer. I have been told that as many as four hundred lobsters will be eaten at Reimer's in a single morning. At one o'clock the steamer arrives with the mail and the day's passengers, and so by that time the Düne is deserted, and the bathers are all back on the little pier to meet their correspondence and to welcome the new comers. Till four there is a period of rest and letter writing, and then the whole community assembles in its best clothes for the musical promenade. The band, of course, is good. It plays in a small pagoda near the beach, and the people sit about drinking tea or coffee to the strains of *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser*, and the classic *Mikado*. At six o'clock every one goes off to dinner, to reassemble at seven at the theatre or the Kurhaus. Twice a week there is a dance, on all the other nights the theatre is open and sometimes the most famous actors and actresses of Germany, who come for their cure, will help goodnaturedly in the performance. After the theatre or the ball the more reckless spirits will adjourn to a *café* for a nightcap, but few people in Heligoland fail to go to bed on the same day as they get up.

The orthodox season begins on the 10th of June. From that date till the end of August there are steamers daily, and every detail of the official programme is in full working order. The only breaks in the pleasant monotony are those contrived by individuals of a sporting turn, who organize shooting expeditions round the coast, by explorers, who conscientiously make their way into every cave in the cliffs, and by the great function of illuminating the cliffs, which takes place once in every season, in August. For a fortnight previously the whole population of the island has occupied every minute it could spare from looking after the "Badegäste" in covering the cliffs with little mounds of coloured fire and other devices for making as much light as possible. About eight o'clock all the visitors and two-thirds of the inhabitants get afloat in the narrow roads. Every boat is pressed into the service and starts on the circuit of the rock in prescribed order. The police boat goes first, then come the musicians, and after them the Governor in his barge with his stalwart crew of coastguardsmen. The rest follow in an interminable line of wherries. As the procession sets out the beacons blaze up, the fireworks and coloured fires are lighted in succession as the Governor's barge approaches, and the long line of red cliff, with the dark mouths of its countless caves, becomes the background of such an illumination as can be enjoyed in the same way nowhere else in the world. The tour of the island occupies an hour or so, and then as the South Point comes again in view, "God save the Queen" blazes out above the coastguard station, the band plays the English anthem, and with a volley of hurrahs the Heligolanders' great annual function comes to an end.





OVERLAND FROM INDIA.

By SIR DONALD MACKENZIE WALLACE, K.C.I.E.

III.—A Thousand-Mile Ride across Persia.—*Continued.*

The Road to Shiraz.

N leaving Borazjun next morning I had still two or three hours on the low hot strip of land between the Gulf and the highlands, the discomfort from the heat being increased by the strong, disagreeable smell from the naphtha-springs, which pollute the air for miles around, but which have not yet been turned to any useful purpose. Then the road suddenly turned to the right and went up a bare, narrow valley to a crest of no great elevation. From this crest a rocky gorge led down to a wider valley, through which flowed a fine, greenish-tinge driver. As soon as I caught sight of the broad, rapid stream, I hurried forward to quench my thirst, but was grievously disappointed. The beautiful, clear water was bitter, and I heard the muleteers behind shouting to me not to drink it. When they came up they told me that the water was both bitter and unwholesome, and called my attention to a suspicious white efflorescence on the rocks near the water's edge. Evidently the water was impregnated with some sort of chemical salts easily precipitated in the form of a white powder. What it was I did not discover, but I concluded that it could not be very poisonous, for the large draught I had taken before noticing the bitter taste produced no bad effects.

As in the water, so also in the rocks and soil, the presence of unusual chemical substances was apparent.

Some parts of the road are well worthy of the landscape-painter's attention. Take, for example, the great plain of Kazerun, surrounded by high mountains and with a fine lake at one end: or the pretty "valley of oaks" lying close under the rocky range of the Piri-Zen; or the little lake of Dest-Arjun embedded in hills, on the other side of the Piri-Zen.

From the "valley of oaks" the path rises in zigzags over a wide, steep expanse of boulders, among which our mules and sure-footed ponies had to pick their way for two or three hours. At last we arrived at a big caravanserai with a stream of clear, sweet water running past it, and congratulated ourselves that our troubles were nearly at an end; but we found to our disappointment that we were not much more than half-way up, and when we finally reached the top we had a terribly long descent to Dest-Arjun, over boulders as big, as slippery, and as closely packed together as those on the other side. It seems incredible, and it is not a little characteristic, that the

great trade-route connecting northern Persia with the sea should be left in such a disgraceful condition. To construct a good road might perhaps be too expensive an operation ; but surely a decent mule-track might be made by the expenditure of a little manual labour. Near the caravanserai I found an old man engaged on the work as a volunteer. He had taken a vow, I was told, to devote the remainder of his life to the task ; and I was glad to have an opportunity of encouraging him in his laudable design by the bestowal of a little baksheesh. Of course he has not been able to accomplish much single-handed, but he has shown that very much might be done at a comparatively small outlay.

Shiraz.

Having received the promise of a good baksheesh, my muleteers more than kept their promise of getting me over the first section of my journey in five days ; for about noon on the fifth day they could point ahead triumphantly to some patches of green on a great arid plain, and assure me that these were the famous gardens of Shiraz. The view was not at all what I had anticipated. The Persian poets had taught me to expect at Shiraz something which might, with a moderate stretch of imagination, be called an earthly paradise, but what I saw before me did not suggest anything of the kind ; and a closer inspection only confirmed the first impression. Either Shiraz has sadly degenerated since the classic period of Persian literature, or the poets of that time indulged in an amount of poetic license which would hardly be tolerated in our realistic, matter-of-fact days.

If I could not admit that Shiraz might properly be called an earthly paradise I found it at least a very agreeble place to live in for a few days—thanks chiefly to the kindness of an English doctor attached to the Telegraph Department whom I had never seen before, but who treated me as an old friend. Under his experienced guidance I visited the bazaars, the konak of the Governor, the tombs of Hafiz and Saadi, and all the notable things of the place. At the same time I had to make preparations for the remainder of my journey to Teheran, a distance of about six hundred miles, which had to be traversed by the so-called "galloping post." When I had reduced my baggage to what I considered a minimum, I called in the post-master, and he decided that four horses would be required—one for myself, a second for my servant, a third for the postboy with a portion of the baggage, and the fourth a baggage horse. This was, I feared, rather too large a party, but I could not well cut down my baggage much more, and for my consolation the post-master told me that on the Shiraz-Teheran road I should easily find as many horses as I required. The prediction was on the whole justified, but I would advise future travellers to restrict themselves, if possible, to three animals. The baggage horse is constantly either lagging behind or straying from the road, and the consequence is a considerable amount of delay and annoyance. A party composed merely of the traveller, servant, and postboy, is much more compact and manageable.

The Road to Ispahan.

It was a bright, crisp morning when I started from Shiraz, and the cool invigorating temperature accompanied me the whole way. If I had reason to complain of the temperature at all it was of the cold rather than of the heat, and the cold did not trouble me much. Only once or twice, when I had to spend a windy night in a "bala khaneh" with open windows, did I feel the cold at all disagreeable. The intending tourist must not, however, suppose that the journey can be made thus comfortably at all seasons of the year. The road runs along a high plateau, traversed by hills, which is very cold in winter and very hot in summer. During the winter months there is often intense cold with deep snow, and in the hot season travellers generally travel at night and rest during the day. The tourist, therefore, who wishes to do the thing comfortably should choose either the spring or autumn. Of these two seasons the spring is to be preferred. The landscape, which is at all times bare and brownish-grey, has then some tinges of verdure, and the air is marvellously transparent. So great, indeed, is the transparency, that I was often strangely deceived as to distances. A hut, a tree, or a big stone by the roadside, would seem to be only a few hundred yards ahead, and I found to my surprise that it took perhaps half an hour's hard riding to reach it.

A Bala-Khaneh.

I have used the word "bala-khaneh," and I ought perhaps to explain what it means. Imagine, then, in a village or on the open plain, a long, low, rectangular building of yellowish-brown unburnt bricks, resembling a primitive fort with miniature battlements. In the middle of the façade is a square truncated tower, in which is an arched gateway below, and a room with two or three windows above. If you enter the gateway you will find yourself in a square court, three sides of which are composed of flat-roofed stables, and the fourth of rough, simple accommodation for human beings. The building is a "chapper-khaneh" or post-station, and the upper chamber above the gateway is the "bala-khaneh," or apartment for travellers. It is simply a bare room with earthen floor and without a vestige of furniture of any description. If the inmate wants to indulge in the luxury of a chair, table or bed, he must bring such articles with him. As a rule the traveller carries with him merely carpets and bedding, and rests or takes his meals in a squatting or reclining posture after the manner of Orientals. He may have with him one or two small carpets to serve as window-frames and curtains on the windward side of the apartment, but if it is very cold he will do well to go down to the post-master's room by the side of the gateway. There the smoke, it is true, may incommode him a little, for it has no way of getting out except through the door, but if he lies flat on the ground he will escape at least the thickest of it. He will have there, too, the society of the post-master, which may be agreeable or otherwise according to circumstances. Frequently this functionary is a Tartar, morose and taciturn, but occasionally you will meet a bright, intelligent, talkative fellow, who will tell you all he knows—and a good deal he does not know—about the village, the neighbourhood, and the world in general. A few cups of weak tea, half filled with sugar after the Persian fashion, will help to loose his tongue.

A Fall.

The distances between the post-stations differ greatly. Sometimes they are under fifteen, and occasionally over thirty miles. On a stage of moderate length the horses are supposed to do eight miles an hour, and they will easily do that or more if they are in fair condition and have had a good rest before starting, but even under these conditions they have a will of their own and have to be humoured. On leaving the station, however impatient you may be, don't attempt to go off immediately at a gallop. If you do your animal will resist, and will probably get sulky or obstreperous. Go for a few hundred yards at a slow walk, then increase the pace to a jog-trot, and when you have been well shaken for five or ten minutes, get him into an amble and keep him at it. The amble may not seem very fast, but it will take you over your eight miles an hour comfortably, and it has the advantage of being not at all fatiguing—a consideration not to be despised if you mean to cover quickly a long distance. I do not know what the record in this respect is, but I have myself repeatedly done over a hundred miles in the twenty-four hours. The system I followed was to ride on so long as I could get horses and to rest when waiting for them. In this way one is pretty sure to get at least six or seven hours for sleep out of the twenty-four. Once, however, it happened to me that there were fewer delays than usual, and I went on continuously for over thirty hours with no halts beyond those required for changing horses. Of course this system can only be adopted by one who is pretty tough, and who possesses the faculty of being able immediately to go to sleep anywhere and at any hour of the night or day.

The horses are supposed, as I have said, to go about eight miles an hour, but there are great variations from this average. When the poor animals are in bad condition or tired they can hardly be induced to go beyond a walk or a jog-trot, and they sometimes absolutely break down, in which case fresh ones have to be procured from the next station. On the other hand they will sometimes go at a good hard gallop the whole way, with only one or two halts of a few minutes to let them recover breath. It is in these circumstances that one thoroughly enjoys this kind of travelling, and the excitement of it is increased by the probability of a fall, for even the good horses are not always sure-footed, and in a long journey one must always expect a few "croppers." One night, I remember, I had got capital horses and we were going along in splendid

style, with just enough of starlight to see the road dimly before us, when suddenly at my side there was a splutter and a smash, and I saw the post-boy's horse take a header on the road, and then perform an evolution that looked in the dim light very like a *salto mortale*. When I had pulled up and returned to the spot I found the horse on a heap of baggage, and the post-boy on his back groaning some three yards off. The unfortunate youth declared himself severely hurt, and his groans increased in proportion to my expressions of sympathy; but when I had convinced myself that he had no bones broken, I changed my tone and ordered him to get up. At once he stopped whining, and it became evident that the groans were intended simply to excite my commiseration, which might possibly take a pecuniary form. By this I do not mean to insinuate that Persian post-boys are a soft, whining set. On the contrary they are generally hard, plucky fellows; but even the best of them would probably not consider it very wrong to obtain by stratagem a little additional baksheesh from a Feringhee.

The Ruins of Persepolis.

From Shiraz the first day—that is to say, the first hundred miles—is the most interesting. A few hours' ride brings you to the grandiose ruins of Persepolis, which are only awaiting thorough excavations to throw a flood of light on ancient Persian civilization. Few cities have had such a long life. Existing already in the time of Cyrus, it was enlarged and embellished by Xerxes and Darius, plundered by Alexander the Great on his way to India, and was still a place of some note in Mohammedan times. At present the ordinary domestic buildings have entirely disappeared; but at the edge of the plain, and leaning against the slope of a low range of hills, there is still a gigantic terrace of stone-masonry, on which are some forty colossal columns and extensive ruins of what was probably a cluster of magnificent temples. Here at many points I noticed traces of excavations, which had been made, I was told, quite recently by French archæologists, but they did not seem to be at all in proportion to the extent and importance of the ruins. I spent an hour or two examining the columns, walls, and curious bas-reliefs, and would willingly have visited also some minor ruins on other parts of the great plain, but the sun was already nearing the horizon, and I was anxious to reach before dark a picturesque defile through which I had to pass some way ahead.

A Night Adventure.

In this I did not succeed, for the defile was further off than I had supposed, and night had closed in before it was reached. There was just star-light enough to show that the glowing descriptions I had received of it were not exaggerated. High precipitous cliffs hemmed in on both sides a noisy stream which I had to ford several times, for the path wound along the gorge in serpentine fashion. Certain prudent acquaintances had advised me not to pass here at night because the place had rather an evil reputation, and some of the Eliauts—the dwellers in black tents—were encamped in the neighbourhood. But I knew that the robbery of a European is a very rare occurrence—if indeed it ever happens—in this part of the country, and I presumed that evil-disposed persons would hardly expect to find a traveller passing through the defile at such a late hour on a dark night. I pushed on therefore alone so as to enjoy in solititude—some faint traces of youthful romanticism *will* cling to one even in middle age!—the beauty of the pass, and for some time I congratulated myself on having got away from my attendants. The defile seemed very grand, and I noticed in the cliffs several dark holes which looked like caverns, and which in any case would have done very well for robbers' caves in a melodrama. If they were really used by robbers, as my servant afterwards assured me, their inmates must have been away from home or asleep, for they showed no signs of life. It was only when I had nearly reached the end of the defile that I began to question the wisdom of having indulged in solitude. Here the path entered a long narrow passage—a very tight fit for a horseman—which had evidently been hewn in the rock, and which would have made artistically a very good entrance to an Inferno. Having proceeded along this narrow, roofless corridor for a considerable distance, and seeing no end to it, I began to suspect that I might have wandered from the right path, and I thought it well to wait for the rest of the party. When half an hour had passed without bringing any signs of them I considered my suspicions confirmed, and soon I

had a second confirmation. I had stopped at a point where a cleft in the outer wall of the corridor enabled me to see dimly the other side of the valley, and in that direction I heard the sound of voices. On listening attentively I convinced myself that they were the voices of my servant and of the post-boy shouting to each other, and I accordingly shouted likewise to attract their attention. At length a response came in the form of a semi-articulate shout, which I interpreted as a request to move on. I hesitated to comply, for the shouters were apparently on the other side of the stream, but we were too far apart for discussion, so I pushed on, and after going for a mile or two I found them waiting for me. They had found the long corridor too narrow for the baggage horse, and they had consequently been obliged to ford the stream and take a path on the opposite side of the valley. Soon after this we passed on the roadside a white, rectangular building on a slight elevation, which is generally believed, on the authority of Herodotus, to be the tomb of Cyrus, but which local tradition assigns to the mother of Solomon. As it is well known to archæologists I need not attempt to describe it, and, to tell the whole truth, the darkness prevented me from seeing it very clearly.

Yezdikhast.[1]

The only other curious thing on the way to Ispahan is Yezdikhast, a quaint old town perched on the top of a precipitous rock, and yet at the same time on a level with the surrounding plain. This sounds a paradox, but it can easily be explained. A river has worn in the plain a deep precipitous ravine about 350 yards broad, but an abrupt block of conglomerate 300 yards long, harder than its surroundings, has resisted the action of the water and remains a natural fortress, very useful for defensive purposes on condition of no artillery being used. Every inch of the top has been utilized for buildings, except a narrow, longitudinal strip in the middle which serves as a thoroughfare, and even this is more like a tunnel than a street. At one end of it a drawbridge connects the rock with the bank of the ravine and the outer world. What adds to the curious look of the place is, that the natural rock and the dried bricks used as building material are of the same colour, so that for a spectator outside it is difficult to say where the rock ends and the buildings on the edge begin. Altogether a curious place, to be recommended to those who are in search of "old-world bits."

Ispahan.

Towards afternoon on the fourth day after leaving Shiraz, I reached the top of a low range of hills, and saw before me on the plain, straggling along the banks of a pretty river, a great city with blue bespangled domes, and little patches of verdure among the masses of brown houses. This, I knew, must be Ispahan, and, despite my impatience to arrive at my destination, I stood for a long time admiring the scene. To me it seemed much more beautiful than Shiraz, and, with all due deference to the immortal poets who have made Shiraz the theme of their enthusiastic verses, I retain this opinion. The great advantage which Ispahan possesses is, that it has a river flowing through its midst, and the want of this in Shiraz is hardly compensated for by a distant view of a great lake. The poets were, I suspect, influenced by personal associations. Whatever one may think of the comparative merits of the two places, there is no doubt that the inhabitants of Shiraz are naturally more sympathetic to persons of a poetical temperament than the Ispahanis. The Shirazis are for the most part light-hearted, sociable people, loving good cheer and jovial company, and apt to forget the injunctions of their religion, anent refraining from wine and other intoxicating liquors. The Ispahanis, on the contrary, incline rather to the commercial ideal, their prominent characteristics being indicated by the well-known old story of the Ispahani merchant who fed his servants on dry bread and put the cheese provided for them into a bottle, advising them to rub their bread outside, so that they might in a certain sense enjoy without consuming the expensive delicacy! Whether the native merchants of to-day maintain this ancient reputation for niggardly frugality I cannot say, for I did not remain long enough to make the acquaintance of any of them; but I am quite sure that the biggest foreign merchant in the place, a hospitable German, had no leanings in that direction. He kindly acted towards me the part of the good Samaritan, and was constantly giving me agreeable proofs that Ispahan was after all

[1] Two views of Yezdikhast appeared in the January number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, pp. 327, 329.—ED.

not so very far out of the world, by providing me with all manner of European comforts, including an unlimited supply of excellent Vienna beer. Being greatly surprised to find such a beverage on the banks of the Zendarud, I inquired how it got there, and was informed that it had been brought by sea from Trieste to Bushire, and thence on the backs of mules by the same road along which I had been travelling. How any bottles were fortunate enough to survive the passage of the Piri-Zan I cannot imagine; but I was assured by my host that the breakage in transport is trifling, a fact that reflects great credit on the Persian muleteers. So far as natural obstacles are concerned it would be much easier to bring such things by the Black Sea and the Caspian, but on that route the Russian custom-houses intervene. In order to preserve Persia as a happy hunting ground for her own manufacturers, Russia refuses, as I have already said, to allow the transit of European manufactured goods through the Caucasus, and consequently it is only through the southern ports, or by the long overland route through Turkey, that Persia can carry on trade with Western Europe. Hence, from the commercial point of view, the great desirability of opening that Karun route of which I have already spoken. It would bring Ispahan and Teheran nearer to the sea-coast by several days.

A Visit to the Zil, Eldest Son of the Shah.

In Ispahan there are not many recognized "sights" which a tourist must visit, and I had little or no time to visit the few that exist, for my impatient, importunate friend in Teheran was telegraphing to me daily to "hurry up." I found time, however, to stroll about a good deal in the streets and bazaars, and to pay a visit to the Prince-Governor, the Zil-es-Sultan, who is one of the most interesting personages in Persia. The Zil, as he is familiarly called, is the eldest son of the Shah, but as his mother was a mere peasant girl when the king of kings first deigned to cast eyes upon her, the title and prospects of heir-apparent belong to a younger brother, whose mother is a princess of the blood. It is generally believed that, so far as personal qualities and administrative capacities are concerned, the peasant-girl's son has unquestionably the better right to the throne, and it is often asserted—rightly or wrongly I cannot pretend to say—that at the death of the present Shah the succession will probably be disputed. However this may be it is certain that there is a rivalry between the two brothers, the Zil being regarded as the representative of good government and national progress, and the Veli-aht, or heir-apparent, as the representative of conservative stagnation and priestly influence. Besides this the Zil is supposed to be a partisan of England, while his brother is believed to have strong Russian proclivities. In mentioning these popular conceptions I have no wish to attribute to them very much importance, for I have generally found that in the East, still more perhaps than in the West, the popular political horoscopes of young princes are very liable to be belied by events. Heirs-apparent rarely fulfil as sovereigns the good or bad expectations entertained of them before their accession, partly perhaps because the expectations never had much real basis, and partly perhaps because fuller knowledge and a sense of responsibility naturally produce a change in a man's opinions and principles of action. It may well be that the Zil is an ambitious man, for he is an Oriental of far more than average energy and ability, who has already tasted the sweets of power; but it does not necessarily follow that in the event of his father's death he would strike a blow for the throne. On the other hand, it must be admitted, that some facts might be adduced in support of this idea, and a year or two ago these facts were cleverly used by his enemies at Court with the result that he was suspected by the Shah of harbouring treasonable designs, and he consequently fell into disgrace. At that time he was Governor-General of Southern Persia, with a considerable military force under his command, and having over-estimated his influence at Court, he resigned his office in the conviction that he would thereby strengthen his position. To his astonishment his resignation was accepted, and when he was afterwards in a certain sense reappointed, he was granted merely an insignificant part of the power which he had previously possessed. Many people believe that his prospects are now completely shipwrecked, and that he has become what diplomats call "*une quantité négligeable.*" Still, I was anxious to see a man of whom I had heard so much, and I was glad to receive, after my arrival at Ispahan, an intimation that his Highness would be happy to receive me in the afternoon. At the appointed hour I arrived on horseback at the palace, and was conducted

through a long series of courts and passages to a hall tastefully decorated in the Persian style, in the centre of which was a small tank with a fountain. Here, close to the fountain, sat the Prince, in a plain semi-official costume, and at his side a gentleman who was evidently a European, and who turned out to be his Highness's French physician. When I entered the Prince rose, and as he returned my salaam I was struck by the haughty dignity of his demeanour, and by a curious cynical expression which was anything but agreeable or sympathetic. This is, I was afterwards told, the expression he habitually wears at public functions, but he can be extremely agreeable when he likes, and of this he soon gave me ample proof. Before we had finished sipping our first cup of coffee his features had relaxed, and by the time we had reached the second cigarette he had become quite pleasant, and had shown me that he was by no means destitute of a certain sense of humour. One answer which I gave him I had purposely framed in such a way that it might be taken either as a most commonplace remark or as a covert allusion to recent events in his career. For a moment he looked at me with a stern, hard, searching glance, as if to inquire what my real meaning was, and then he seemed to conclude from my face that something more than a commonplace remark was intended, for he began to talk of the events which were in my mind. For obvious reasons I refrain from reproducing the conversation, but I may, without indiscretion, indicate briefly the general conclusions to be drawn from the Prince's remarks: that in his recent fall he had been the victim of intrigue and calumny, that he understood the real interests of his country, and that he had these interests sincerely at heart.

The general aspect of Ispahan is thoroughly oriental. Near the Governor's palace there are some fine mosques, large squares and wide avenues planted with trees, while the rest of the town is composed of narrow lanes confined between blank, windowless walls, in accordance with Mussulman notions of domestic privacy. Some of the lanes and streets are bisected by a stream of running water, and this constitutes a very agreeable feature when the channels are kept clean and the flow of water is abundant; but it is not at all pleasant when the stream assumes, as it often does, the nature and peculiarities of a common sewer. The Armenian Christians, who form a large proportion of the inhabitants, have adopted for their domestic architecture the same style as their Mussulman fellow-townsmen—all the windows of their houses looking into an inner court, and nothing but a blank wall and a strong door being seen from the public highway. They are said to be an indolent people, subsisting chiefly on the subsidies sent them by well-to-do relations who have emigrated, and found in foreign countries a favourable field for the remarkable commercial aptitudes of their race. As Christians they enjoy the highly-cherished privilege of drinking wine and other alcoholic beverages, and they take care that this privilege does not lapse by prescription. We may, perhaps, hope for better things in the next generation; for many of the children receive a good, sound education in the English Mission School, under the able direction of the learned Dr. Bruce; but probably most of these educated youths will seek their fortunes abroad and leave the stay-at-home community pretty much what it is. The ambitious lad who sees no scope for his talents in a Persian provincial town, and who has heard a hundred times the old stories about Armenian Whittingtons leaving Julfa with a few coppers in their pockets and rising to be famous merchant-princes in Calcutta and other great commercial cities, naturally dreams of making such a career for himself. If the great commercial resurrection which some people are at present anxiously looking for in Persia ever really takes place, all this will be changed; and the educated young Armenian will find congenial and lucrative occupation nearer home. Already in the Telegraph Department some places which were formerly reserved for Europeans are ably filled by Armenians of Julfa. The late Persian ambassador in London, one of the most able and respected dignitaries of the kingdom, was originally a Julfa boy.

The Road to Teheran.

I had intended to remain only thirty-six hours in Ispahan, but I was kept waiting twenty-four hours longer by the post-master. This delay left me only three days for the journey of three hundred miles to Teheran. On condition of finding tolerably good horses at all the post-stations the journey could easily be made in that time. As there were evidently plenty of travellers on the road it was much more likely that at

some of the stations I should find only tired horses or no horses at all : and so it turned out. Instead of going along comfortably at the regulation pace of eight miles an hour, I often found it impossible to maintain half that pace. A general idea of the journey may perhaps be conveyed by a short extract from my waistcoat-pocket diary :—

"*Thursday.* I start at 7.30, and after nearly an hour's jostling through narrow streets and crowded markets I get clear of struggling Ispahan. Towards sunset I reach a range of high hills—they are sometimes called mountains—and as night closes in I have to go slowly, for the path is often steep and always rough, and experience has taught me that in the dark all Persian post-horses are not as sure-footed as could be wished. About 9.30 I get to the camp of an English telegraph official who, in spite of being unceremoniously roused out of his first sleep, receives me cordially and offers me refreshment. He kindly invites me to spend the night in his tent, but I determine to push on. Near the top of the pass, where I find large patches of snow, the moon rises and supplies good light for the descent to the village of Kohrud. Finding horses there, I veto the suggestion of my servant who thinks we have done enough for one day, and decide to go on at once.

"*Friday.* I descend slowly for several hours in the bed of a stream, through a fine rocky gorge, which is at one point dammed across to form a large reservoir, and reach the town of Kashan shortly after sunrise. My Tartar servant looks an utter wreck, but after giving him an hour's rest I push on all day, and in the evening get to the curious old town of Koom. Here I spend an hour with a hospitable telegraph official, who makes me acquainted with the agreeable light wine of the country. Continue my journey with good, fresh horses and an active, intelligent postboy who knew his business thoroughly, but finding it impossible to keep awake even at the gallop, I call a halt at Rahmetabad, and make arrangements for having four hours' sleep. It is thirty-nine hours since I left Ispahan.

"*Saturday.* Up at half-past three and off before five ! Riding on ahead I take a wrong road and thereby lose two hours, but eventually I find a guide to conduct me across country to the post-station, where I find my servant and baggage. The next stage lies through a rather pretty country, and at the end of it I am detained two or three hours for horses. When I do get them they look a weedy, tired lot ; and my apprehensions as to their breaking down on the road are only too fully justified. The pack-horse can hardly be induced to go beyond a walk, and before we have gone a third of the way my servant runs up to me on foot and declares that his horse won't move a step further. Taking the only good horse of the lot, I gallop on alone, with the intention of sending back fresh animals for those whom I leave behind. A good supply of horses at the next post-station enables me to carry out this intention, and at the same time to push on without delay, and for more than an hour we gallop along in splendid style, but then it gradually becomes very dark, and we have to moderate our pace. I confess to having always a foolish feeling of delicious exhilarating excitement when galloping quickly along through the thick darkness, trusting to the good eyes and sagacity of the horse to find his way, but the postboy will generally decline to risk the breaking of his horse's legs and his own neck to afford you this satisfaction. Long before reaching my wished-for destination, I have to rein in both my steed and my impatience, and to content myself first with an amble, and then with a jog-trot. At last, near midnight, the postboy halts, and I see before me the dim outline of a large massive building. This is the city gate, but alas ! the great door is shut and there is no sign of light or movement within. We knock lustily and long, and when on the point of retiring in despair we hear a gruff, sleepy voice inquiring who is there ? I reply that I am an Englishman, and that the English ambassador is expecting my arrival. Slowly and cautiously the bolts are withdrawn, and I am allowed to advance a few steps. The sleepy guardian, after consulting with one of his fellows, admits that orders have been received to let an Englishman pass into the British Legation, but I must show a 'ruznameh'—a document to prove that I am the Englishman in question. It is impossible for me to comply with this request, but I suggest that a few small pieces of silver might serve the same purpose, and the suggestion is warmly approved. I was not yet, however, quite at the end of my journey, for after leaving the gateway I seemed to be again in the open country, and I had still nearly an hour's ride before reaching the Legation, where my visions of a good supper and a comfortable bed were fully realized."

(*To be continued.*)

AN AUGUST RAMBLE DOWN THE UPPER THAMES.

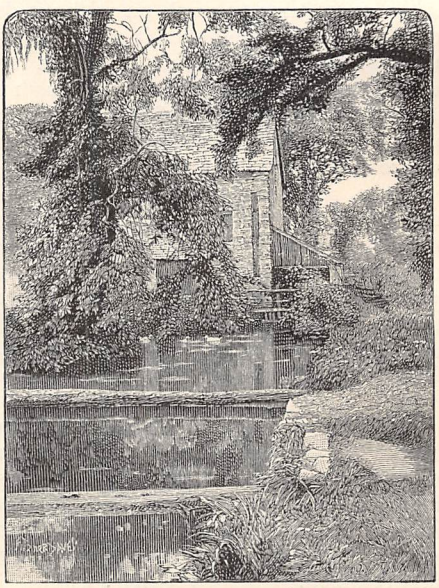
By REGINALD BLUNT.

With Illustrations Engraved from Photographs taken by the Writer.

LAST August a friend and I determined to spend a week or two on the upper Thames, but we were a little doubtful how best to see the twenty odd miles between Thames Head and Lechlade. Boating was out of the question in the slack water month of August; towing-path for tramping there is none, above Inglesham; while the roads seem to have a perverse way of carrying you well out of reach of your river as soon as they have crossed it. We were helped to a decision by the proffer of hospitality at Castle Eaton, a little village about five miles below Cricklade; and having sent our dinghy, the *Dabchick*, thither by rail and road, and ascertained the impossibility of getting her any further up the river we concluded to make headquarters there, and work the upper reaches as best we could on foot, starting hence downward on the voyage to Oxford.

FROM THAMES HEAD TO CASTLE EATON.

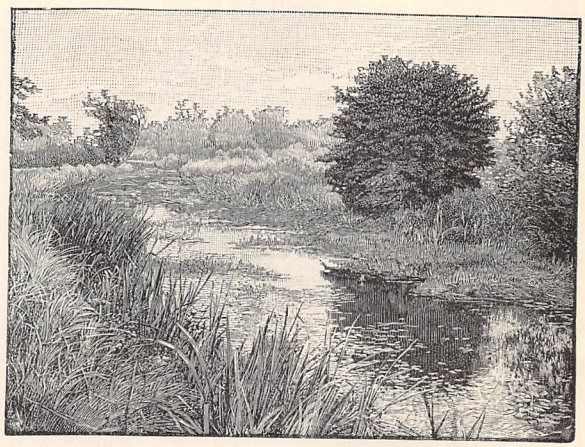
Driving from Castle Eaton by Down Amney to Cirencester along the grand straight stretch of the Via Erminia, we paid a passing visit to the beautiful old church of St. John, with its fine porch and lofty clerestoried nave, and then boarded the branch train which connects the town with the Gloucester line of the Great Western Railway at Kemble Junction. Crossing the railway, and taking the road towards the little hamlet of Ewen, a half-mile of dusty lane brought us to a low arched causeway; to the left is a weedy dyke, with a hedgerow on one side and a rush-bordered meadow on the other. That is the Thames. A few miles further up, among beds of cress and thirsty weed, the mother-springs well fitfully up. In summer drought the pumping engine sucks the water away as it rises, to feed the neighbouring canal, which reaches its highest altitude not far from here, and the baby Thames is thus robbed of his birthright and natural nourishment.



UPPER SOMERFORD MILL.

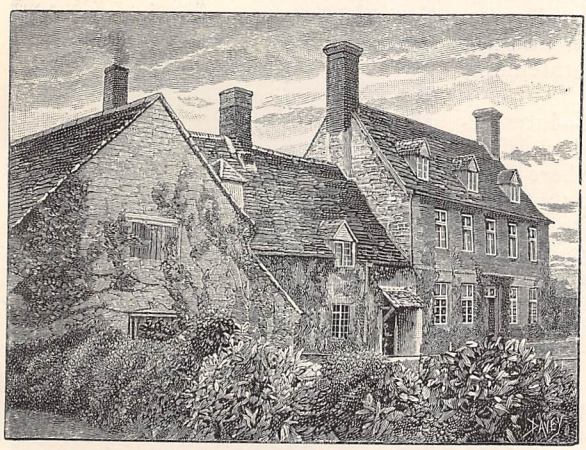
After a mile or so the stream reaches a mill, charmingly framed under sheltering elms. A bit further on, a footpath across a meadow to the left tempted us from the river to a gray church and manor house nestling cozily amongst sheltering elms, with the great silent barns and

sleepy cots of the village of Somerford dotted around them. Cattle we saw everywhere, grazing over the rich pasture land, or crowding down to the cobbled drinking places made for them in the banks of many of the fields; sheep, too, though far less frequently, and lordly swine, and great bony farm horses were dotted here and there about the meadows; water-hens bobbed in and out among the rushes, or skimmed noisily over the surface when caught napping round a bend; fat water-rats ran cunningly along the bank edges to their holes or flopped unseen into the water at vibration of a footfall; scared peewits uttered their peevish cry overhead; twice or thrice we put up a great lanky heron from his feeding ground among the flams; and once we just caught the blue flash of a disappearing kingfisher. But of humankind, scarcely a solitary soul. Even in the villages and about the scattered cots and homesteads the dogs seemed in sole charge, their owners probably at work in the harvest-fields. Wood-pigeons cooed and chattered in the elms; frolicsome little fish threw themselves head over heels out of water in the shallows; mighty dragon-flies hung and sped from bank to bank; but one might tramp mile after mile before meeting any one of whom to ask one's way, except at the occasional mills which still dot these upper reaches.



ABOVE ASHTON-KEYNES.

After passing the third mill, a very bald affair of blank brick, the river grows clear and enters a charming wood, leaving the church and manor of Ashton-Keynes to its left, and boasting, for a little space, an excellent path along its right bank. As we emerged from the stretch of overshadowing woodland, a sharp turn to the right carried us across a meadow down to the village street, where the stream is spanned by a dozen tiny bridges connecting the cottages with the roadway. We passed down the quaint, delightful village, with its many bridges and crosses, and thence by a stretch of red road whose gorgeous side dyke carries a by-way of the river to Waterhay Bridge. Hence, onward for a while, the river, now a lively and unmistakable stream, shows a laudable resolution to advance itself and eschew the roundabout. After tramping down another reach or two, a blank brick wall across the river, embanked on either side, seems to bring young Thames to an ignominious full-stop. Climbing the bank one finds one's self on the aqueduct of the North Wilts Canal, the river humbly burrowing through a submerged arch below the wall. But the stop is only a comma, after all. Following down the right bank of the canal one soon reaches a quaint old lift-bridge, with upraised weighted arms, and crossing this, the tow-path carries one pleasantly on. The mighty tower of St. Sampson's church has long been our landmark, and another reach or two leads us into a pretty willow-lined stretch, from which a path, skirting one or two cottage gardens, carries us into the street of Cricklade town.

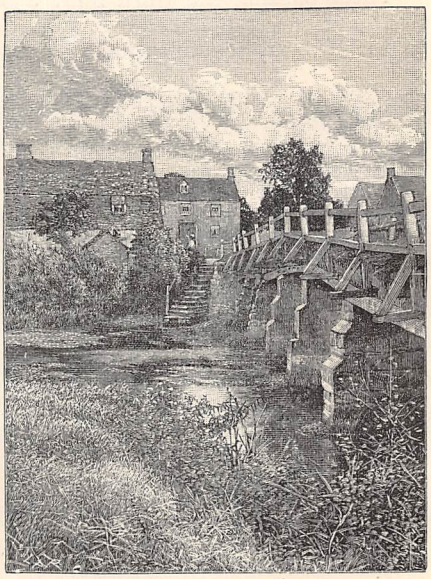


MANOR HOUSE, WATER EATON.

Just below Wayland's bridge a brook trickles into our river on the left. This is the Churn, one of two or three pretenders to the birthright of King Thames.

Starting again on our downward way, we skirted Rose Cottage, which forms a pretty picture from below with its porch and embankment wall, and found ourselves on the plank bridge which marks the first step in engineering advance from the tree-log of Somerford Mill. Two tall trestles and three pairs of stout planks complete its fabric; and though it might fare badly if not chained in a heavy flood, it is a very adequate and picturesque foot-way. To the pool just above it, the mothers of Cricklade used formerly to bring their little ones for baptism. This good old custom has been discontinued in favour of St. Sampson's font, but while I was photographing the trestle bridge I witnessed another employment of Thames' young waters which was not less interesting in its way. A milk-cart rattled jovially down into the middle of the stream, and the driver began bucketing the water into his cans. Much tickled at this suggestive procedure I was assured, in answer to a chaffing question, that the water was merely for washing and not for dilutive purposes; and further that the good folk of Cricklade drew hundreds of gallons daily from this pool for farm and household use. Remembering that there were several farms and villages higher up the stream which assuredly drained into it, I suggested that the water could hardly be good for drinking; but my driver scouted the imputation, declaring it to be considered the best of spring-water, and assuring me that the Ashton-Keynes stream "ran the other way altogether and not by here at all!" At this astounding statement, I wisely said, "Good morning."

CASTLE EATON BRIDGE.

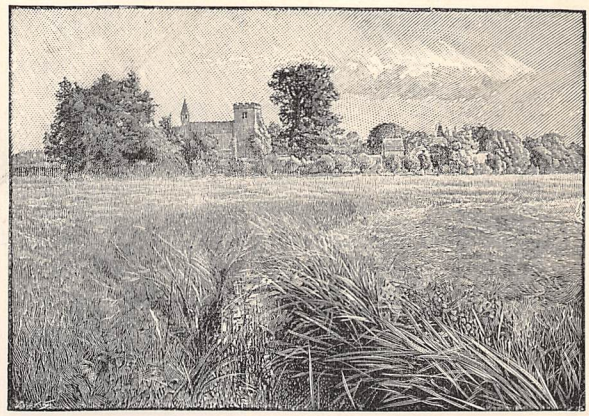


CASTLE EATON BRIDGE, FROM THE ROAD.

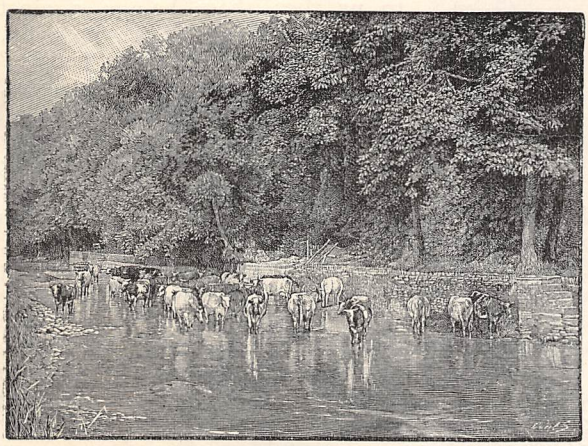
The question of Thames pollution—interesting, more or less, inasmuch as London drinks from the river at Sunbury and elsewhere—is a complicated one. But it is evident that it is of little use for the Conservators to enforce stringent regulations as to drainage on the lower reaches within their control, while villages above Cricklade, and others on tributary streams such as the Churn, the Windrush, or the Evenlode, pour their waters—indisputably contaminated—into the river on its way. Leaving Rose Cottage, and keeping the right bank downwards, a half-mile of meadow-tramp brought us to Eisey footbridge, one of the new, straight, substantial, but unlovely spans with which the by-no-means-conservative Conservators of the river have replaced the quaint old structures of the past. A little below, on a hillock to the left, stands Eisey Chapel; a solitary little pseudo-Norman sanctuary.

Following a footpath from the chapel-moat, we had just reached a thatched cottage or two, when a mysterious voice from above hailed us. The owner, whose head only was visible, gliding bodiless along a raised embankment to my right, proved to be in a boat on the Canal, which his mate was towing towards Cricklade. From a little arch beneath the Canal, a pretty little stream issues, to join the Thames above

the footbridge. It is not marked on the maps, but an old gentleman who toddled forth from his cottage at sound of voices told me they called it "Galileo's Brook." I can well imagine that any luckless voyagers who had ploughed their way up to Eisey in slack water time would hail with rejoicing the chance of transferring their craft here to the still and even depths of the Canal. This same Canal accompanies the river more or less all the way from Cricklade Wharf to Inglesham Round House, where a lock unites it with the Thames, which is thence downward navigable for barges up to seventy tons. It is in parts indeed an extremely pretty waterway with a still, placid beauty of its own, especially at the twilight hour when the reflections of its overhanging foliage and its little arched bridges here and there, grow marvellous sharp upon its glassy surface—seldom broken by the broad, black bows of its long barges. Here at Eisey, and at Dudgrove, six miles further down, there are locks which the navigating bargee works himself through; while at a bridge near Cowneck, and at Inglesham, rise those quaint, round tower-houses, built for the lock-keepers and benighted bargemen, in the busier days before the Great Western Railway decoyed away most of the water-traffic. Those who meditate a downward voyage from Cricklade will do wisely and well, especially after July, when the weeds are cut and water is low, to take the Canal route to Inglesham, unless they are prepared, for the sake of a few delightful bits here and there on the intervening river, to undergo much grounding and grinding over flams and old weir-sills, much punting and paddling, and much aimless meandering that is picturesque, but very slow going for anything larger than the lightest of canoes.



CASTLE EATON CHURCH AND VILLAGE FROM THE MEADOWS.



CATTLE IN THE RIVER, KEMPSFORD.

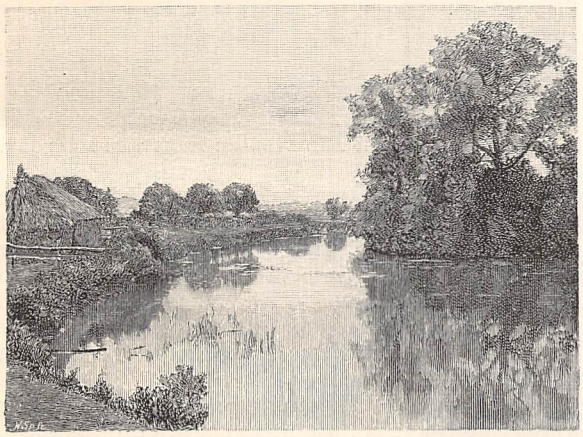
Keeping a path on the left bank from the little chapel on the knoll, our way wandered on through cattle-dotted meadows till another prim footbridge was reached and a gray old manor house fronted us across a rising field to the right. This was Water Eaton House. Approaching the back door (the house fronts away from the river) I gained the attention of a busy little maid and asked for leave to photograph the house. Mary disappeared to consult the master, and soon returned saying, "That'll do, thankye," as she quietly closed the door in my face. This ambiguous oracle was somewhat disheartening, till a further appeal for enlightenment discovered that I was presumed to be "the fellow from Cricklade" calling for an order, and that the master was not desirous of buying copies of an original of which he was in sole possession. Our colloquy brought him to the door, and on ascertaining that I was merely an amateur asking a favour, his house was generously placed at my disposal, with the intimation that I might take as much of it as I liked, fore and aft, sideways and anyway; a liberal permission of which my small stock of plates did not allow me to take full advantage.

Returning to the river again from the quaint old Elizabethan manor, and keeping

the right bank, another mile of pleasant but featureless wandering brought us to a horseshoe-shaped backwater, once probably the mainway of the stream, but now silted up and abandoned to a gorgeous overgrowth of rush and teazle, purple loosestrife, and snowy convolvulus, between towering ramparts of nettle and thistle; another mile of uneventful progress brought us opposite the queer, long creek with overgrown entrance and deep pools beyond, known as Cowneck, but whose genesis is mystery; whence onward, our little river carried us by gentle windings, till the charming old span of Castle Eaton bridge was reached, and our second day of downward pilgrimage leisurely ended.

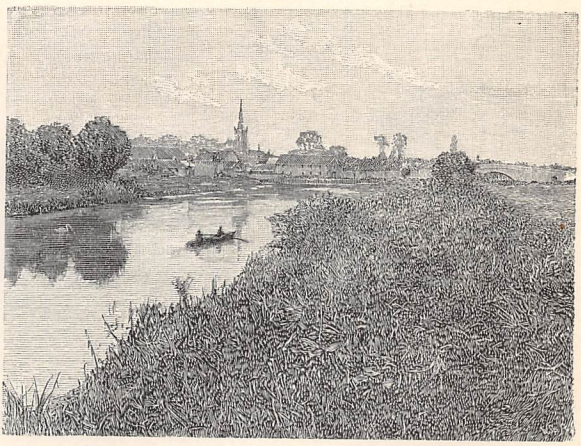
CASTLE EATON TO RADCOT BRIDGE.

At Castle Eaton our voyage proper began. A straggling line of poor cottages, a farm with a great milking barn behind it, a comfortable vicarage with a charming veranda and plentiful kitchen gardens, a nice little church with a quaint spirelet for the *sancte* bell over the choir, a carved pulpit of well-toned oak, and an interesting half-vanished fresco of the Virgin and Child over a piscina on one of the pillars; that is all Castle Eaton has to show. And yet my friends seemed to find their month's sojourn all too short for the things they found to see and do there. Perhaps it was that they were of those who have discovered the fascinations of penetrating a little within the charmed circle of some one or two of the thousand life-dramas which one touches at a tangent in our path through this beehive of a world. To most of us does it not come almost as an astonishment when some accident—a chance word, a street scene, a station farewell, perhaps—lifts the curtain for an instant and reveals to us that these beings against whom we brush as we pass by, and who for us are just "people"—labourers, porters, lock-keepers, village folk—are each and all centres of a little life-history? Comedy it may be, or tragedy, or oftener a strange blending of both, with its laughter and tears, its perplexing vicissitudes of fortune; perhaps with its cupboard skeleton, its cloud of impending fate, its dash of cruel irony or mute pathos. Anyhow, my friends found plenty of interests, even within the bounds of the tiny parish; to say nothing of pilgrimages to the glorious Fairford Windows, drives to the somnolent townships of Lechlade or Cirencester or Cricklade, and punting of the *Dabchick* through the flams towards Kempsford tower; nor anything of a fair in the meadow across the river, for which a special one-day bridge is erected from the inn garden. This punting practice formed the overture to our downward trip, when, at ten o'clock on the morning of their final Monday our bags and camera were carried down to the "harbour" and stowed in our stout little craft, in which a comfortably-backed stern seat had been rigged; and with a generous shove off that detracted from the dignity of our adieu we started gaily off for Oxford. It was a capital set-off, and our merry progress lasted for fully fifty yards, when an ominous grinding brought us speedily to a standstill on a sandy flam. Profiting by former experiences of this kind we were armed with a fine young firpole fresh from the copse, and this, by judicious pricking, set us afloat again. But before we had gone much further we reached a series of these fateful shoals, and the boat grounded with a determination that defied punting. There was nothing for it but to get overboard and tug our refractory craft by the nose, walking down mid-stream; and to this undignified method of locomotion we had to resort two or three times before reaching Hannington Bridge, after which we managed—with occasional assistance from our firpole—to progress without deserting the ship.



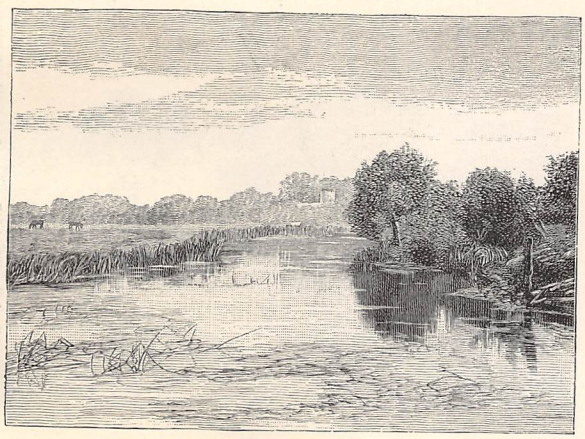
INGLESHAM WEIR POOL.

At the end of our first mile we passed Kempsford, with its beautiful church tower and the river wall and window of the mansion of the Dukes of Lancaster just above. Kempsford Church is striking in its proportions, its height and narrow width giving it an imposing semi-cathedral aspect from the west end. The renowned Woodford (afterwards Bishop of Ely) was some time rector there, and the church bears various memorials of his stay; but the gem of the interior is the perfect Norman arch on the south side leading into the vestry. The horseshoe cast by the steed of Henry, Duke of Lancaster, when he was riding sadly away from Kempsford, hateful to him after his son had been drowned in the river there, hangs still on the church door, a relic which—despite a duplicate elsewhere — may well be authentic. Furthermore, it is at Kempsford, beyond the pale of reasonable doubt, that on the stretch of velvet sward between the old mansion wall and the towering hedge behind, walks, after dusk, the Lady Maud, his ancestress; seen only by womenkind, whom she sometimes calls by Christian name; and so beyond the power of sceptic man to disbelieve.



LECHLADE, FROM ABOVE.

Just before we passed Kempsford, with a heavy beating of wings and water, a pair of magnificent white geese rose from a rushy bend below us and sailed away with huge wings gleaming snowy-brilliant against the sunlight and the blue above. About half a mile lower down are chronicled the "remains of a weir"; a note often occurring on maps of the upper Thames. To the wayfarer these vanished weirs are only identified by a sudden broadening of the stream which once formed the weir pool; but in a boat at slack water time one is informed of them in more unmistakable fashion. Here, for example, our laden *Dabchick* grounded resolutely on the old stone sill; and the pole proving incompetent to stir her, we had to wade and drag for a few paces. So we poled and paddled and plodded down to Hannington Bridge, a substantial but uninteresting roadway; and then a series of pretty bends and reaches carried us, passing Ham Barn on our left, to where, on the right the "river" Cole contributes its pretentious mite to our stream, and the quaint little church of Inglesham comes in sight between the trees. A farm, a fine elm-shaded old weir-pool and a sharp bend to the left brought us to the towing-path bridge, with the quaint Round House and back entrance to the canal beyond; while just below, the bright little Colne (beloved of fishermen) but far narrower here than at Fairford, clatters merrily into the Thames on the left.

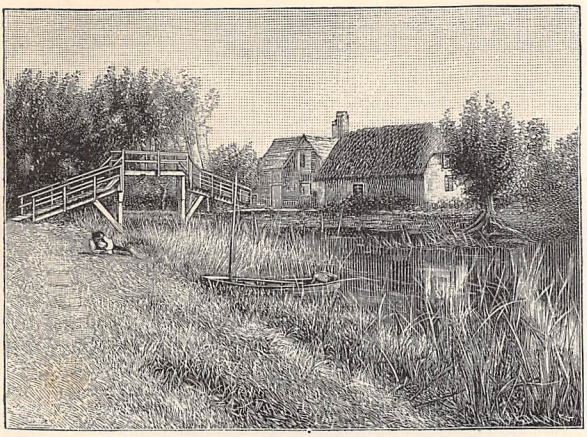


BUSCOT.

Henceforward to Lechlade, a short mile down, the river is broad and deep, and the old town and church with its "pratie pyramis of stone" as Leland called its graceful spire, shows happily beyond the deserted wharf. The bridge is a single span, with a little side-arch for the towing path, new looking, but not

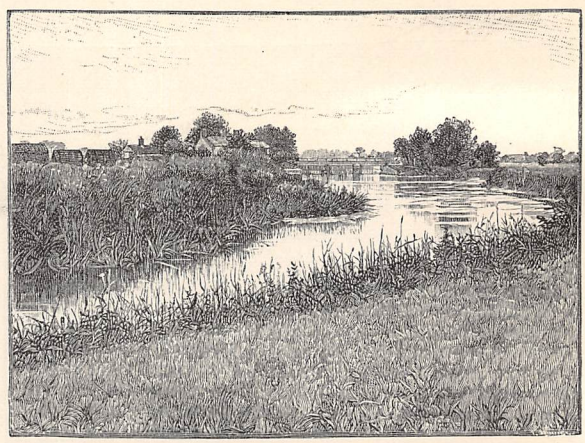
ungraceful, which brings in the road from Highworth. The town is triumphantly dull, and the church has little of interest within, having been recently swept and garnished, and its dear fusty old pew-boxes and galleries "renovated" out of existence.

Three-quarters of a mile below the bridge, a cut to the right introduces us to the first lock on the Thames,—St. John's,—and the lock-keeper presents us with a couple of his pink tickets, as we shall have to work ourselves through the next one, at Buscot. Paddling down the long reedy lock-way below and turning up the main stream again to St. John's bridge, which is wholly blocked by the weir, we landed just below it. Re-embarking, our river led us a merry-go-round of staggering contortions till in fulness of time Buscot church was sighted at the end of a pretty reach, and a little further on we made the island, between the lock and weir. Landing here, we found the all important winch[1] hung upon its bracket, and worked our way through in masterly style, to the slow thudding beat of the mill wheel beyond the weir. Buscot reach is a lovely bit of pure river scenery, the best to which we had as yet attained, and sharing with Rushy and a bit or two about Newbridge the honours of the Upper Thames.



FEN FOOTBRIDGE AND COTTAGE.

Resuming our paddle, a comparatively straight reach or two brought us in sight of Hart's Weir, the first of the weirs without locks now remaining on the river. To the passage of this much explained obstruction we had looked forward with great interest, not unmixed with a spice of wholesome trepidation. The day before I had carefully conned the instructions given on our map directing the boatman to "pull up two or three of the paddles and then the rymers that hold them would lift out;" and as we neared the great white barrier, I tried hard to correctly repeat this, "pull-the-bobbin-and-the-latch-will-fly-up" formula, but with doubtful success. However, as we approached we found that some of the paddles on one side were already out, leaving an easy passage-way for our craft. Shipping oars as we reached the bridge bar, we sat tight, prepared for the downward plunge. Now for it! we inwardly ejaculated as the top-beam passed some three feet above us . . . . Hulloa? what's this? We have slid easily through, and are gliding along by the side wall below. But where is the fall? Looking back at the weir from below, it was just perceptible as a tiny undulation of the water in the opening—four inches at the very outside.

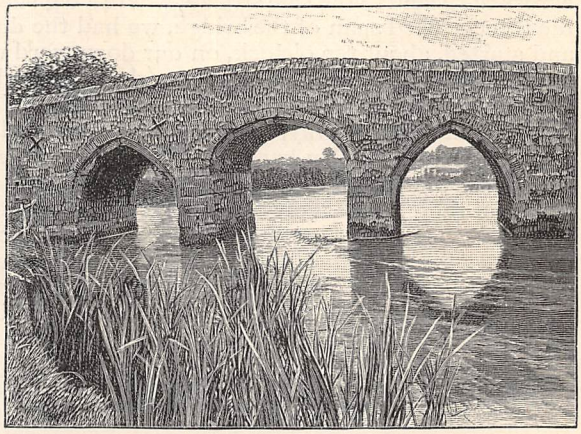


HART'S WEIR.

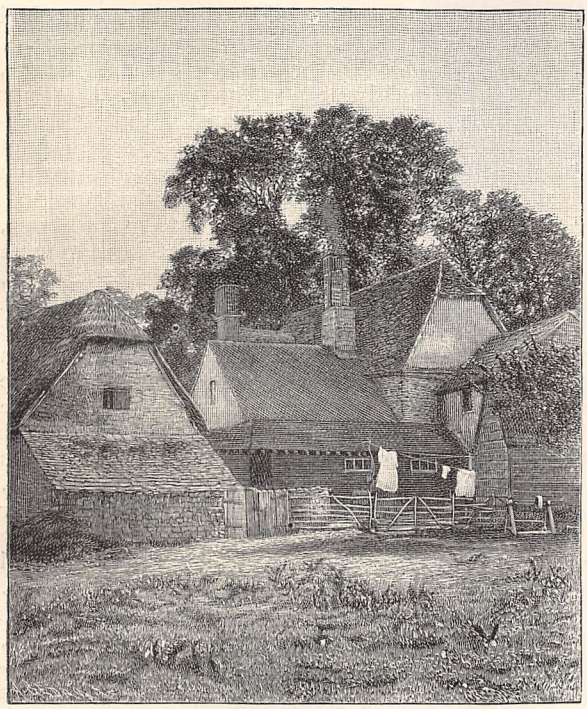
A series of quiet uneventful reaches, following this "somewhat dangerous" weir, restored our placid equilibrium, till buried among the trees on a knoll to our right we caught a glimpse of the quaint, lonely little church of Eaton Hastings, as solitary as

[1] The key of the lock.

the Eisey chapel, but more picturesquely posed. Hence onward the river flows more straightforwardly, and masses of whispering rushes, undulating banks fringed with glorious feathered grasses or gigantic downy thistles, and delicate growths of water weed overlacing the surface or trailing in wavy tresses through the stream, made our way very much prettier than many of the earlier reaches, which, sooth to say, were sometimes dreary, and often dull and monotonous. For this it would seem we have the Conservancy rather than Nature to blame. She has been more sinned against than sinning, poor dame! The Commissioners, in their river cleansing zeal, have done their best to make the Upper Thames as like a big dyke as might be. They have scoured the flams and shallows, and heaped the dredgings along the bank-sides in hideous mounds, which effectually shut off the view from a boat, and whose nakedness Nature strives valiantly but imperfectly to clothe in such verdure as they will support, which seems to be principally thistles and nettles. They have straightened the banks and scooped away the thousands of little bays and forelands, nooks and islets, with their green foregrounds of rustling rushes. They have cut the reeds and weeds, and swept away the ancient weirs, leaving some of the upper reaches unnavigably shallow; they have removed many of the picturesque old bridges, replacing them by stiff structures which at best are inoffensive, and are not often that.



OLD RADCOT BRIDGE, SIDE STREAM.



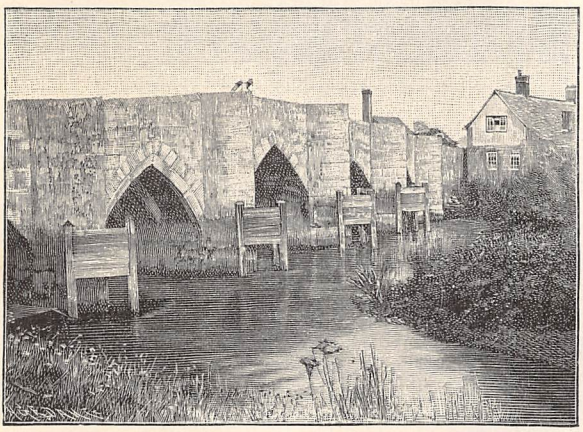
DUXFORD FARM, FROM THE RIVER.

All this may, or may not, have been necessary in the interests of the riparian landowners and of the general regulation of the river; the results are merely noted here as a fair warning to those who may come to the Upper Thames expecting to find a pure untrammeled stream. The damage—artistically speaking—is only very partial, happily; and it must of course be remembered, *per contra*, that the tumble-down locks and weirs, and the towering overgrowths of rushes and weeds of earlier days, picturesque as they were, made locomotion at least as difficult, though lovelier, than the low ebb of slack-water times to-day.

A couple of miles below Eaton Hastings we sighted Radcot Bridge, and keeping the left-hand stream where the river divides we passed under the tall single arch, leaving the island to our right, and landed in the roomy boat-house of the Swan, whither we had written for dinner and beds, a necessary precaution in these small riverside hostels.

RADCOT TO NEWBRIDGE.

The next day gave promise of hot weather again. After breakfast and a stroll across the island to the side stream, where a big sheep-washing was in progress just below the three-arched span of the bridge, we had the dinghy baled out and the cargo stowed, and started, about ten o'clock, on our downward way, bidding adieu to the old bridge of battles, where De Vere saved his neck from Richard's warriors by plunging into the river and swimming across. The first feature of our course was Old Man's Bridge, a quaint crutched footway,—once a weir, and evidently raised a step, half-way over, to give headway for laden barges. This passed, came a region of wearisome twists and windings, where one could never see more than fifty yards of river at a time, while here and there, in shallows on the right, grew little beds of watercress which had been spared by the all-devouring dredger. After a couple of miles or more of this giddy meandering we sighted Rushy Lock, a welcome and charming picture, with its wooded island in the middle, its picturesque weir and cottage to the right, and the old shadowy lock entrance on the left, through the small fall of which we worked ourselves with the nominal assistance of the keeper's wife and little boy. Paddling out of the lock cut, a delicious breeze on the river suggested the happy thought that we were carrying a mast and sail, which had not so far worked their passage. They were soon hoisted, and the wind, though fitful and fickle, proved good enough to carry us down many a lazy reach, while we smoked the pipe of peaceful enjoyment and listened to the musical babble of the water at our bows.



NEWBRIDGE, FROM MOUTH OF THE WINDRUSH.

Tadpole Bridge, a mile below, did not greatly allure us. It is built much on the lines of that at Lechlade, and wants a few centuries of toning and lichen growth to soften off its trim facings and edges.

A somewhat dreary half-hour, featureless and monotonous in form and colour, awaited us on re-embarking. Indeed it should be confessed without demur, for the benefit of those voracious "sightseers" who dread a little dulness more than many plagues, that here and there for a while a genuine monotony reigns over this upper river—a silver gray streak creeping silently through gray-green meadows, from which it is divided by dredger-heightened banks high enough to screen such landscape as there might be from the boat, yet too low to give a feature to the stream. To the philosophic pilgrim these undistracting interludes give welcome opportunity for quiet meditation, undisturbed by possibilities of anything to look at. But querulous artists cast back regretful glances to the good old pre-dredger days of pools and shallows, rush-grown ins and outs, and banks where cattle huddled down to drink or cool their legs knee-deep at noon; of punting laboriously mast-high in reeds, and startling dace and bleak by hundreds from the sandy shallows; the days of old Joe Skinner's and a dozen other quaint weirs and mills and bridges, now things of fading memory only. Even the upper Thames, though as yet in truth not greatly vandalized, is not what it was. A couple of miles of this "plain" sailing and Ten-foot Bridge was reached, another of the queer old footways which have so far escaped replacement by the structures of station platform type which the Commissioners love; and my camera gave an excuse for running the *Dabchick* in among the rushes a little above its square framework and thatched cottages, and enjoying a stretch upon the cattle-cropped turf.

Of the "red-letter days" of a holiday, one can make but a sorry record in black and white; and of river travelling this is perhaps particularly true. Sailing, paddling, towing by turns, the river a little more or less tortuous or pretty, the weather invariably delicious—so our day and way wore on. Passing the hamlet of Chimney on the left, we reached Duxford farm and ferry about five o'clock. The old house

stands charmingly across a field rising gently to the right of the river, and boasts a delightful medley of roofs and gables.

About half a mile lower down we noted the first plants of the white-flowered, round-leaved water-lily which we had yet seen. But here, for a change, the neglect of the towing-path brought us to frequent standstills. Thick blackthorn bushes and willows have been allowed in several places to grow up over-head high, between the path and the bank, making it an impossibility to get a light boat tow-line over. In more than one instance the planks carrying the path over dykes have disappeared, leaving the luckless tourist the choice of a leg wetting or a *détour;* elsewhere again the path retires so far from the river as to inevitably pull the boat ashore; posts are badly wanted at several of the sharpest bends to help the pull of the tow-line past the corner.

The surmounting of these various little obstacles enlivened our afternoon, as we took turn about at the towing-line, or, hoisting sail, drifted deliciously down some propitious reach, till the inevitable bend arrived; the breeze took us aback, down came the sheet, and a spell at the oars brought us back, a reach lower, to our wind again. In such leisurely progress it was already past six o'clock when the fine old span of Newbridge came in sight, and a halt was called. Our enquiries *en route* about inns for to-night had left us undecided, as no one knew anything about the two little houses at Newbridge, and the Ferry House at Bablock Hythe, three miles further down, was generally considered the first feasible stopping place; but as our getting in at Bablock Hythe was entirely problematical, and as twilight was already upon us after a longish day, we plucked the white feather of doubt, and agreed to make Newbridge our resting-place.

NEWBRIDGE TO OXFORD.

We had another glorious morning for our final stage, and paddled downward through prettily-wooded reaches towards Bablock Hythe. In the intervening three miles there is nothing particular to remark, though enough of quiet beauty to enjoy. The ferry at Bablock is worked by an overhead iron rope, and connects the roads from Stanton Harcourt on the left and Cumnor on the right, to which lovers of *Kenilworth* make steep pilgrimage to discover, in the florid epitaph on Tony Fire-the-faggot's tomb in the church, an eulogium of that gentleman's virtues which is difficult to arrange with Sir Walter's version of the history.

Pleasant as the river always is for those who appreciate its pleasantness, we were inclined, when we had completed the last seven miles of our voyage, and landed at last on Folly Bridge, to think that the boat journey might better have ended at Eynsham, whence twenty minutes of train covers the distance which took us over three hours of somewhat toilsome and uninteresting rowing. Passing through the new and open weir just below the bridge, the river skirts the Wytham Hills and woods on the right, and rounding an island, reaches King's Weir, where we had to land and tug our craft over the roller path. The great chimney of the Wolvercot paper mills looms long in sight as the river winds sluggishly along; and another featureless mile brings Godstow Bridge, with its Trout Inn to the left, its ruined nunnery to the right, and the lock further on. After King's Weir and its roller slide the whole aspect of the river changes, and one feels instinctively that one is within the precincts of a big town—the very metropolis of boating. A dim, gray haze ahead hangs over its famous domes and towers; boats of all rigs and builds begin to multiply: and behold, on the broadened towing-path, a smart nurserymaid with a perambulator. Our sojourn with Nature is over; we are entering once more the haunts of men. After Godstow the river widens greatly, skirting the great Port Meadow and growing shallow and full of weeds except just under the towing-path bank. Passing Binsey village, Medley Weir is reached, and again we bump our poor little *Dabchick* over the wide spaced rollers, after taking her down the wrong stream to the left past the boat-houses, and nearly fouling her mast in the towing-path bridge. And still the end is not yet. Railways to left of us, gasworks to right of us, Oxford in front of us, seems ever receding like a will-'o-the-wisp. Osney Lock is reached and passed, and still we paddle on through the dreary outskirts of the town, under the railway bridge, behind rows and rows of hideous little houses, till a welcome turn at last brings Folly Bridge in sight, and, shooting under it we run alongside Salter's landing-stage, and our voyage is over.

THE ROMANCE OF A GRANDE DAME.

By MARY MATHER.

MANY graceful stories have been fabricated anent *ces belles dames du temps jadis*, which are pleasing enough, perhaps, to be their own excuse; among them the romantic history of Countess d'Egmont, *née* Richelieu, as related by the *soi-disant* Marquise de Créqui. That she was a typical fine lady of her period, with fascinations and frailties in plain evidence, no one can seriously doubt, but since her contemporaries have been good enough to depict her under every imaginable light, we may surely at our distant point of view be permitted to choose the most becoming.

Place, then, for Madame la Comtesse, *aussi sage que belle et charmante*, in the words of the fairy tale. Mark her air of distinction as she enters—the elegant adjustment of lace and brocade, fan and farthingale, as she sinks low in a *révérence de cérémonie*. Even the polite world of Louis XV. can boast but two others, Marie-Antoinette, Dauphine, and Mdlle. Clairon, Comédienne, fit to compare with our heroine in the stately grace of a courtesy *à la Fontanges*. She is tall and slender, she has eyes blue, grey, black, changing with every mood, and an art in applying her rouge which enhances their magical effect. In her graceful person we discover a charm, a perfect politeness (the inheritance of noble traditions), a piquant originality, an admirable deportment—pride without arrogance, manner without affectation—in short that *beau-idéal* of elegance, the grande dame of the Old *Régime*.

Some lovers of consistency proposed an alliance between Mademoiselle de Richelieu and Comte de Gisors, the Maréchal de Bellisle's son and heir, who was esteemed as the handsomest, bravest, and most amiable young seigneur of his time. Alas! in fairy lore alone are the brave prince and fair princess permitted to marry and live happily ever after. In polite, eighteenth-century real life the Maréchal de Richelieu shook his head gently (any violent commotion would have raised an olympian cloud of hair powder round about): balanced for a moment on a pair of tall red heels, and then—"A thousand thanks!" he cried lightly, "but with your permission, Mesdames, I propose that Mademoiselle my daughter shall look higher than the grandson of Surintendant Fouquet."

"But, Maréchal," it was urged, "these poor children have already fallen in love at first sight—they adore each other."

"*Eh jardi!* I have no intention of shutting up Mdlle. de Richelieu like a black-veiled nun," the old *roué* cheerfully explained, "nor yet of putting out her bright eyes. For the matter of that one always enjoys the privilege of meeting again *dans le monde!*"

Without further waste of words, mademoiselle's fair hand was bestowed in marriage on Casimir-Auguste d'Egmont Pignatelli, first gentleman and richest seigneur of the Low Countries. At the same time, to consummate the sacrifice, Comte de Gisors, under command of his parents, led to the altar a little maiden of fifteen years, whose many

excellent qualities he never learned to appreciate. Nor did he, on the other hand, enjoy that promised privilege of meeting *dans le monde* his unforgotten first love. Not long after the unfortunate young gentleman fell *sur le champ d'honneur*, and one fair image, set in pearls and brilliants, lay shattered over his bleeding heart.

By virtue of her marriage Mdlle. de Richelieu stepped at once into the highest range of European society. Half a dozen pages would not hold the list of titles and marjorats pertaining to that powerful house of Egmont which descended in a straight line from the Sovereign-Dukes of Guelderland, but became extinct in the person of our heroine's husband. Surely no woman's ambition need have aspired to a more splendid position, and with youth and beauty to boot there certainly appeared on the surface little cause for the air of *ennui* and proud melancholy which she assumed with her new honours. That M. le Comte was either handsome or witty no one pretended; quite the contrary, if the truth must be told. He belonged to the mummified order of high-born humanity, a stalking figure, a dry-as-dust individual, silent and ceremonious beyond belief, and many times more devoted to his mouldering pedigree, and researches in the dead languages, than to this young bride lately committed to his keeping, with her romantic fancies, and eyes of fire and dew. But after all is said the species of indifferent husband is not so serious an infliction under a palace roof as between the narrow walls of the domestic *bourgeois* interior; in the grand world, the polite world, the world of professed gallantry where Madame d'Egmont moved, her purblind bookworm was esteemed *tout ce qu'il y a de plus onvenable*.

As every medal has its reverse, so the adulation which followed our heroine did not lack its usual complement. Her aspect of melancholy preoccupation, moreover, often gave offence where least intended; still more the half-disdainful notice she vouchsafed those importunate bores, who, then as now, formed the *pièce de résistance* of good society. When news came up to town of young Gisor's death, all eyes were on the alert—every tongue retailing a fresh version of the old love story, and a certain humpbacked little Prince Abbé, ugly as he was malicious, hurried round to the Hôtel Richelieu with the budget of evil tidings. He stopped long enough to see his proud hostess fall in deathly swoons, then out again on wings of Mercury to disseminate this last curious bit of intelligence. It threatened a serious scandal; so much so, indeed, that the Maréchal himself thought fit to put it in countenance by an ostentatious display of friendship towards the author of the mischief, upon whom he called shortly after in full state paraphernalia. We can imagine the wily old courtier—that stereotyped smile on his thin lips, half mockery, half policy, which contemporary artists have preserved for our benefit, and the jewelled decorations, red, yellow, green, all the colours of the rainbow, flashing over his lace and satin front—we can imagine this magnificent hero of Mahon, and of many women's hearts, set like a small but rich kernel in the midst of his big shell of a coach, which yields the *pas* to no one under blood-royal in Paris streets. Six heavy Norman horses, mottled grey, are plumed and caparisoned in gold and crimson; a velvet hammercloth sweeps the ground; coachman and lackeys in liveries to match dazzle the beholder, while the immense high swung *carrosse* itself is gilded and painted without, and adorned within with mirrors and scentbags, and Montespan loveknots, and a deliciously designed *ciel* of cupids bound among rose-garlands. No amount of dust from lumbering coach-wheels, however, can blind the Argus-eyed world, and Richelieu's little ruse was quickly seen through, though conceded to have been devised in admirable good taste, worthy its skilful perpetrator. Unfortunately rumour was soon busy coupling Madame d'Egmont's name with other love affairs less creditable, and the odium of more than one *galanterie* of common street notoriety found its way to her door. For our part we will turn the deaf ear to these disagreeable insinuations, lending credence instead to a more friendly report, which represents our *grande dame* as both proud and delicate, by nature as well as breeding, little likely to drag her fastidious honour through vulgar intrigues of the kind; and while admitting, in queer French phraseology, her merely "polite" relations with M. d'Egmont, we are assured that after young Gisor's death one grand passion alone, sequel in many ways to the first, served to fill her life. But to narrate our romantic history in detail.

About the year 1760 there dwelt within the walls of Paris, yet far removed from her giddy throng, a venerable nobleman of the ancient house of Lusignan. He occupied an immense and gloomy mansion in the Marais, at least was supposed to occupy it, for no foot ever crossed the threshold, no eye ever beheld this bizarre old gentleman, who existed by hearsay alone. Popular superstition ascribed his strict seclusion to

a *lettre de cachet*, and represented the Hôtel Lusignan as nothing better than a prison-house, where officers of the secret police kept watch and ward under disguise of the family livery. Certain it is that those high in authority preserved a mysterious silence concerning the old Vidame de Poitiers, and curiosity was rife on his account. One day Madame d'Egmont received a letter bearing the Lusignan crest, which was found on opening to contain a polite but pressing request that Madame la Comtesse should favour M. de Poitiers with a visit at her earliest convenience, as he had matters of importance to communicate, and was not himself "transportable." Thus ran this remarkable epistle, written in a faint and trembling hand, like bird-tracks over newly-fallen snow. Unbounded the astonishment, ridicule and laughter it gave rise to at the Hôtel Richelieu. Had this extraordinary old man lost his wits, or was he simply bent on impertinence? Should Madame accept his invitation, if only for the sport of the thing? "*Oh! que non, s'il vous plaît!*" she protested. Not to gratify the curiosity of her best friends would she put herself in the power of any such old wizard.

"Do not fail to keep the appointment," Maréchal de Richelieu gravely counselled his daughter.

Then a little scheme was devised for sending in her stead a prodigiously stout and full-blown *demoiselle* who had lately come up to court, a fishwife in appearance, a scullery-maid by education, yet entitled to thirty-three quarterings on her coach panel, and precedence over most of her betters.

But again M. de Richelieu interposed, with such effect this time that ere nightfall our heroine was on her way to the Hôtel Lusignan. An impression of singular dread filled her mind, as her equipage slowly threaded a labyrinth of dark and narrow alley ways, unknown to her, and equally so, apparently, to her attendants, who often got down to make inquiries or lift the wheels over rut-holes. At last, after traversing a reverberating *cul-de-sac*, horses and coach drew up, and Madame put her head out with something of the sensation of one who views his place of execution. A gloomy *façade* faced the street, unbroken save by a few small, irregular windows, which were barely visible behind their heavy bars and accumulation of dusty cobwebs. Withered leaves, moreover, lay heaped before the *porte-cochère*, and she jumped to the conclusion that the mysterious building was in reality deserted, and the whole affair nothing more than an indiscreet joke. Hardly had the wish given birth to the thought, than doors began to creak, a troop of *valets-de-pied* sprang, so to speak, from the ground, and in another moment a ceremonious gentleman-in-waiting was bowing at the coach door. Nothing could exceed the respectful attention she received at every step, yet it did not escape her notice that her lady's-maid, whom she had signed to follow, got no farther than the threshold, while doors and *portières*, which flew open at her approach, were closed behind with even greater celerity. By an immense effort of will alone she succeeded in keeping her panic under control; the courteous apology addressed to her by the Vidame's major-domo on the part of his master might have been couched in the Chinese state language for all the sense it conveyed. But gradually a new perception dawned through her perturbation—that of wonder and admiration. She found herself transported into such a scene as one reads of in tales of Eastern magic, where Aladdin and his lamp ply their fantastic tricks. The marble vestibule, the stairway of inlaid precious stones, were adorned with statuary and living trees; attendants in rich apparel lined the ante-chamber, bending low on either hand as she passed; beyond, lofty apartments opening one into the other, each more magnificent than the last, led on through marvels of art and luxury to a spacious gallery, or winter-garden, whose spring-like verdure gave rest to eyes dazzled by splendours. Here the foot sank in fresh, green turf, the senses perceived an odour of wild flowers, or caught the tinkle of fairy brooklets rippling between mossy banks: in short, the spot breathed the very quintessence of that sylvan fancy which was all the rage at a time when queens played the part of milkmaids, and candlelight entertainments of live sheep and miniature cascades formed the *délice* of polite society.

The gallery traversed, our heroine climbed a rustic stairway, and stepped out upon a kind of loft, built over a stable some twelve or fifteen feet from the ground, where several fine milch cows were busy at the clover rack. A high dormer window, cut in the thatched roof overhead, gave light to the place, and fell full upon the figure of an old man who lay stretched on a low cot bed in the immediate foreground. His eyes were closed, his hands folded as if in prayer; recalling one of those stiff and angular effigies which are seen on ancient tombstones. To complete the illusion, a narrow

bolster which supported his head brought into relief features noble in outline, but strangely emaciated and colourless as the bleached linen which invested them. Madame d'Egmont did not doubt that she stood in the presence of death. She made a hasty sign of the cross, and her dismay knew no bounds at finding herself suddenly deserted by the gentlemen-in-waiting who had escorted her thus far with much polite ceremony. In another moment, however, a faint movement on the pale lips of the figure, and alarm gave way to lively curiosity. She proceeded to take a minute survey of her surroundings, which were of the most frugal description. A low cot bed, minus curtains, and sparely covered by coarse homespun linen and blankets, two or three rush-bottomed chairs, a little deal table set out with eating utensils of blue and green earthenware, each article reflecting a scrupulous cleanliness, and finally, by way of ornament, a series of rudely drawn and coloured designs, representing pastoral subjects, tacked against the whitewashed partition, with bits of cardboard at the corners to protect the flimsy paper. This affectation of peasant thrift and simplicity in the midst of Paris and of a splendid palace was diverting, to say the least, and choosing the nearest seat, our heroine prepared to await her host's good pleasure with the best grace possible. She had leisure to study by heart the quaint pictures, the pattern traced on the sanded floor, a black wooden crucifix suspended above the bed. She opened and shut her fan a dozen times, gaped outright, and at last, driven fairly desperate, made bold to raise a discreet little cough. As this produced no impression, the experiment was repeated more and more energetically, until the very cows, chewing their peaceful cud below, began to show symptoms of uneasiness. Through it all the old Vidame lay wrapped in dreamless slumbers; and suddenly coming to an end of her patience, half choked with coughing and smothered laughter, his visitor made a hasty retreat down the stairway, found the major-domo in waiting, and was conducted back to her coach without further delay.

Home again, the story of her adventures created a lively sensation. Certainly it lost nothing in the telling, for Madame la Comtesse possessed a graphic imagination and the most delightful wit in the world. Her father alone sat by in glum silence, his little eyes half closed, small mouth puckered awry—sure signs of gathering displeasure.

"Countess d'Egmont," he broke in gruffly, "it seems to me you have been ill advised in treating a person of M. de Poitier's age and position with so little ceremony. I recommend that you repair this error by returning to the Hôtel Lusignan at your earliest convenience."

"But, *Monsieur mon père*," she expostulated, softening still more her voice always exquisitely modulated, and raising her enchanting eyes, half malicious, half supplicating, "how shall I be able to awaken this singular old gentleman?"

"You can surely address yourself to one of his attendants."

"But why should he wish to see me? What can he possibly have to say?"

"Another visit would doubtless interpret everything to your satisfaction, and I feel assured, madame, that, on second thought, you yourself will be first to perceive the propriety of such a course."

M. le Maréchal rose and took formal leave of the company. His brow was still ruffled, his manner superlatively polite—a lesson in the lofty style of the *grand siècle*. With unnecessary punctiliousness he explained that the sudden indisposition of one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber compelled his immediate departure for Versailles, where his duties about the King might detain him for several days. No sooner had the door closed than Madame d'Egmont gave way to expressions of lively resentment. She declared this peremptory treatment most unwarranted—*toute-à-fait indigne!* For one thing she was positive she could not keep her gravity again in presence of that ridiculous old Vidame; she would appear before him like an escaped school girl engaged in some silly frolic. Above all the thought of returning to the ill-omened Hôtel Lusignan filled her with mortal dread; its splendid solitude weighed upon her like a tomb. "Any place but that!" she cried, and in her nervous excitement shed warm tears of anger and distress. Thereupon some one proposed that M. d'Egmont should act as mediator in this difference between father and daughter, and on the spur of the moment set out in search of him. It was not difficult to find the learned recluse, who never strayed far from his cherished library, where he laboured day in and out, industrious as the spider, among mouldy apostolic briefs (sealed with red wax) and bulls (sealed with green); spinning out cobweb-like diatribes and reviews of ecumenical councils from that

of Nicée (A.D. 325) downwards. He was not a little taken aback by the abrupt invasion of his privacy—mortified at exposing himself gloveless before a lady, besides feeling excessively annoyed that there should be no suitable chairs in the apartment. Bells were forthwith rung, doors thrown open, a procession formed to the *salle-à-dais*, and there, his guest handed to the place of honour, a modest seat found for himself on the second step of the estrade—*enfin!* M. le Comte was prepared to lend the question in dispute the silent and weighty attention of a Drossard at the Supreme Council of Brabant. All things considered, he cleared his throat and observed gravely that certainly it was greatly to be deplored that Madame la Comtesse d'Egmont should suffer further inconvenience from an affair so distasteful to her inclinations as this proposed visit to the Hôtel Lusignan; wherein he would go so far as to admit he could not, more than Madame herself, conceive either the motive or the utility. Nevertheless it was not advisable that M. le Maréchal-Duc de Richelieu should receive cause for complaint through disregard of his expressed wish and command; and yet extremely difficult, taking into consideration the circumstances of M. le Maréchal's unavoidable absence, of the precarious condition of the aged and infirm Vidame de Poitiers, to see how any satisfactory compromise could be effected in the matter.

Delivered of these reflections, M. d'Egmont bowed his visitor out, and immediately ordering coach and six, set off, post-haste, for the country. It was a clever move on his part, which served as well, perhaps, as any other to mend the breach, for even Madame d'Egmont could not long remain serious in the ludicrous situation, and at the opportune moment M. de Richelieu, who had recovered his natural good humour and good sense overnight, reappeared on the scene, prepared to make the *amende honorable* for his petulance of the eve. Many years before, he confessed to his daughter, the venerable Vidame had rendered him an unprecedented service, in short, not only did the Maréchal owe him life, but honour as well. "Return then," he pursued, gently but urgently, "my old benefactor has doubtless some last bequest or dying recommendation to send me through you, which discretion and delicacy prevent his making me in person. On no account would I allow his slightest wish to pass unheeded by any member of my family."

Madame d'Egmont could not do less than yield to her father's importunity; and taking courage by both hands she set out again for the Hôtel Lusignan. Nothing had changed in that enchanted palace since her former visit. There was the same double file of well-drilled servants, each holding himself erect and gorgeously coloured as a figure on a painted card; the same splendid and silent *salons;* the same verdant garden, where flowers, red, white, and golden, hung motionless in the scented air as if listening for some bold zephyr or bird song to break their spell. The old seigneur reclined as before on his rude couch over the cow-stable (reputed at that period, it should be explained, an infallible cure for pulmonary complaints), but on this occasion appeared in full possession of his faculties, and rose at once with antiquated courtesy to receive his guest. He apologized for the inconvenience he had caused, yet made no particular mention of her former visit, or of his long-standing acquaintance with the Maréchal de Richelieu. Placing a chair by the table he brought out a small casket, and turning the key begged Madame to seat herself and examine its contents at her leisure, while he, evidently much exhausted, lay down again and closed his eyes. She lifted the lid as directed, and found beneath a packet of letters addressed to M. de Poitiers, in the well-known handwriting of her lost lover, Comte de Gisors. They bore testimony to an entire confidence between the young man and his venerable correspondent, and her own name recurred on every page in terms of passionate and hopeless endearment. Frequent reference was also made to a certain unfortunate child, abandoned, it would seem, through the inhumanity of the Maréchal de Bellisle, but recommended with thoughtful solicitude by his son to the Vidame's protection. "My horoscope forewarns me that my days—my very hours—are numbered," he wrote in his last letter dated from the Army of the Rhine. "Alas! happiness and I have parted company; and on the field where others strive for glory, I alone would pluck the cypress bough. My only anxiety concerns the fate of this hapless Séverin, left friendless, forsaken—"

When Madame d'Egmont finally shut the casket, and dried her eyes, the old seigneur, turned towards her. "Madame," he said abruptly, "he whom you regret and weep, was also cherished by me with no common friendship. His secrets were my secrets. In dying he left to my care another self—a youth of nearly his own age, and

closely connected by ties of blood and affection, but reduced through untoward circumstances to a position of unmerited indignity. As the bulk of my fortune passes by entail out of my control at death, it is my desire that this young gentleman should be assisted from the proceeds of my personal property—jewels, furniture, plate and other objects of value, capable of realizing when sold at least, seventy thousand crowns. Strange as it may seem, almost insuperable obstacles stand in the way of my design, the exact nature of which I do not feel at liberty to divulge. Suffice it if Madame la Comtesse consents to accept, in trust for my *protégé* a legacy of twenty thousand pistoles, which I will put down to her name in my testament, to be conveyed afterwards, privately and at her own convenience, into his hands."

M. de Poitiers further explained that the reputed father of young Séverin, a Chevalier de Guys, captain of the coastguard at Bellisle-en-Mer, had died within the year, and since M. de Gisors no longer lived to plead his brother's cause, the young man had been cruelly slighted, and driven in desperation to enlist as private in the ranks of the Garde-du-Corps. "With your assistance, Madame," the old Vidame concluded, "I shall at least be able to place him beyond the reach of actual want, and the cold pity of an unnatural parent."

For a long time Madame d'Egmont hesitated. She foresaw the dangers which beset her path—the need of concealment, of artifice, be it never so innocent. Above all, she apprehended the brutal and suspicious egotism of the Maréchal de Belleisle, then Minister of War, and on whom depended the young soldier's career in spite of their best efforts. When finally she yielded, it was with the understanding that her name and rank should remain strictly *incognito;* and while consenting, at the Vidame's earnest solicitation, to a personal interview with his *protégé*, she stipulated that it should take place in presence of her confessor, curé of St. Jean-en-Grève, either at his presbytery, or in some other suitable locality. Thus prudently hedged about, our *grande dame* doubtless considered her position impregnable, little dreaming of those wayward freaks of chance which were to scatter her laborious precautions like straws before the wind.

Shortly after her visit M. de Poitiers breathed his last, and was gathered to the tomb of his ancestors. About the same time a magnificent catafalque, in memory of the late Queen Marianne, of Portugal, was erected by order of the King in the grand nave of Notre Dame de Paris. Overtures for an alliance between the Prince of Brazil and Madame Adelaide of France were on the *tapis*, and etiquette exacted that Mesdames, daughters of the King, should assist at her late Majesty's obsequies in clouds of crape, and funeral veils, sweeping the ground precisely fourteen yards, by strict Louvre regulation. Madame d'Egmont had also received instructions to attend, for deaf and blind as was her learned spouse to the ordinary course of mundane affairs, he did not by any means overlook those privileges or obligations which concerned his semi-royal state. Promise, then, of an impressive spectacle had attracted crowds to the Cathedral, and many anticipated with interest the arrival of our *grande dame par excellence*, whose beauty and elegance, especially the stately grace of her carriage down the long aisle of Notre Dame, and obeisance before the high altar, made her the mark of popular observation.

On this unlucky day, however, confusion lay in wait for the peerless comtesse. She had got no further than the catafalque in the midst of the church, and was in the act of sweeping her reverence before seeking the reserved seat in the choir to which she was entitled, as well as to a veil thirty-two *pieds-de-roi* in length, when suddenly a face and figure among the soldiers standing on guard caught her attention. In a moment she uttered a stifled cry, fell swooning, and was carried more dead than alive to the sacristy, where a copious sprinkling of holy water restored her scattered senses. We are told, and may readily believe, that ladies of fashion suffered considerable embarrassment in the free play of their tender emotions under the patch and powder *régime;* and but for the accident of court mourning, which discarded their use, our pale and dishevelled heroine might have presented as ridiculously bedaubed an appearance as any naive young bride of the period when taken to witness her first tragedy. As it was, she felt in no mood to assist at the funeral *cortége*, or to share the honour of carrying Madame's veil. She was firmly convinced that she had seen the spectre of young de Gisors, and not until her meeting with the Vidame's *protégé* many months later was this strange hallucination finally dispelled. The interview took place by appointment in an out-of-the-way parish church—a dim and neglected spot unknown to fashion,

whither our *grande dame* resorted on foot, *sans toilette*, *sans retinue*, and, worst of all, *sans chaperon* in the shape of her father confessor. At the last moment this good curé of St. Jean discovered some delicate scruples of conscience on the subject of M. de Poitier's bequest, and decided on making a clean breast of it to his spiritual and temporal superior, Monseigneur Beaumont, Archbishop of Paris; receiving thereupon strict injunctions that he should in no wise lend his countenance to an affair which might be construed in civil courts as a manœuvre for the defrauding of justice. Fortunately, the Vidame's heirs-at-law showed a less suspicious disposition. They caused the sum set down in his testament to be paid without comment or awkward inquiry of any kind; and Madame d'Egmont seized upon the first expedient which offered to acquit herself of her irksome charge, and have done with it.

As the anniversary of St. Louis's Day approached, the Maréchal de Richelieu, who possessed an observing eye, suggested that his daughter should improve the occasion and enliven her spirits, somewhat overcast of late, by going up to pay court, and afterwards take her place at the ceremony of the Grand Couvert. A hint from Richelieu was as good as another's command, and punctually at seven o'clock St. Louis's Day in the morning Madame's travelling *berline* drew up under the *porte-cochère*, equipped with every requisite for a *toilette au petit pied de campagne*—that is to say, dressing-gown, powder-box, rouge-pot, and lady's-maid. Meanwhile the most worshipful and punctilious Casimir Auguste, Comte d'Egmont-Pignatelli, rose to a point of etiquette. He had been engaged in a searching perusal of his genealogical table, and now begged leave to explain that by virtue of a Condé relationship with the reigning family of Portugal, half mourning for its lately deceased queen was still *de rigueur* in his household. Agreeable to this injunction, Madame swept down in a costume of black *dauphine-lampassée*, richly yet soberly embellished by an embroidery of nasturtium flowers, size and colour of life, amid gold leafage. Her furbelows were of gold lace, her pannier at least four yards in circumference; to crown all, she wore the famous Egmont pearls, the same which Count Lamoral d'Egmont pawned to the Republic of Venice during the Thirty Years' War for a large sum of money. (Where are they now, those precious drops? Alas, *où sont les neiges d'autan?*) Their moon-white splendour was further enhanced by several immense hyacinth stones, burning like imprisoned fires, which served as clasps for necklace and bracelets, and attached to its perch on Madame's curled and powdered coiffure a magnificent aigrette of forty pendulous pearls, each faultless in profile and of the purest orient.

Never had she appeared in greater state or beauty. Albeit complaining of a sleepless night, of *megrim*, of *ennui*, no faintest speck obscured the pearl-like lustre of her loveliness, and languor—if languor it could be called—but added a deeper charm to her enchanting eyes. At Versailles an extraordinary concourse of people had already assembled, culminating almost in a rout about the tables of the Grand Couvert. There was a loud outcry for places, and certain newly-fledged ladies of quality made themselves particularly conspicuous by running hither and thither seeking an opening wherein they might wedge their *bien-heureux tabourets*. It was no such laughing matter—far from it indeed—when *ces dames* d'Estrée and Lamarck (names at which St. Peter himself would do well to drop the golden keys) arrived, rather out of breath, to find themselves ousted by the wives of some insignificant little republican ambassadors, not even accredited from crowned heads! Banish the presumption, and let Messieurs the Ushers of the Chamber look to it that this stupid blunder does not cost every man of them his livery and his pension!

One sensational incident of the kind might have sufficed for ordinary consumption; but a more highly seasoned dish was in reserve for the guests at the King's table. Amid the galaxy of rank and beauty which radiated from the royal person like dazzling rays about a golden sun, none attracted greater admiration than *la belle dame aux hyacinthes*. She occupied a conspicuous position in the outer circle, near the door of public entrance, where a throng of curious sightseers pressed in under conduct of M. l'Exempt and his guard, and after skirting the crescent-shaped tables, passed out on the opposite side. All at once a slight disturbance made itself felt among these good *bourgeois* and peasant-folk, agape with wondering delight. There was a hitch in the orderly procession, and the officer in command hastened forward to expostulate in accents hushed by respect with a tall soldier who stopped the way. Instantly every eye was upon the bold intruder, noteworthy alike for his audacity and admirable good looks. He confronted the magnificent company without any sign of confusion;

on the contrary, his air of proud self-possession would have better become a prince-royal giving audience to his courtiers than the humble soldier of the guards which his uniform indicated. Not a fastidious *talon-rouge* at the King's table but secretly envied the impudent fellow his superb and haughty bearing, his splendid beauty, even his long, shapely hands, and coiffure, negligently studied, *à la Latorirès*.

Standing thus a cynosure for all eyes, the young man himself appeared in no wise conscious of the disturbance he created. His whole attention was concentrated on one fair face alone, yet more in severe and searching scrutiny, it would seem, than simple admiration. *La belle dame aux hyacinthes*, went the whisper from one end of the room to the other. Necks were craned ; curiosity rose on tip-toe ; one might have heard a pin drop, and in the midst of this dreadful lull, the centre to her dizzy senses of some all-engulfing whirlpool, behold our helpless *grande dame*, counting her heart beats. Useless the delicate *plâtre* of white and carmine which covered her face to mask its changing colour, worse than useless the fan she so far forgot herself as to half unfurl, in direct violation of Versailles etiquette which prohibited the spreading of that article before the Queen's Majesty save as a kind of salver whereon to pass any small object to the royal hand. But who says the time of miracles is past ? At the very climax of her torture, King Louis (who had lost nothing of the little drama, the while his supercilious blue eyes remained fixed, to all appearance, in listless self-contemplation), was seen to raise a finger. Perhaps his royal insight had been quickened on this occasion by intelligence acquired through the secret police of Paris, whose duty it was to purvey all sorts of queer information, about all sorts of people, for the gratification of their master's morbid appetite ; or perchance that kind heart, which actually worked, we are assured, in the spasmodic fashion peculiar to abortive engineering inventions, moved him for once to an act of charity. Be that as it may, M. l'Exempt received orders to approach, when S.M. observed, slowly and distinctly for all to hear :—" This young man appears bewildered, dazzled, no doubt, by the unaccustomed pageant—by the presence of our Queen—" inclining with an adorable smile towards that long-suffering individual —" let him pass in peace ; see that he depart without further inconvenience ; thanking our excellent M. de Jouffroy none the less for his exactitude."

Madame d'Egmont drew a deep breath. She even assumed an air of composure, though she could not avoid her father's vexed glance across the table, nor mistake the gratified murmur which rose on every side, signifying that her fair name and fame were just these sweet morsels under every tongue. Meanwhile the august ceremony of the Grand Couvert rolled on its slow majestic course. Etiquette must have her due though the sky falls—as it did fall, that shining, fleur-de-lis besprinkled firmament of old France, and in the darkness and confusion which followed, we all know how this straight-laced autocrat lost her seals, her wax, her red-tape, and her privileged seat beside the three sister fates who spin and clip men's lives.

But that time had not yet come, and our heroine was constrained to face out the long-drawn torture to its last punctilious obeisance. Below stairs in the Vestibule of Mesdames de France her sedan waited among others, beset by a swarm of soldiers, Suisses, lackeys in every gorgeous livery under the sun, which went swaying to and fro like a bed of tulips before a high wind. Her people had cleared a passage, they were already balancing their poles for the start, vociferously disputing precedence right and left, when suddenly, out of the tumult, some one pressed near. An eager hand was on the door, a voice rang in her ear, thrilling with dismay, anger, astonishment, with passionate love and tenderness, " *Vous, vous ? c'est bien vous ?* "

Ere nightfall all Paris knew the story of Countess d'Egmont's latest love escapade. A handsome young guardsman figured for the nonce in the part of hero —a simple-hearted child of the people, it was specified, and paragon of virtue, ensnared to his perdition by this perfidious aristocrat, who met him *tous les samedis soirs, à la Barrière St. Jacques*, disguised as a little *grisette* of the quarter. In its widening circle the report presently attracted the attention of one whose mysterious animosity was no less stealthy than vindictive, moving in secret ways, as when some hideous octopus first darkens the water, then stretches out long arms to clutch its prey. Hardly had young Séverin de Guys received his dismissal from the Guards with little ceremony and less honour, than a horrible plot for his kidnapping and transportation to Senegal was discovered and evaded by lucky chance. Madame d'Egmont could no longer dissemble her terror ; she threw herself upon her father's compassion, soliciting his protection for her friend. " *Foi de gentilhomme !* " the Maréchal protested cheerfully.

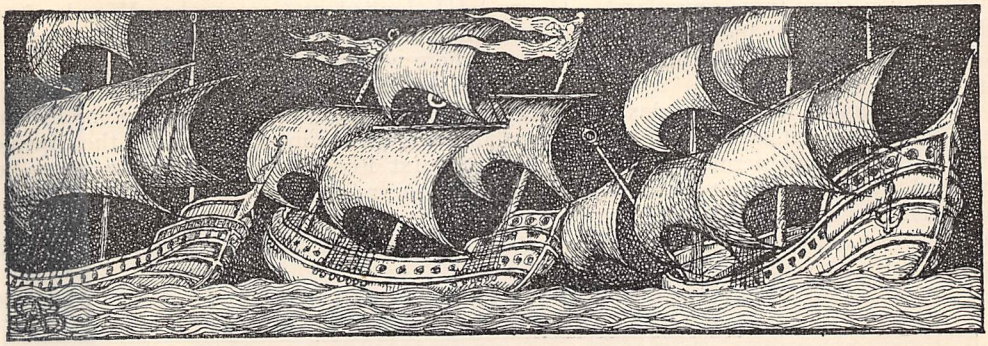
"I feel much sympathy for this young gentleman. I had him up the other day to show himself, and as I live never have I set eyes on a prettier youngster—an angel for good looks and modesty, yet handsome and spirited as the very *diable!* Now how would it look to brevet him Lieutenant des Maréchaux?—or Sauvegarde de la Connétablie? Upon my word, I fancy the all-powerful, the worshipful Minister of War might find himself a trifle out of his reckoning! After all he is not King of France, nor yet Doyen des Maréchaux; indeed, I may say with due respect, that so long as the King lives, and I live, and a few others, so long our dear *confrère* Bellisle must not flatter himself that he holds all France in the hollow of his hand."

Sympathy for young Séverin was evidently not the only sentiment which animated Richelieu's wily bosom. In fact an atrocious jealousy, an absolutely diabolical hatred had long raged between the two old courtiers, who did not stop in their nefarious warfare at nice distinctions in the use of weapons.

M. de Guys accordingly received his brevet and introduction to polite society under influential patronage. Once seen and known his splendid beauty and a certain fine distinction (like the flavour of wine that needs no bush) proved his best recommendation. Rumours of a romantic origin also served to whet public curiosity; he was run after in the streets, pointed out at the spectacle, imitated in dress and deportment. My lady smiled her sweetest on him at her morning *toilette*—Monseigneur paid him compliments across the supper-table—in short, *le beau inconnu* was the rage of the hour.

Brief as dazzling the transit of this bright particular star, followed by many admiring glances, destined to be swallowed up in appalling darkness. Without sign or warning the young soldier of fortune disappeared one dark night from his lodgings, Rue St. Jacques, and was never heard from again. Audacious abductions were not uncommon at the time, but the circumstances of this outrage created a sensation, even in the *insouciant* world of Paris. There was an unprecedented run on the locksmiths for several days after; doors were kept on the chain, and gentlemen returning late from convivial gatherings hung together as long as possible, or hurried each one to his domicile with eyes over the shoulder. It was the season of equinoxes, we are told, and on the night in question a violent storm shook the old wood and mortar city to its mouldering foundations. We picture to ourselves such a scene as Gustave Doré would have delineated with telling effect. The clouds which scud overhead are heaped pell-mell—huge, gigantic, monstrous shapes of genii escaped from Solomon's hand, and the seal wherewith he sealed them; an ashen-faced moon hangs trembling on the ragged edge of things, and here and there a cluster of hooded windows, a gothic pinnacle, or high fantastic gable looms dark against the midnight sky. But far below sleeps the deep heart of the city. What gulfs of inky blackness! what sinister shadows lurking at street corners, hiding under beetling buildings, lying in wait on the pale margin of light cast by flickering oil lamps! No sound reaches us from this weird region of imagination, but its terror is near; we feel the icy breath of the tempest which howls thousand-tongued through its empty streets; we peer anxiously about, "Every shadow a foe, every foe a death"—shrink shuddering before the coil of gleaming rain water which creeps across the footpath.

On such a night young Séverin de Guys vanished from the haunts of men. Out of his golden prime, the hey-day of youth and happiness, he dropped into utter vacuum, like a meteor that has passed. For a long time Madame d'Egmont would not accept the cruel certainty of his doom. She hoped against hope, buoyed by feverish dreams which consumed while lending a delusive brilliancy to her frail beauty, but fading one by one left her in the end disconsolate, when the bright torch of this enviable young life, to borrow the quaint formula of a bygone generation, was finally extinguished in quenchless tears. During her last illness the two brothers—so like and yet unlike, the elder rich, titled, laurel-crowned, the other a nameless child, born to dishonour and misfortune—were never absent from her thoughts; their names the last breathed by her dying lips, but so confused that it was evident the two had lost their distinct identity, and lived as one in her single-hearted devotion.



COWES CASTLE.

THE CLUB HOUSE OF THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON.

By LADY FAIRLIE CUNNINGHAM.

ON rising ground that slopes gently to the Medina, where that river widening into the Solent affords a safe and pleasant anchorage, sheltered on all sides by wooded heights, stands the town of Cowes. The quaint, old-fashioned place looks very picturesque from the sea, its streets and houses rising one above another like the steps of an amphitheatre, while the crest of the hill on which it is built is crowned by the trees of Northwood. The view from the shore is equally pretty, for the long line of the Hampshire coast, the deep shadows of the New Forest, the woods of Cadlands, and Calshot Castle at the entrance to Southampton Water, form a charming background to the white sails of the endless yachts and trading vessels that pass up and down the Solent.

It might have been imagined that the harbour of Cowes and its navigable river would have made it a place of some importance in early times; but no mention of it occurs in any history of the Isle of Wight till the reign of Henry VIII., nor had the few straggling huts that were built along the shore where the present town now stands received a name. Vessels of light burden sailed up the Medina to the quays of Newport, but the advantages of a good harbour at the mouth of a broad estuary did not seem to have been recognized. About the year 1540 King Henry VIII. built a castle there, and then, and not till then, did the hamlet receive its present name. The castle, which consisted only of a semi-circular battery, does not appear to have been of much importance.

Leland, an historian of the first half of the sixteenth century, mentions two castles, one on each side of the Medina, and boasts in rhyme of

> "The two great Cows, that in loud thunder roar,
> This on the eastern, that the western shore,
> Where Newport enters stately Wight."

But the battery at East Cowes must soon have fallen into ruins, as in a map published in 1610, where "West Cowe Cast," is marked, there is no indication of the sister fortress on the east side.

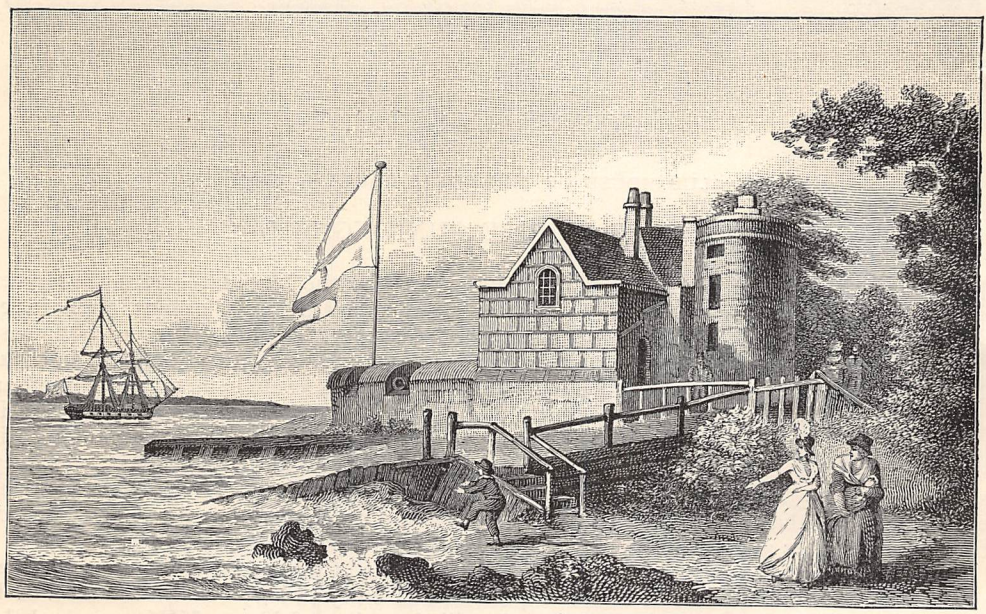
West Cowes Castle does not seem to have been properly kept up either, for when the Commissioners of Edward VI. visited it, "The Barbican had 6 pieces of ordnance, one unservicable, and 148 shot, of different calibre. The West wing had 13 pieces, 210 shot, one double barrel and two firkins of pouder, 10 unservicable hag-buts, with 4 Lbs of corn pouder, 19 bows, 32 chests of arrows, 22 picks, and 20 bills."

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth its annual expenses amounted to £39 10*s.* 10*d.* It had a porter at 8*d.* a day, a captain at 1*s.*, and three gunners at 6*d.*! A small detachment was maintained here during the French War, and the battery was armed

with eleven guns (nine-pounders). Henry VIII. landed at Cowes when Worsley had the honour of receiving him at Appuldercombe, and later on James I. And Prince Charles always embarked and disembarked there when they paid their frequent visits to the Isle of Wight.

In November, 1647, Charles I. landed at Cowes on his way to his gloomy prison at Carisbrooke ; it seems as if the whole island was turned into a prison for the captive King ; for he was permitted to hunt in Parkhurst Forest, and to ride wherever he pleased, but the greatest precautions were taken to prevent his escape to the mainland. Vessels were only allowed to disembark passengers, or land cargoes at Cowes Castle, Yarmouth Castle, or Ryde, and those who landed were strictly examined as to the business that brought them to the island.

James II., when Duke of York, always landed at Cowes on his journeys to inspect



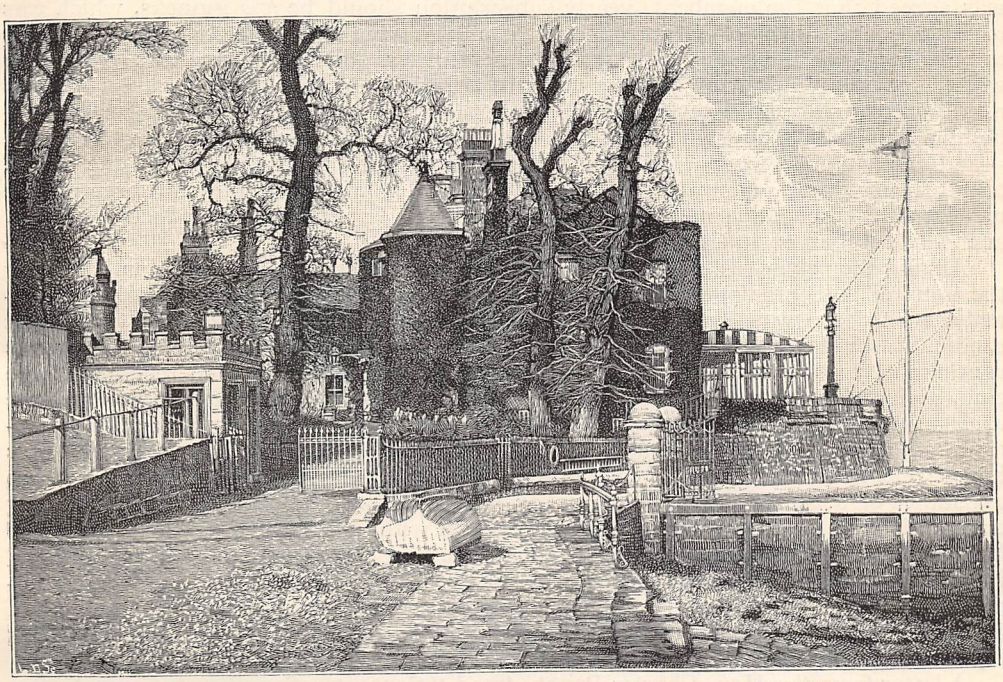
COWES CASTLE IN 1801. FROM A CONTEMPORARY ENGRAVING BY J. SPARROW.

Carisbrooke Castle, and in the reigns of the Stuarts the harbour was much frequented by men-of-war. As far back as 1620, Sir John Oglander tells us that "prizes and men of warr" anchored at "the Cowes, which gave great rates for our commodities, and exchanged other good ones with us." Sir John Oglander's MSS. are most valuable as illustrating life in the Isle of Wight nearly 300 years ago, and some of his descriptions are very curious. Among other places he mentions Cowes. "I remember," he says, "when there was not above 3 or 4 houses at Cowes, but I was and am persuaded that if our wars and troubles had not unfortunately happened, it would have grown as famous as Newport, for it was by all the western parts of the world much approved as a place fit for them to victual and make a rendezvous, where I have seen 300 ships at an anchor, and if the country had but as much discretion as to make good use of that harbour—as first to have an honest man to be captain there, to build storehouses, to have by a joint stock a magazine of provisions, and to deal with the Dutch to have their rendezvous and to victual there, they need no other market, or means to make the island happy and fortunate."

It is amusing to see that even in 1629 it was the fashion to rail at the present times, and to sigh for the "good old days" that were past ; also that country gentlemen grumbled then as now about "poor rents, and no money stirring, or full markets" ; and that Sir John Oglander wished himself back in Queen Elizabeth's days, when "money was as plenty in yeomen's purses as now in the best of the gentry, and all the gentry full of money and out of debt."

It is curious to read that Cowes was not only a trading centre, but that men-of-war were built in her dockyards. That such was the case may be gathered from a book

published in 1796, which tells us that "within the last 60 years Cowes Dockyard contributed to the British navy the following ships of war, namely, the *Vanguard*, 70 guns, the *Repulse* of 64, the *Salisbury* of 50, the *Cerberus* and *Astrea* of 34, and the *Veteran* of 64, besides a number of smaller vessels." Another writer of the end of the last century also speaks of the numerous ships laden with rice from Carolina which landed their cargoes at Cowes. The trade in rice seems to have been an important one, as "from 32 to 35 thousand barrels of this grain were usually skreaned, repacked, and shipped evrey year to Holland and Gemany from Cowes." Cowes boasted a whole fleet of merchant ships, and numerous fights are recorded by local historians between French privateers and these Cowes trading vessels, in the days when England and France were mortal foes. There is a long story about "the *Raven* of Cowes," a trading vessel which was captured by a French privateer in the



COWES CASTLE, THE CLUB HOUSE OF THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON.

Channel, but it seems that "just as the Frenchmen were in the act of boarding her, the crew put off in boats, and made for the shore, by which means they escaped a prison and safe arrived at Cowes."

On another occasion the packet commanded by Captain Wassell, that carried the mail between Southampton and Cowes, was taken from her moorings close to Southampton quay by a party of Frenchmen. They would have got right away with her had it not been for their ignorance of the coast and the navigation of the Solent. They ran her aground on a shoal near St. Helen's, and being perceived by some Isle of Wight seamen, "one of whom had lost a vessel by the same means a little time back," they put off, re-captured the mail-boat, and to quote the words of the writer, they "took the Frenchmen, left them in the care of Captain Lock, of *sea-fencibles*, and brought the vessel to Cowes, to the great joy of Wassell."

There is no doubt that the "Castelle of West Cow" has never been of much use for defence from the days when its barbican contained "3 pieces of ordnance unfit for service, and the main tower 5 unservicable, with bows, arrows, pikes, and bills," down to the time of our wars with France, when its eleven nine-pounders must have been nearly as useless. A small portion of the original edifice still remains, but most of the picturesque, irregular block of buildings now known as the Royal Yacht Squadron Castle is of modern date. There is nothing imposing about it as seen from the sea, though its position on the point of land that divides the actual town of Cowes from the green and the villas that cluster round it, is a fortunate one, but on shore the

high walls that surround it impede the view on all sides but one, and even on that side it is partially hidden by the few trees that its garden boasts and by the lodge and gateway. It is not any beauty of situation or architectural pretensions that makes it interesting, but rather that for many years it has been the head-quarters of the most important and most exclusive yachting club in the world.

The Yacht Club.[1]

The century was very young when the Royal Yacht Squadron was founded, though it did not receive that name till long afterwards. The first meeting of the members of the "Yacht Club" of which there is any record was held at the Thatched House in London, June 1st, 1815, though a yacht club of some kind must have been in existence three years before, there being a seal belonging to it dated 1812. At this meeting it was agreed that the members' yearly subscription should be *two* guineas, which was to include two copies of signal books. The flags were also fixed on—the ensign was to be white, with the union jack at the upper corner, and the burgee was to be plain white. It was required of members to own a yacht of not less than ten tons—a tonnage which three years later was raised to twenty. The election of members was to be by ballot, with a quorum of not less than ten members—two black balls to exclude—and the member when elected was required to send to the secretary the name, tonnage, port, and registration of his yacht. If ten members were not present, the meeting was to be adjourned. In 1822 this quorum of members was reduced to seven, and *one* black ball excluded.

Among the privileges conferred on members in 1815 was the permission given by the admiral commanding at Portsmouth—Sir E. Thornborough—to embark and disembark at the new sally-port, Portsmouth; but the admiral expressed a wish that the boats would immediately put off "on landing the company." This privilege was continued by succeeding admirals, and cards were forwarded to each member of the club, giving this permission. At another meeting in May, 1816—Lord Anglesea in the chair—the following resolution was passed, which is worth quoting as a curiosity:—"Although many of the members of this Club are not personally acquainted, it is hoped that no introduction to each other will be deemed necessary, in any case where assistance or accommodation by boats or otherwise may be required; but that any communication by *signal* may always be received with that cordiality which it was the first object of the Club to establish, though the parties be personally unacquainted." In the same year, at a general meeting held at the hotel at East Cowes, it was unanimously resolved that officers of the navy should be eligible as honorary members of the club, without entrance fee, or annual subscription, so long as they did not possess a yacht exceeding ten tons.

A letter from the Hon. Charles Paget, dated "Sept. 17, 1817, *Royal George* Yacht, Brighton," announces that "the Prince desires to be a member of the Yacht Club, and this is to be considered an official notification of H.R.H.'s desire."

The Royal Yacht Club.

In the year 1820 George IV. expressed his desire to continue a member of the Yacht Club, directing that the club should be in future called the Royal Yacht Club, and a few years later the following resolution was passed:—"That our Commodore, Lord Yarborough, be requested to lay before His Majesty the humble petition of the Royal Yacht Club, that he will be graciously pleased to direct that a gold cup, or any other mark of approbation that he may think fit, be given to the Royal Yacht Club, to be sailed for annually at any time or place his Majesty may be graciously pleased to appoint, as an encouragement to the club, established under his Royal Patronage."

Prizes had been given as early as 1819 from the club funds for yacht racing, but £70 was all that was given the first year, and £100 for some years following.

In June, 1821, a red ensign and a red burgee, without swallow-tail, was substituted for the white ensign and burgee; in August of the same year it was resolved that the red burgee should have a swallow-tail; and the year after there was yet another change, as the swallow-tailed burgee was considered too like that of commodores of the Royal Navy, and a plain, small red burgee was again used.

[1] The first two elected members of the Yacht Club were E. Curtis, Esq., and the Hon. G. Vernon. John Ward, Esq., of East Cowes, was the secretary; and their first bankers were Sir R. Carr Glyn, Mills, Halifax & Co., London.

In August, 1824, a red burgee, with crown and foul anchor, and the letters R.Y.C. was adopted, to be altered finally on June 19th, 1829, to the white ensign and present burgee. A uniform button having been used by many members, was in 1818 formally adopted as the club button; and later on the resolution was passed that no one except honorary members should be permitted to wear the member's button, which was to be obtained only at Busby's, St. Martin's Lane, London.

In 1823, Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Paget brought to Cowes during the regatta week, the squadron under his command, a proceeding which seems to have given the greatest satisfaction to the members of the Royal Yacht Club, for a resolution was at once passed :—

"That the thanks of the Club be given to Hon. Sir Charles Paget for his kindness in bringing to Cowes, during the Regatta, the Royal Squadron under his command—an object of so great admiration—and particularly for his obliging consideration in ordering the Squadron to weigh, which greatly increased the beauty of the sight, and afforded to the members of the Club, as well as the numerous spectators on shore, the highest satisfaction and delight."

A resolution, passed May 5, 1827, is as curious an indication of the difference between "now and then" as can easily be found. The owners of some of the stately steam yachts that fly the squadron burgee may perhaps not be aware that only sixty-three years ago they would have been obliged to haul down the white ensign, and to cease to be members of the Royal Yacht Squadron. The resolution is as follows :—

"Resolved, that as a material object of this Club is to promote seamanship, and the improvement of sailing vessels, to which the application of Steam Engines is inimical, no vessel, propelled by steam, shall be admitted into the Club, and any member applying a Steam Engine to his yacht shall be disqualified thereby, and cease to be a member."

To the same year belongs another resolution now equally obsolete, "*that no smoking be permitted in the Clubhouse*,"

A letter in the minute-book of the same year is also worth quoting as being in its way somewhat of a curiosity. It is dated September 1, 1827, the writer being Captain Bullen, R.N., in command of H.M.S. *Maidstone*, at Portsmouth. It runs as follows :—

"The very great attention paid to the Officers of the Royal Navy by Lord Yarborough and the members of the Yacht Club upon all occasions, induces me to take the liberty of sending for their acceptance a very fine turtle, which I brought from Ascension, trusting its coming from an old officer, who sees with pleasure the great good which the Yacht Club does, in bringing forward sailors, will excuse the liberty I take in thus troubling you."

Another example of the customs of bygone times may be read in the minute-book of a few years earlier (May, 1822), where is to be found a decree, "that yachts are to assemble at Cowes on the first and third Monday of every month, for the purpose of sailing together under the directions of a *Commodore to be appointed for the day*."

The Royal Yacht Squadron.

In the year 1833, the Royal Yacht Squadron received its present name from William IV. as a mark of his "approval of an institution of so much national utility." The following letter from Lord Belfast announced the King's intentions on this matter :—

"*July* 4, 1833.

"Sir,

"I have it in command from his Majesty, for the information of the Royal Yacht Club, that as a mark of his gracious approval of an institution of such national utility, it is his gracious will and pleasure that it shall be henceforth known and styled 'The Royal Yacht Squadron,' of which his majesty is graciously pleased to consider himself the head.

"Your O. B. S.,

"BELFAST."

In May, 1834, the committee passed a resolution recommending members to wear the uniform of the club, especially when in foreign parts; the uniform to be a blue coat with cloth collar, and three buttons on cuffs and pockets (the buttons had been approved of by his Majesty the year before); blue or white waistcoat and trousers, and a blue cap with a naval captain's lace band.

The white ensign and the squadron burgee were made the subject of endless

resolutions in the minute-book from the year 1829, when they were, after the many changes already mentioned, finally adopted as the flag and burgee of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

In 1833 it was conceded that vessels under thirty tons, belonging to members, should be allowed to hoist the squadron burgee. In 1834 any vessel belonging to a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, though under regulated tonnage, might carry the ensign and burgee. In 1840 there was a minute to the effect that the Royal Yacht Squadron could not sanction any member flying the burgee in any vessel not on the Royal Yacht Squadron list.

A curious minute, dated May 13, 1837, was, negatived at the next general meeting! The gist of the minute was that the attention of Government had been drawn to the circumstance that yachts were often taken over to foreign ports for the express purpose of undergoing extensive repairs and of being fitted with foreign stores. It was contended that the principle upon which privileges were granted to the Royal Yacht Squadron was totally at variance with such practices, the object being to encourage the employment of British arts and manufactures, and the advancement of naval science ; and the resolution was passed that if any such charge was substantiated the name of the offender should be removed from the list of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

In 1843 it was resolved at the general meeting in May that the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta should commence always on the 1st August and continue till the 17th. At a meeting the year after the public ball was done away with, and it was decided to *give* a ball annually at the expense of the club. Each member was to be allotted four tickets at 1*s*. each and his own ticket free, and the honorary members had each one at 10*s*. In August, 1845, the following resolution was *negatived* :—"That the power of electing members be placed in the hands of a committee to be selected for that purpose." In 1846 new rules were compiled, which are virtually the same as those in present use. Among others, it was resolved that no vessel propelled by steam under 100 horse power should be entitled to the privileges of the squadron.

The head-quarters of the Royal Yacht Squadron have been frequently changed. The Thatched House, where their earlier meetings in London were held, from the first recorded meeting in 1815 down to the year 1861, was pulled down at that time, and the Royal Yacht Squadron then met in Willis's Rooms. The meeting this year was held at Boodle's. At Cowes the earliest meetings were held at an hotel at East Cowes, then at the Vine Inn, then at an hotel at West Cowes, and it was not till 1825 that what is now the Glo'ster Hotel, close to the Squadron Castle, became the club-house of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

In 1855 the Marquis of Conyngham offered to transfer the lease of Cowes Castle (the present Royal Yacht Squadron Castle), which had been offered to him by the Commissioners of the Inland Revenue, to the Club, an offer which was accepted, and the Commodore was requested to negotiate the lease with the Crown. A committee was appointed to examine the Castle, the result being that considerable improvements were found necessary, and a building committee was formed, the necessary funds being guaranteed by the Club. The alterations cost about £6,000, and it was not till July, 1858, that the members of the Royal Yacht Squadron took possession of the Castle.

Royal Yacht Squadron Castle.

There is little that lends itself to description about the Castle, inside or out. Its battlemented ramparts, its ivy-covered walls and high-pitched roof, and its background of greenery, make a pretty picture when seen from the water ; but on land it is difficult to have a good view of it at all ; walls surround it, the trees of its small garden block it up, and the irregularly-built pile seems sheltered on all sides from the vulgar gaze. The inside of the Castle is equally unpretentious. The numerous public rooms look the essence of comfort, and the sea seems very near as one looks across the Solent to Calshot Castle and Southampton Water. No rooms can be dull and unattractive whose windows overlook such a pleasant sea-scape ; but the rooms themselves, with the exception of the library, are neither large nor lofty, and the chief interest they possess lies in the pictures—oil-paintings, water-colours, and rare old engravings—which hang on the walls, and have all been given by members, who in many instances have felt an almost clannish affection for the walls of the Squadron Castle. The

dining-room is of fair size, though somewhat low, and on its dark red walls are numerous oil-paintings. At one end of the room hangs a picture, by Angeli, of the last Commodore, Lord Wilton, in blue coat and epaulettes, and wearing the green ribbon of the Thistle, and facing him is a three-quarter length portrait in Squadron uniform of Lord Yarborough, painted by Huggins in 1839. Over the mantelpiece hangs the picture, also by Huggins, of Lord Yarborough's yacht *Falcon* in full sail—a very celebrated yacht in its day, not only for its size, which was uncommon fifty years ago, but for the naval discipline that its owner, an enthusiastic sailor, loved to enforce on board, and for the long and adventurous voyages he made in her. Two other large, old-fashioned sea-pieces fill the remaining space, for one side of the room is all window, and there is no more wall left.

In the small, low entrance-hall hangs an extremely clever sketch of *Boat and Rowers*, by West. All the sitting-rooms on the ground-floor are equally hung with pictures or prints, all, or almost all, being sea-pieces, and all the gift of members. A large oil-painting by Schetky, late marine painter to the Royal Yacht Squadron, of Cowes Roads, with the Castle and part of the town of Cowes in the distance, is, though somewhat unfinished, noticeable from the mellow beauty of its colouring. This picture was bought after the painter's death by Mr. Montague Guest, and presented by him to the Royal Yacht Squadron. In another room is a good sea-piece by Beechey.

The library, on the first floor, is a delightful, large, handsome room, lined with bookcases full of well-bound volumes arranged according to their subjects, which are indicated on every labelled shelf. It needs but a passing glance to see that the care and arrangement of this library has been a labour of love, and that the librarian, Mr. Montague Guest, must have spent much time, and taken endless trouble, before all these valuable books were put in such perfect order. It must be a real pleasure to read in such a room. It is lighted by six windows ; four of them form a kind of bow, and look on the Solent ; between the others at the end of the room, hangs a full-length picture in oils of Napoleon III., presented by himself in 1860. It is a striking likeness of the late Emperor, who wears full uniform, with cloak or rather royal robes. A bust ot the Princess of Wales, presented by Sir Allan Young, stands in the bow-window, close to the most luxurious of writing-tables.

There are twelve bedrooms in the Castle for the use of members ; they are plainly furnished, nice little rooms, but nearly all of them are hung round with delightful old engravings or prints, mostly of naval engagements, or sea-pieces, some of them valuable from their extreme rarity.

THE PROSPECTS OF MIDDLE CLASS EMIGRANTS.

By HOWARD HODGKIN.[1]

WE hear a great deal about the "very poor" in these days of philanthropy, and a great deal about the "working man" now that a social science congress is of daily occurrence in club or drawing-room; and indeed there seems some danger of these classes getting more than their fair share of the sympathy, nay, even of the assistance, of the public. We hear little about the classes above them, the middle and the lower middle classes. Prosperous classes, you may say they are, and in the main no doubt it is so; but how many among their ranks, "fairly well-born and educated, with all the tastes and instincts of refinement" do not know where to turn for work, possibly for subsistence; and how many more there are, who, though eking out a reasonable livelihood for themselves, are in despair of finding any career, however humble, for their sons.

Such people deserve far more sympathy than they get, and yet it is especially difficult in their case to put one's sympathy to a practical test by anything one can do for them in this country. And unfortunately they are just the very class of people to whom emigration seems to hold out the smallest hope. Sitting on the Committee of an Emigration Society, and interviewing the candidates who come before us, we have readily "passed" the artizan, the strong labourer, even the town lad, who has been erratic in his industrial career, but seems anxious at last to take steadily to hard work if only he can get it regularly. And then there comes before us the young man of better position, who has had a fair or good education, speaks well and writes well, can readily pay his own passage, and only wants our advice; and it is often our hard lot to tell him that we fear he is too "respectable," that we cannot encourage him to go; and his harder lot to feel that though the colonies are open to the working man, they seem practically closed to such as him.

Here as elsewhere extremes meet. As a rule, the capitalist may safely emigrate, for he can at least live on his capital in the colony as he has done in England, and while he is looking round for a suitable means of employing it, he can temporarily put it out to better advantage. The artisan, and still more the agricultural labourer, may as a rule, safely emigrate, at least if he have a few pounds in his pocket, the necessary number of which will vary with the season of the year and the colony he chooses. But how about the great class lying between these two extremes, how about the middle classes? For once, *In medio* non *tutissimus ibis*. The best advice to them is, temporarily at any rate, to desert their class. Either try with economy and the help of friends to emigrate in some measure at least as capitalists, or failing that, let them be willing, if strength and courage and endurance permit, to join in the new country the ranks of the labouring classes. This is a hard saying, and possibly for the sake of emphasis it may have been put a little too harshly. Let us see what a determined member of the middle classes might possible turn to, if he says to himself "emigrate I will, warning or no warning."

Farming.

In a new country there is always the illimitable field of farming,—in which expression may here be included all pursuits agricultural, pastoral and others connected with

[1] Member of the Committee of Management of the Emigrants' Information Office, and a witness before the Colonization Committee.

the land and what grows upon it,—and this is perhaps the first thought of most emigrants. And here let a note of warning be sounded. Don't pay premiums to farmers. If the young man has no money of his own, his friends would no doubt find him £100 for such a purpose, but it would be £100 wasted. In return for it the farmer would no doubt house and feed him, would possibly allow him to ride a horse—if only to enable him to ride daily into the town for letters, or on errands for the farmer's wife; and according to the disposition and temperament of the individual farmer, he might pick up a smattering of agricultural lore. Not being compelled to work and with time on his hands in a dull country he might get into mischief; and indeed so unsatisfactory is in general the life of a so-called "cadet," that in Australia, at any rate, there is a comparatively small proportion of farmers who seem willing to take them. No, let our young emigrant take the £100 by all means if he can,—put it in the bank, hire himself to work with a farmer, at small wages it may be at the outset but still inclusive of food and lodging though of rough kind; and, if industrious and well-disposed most farmers would gladly help him forward. Experience must come through work, the wages will increase and accumulate (a good farm labourer in Australia will get £50 a year and his rations), and after a few years these accumulations and the augmented £100 will serve him to make a small beginning on his own account, perhaps without wholly abandoning the work for the farmer. Indeed in some districts he might before this have been doing a little on his own account in cattle dealing, with or without the assistance of a few hired acres. The days will no doubt have been long, and the work hard, and the life very different from what he has been accustomed to at home, but this young man's ultimate chances of success will be immeasurably greater than those of the premium-paying cadet. It is not every young man that is physically strong enough, even if his will be strong enough, for such a career. That however is a question for each man to decide for himself.

It may not be out of place to say a few words about the man with some capital behind him who means to go out and take up land. The first question is,—Does he mean to work himself? If so, well and good; if not, let him beware, for wages are high and eat up a lot of money, and his venture will entail greater risk. But even if he does mean to work, he must not be in too great a hurry. Let him deposit his money in the bank, and work as a farm labourer for a year or two, in order to learn something about the land in the district, and the ways of the country before risking his money on a new venture. For instance: he may first go to the South Island of New Zealand, and while learning mixed farming on its open, fertile plains, may decide to try his luck in the North Island on its lower-priced timber land, or *vice versâ*. If he first goes to New South Wales, he may find out afterwards that he has a better chance of getting the land he wants in Queensland. Or if beginning with wheat-growing in Victoria, he may eventually prefer to cross the Murray to the sheep runs of Riverina, or try his fortune at fruit culture at one of Messrs. Chaffey's irrigation settlements, Mildura or Renmark. Again if he were to go and take up a free homestead of 160 acres in the North-west of Canada, and spend money on its improvement, he might discover in a year's time that he would have done better to pay three dollars an acre for land more accessible to market or railway; or if he had paid money for his land, he might afterwards regret that he had not taken it up free. This free land to the extent of 160 acres is the great attraction of Canada. It is to be obtained in no other colony except Queensland, where the land orders obtained by emigrants paying their own passages indirectly entitle them to a free grant of similar amount as in Canada. Information about Crown Lands in the various Colonies will be found in the publications of the Emigrants' Information Office. It would be unwise to attempt here to advise the would-be farmer which colony to select. So much depends upon circumstances.

Other Openings.

There are other careers besides farming in which a strong man who does not decline rough work may make a beginning. Work for a contractor who has some new railway or other public work in hand is usually hard work, but it is more easily obtainable than many kinds of lighter work, and the pay is good and generally includes board. There is this advantage that wages in the bush are to a sober man worth a good thirty per cent. more than they are in the town; for there is no oppor-

tunity of spending them. Moreover the man who proves himself reliable and intelligent has a chance of being made boss or foreman, and all the time he is getting experience, and may consider himself as undergoing a sort of apprenticeship to colonial life until more suitable employment can be obtained. I have met University men on the railway in Canada, and gardening in Australia. Even more menial occupations may be pursued for a time. Thus some men become porters in country hotels, where the work is long and hard, but the earning fair, and opportunities occur of hearing of something better. And one may lay it down as a general rule, that the country districts rather than the large towns should be the goal of every emigrant.

As a passing suggestion I may add that a post in the constabulary, if it can be obtained, offers not a bad career at least for a start. I have heard these posts described on high authority as very comfortable berths especially in the country, where the constabulary are frequently "mounted," and that young Englishmen of good family not unfrequently take them. In New South Wales the pay is seven and sixpence a day, and one shilling a day lodging allowance with two suits of clothes in the year, and yet I was informed on the best authority that out of 1,500, no fewer than one hundred had, in the previous year, given up their employment in order to better themselves.

The Advantage of Knowing a Trade.

If before leaving England the young man has learned a trade, his chances are of course improved, though he must not count too certainly on obtaining work. A young engineer went with introductions to Tasmania some two years ago. After he had been there some months, his parents, respectable middle-class people, were much concerned at not hearing from him. Nearly a year passed without news and at length he wrote and gave his experience. He had at first been unable to get more than a day or two's work and his means were nearly exhausted. He had tramped up country for more than 200 miles to a mine, and arrived "as stiff as a rock and as tired as ever I wish to be." But he got work at nine shillings a day; soon his engineering came in useful and he was employed putting up machinery at twelve shillings a day,—then he got a splinter in his hand and was laid up for three months which took away all his earnings. Again he got work putting up huts in the bush—and once more had a spell out of work. And how does he find himself at the end of eighteen months? He is regularly employed at responsible work at a mine at £2 14*s.* 0*d.*, a week, he has a little canvas house of his own, and "when the place is closed up and a good fire on, one cannot wish to be more comfortable." he is sixteen pounds heavier than when he left England and about twice as strong; and he says—"My opinion is that young fellows coming out with a pound or two at their back, need never be out of work long, that is if they don't mind shifting from one place to another, but for all that it goes rather hard for a perfect stranger, not knowing the likeliest places to obtain work." And he ends up by urging his brother to come out, and offering to pay his passage home again if the brother does not like it. "So try and come and make up your mind to work, for we have to work up here. It is a happy life out here, everybody sociable, and no one hard up for a shilling or two or a feed."

The desirability of knowing a trade may be illustrated by the case of two young men we met in New Zealand, companions who had recently come from England. One was a carpenter, and though trade was then dull he managed to get a few jobs which, at the high wages of say ten shillings a day, would have secured him a decent living. But the other was a warehouse clerk; he could get no work, and as two mouths proved too great a drain on the meagre resources of the carpenter, both determined to go up country, and try their luck at rough work for some contractor. Let us learn a lesson from the engineer, the carpenter, and still more, the warehouse clerk. The possession of a trade is of the greatest value, but the higher you rise *socially* in the scale of labour in the Colonies, the greater is the uncertainty of obtaining employment, and the greater the need for ample resources to fall back upon in the meantime, or readiness to take and to do whatever rough work may offer itself.

Clerks and their Chances.

What do the circulars of the Emigrants' Information Office say on this subject? As to Canada:—"Clerks, shopmen, storekeepers, women above the grade of servants,

and persons having no particular trade or calling, or otherwise unfit for manual labour, should not think of emigrating." "Clerks are specially warned against emigrating to Sydney." "Clerks, shopmen, and warehousemen are specially warned against emigrating to South Australia," and so forth. A government office may perhaps rightly err on the side of caution. But still "clerks are warned against emigration" is practically the cry that comes from every colony. And there is an obvious reason for this: namely, that the sons of the farmers and the well-to-do artizans are there, even more rapidly than here, deserting the plough and the plane for the pen and the counter.

And yet if one converses freely with men of that stamp whether in Canada or Australia, it is surprising how many of them have come from the old country and that in recent years. Some no doubt, have had friends in the Colonies, and this is a great advantage; for it is wonderful how, with a real friend, a berth can be made somehow. One Melbourne shop-assistant has come from London, and finds his wages have nearly doubled while he hardly pays more for his board, and gets better fed and more holidays. But then he was a shop-assistant in London, and knew his business well. Another is a young graduate of a Scotch University, who, at the early age of four- or five-and twenty is promoted to the post of station-master on a New Zealand railway, and thinks that people with an education succeed far better, for they learn their work more quickly and have a better head for management. Another came out as a penniless chemist's assistant, and in half a dozen years has a successful apothecary's shop of his own in Tasmania: while a fourth was a solicitor's clerk, and after a few years of fearful ups and downs boasts of his comfortable berth in Sydney. This man however had ability, and had been earning two hundred pounds a year as a managing clerk in England. Whether he lost his place, or whether it was poor health that brought him to the Colonies, I cannot say; but his experience shows how essential it is that even a skilled clerk should not be afraid to turn to rough work for a time when that seems the only means of making a livelihood. This man landed in New Zealand with only ten pounds. The person to whom he had an introduction would have nothing to do with him. (Take what introductions you can, but don't count these chickens before they are hatched.) He succeeded in getting a clerk's place at twenty shillings a week; then he went into the bush "clearing" at ten shillings a week and keep. He also did fencing and managed horses, and eventually got a job cutting tussocks (a long stiff grass that cumbers the ground) at thirty shillings a week and food. Then he came to Sydney, and found an opportunity of resuming his old law work, first at two pounds, then at six pounds a week as managing clerk. He spoke with pride of his experiences, and with pleasure and satisfaction of his present position; and yet he felt it would be difficult to advise others to come out, especially at that time (three years ago) when the Colony was undergoing a period of depression.

Another instructive example of a member of the class under consideration, is that of a young draughtsman in an architect's office who had been earning two guineas a week in England, He started one spring for Canada, with several introductions. Six weeks were vainly spent in and around Toronto in search of work, not only with architects but with engineers and in the building trade generally—the only offer being one of twenty-five shillings a week which he declined. After further considerable disappointment at Ottawa, he at length obtained a week's work as draughtsman to a civil engineer, earning three guineas; but this work led to more, and for the next six months he obtained nearly continuous employment, though from different employers, mostly civil engineers, sometimes architects, at a salary of three to four guineas a week; but then the winter set in, and for more than two months he got no work at all.

This is but an instance of the great uncertainty and irregularity of this class of work in the Colonies, especially for new comers; and also of the necessity of adapting one's self to new kinds of work, for he was only an amateur at engineering—with a good knowledge of it his earnings would have been more—and though primarily engaged on indoor work, he had when up-country to do any rough work that might be set him, such as loading sledges or chaining for the engineers. Though domestic circumstances led to his return to England, he speaks alike disapprovingly of the roughness of the people, and approvingly of the possibilities for a young man in a new country. There is not the same regularity of employment,—you are taken on and sent off just as you are wanted or not—and the long winter is a great drawback; a man therefore of this sort ought to have some means to fall back upon unless he is willing to turn common labourer. But on the other hand there are proportionately far greater openings

than in England, and there is less division of labour in the professions, just as in his case draughting in a civil engineer's office was open, as in practice it would not be in England, to an architect's draughtsman. The salary for corresponding work is at least fifty per cent. higher than in England, and withal, the living no dearer, indeed cheaper than in London, for he boarded at Ottawa for seventeen shillings a week, with three good meat meals a day, and a bedroom to himself.

Clerks, the professional classes, and such like are warned against emigration, especially if they have not fair funds behind them ; but still if they will go, there are not a few who will soon be able to give a good account of themselves, and there is certainly not the same terrible competition that there is in this country where if a place is vacant, fifty equally good men might perhaps be found to fill it. And so if a clerk is taken on, say in Canada, he has the satisfaction of feeling that he really is wanted ; and if he is worth anything at all, he would get his ten or twelve dollars a week. Such men should also be on the look out for casual occupations which are to be found in the new country as well as the old, though these perhaps fall more in the way of old settlers than of new comers. It might only raise false hopes to suggest any such casual occupations. People want their wits about them as much in the new country as in the old, and when once there those wits will stand them in far better stead than any amount of suggestions from a magazine article.

For a pushing, energetic man, who does not mind, at least for a time, the rough and lonely life of a real up-country settlement, and who has a little capital behind him, it has always seemed to me that to start a store in a new district that is being opened up will usually be found a career of much promise whether in Canada or Australia. Care of course must be taken in the choice of locality, and the time for making the start. New settlers must be supplied with the ordinary necessaries of life, and if need be they will pay a good price for them. The trade at first may not be very large, and for a time the shopkeeper may barely make a living out of it ; but as the community grows his business will grow also, and in time he will probably find himself one of the leading citizens of a settled and populous community, which has grown up around him in a way that at first would have seemed incredible. In Australia and New Zealand, I was constantly finding that the mayor of a town, or other local leader, the owner of a large and flourishing store, had many years before been one of the first settlers of the little community, having began life with a diminutive store in tent or shanty, in the manner above described. Of course it may be said that there is not now the same opportunity for this sort of thing that there used to be in the earlier and rapid stages of colonial growth. No doubt in some measure this is so, for the colonies are largely settled and the wants of the colonists already supplied ; and the wants of new settlers are, owing to good communication, supplied more readily than they used to be. But for all that there is a constant expansion going on in our colonies, new roads and railways being made, and new country being opened up. And it is just this feature of the colonies which gives a man a better chance of making a living than in the old country. The colonies afford scope for improvement and development which is not to be found at home, and hence steady and energetic men may make headway in a manner which falls only to the lot of the really brilliant and able, or the fortunate men at home.

There is also another feature of colonial life which is of the utmost importance in this connection, namely that a man can do things there which his social position would hardly justify his doing in England according to our present ideas. It might be that many a young man, unwilling to eat the bread of idleness, could earn something in this country by manual labour, by becoming a milk-dealer or policeman, or by setting up a shop in a rising suburb, and he personally might be willing to do so ; but what would his friends say to all this? As a matter of fact he could not do it in England ; in the Colonies he can. And then again the pursuit that a man takes up in England seems to some extent to stamp his character for life. It is not so in the Colonies : a man may readily pass from some inferior occupation to one that our world considers more honourable and respectable ; and there are among the wealthy merchants and even among the Cabinet Ministers of Australasia men who in their day have worked as labourers or in the gold fields.

Throughout this paper, the intention has been to speak of our self-governing Colonies in general, and not to venture on the task of pointing out their rival merits. This would be a task of much delicacy and difficulty, would require very minute and

special knowledge, and much of what might be said would be liable to variation according to the fluctuations in the respective Colonies. And after all in spite of certain differences, both temporary and permanent, the main features of the Australasian Colonies are similar, and one might go further and say that after all it is much the same problem that awaits the new emigrant in any colony, whether he be a "greenhorn" in Canada or a "new chum" in Australasia.[1] But it may be well to draw a few distinctions, as they appear to me, between these two great fields for emigration.

Canada and Australia as Fields for Emigration.

Canada is much more accessible than Australia, the voyage taking about ten days as against, say, forty to fifty days to various Australasian ports; and the voyage to Australia by sailing-ship would of course be much longer. The cost of the passage is therefore much less, the steerage fare being at present £4, as against £14 to £17 to Australasian ports. But the land journeys in Canada are likely to be longer and more expensive; it would take, for instance, nearly half as much to get from London to Winnipeg (£6 10*s*.), as from London to Sydney.

Canada seems on the whole to offer better chances of immediate employment, especially to the working classes, than does Australia, though the ultimate prosperity of an Australian emigrant is quite as certain if not more so. Perhaps this greater demand may be due in part to the proximity of the United States, and in part to the rapid development of the North West, but it unquestionably exists at the present time.

Canada also seems to offer greater hospitality to the immigrant in that there are Government immigration agents at the ports and all the principal towns, whose duty it is to supply immigrants of all classes with the fullest information and to endeavour to secure them employment. In fact, these agencies are like large official labour *bureaux*. Except in Queensland, there is now nothing of this kind in Australia, though the remnants of such offices may be found in New South Wales and New Zealand.

On the other hand, the period of the year during which emigration to Canada is advisable is very limited, extending only from the opening of navigation in the St. Lawrence river towards the end of April to July or, at the latest, August. The reason for this being that the long, hard winters of Canada greatly check all outdoor work, and it is well to make provision for them by many months of summer labour. The long winters are in themselves a drawback, as they greatly interfere with regular employment. There is practically nothing of this kind in the Australasian colonies, and no season in the year in which it is unsuitable to arrive in them; though for preference, an emigrant would do well to arrive in any of the three spring months of September, October, and November; and to avoid arriving in the great heat of mid-summer, especially in the hot Colony of Queensland and the northern parts of New South Wales.

It is to be hoped that no Colonial will take offence by my saying that Australia certainly strikes a traveller as much more English than Canada, and New Zealand as more English than Australia.

There are a multitude of other questions upon which a would-be emigrant would wish for information, which have not been alluded to here—such as the rate of wages, the cost of living, the necessary outfit, the Colonies in which for the time being there is most activity, and such-like. But it would seem almost a waste of space to go into any detail on these matters in a magazine article, when such full and careful information about them is given in the publications of the Emigrants' Information Office at 31 Broadway, Westminster. Circulars are issued quarterly free of charge, and once a year a penny handbook is issued for each of the ten colonies, and a further handbook (price 3*d*.) giving information as to professional employment in the Colonies. In addition to this, special enquiries are invited, either in person or by letter, and will be answered as far as possible.

The Cost of Living.

A few words as to cost of living. Meat is cheaper than in England, especially in Australia, where mutton may be bought as low as twopence a pound, and the best

[1] Not having visited the Cape I do not speak of it, but apparently its material prosperity is now making a fresh start.

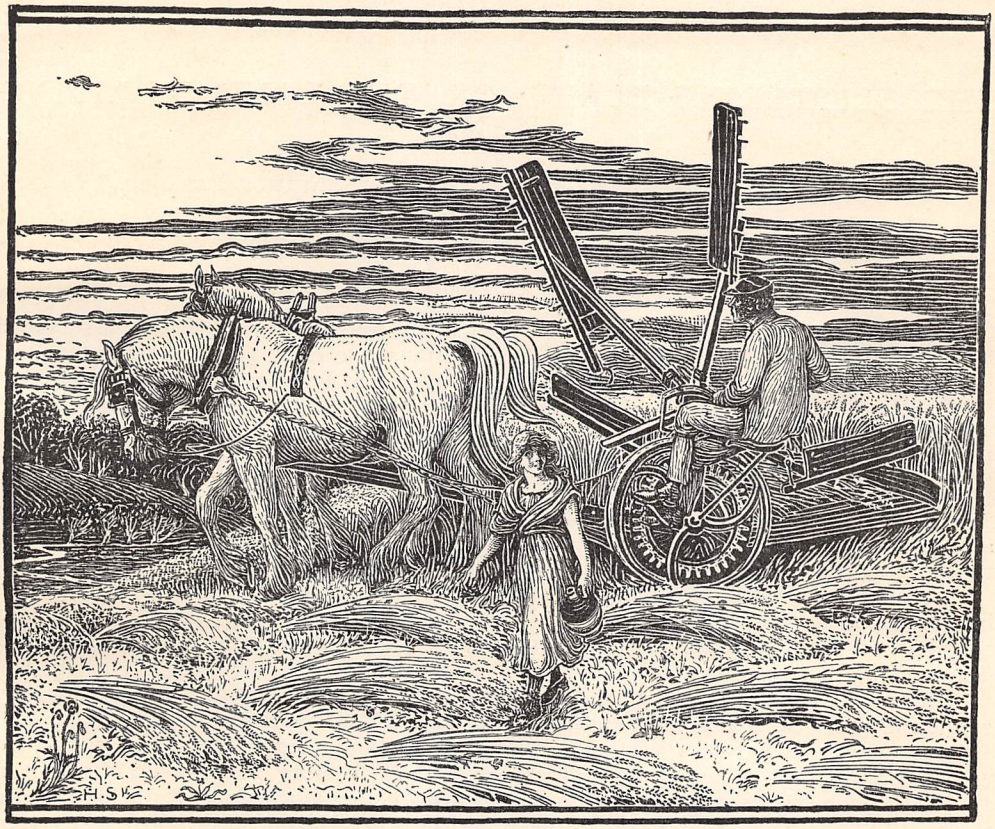
joints are rarely as much as sixpence; most other kinds of plain food and groceries are about the same price; luxuries are in general dearer. House-rent in large towns is almost always dearer, and even in small towns is not cheap. Good board for rough men can be had, say, from 15*s.* to 25*s.* a week, and is on the whole cheaper in Canada than Australia. Clothing is in general somewhat dearer, especially in protected Colonies such as Victoria. The cheapness of living, especially in country districts is, therefore, one great advantage of Colonial life. It must, however, be borne in mind that whatever may be the relative prices of provisions the working man's standard of comfort is considerably higher in the Colonies, and this tends to raise the cost of living. This remark would not apply to the same extent to the middle classes. On the contrary, the fact that it is easier for them to live in a more humble way than in England, is one reason why a middle-class family may gain by emigration.

It has been suggested why should not many families who now for economy's sake live abroad, emigrate to our colonies. Even supposing the father found no means of earning anything, the following advantages might in most cases be expected to follow: They would be citizens of the country they lived in and would take part in its public affairs. Their capital judiciously invested would bring them a larger income. There would be greater opportunities of advancement in life for the children of the family, both sons and daughters. In many cases the change of climate would prove a great gain to the health of the family or some member of it. It is true the parents might not like in middle life to relinquish the quieter ways and habits of the old world for the go-a-headness, and in some cases privations, of the new. But if this is considered a sacrifice it may be one worth making for their children's sake, and there seems much to be said for the suggestion; but the responsibility of advising the emigration of whole families is so great that I dare not press it. Indeed this paper has been written with considerable reluctance; for striking as is the material prosperity of the Colonies, and striking as is the success of hundreds of emigrants that have come under my notice, one knows that there are failures and disappointments—due often no doubt to the emigrants themselves—that there is home-sickness and that there are hardships; and the curse of a disappointed emigrant is hardly outweighed by the blessing of a dozen successful ones. But one has to overcome the reluctance, give the best and fairest statement that one can of the prospects of an emigrant and face the responsibility.

Emigration not Expatriation.

One word more before concluding. The greater the age of the emigrant, the greater no doubt will he feel the contrast with the old home life, and the more slowly will he adapt himself to the new; but for old or young there is no such thing as expatriation. If there is one fact that strikes a visitor to the Colonies more than another—and it is a fact he ought widely to publish when speaking of emigration—it is that the Colonies, more especially the Australasian, have reproduced English life and thought and custom, as faithfully as in the altered surroundings it was possible. The thought continually crosses one in Melbourne in Sydney or in Christchurch:—"Surely I am in England. The churches and public buildings, the trains, and public conveyances, the houses and the shops, the rooms within, and the sights and sounds of the street without; above all the people, their language, their dress, their manners, their customs, religion, and institutions, are just the same as I should find in any large provincial town at home." True in the country the visitor would find some things different both in nature and in the works of man; but in the town almost the only thing that wakes him from his dream, and reminds him he is twelve thousand miles from home—is that there is a bright warm sun over head, travelling from right to left, and that it shines upon a population among whom he sees no wretchedness and no want; and his heart as well as his body is gladdened and warmed in consequence. Surely to move from the old world to such a new world as this cannot rightly be termed expatriation.

The labours of THE·XII·MONTHS
set out in NEW PICTURES & OLD PROVERBS
WISE SHEPHERDS say that the age of man is LXXII years and that we liken but to one hole yeare for evermore we take six yeares to every month as JANUARY or FEBRUARY and so forth, for as the yeare changeth by the twelve months, into twelve sundry manners so doth a man change himself, twelve times in his life by twelve ages, and every age lasteth six yeare if so be that he live to LXXII. For three times six maketh eighteen & six times six maketh XXXVI And then is man at the best and also at the highest and twelve times six maketh LXXII & that is the age of a man.



AUGUST

After that then cometh AUGUST: then we gather in our corn, and also the fruits of the earth, and then doth man his diligence to gather for to finde himselfe withall, in the time that he may neither get nor win, and then after that VI yeares is he XLVIII yeare old.

—All the tears *St SWITHUN can cry, *July 15.
*St BARTLEMY'S mantle wipes them dry. *August 24.
—St BARTHOLOMEW, brings the cold dew.
—In APRIL the cuckoo shows his bill;
In MAY he is singing all day;
In JUNE he changes his lune; —In JULY
In AUGUST fly he must. —he prepares to fly.

THE GLITTERING PLAIN; OR, THE LAND OF LIVING MEN.

By WILLIAM MORRIS, Author of "The Earthly Paradise."

CHAPTER XIII.

HALLBLITHE BEHOLDETH THE WOMAN WHO LOVETH HIM.

BUT on the morrow the men arose and the Sea-eagle and his damsel came to Hallblithe; for the other two damsels were departed, and the Sea-eagle said to him: "Here am I well honoured and measurelessly happy; and I have a message for thee from the King."

"What is it?" said Hallblithe; but he deemed that he knew what it would be, and he reddened for the joy of his assured hope.

Said the Sea-eagle: "Joy to thee, O shipmate! I am to take thee to the place where thy beloved abideth, and there shalt thou see her, but not so as she can see thee; and thereafter shalt thou go to the King, that thou mayst tell him if she shall accomplish thy desire."

Then was Hallblithe glad beyond measure, and his heart danced within him, and he deemed it but meet that the others should be so joyous and blithe with him, for they led him along without any delay, and were glad at his rejoicing; and words failed him to tell of his gladness.

But as he went the thoughts of his coming converse with his beloved curled sweetly round his heart, so that scarce anything had seemed so sweet to him before; and he fell a-pondering what they twain, he and the Hostage, should do when they came together again; whether they should abide on the Glittering Plain or go back again to Cleveland by the Sea and dwell in the House of the Kindred; and for his part he yearned to behold the roof of his fathers and to tread the meadow which his scythe had swept, and the acres where his hook had smitten the wheat. But he said to himself, "I will wait till I hear her desire hereon."

Now they went into the wood at the back of the King's pavilion and through it and so over the hill, and beyond it came into a land of hills and dales exceeding fair and lovely; and a river wound about the dales, lapping the feet of one hill-side or the other; and in each dale (for they passed through two) was a goodly house of men, and tillage about it, and vineyards and orchards. They went all day till the sun was near setting, and were not weary, for they turned into the houses by the way when they would, and had good welcome and meat and drink and what they would of the folk that dwelt there. Thus anigh sunset they came into a dale fairer than either of the others, and nigh to the end where they had entered it was an exceeding goodly house. Then said the damsel:

"We are nigh hand to our journey's end; let us sit down on the grass by this river-side whilst I tell thee the tale which the King would have thee know."

So they sat down on the grass beside the brimming river, scant two bowshots from that fair house, and the damsel said, reading from a scroll which she drew from her bosom:

"O Spearman, in yonder house dwelleth the woman foredoomed to love thee: if thou wouldst see her, go thitherward, following the path which turneth from the river-side by yonder oak-tree, and thou shalt presently come to a thicket of bay-trees at the edge of an apple-orchard, whose trees are blossoming; abide thou hidden by the bay-leaves, and thou shalt see maidens come into the orchard, and at last one fairer than all the others. This shall be thy love foredoomed, and none other; and thou shalt know her by this token, that when she hath sat her down on the grass beside the bay-tree, she shall say to her maidens: 'Bring me now the book wherein is the image of my beloved, that I may solace myself with beholding it before the sun goes down and the night cometh.'"

Now Hallblithe was troubled when she read out these words, and he said:

"What is this tale about a book? I know not of any book that lieth betwixt me and my beloved."

"O Spearman," said the damsel, "I may tell thee no more, because I know no more. But keep up thine heart! For dost thou know any more than I do what hath befallen thy beloved since thou wert sundered from her? and why should not this matter of the book be one of the things that hath befallen her? Go now with joy, and come again blessing us."

"Yea, go, faring-fellow," said the Sea-eagle, "and come back joyful, that we may all be merry together. And we will abide thee here."

Hallblithe foreboded evil, but he held his peace and went his ways down the path by the oak-tree; and they abode there by the water-side, and were very merry talking of this and that (but no whit of Hallblithe), and kissing and caressing each other; so that it seemed but a little while to them ere they saw Hallblithe coming back by the oak-tree.

He went slowly, hanging his head like a man sore burdened with grief: thus he came up to them, and stood there above them as they lay on the fragrant grass, and he saying no word and looking so sad and sorry, and withal so fell, that they feared his grief and his anger, and would fain have been away from him; so that they durst not ask him a question for a long while, and the sun sank below the hill while they abided thus.

Then all trembling the damsel spake to the Sea-eagle:

"Speak thou to him, dear friend, else must I flee away, for I fear his silence."

Quoth the Sea-eagle: "Shipmate and friend, what hath betided? How art thou? May we hearken, and mayhappen amend it?"

Then Hallblithe cast himself adown on the grass and said:

"I am accursed and beguiled; and I wander round and round in a tangle that I may not escape from. I am not far from deeming that this is a land of dreams made for my beguiling. Or has the earth become so full of lies, that there is no room amidst them for a true man to stand upon his feet and go his ways?"

Said the Sea-eagle: "Thou shalt tell us what hath betid, and so ease the sorrow of thy soul if thou wilt. Or if thou wilt thou shalt nurse thy sorrow in thine heart and tell no man. Do what thou wilt; am I not become thy friend?"

Said Hallblithe: "I will tell you twain the tidings, and thereafter ask me no more concerning them. Hearken. I went whereas ye bade me, and hid myself in the bay-tree thicket; and there came maidens into the blossoming orchard and made a resting-place with silken cushions close to where I was lurking, and stood about as though they were looking for some one to come. In a little time came two more maidens, and betwixt them one so much fairer than any there that my heart sank within me: whereas I deemed because of her fairness that this would be the foredoomed love whereof ye spake, and lo, she was in nought like to my troth-plight maiden, save that she was exceeding beauteous: nevertheless, heart-sick as I was, I determined to abide the token that ye told me of. So she lay down amidst those cushions, and I beheld her that she was sad of countenance; and she was so near to me that I could see the tears welling into her eyes, and running down her cheeks; so that I should have grieved sorely for her had I not been grieving so sorely for myself. For presently she sat up and said: 'O maiden, bring me hither the book wherein is the image of my beloved, that I may behold it in this season of sunset wherein I first beheld it; that I may fill my heart with the sight thereof before the sun is gone and the dark night come.' Then indeed my heart died within me when I wotted that this was the love whereof the King spake, that he would give to me, and she not mine own beloved: yet I could not choose but abide and look on a while, and she being one that any man might love beyond measure. Now a maiden went away into the house and came back

again with a book covered with gold set with gems, and the fair woman took it and opened it, and I was so near to her that I saw every leaf clearly as she turned the leaves. And in that book were pictures of many things, as flaming mountains, and castles of war, and ships upon the sea, but chiefly of fair women, and queens, and warriors and kings; and it was done in gold and azure and cinnabar and minium. So she turned the leaves till she came to one whereon was pictured none other than myself, and over against me was the image of mine own beloved, the Hostage of the Rose, as if she were alive, so that the heart within me swelled with the sobbing which I must needs refrain, which grieved me like a sword-stroke. Shame also took hold of me as the fair woman spoke to my painted image, and I lying well nigh within touch of her hand; but she said: 'O my beloved, why dost thou delay to come to me? For I deemed that this eve at least thou wouldst come, so many and strong are the meshes of love which we have cast about thy feet. Oh come to-morrow at the least and latest, or what shall I do, and wherewith shall I quench the grief of my heart? Or else why am I the daughter of the Undying King, the Lord of the Treasure of the Sea? Why have they wrought new marvels for me, and compelled the Ravagers of the Coasts to serve me, and sent false dreams flitting on the wings of the night? Yea, why is the earth fair and fruitful, and the heavens kind above it, if thou comest not to-night, nor to-morrow, nor the day after? And I the daughter of the Undying, on whom the days shall grow and grow as the grains of sand which the wind heaps up above the sea-beach. And life shall grow huger and more hideous round about the lonely one, like the ling-worm laid upon the gold, that waxeth thereby till it lies all round about the house of the queen entrapped, the moveless unending ring of the years that change not.' So she spake till the weeping ended her words, and I was all abashed with shame and pale with anguish. I stole quietly from my lair unheeded of any, save that one damsel said that a rabbit ran in the hedge, and another that a blackbird stirred in the thicket. Behold me, then, that my quest beginneth again amidst the tangle of lies whereinto I have been entrapped."

CHAPTER XIV.

HALLBLITHE SPEAKETH WITH THE KING AGAIN

He stood up when he had made an end, as a man ready for the road; but they lay there downcast and abashed, and had no words to answer him. For the Sea-eagle was sorry that his faring-fellow was hapless, and was sorry that he was sorry; and as for the damsel, she had not known but that she was leading the goodly Spearman to the fulfilment of his heart's desire. Albeit after a while she spake again and said:

"Dear friends, day is gone and night is at hand; now to-night it were ill lodging at yonder house; and the next house on our backward road is over far for wayworn folk. But hard by through the thicket is a fair little wood-lawn, by the lip of a pool in the stream wherein we may bathe us to-morrow morning; and it is grassy and flowery and sheltered from all winds that blow, and I have victual enough in my wallet. Let us sup and rest there under the bare heaven, as oft is the wont of us in this land; and on the morrow early we will arise and get us back again to Wood-end, where yet the King abideth, and there shalt thou talk to him again, O Spearman."

Said Hallblithe: "Take me whither ye will; but now nought availeth. I am a captive in a land of lies, and here most like shall I live betrayed and die hapless."

"Hold thy peace, dear friend, of such words as those last," said she, "or I must needs flee from thee, for they hurt me sorely. Come now to this pleasant place."

She took him by the hand and looked kindly on him, and the Sea-eagle followed him, murmuring an old song of the harvest-field, and they went together by a path through a thicket of whitethorn till they came to a grassy place. There then they sat them down, and ate and drank what they would, sitting by the lip of the pool till a waning moon was bright over their heads. And Hallblithe made no semblance of content; but the Sea-eagle and his damsel were grown merry again, and talked and sang together like autumn stares, with the kissing and caressing of lovers.

So at last those twain lay down amongst the flowers, and slept in each other's arms; but Hallblithe betook him to the brake a little aloof, and lay down, but slept not till morning was at hand, when slumber and confused dreams overtook him.

He was awaked from his sleep by the damsel, who came pushing through the thicket all fresh and rosy from the river, and roused him, and said: "Awake now, Spearman, that we may take our pleasure in the sun; for he is high in the heavens now and all the land laughs beneath him."

Her eyes glittered as she spoke, and her limbs moved under her raiment as though she would presently fall to dancing for very joy. But Hallblithe arose wearily, and gave her back no smile in answer, but thrust through the thicket to the water, and washed the night from off him, and so came back to the twain as they sat dallying together over their breakfast. He would not sit down by them, but ate a morsel of bread as he stood, and said: "Tell me how I can soonest find the King: I bid you not lead me thither, but let me go my ways alone. For with me time presses, and with you meseemeth time is nought. Neither am I a meet fellow for the happy."

But the Sea-eagle sprang up, and swore with a great oath that he would nowise leave his shipmate in the lurch. And the damsel said: "Fair man, I had best go with thee, I shall not hinder thee but further thee rather, so that thou shalt make one day's journey of two."

And she put forth her hand to him, and caressed him smiling, and fawned upon him, and he heeded it little, but hung not aback from them since they were ready for the road: so they set forth all three together.

They made such diligence on the backward road that the sun was not set by then they came to Wood-end; and there was the King sitting in the door of his pavilion. Thither went Hallblithe straight, and thrust through the throng, and stood before the King; who greeted him kindly, and was no less sweet of face than on that other day.

Hallblithe hailed him not, but said: "King, look on my anguish, and if thou art other than a king of dreams and lies, play no longer with me, but tell me straight out if thou knowest of my troth-plight maiden, whether she is in this land or not."

Then the King smiled on him and said: "True it is that I know of her; yet know I not whether she is in this land or not."

"King," said Hallblithe, "wilt thou bring us together and stay my heart's bleeding?"

Said the King: "I cannot, since I know not where she is."

"Why didst thou lie to me the other day?" said Hallblithe.

"I lied not," said the King; "I bade bring thee to the woman that loved thee, and whom thou shouldst love; and that is my daughter. And look thou! Even as I may not bring thee to thine earthly love, so couldst thou not make thyself manifest before my daughter, and become her deathless love. Is it not enough?"

He spake sternly for all that he smiled, and Hallblithe said: "O King, have pity on me!"

"Yea," said the King, "pity thee I do: but I will live despite thy sorrow; my pity of thee shall not slay me, or make thee happy. Even in such wise didst thou pity my daughter."

Said Hallblithe: "Thou art mighty, O King, and maybe the mightiest. Wilt thou not help me?"

"How can I help thee?" said the King, "thou who wilt not help thyself. Thou hast seen what thou shouldst do: do it then, and be holpen."

Then said Hallblithe: "Wilt thou not slay me, O King, since thou wilt not do aught else?"

"Nay," said the King, "thy slaying wilt not serve me nor mine: I will neither help nor hinder. Thou art free to seek thy love wheresoever thou wilt in this my realm. Depart in peace!"

Hallblithe saw that the King was angry, though he smiled upon him; yet so coldly, that the face of him froze the very marrow of Hallblithe's bones: and he said within himself: "This King of lies shall not slay me, though mine anguish be hard to bear: for I am alive, and it may be that my love is in this land, and I may find her here, and how to reach another land I know not."

So he turned from before the face of the King as the sun was setting, and he went down the land southward betwixt the mountains and the sea, not heeding whether it were night or day; and he went on till it was long past midnight, and then for mere weariness laid him down under a tree, not knowing where he was, and fell asleep.

And in the morning he woke up to the bright sun, and found folk standing

round about him, both men and women, and their sheep were anigh them, for they were shepherd folk. So when they saw that he was awake they greeted him, and were blithe with him and made much of him; and they took him home to their house, and gave him to eat and to drink, and asked him what he would that they might serve him. And they seemed to him to be kind and simple folk, and though he loathed to speak the words, so sick at heart he was, yet he told them how he was seeking his troth-plight maiden, his earthly love, and asked them to say if they had seen any woman like her.

They heard him kindly and pitied him, and they told him how they had heard of a woman in the land, who sought her beloved even as he sought his. And when he heard this his heart leapt up, and he asked them to tell him more concerning this woman. Then they said that she dwelt in the hill country in a goodly house, and had set her heart on a lovely man, whose image she had seen in a book, and that no man but this one would content her; and this, they said, was a sad and sorry matter, such as was unheard of hitherto in the land.

So when Hallblithe heard this, as heavily as his heart fell again, he changed not countenance, but thanked the kind folk and departed, and went on down the land betwixt the mountains and the sea, and before nightfall he had been into three more houses of folk, and asked there of all comers concerning a woman who was sundered from her beloved; and at none of them gat he any answer to make him less sorry than yesterday. At the last of the three he slept, and on the morrow early there was the work to begin again; and the next day was the same as the last, and the day after differed not from it. Thus he went on seeking his beloved betwixt the mountains and the plain, till the great rock-wall came down to the side of the sea and made an end of the Glittering Plain on that side. Then he turned about and went back by the way that he had come, and up the country betwixt the mountains and the plain northward, until he had been into every house of folk in those parts and asked his question.

Then he went up into that fair country of the dales, and even anigh to where dwelt the King's daughter, and otherwhere in the land and everywhere, quartering the realm of the Glittering Plain as the heron quarters the flooded meadow when the waters draw aback into the river. So that now all people knew him when he came, and they wondered at him; but when he came to any house for the third or fourth time, they wearied of him, and were glad when he departed.

Ever it was one of two answers that he had: either folk said to him, "There is no such woman; this land is happy, and nought but happy people dwell therein;" or else they told him of the woman who lived in sorrow, and was ever looking on a book, that she might bring to her the man whom she desired.

Whiles he wearied and longed for death, but would not die until there was no corner of the land unsearched. Whiles he shook off weariness, and went about his quest as a craftsman sets about his work in the morning. Whiles it irked him to see the soft and merry folk of the land, who had no skill to help him, and he longed for the house of his fathers and the men of the spear and the plough; and thought, "Oh, if I might but get me back, if it were but for an hour and to die there, to the meadows of the Raven, and the acres beneath the mountains of Cleveland by the Sea. Then at least should I learn some tale of what is or what hath been, howsoever evil the tidings were, and not be bandied about by lies for ever."

CHAPTER XV.

AGAIN HALLBLITHE SPEAKETH WITH THE KING.

So wore the days and the moons; and now were some six moons worn since first he came to the Glittering Plain; and he was come to Wood-end again, and heard and knew that the King was sitting once more in the door of his pavilion to hearken to the words of his people, and he said to himself: "I will speak yet again to this man, if indeed he be a man; yea, though he turn me into stone."

And he went up toward the pavilion; and on the way it came into his mind what the men of the kindred were doing that morning; and he had a vision of them as it were, and saw them yoking the oxen to the plough, and slowly going down the acres as the shining iron drew the long furrow down the stubble-land, and the light haze hung about the elm-trees in the calm morning, and the smoke rose straight into the air

from the roof of the kindred. And he said: "What is this? am I death-doomed this morning that this sight cometh so clearly upon me amidst the falseness of this unchanging land?"

Thus he came to the pavilion, and folk fell back before him to the right and the left, and he stood before the King, and said to him: "I cannot find her; she is not in thy land."

Then spake the King, smiling upon him as erst: "What wilt thou then? Is it not time to rest?"

He said: "Yea, O King; but not in this land."

Said the King: "Where else than in this land wilt thou find rest? Without is battle and famine, longing unsatisfied, and heart-burning and fear; within it is plenty and peace and good will and pleasure without cease. Thy word hath no meaning to me."

Said Hallblithe: "Give me leave to depart, and I will bless thee."

"Is there nought else to do?" said the King.

"Nought else," said Hallblithe.

Therewith he felt that the King's face changed though he still smiled on him, and again he felt his heart grow cold before the King.

But the King spake and said: "I hinder not thy departure, nor will any of my folk. No hand will be raised against thee; there is no weapon in all the land, save the deedless sword by my side and the weapons which thou bearest."

Said Hallblithe: "Dost thou not owe me a joy in return for my beguiling?"

"Yea," said the King, "reach out thine hand to take it."

"One thing only may I take of thee," said Hallblithe; "my troth-plight maiden or else the speeding of my departure."

Then said the King, and his voice was terrible though yet he smiled: "I will not hinder; I will not help. Depart in peace!"

Then Hallblithe turned away dizzy and half fainting, and strayed down the field, scarce knowing where he was; and as he went he felt his sleeve plucked at, and turned about, and lo! he was face to face with the Sea-eagle, no less joyous than aforetime. He took Hallblithe in his arms and embraced him and kissed him, and said: "Well met faring-fellow! Whither away?"

"Away out of this land of lies," said Hallblithe.

The Sea-eagle shook his head, and quoth he: "Art thou still seeking a dream? And thou so fair that thou puttest all other men to shame."

"I seek no dream," said Hallblithe, "but rather the end of dreams."

"Well," said the Sea-eagle, "we will not wrangle about it. But hearken. Hard by in a pleasant nook of the meadows have I set up my tent; and although it be not as big as the King's pavilion, yet is it fair enough. Wilt thou not come thither with me and rest thee to-night; and to-morrow we will talk of this matter?"

Now Hallblithe was weary and confused, and down-hearted beyond his wont, and the friendly words of the Sea-eagle softened his heart, and he smiled on him and said: "I give thee thanks; I will come with thee: thou art kind, and hast done nought to me save good from the time when I first saw thee lying in thy bed in the Hall of the Ravagers. Dost thou remember that day?"

The Sea-eagle knitted his brow as one striving with a troublous memory, and said: "But dimly, friend, as if it had passed in an ugly dream: meseemeth my friendship with thee began when I came to thee from out of the wood, and saw thee standing with those three damsels: that I remember full well: ye were fair to look on."

Hallblithe wondered at his words, but said no more about it, and they went together to a flowery nook nigh a stream of clear water where stood a silken tent, green like the grass which it stood on, and flecked with gold and goodly colours. Nigh it on the grass lay the Sea-eagle's damsel, ruddy-cheeked and sweet-lipped, as fair as aforetime. She turned about when she heard men coming, and when she saw Hallblithe a smile came into her face like the sun breaking out on a fair but clouded morning, and she went up to him and took him by the hands and kissed his cheek, and said: "Welcome, Spearman! welcome back! We have heard of thee in many places, and have been sorry that thou wert not glad, and now are we fain of thy returning. Shall not sweet life begin for thee from henceforward?"

Again was Hallblithe moved by her kind welcome; but he shook his head and spake: "Thou art kind, sister; yet if thou wouldst be kinder thou wilt show me a way whereby I may escape from this land. For abiding here has become irksome to me, and meseemeth that hope is yet alive without the Glittering Plain."

Her face fell as she answered: "Yea, and fear also, and worse, if aught be worse. But come, let us eat and drink in this fair place, and gather for thee a little joyance before thou departest, if thou needs must depart."

He smiled on her as one not ill-content, and laid himself down on the grass, while the twain busied themselves, and brought forth fair cushions and a gilded table, and laid dainty victual thereon and good wine.

So they ate and drank together, and the Sea-eagle and his mate became very joyous again, and Hallblithe bestirred himself not to be a mar-feast; for he said within himself: "I am departing, and after this time I shall see them no more; and they are kind and blithe with me, and have been aforetime; I will not make their merry hearts sore. For when I am gone I shall be remembered of them but a little while."

CHAPTER XVI.

THOSE THREE SET OUT FOR THE EDGE OF THE GLITTERING PLAIN.

So the evening wore merrily; and they made Hallblithe lie in an ingle of the tent on a fair bed, and he was weary and slept thereon like a child. But in the morning early they waked him; and while they were breaking their fast they began to speak to him of his departure, and asked him if he had an inkling of the way whereby he should get him gone, and he said: "If I escape it must needs be by way of the mountains that wall the land about till they come down to the sea. For on the sea is no ship and no haven; and well I wot that no man of the land durst or can ferry me over to the land of my kindred, or otherwhere without the Glittering Plain. Tell me therefore (and I ask no more of you), is there any rumour or memory of a way that cleaveth yonder mighty wall of rock to other lands?"

Said the damsel: "There is more than a memory or a rumour: there is a road through the mountains known to all men. For at whiles the earthly pilgrims come into the Glittering Plain thereby; and yet but seldom, so many are the griefs and perils which beset the wayfarers on that road. Whereof thou hadst far better bethink thee in time, and abide here and be happy with us and others who long sore to make thee happy."

"Nay," said Hallblithe, "there is nought to do but tell me of the way, and I will depart at once, blessing you."

Said the Sea-eagle: "More than that at least will we do. May I lose the bliss whereto I have attained if I go not with thee to the very edge of the land of the Glittering Plain. Shall it not be so, sweetheart?"

"Yea, at least we may do that," said the damsel; and she hung her head as if she were ashamed, and said: "And that is all that thou wilt get from us at most."

Said Hallblithe: "It is enough, and I asked not so much."

Then the damsel busied herself, and set meat and drink in two wallets, and took one herself and gave the other to the Sea-eagle, and said; "We will be thy porters, O Spearman, and will give thee a full wallet from the last house by the Desert of Dread, for when thou hast entered therein, thou mayst well find victual hard to come by: and now let us linger no more since the road is dear to thee."

So they set forth on foot, for in that land men were slow to feel weariness, and turning about the hill of Wood-end, they passed by some broken country, and came at even to a house at the entrance of a long valley with high and steeply-sloping sides which seemed, as it were, to cleave the dale-country wherein they had fared aforetime. At that house they slept well-guested by its folk, and the next morning took their way down the valley, and the folk of the house stood at the door to watch their departure; for they had told the wayfarers that they had fared but a little way thitherward and knew of no folk who had used that road.

So those three fared down the valley southward all day, ever mounting higher as they went. The way was pleasant and easy, for they went over fair, smooth, grassy lawns betwixt the hill-sides, beside a clear rattling stream that ran northward; at whiles were clumps of tall trees, oak for the most part, and at whiles thickets of thorn and eglantine and other such trees: so that they could rest well shaded when they would.

They passed by no house of men, nor came to any such in the even, but lay down to sleep in a thicket of thorn and eglantine, and rested well, and on the morrow they rose up betimes and went on their ways.

This second day as they went the hill-sides on either hand grew lower, till at last they died out into a wide plain, beyond which in the southern offing the mountains rose huge and bare. This plain also was grassy and beset with trees and thickets here and there. Hereon they saw wild deer enough, as hart and buck, and roebuck, and swine: withal a lion came out of a brake hard by them as they went and stood gazing on them, so that Hallblithe looked to his weapons and the Sea-eagle took up a big stone to fight with, being weaponless; but the damsel laughed, and tripped on her way lightly with girt-up gown, and the beast gave no more heed to them.

Easy and smooth was their way over this pleasant wilderness, and clear to see though but little used, and before nightfall, after they had gone a long way, they came to a house. It was not large nor high, but was built very strongly and fairly of good ashlar: its door was shut, and on the jamb thereof hung a slughorn. The damsel, who seemed to know what to do, set her mouth to the horn, and blew a blast; and in a little while the door was opened, and a big man clad in red scarlet stood therein: he had no weapons, but was somewhat surly of aspect: he spake not, but stood abiding the word: so the damsel took it up and said: "Art thou not the Warden of the Uttermost House?"

He said: "I am."

Said the damsel: "May we guest here to-night?"

He said: "The house lieth open to you with all that it hath of victual and plenishing: take what ye will, and use what ye will."

They thanked him; but he heeded not their thanks, and withdrew him from them. So they entered and found the table laid in a fair hall of stone carven and painted very goodly; so they ate and drank therein, and Hallblithe was of good heart, and the Sea-eagle and his mate were merry, though they looked softly and shyly on Hallblithe because of the sundering; and they saw no man in the house save the man in scarlet, who went and came about his business, paying no heed to them. So when the night was deep they lay down in the shut-bed off the hall, and slept, and the hours were tidingless to them until they woke in the morning.

On the morrow they arose and broke their fast, and thereafter the damsel spake to the man in scarlet and said: "May we fill our wallets with victual for the way?"

Said the Warden: "There lieth the meat."

So they filled the wallets, while the man looked on; and they came to the door when they were ready, and he unlocked it to them, saying no word. But when they turned their faces toward the mountains he spake at last, and stayed them at the first step. Quoth he: "Whither away? Ye take the wrong road!"

Said Hallblithe: "Nay; for we go toward the mountains and the edge of the Glittering Plain."

"Ye shall do ill to go thither," said the Warden, "and I bid you forbear."

"O Warden of the Uttermost House, wherefore should we forbear?"

Said the scarlet man: "Because my charge is to further those who would go inward to the King, and to stay those who would go outward from the King."

"How then if we go outward despite thy bidding?" said the Sea-eagle, "wilt thou then hinder us perforce?"

"How may I," said the man, "since thy fellow hath weapons?"

"Go we forth, then," said the Sea-eagle.

"Yea," said the damsel, "we will go forth. And know, O Warden, that this weaponed man only is of mind to fare over the edge of the Glittering Plain; but we twain shall come back hither again, and fare inwards."

Said the Warden: "Nought is it to me what ye will do when you are past this house. Nor shall any man who goeth out of this garth toward the mountains ever come back inwards save he cometh in the company of new comers to the Glittering Plain."

"Who shall hinder him?" said the Sea-eagle.

"The KING," said the Warden.

Then there was silence a while, and the man said: "Now do as ye will." And therewith he turned back into the house and shut the door.

But the Sea-eagle and the damsel stood gazing on one another, and at Hallblithe; and the damsel was downcast and pale; but the Sea-Eagle cried out: "Forward now, O Hallblithe, since thou willest it, and we will go with thee and share whatever

may befall thee; yea, right up to the very edge of the Glittering Plain. And thou, O beloved, why dost thou delay? Why dost thou stand as if thy fair feet were grown to the grass?"

But the damsel gave a lamentable cry, and cast herself down on the ground, and knelt before the Sea-eagle, and took him by the knees, and said betwixt sobbing and weeping: "O my lord and love, I pray thee to forbear, and the Spearman, our friend, shall pardon us. For if thou goest, I shall never see thee more; since my heart will not serve me to go with thee. Oh forbear, I pray thee!"

And she grovelled on the earth before him; and the Sea-eagle waxed red, and would have spoken; but Hallblithe cut his speech across, and said: "Friends, be at peace! For this is the minute that sunders us. Get ye back at once to the heart of the Glittering Plain, and live there and be happy; and take my blessing and thanks for the love and help that ye have given me. For your going forward with me should destroy you and profit me nothing. It would be but as the host bringing his guests one field beyond his garth, when their goal is the ends of the earth; and if there were a lion in the path, why should he perish for courtesy's sake?"

Therewith he stooped down to the damsel, and lifted her up and kissed her face; and he cast his arms about the Sea-eagle and said to him: "Farewell, shipmate!"

Then the damsel gave him the wallet of victual, and bade him farewell, weeping sorely; and he looked kindly on them for a moment of time, and then turned away from them and fared on toward the mountains, striding with great strides, holding his head aloft. But they looked no more on him, having no will to eke their sorrow, but went their ways back again without delay.

CHAPTER XVII.

HALLBLITHE AMONGST THE MOUNTAINS.

So strode on Hallblithe; but when he had gone but a little way his head turned, and the earth and heavens wavered before him, so that he must needs sit down on a stone by the wayside, wondering what ailed him. Then he looked up at the mountains, which now seemed quite near to him at the plain's ending, and his weakness increased on him; and lo! as he looked, it was to him as if the crags rose up in the sky to meet him and overhang him, and as if the earth heaved up beneath him, and therewith he fell aback and lost all sense, so that he knew not what was become of the earth and the heavens and the passing of the minutes of his life.

When he came to himself he knew not whether he had lain so a great while or a little; he felt feeble, and for a while he lay scarce moving, and beholding nought, not even the sky above him. Presently he turned about and saw hard stone on either side, so he rose wearily and stood upon his feet, and knew that he was faint with hunger and thirst.

Then he looked around him, and saw that he was in a narrow valley or cleft of the mountains amidst wan rocks bare and waterless, where grew no blade of green; but he could see no further than the sides of that cleft, and he longed to be out of it that he might see whitherward to turn. Then he bethought him of his wallet, and set his hand to it and opened it, thinking to get victual thence; but lo! it was all spoilt and wasted. None the less, for all his feebleness, he turned and went toiling slowly along what seemed to be a path little trodden leading upward out of the cleft; and at last he reached the crest thereof, and sat him down on a rock on the other side; yet durst not raise his eyes a while and look on the land, lest he should see death manifest therein. At last he looked, and saw that he was high up amongst the mountain peaks: before him and on either hand was but a world of fallow stone rising ridge upon ridge like the waves of the wildest of the winter sea. The sun not far from its midmost shone down bright and hot on that wilderness; yet was there no sign that any man had ever been there since the beginning of the world, save that the path aforesaid seemed to lead onward down the stony slope.

This way and that way and all about he gazed, straining his eyes if perchance he might see any diversity in the stony waste; and at last betwixt two peaks of the rock-wall on his left hand he descried a streak of green mingling with the cold blue of the distance; and he thought in his heart that this was the last he should see of the Glittering Plain. Then he spake aloud in that desert, and said though there was

none to hear: "Now is my last hour come; and here is Hallblithe of the Raven perishing, with his deeds undone and his longing unfulfilled, and his bridal-bed acold for ever. Long may the House of the Raven abide and flourish, with many a man and maiden, valiant and fair and fruitful! O kindred, cast thy blessing on this man about to die here, doing none otherwise than ye would have him!"

He sat there a little while longer, and then he said to himself: "Death tarries; were it not well that I go to meet him, even as the cot-carle preventeth the mighty chieftain?"

Then he arose, and went painfully down the slope, steadying himself with the shaft of his gleaming spear; but all at once he stopped; for it seemed to him that he heard voices borne on the wind that blew up the mountain-side. But he shook his head and said: "Now forsooth beginneth the dream which shall last for ever; nowise am I beguiled by it." None the less he strove the more eagerly with the wind, and the way, and his feebleness; yet did the weakness wax on him, so that it was but a little while ere he faltered and reeled and fell down once more in a swoon.

When he came to himself again he was no longer alone: a man was kneeling down by him and holding up his head, while another before him, as he opened his eyes, put a cup of wine to his lips. So Hallblithe drank and was refreshed; and presently they gave him bread, and he ate, and his heart was strengthened, and the happiness of life returned to it, and he lay back, and slept sweetly for a season.

When he awoke from that slumber he found that he had gotten back much of his strength again, and he sat up and looked around him, and saw three men sitting anigh, armed and girt with swords, yet in evil array, and sore travel-worn. One of these was very old, with long white hair hanging down; and another, though he was not so much stricken in years, still looked an old man of over sixty winters. The third was a man some forty years old, but sad and sorry and drooping of aspect.

So when they saw him stirring, they all fixed their eyes upon him, and the oldest man said: "Welcome to him who erst had no tidings for us!" And the second said: "Tell us now thy tidings." But the third, the sorry man, cried out aloud, saying: "Where is the land? Where is the land?"

Said Hallblithe: "Meseemeth the land which ye seek is the land which I seek to flee from. And now I will not hide that meseemeth I have seen you before, and that was at Cleveland by the Sea when the days were happier."

Then they all three bowed their heads in yea-say, and spake: "Where is the land? Where is the land?"

Then Hallblithe arose to his feet, and said: "Ye have healed me of the sickness of death, and I will do what I may to heal you of your sickness of sorrow. Come up the pass with me, and I will show you the land afar off."

Then they arose like young and brisk men, and he led them over the brow of the ridge into the little valley wherein he had first come to himself: there he showed them that glimpse of a green land betwixt the two peaks, which he had beheld e'en now; and they stood a while looking at it and weeping for joy.

Then spake the oldest of the seekers: "Show us the way to the land."

"Nay," said Hallblithe, "I may not; for when I would depart thence, I might not go by mine own will, but was borne out hither, I wot not how. For when I came to the edge of the land against the will of the King, he smote me, and then cast me out. Therefore since I may not help you, find ye the land for yourselves, and let me go blessing you, and come out of this desert by the way whereby ye entered it. For I have an errand in the world."

Spake the youngest of the seekers: "Now art thou become the yoke-fellow of Sorrow, and thou must wend, not whither thou wouldst, but whither she will: and she would have thee go forward toward life, not backward toward death."

Said the midmost seeker: "If we let thee go further into the wilderness thou shalt surely die: for hence to the peopled parts, and the City of Merchants, whence we come, is a month's journey: and there is neither meat nor drink, nor beast nor bird, nor any green thing all that way; and since we have found thee famishing, we may well deem that thou hast no victual. As to us we have but little; so that if it be much more than three days' journey to the Glittering Plain, we may well starve and die within sight of the Acre of the Undying. Nevertheless that little will we share with thee if thou wilt help us to find that good land; so that thou mayst yet put away Sorrow, and take Joy again to thy board and bed."

Hallblithe hung his head and answered nought; for he was confused by the meshes of ill-hap, and his soul grew sick with the bitterness of death. But the sad man spake again and said: "Thou hast an errand sayest thou? is it such as a dead man may do?"

Hallblithe pondered, and amidst the anguish of his despair was borne in to him a vision of the sea-waves lapping the side of a black ship, and a man therein: who but himself, set free to do his errand? and his heart was quickened within him, and he said: "I thank you, and I will wend back with you, since there is no road for me save back again into the trap."

The three seekers seemed glad thereat, and the second one said: "Though death is pursuing, and life lieth ahead, yet will we not hasten thee unduly. Time was when I was Captain of the Host, and learned how battles were lost by lack of rest. Therefore have out thy sleep now, that thou mayst wax in strength for our helping."

Said Hallblithe: "I need not rest; I may not rest; I will not rest."

Said the sad man: "It is lawful for thee to rest. So say I, who was once a master of law."

Said the long-hoary elder: "And I command thee to rest; I who was once the king of a mighty folk."

In sooth Hallblithe was now exceeding weary; so he laid him down and slept sweetly in the stony wilderness amidst those three seekers, the old, the sad, and the very-old.

When he awoke he felt strong and well again, and he leapt to his feet and looked about him, and saw the three seekers stirring, and he deemed by the sun that it was early morning. The sad man brought forth bread and water and wine, and they broke their fast; and when they had done he spake and said: "Abideth now in wallet and bottle but one more full meal for us, and then no more save a few crumbs and a drop or two of wine if we husband it well.

Said the second elder: "Get we to the road, then, and make haste. I have been seeking, and meseemeth, though the way be long, it is not utterly blind for us. Or look thou, Raven-son, is there not a path yonder that leadeth onward up to the brow of the ghyll again? and, as I have seen, it leadeth on again down from the said brow."

Forsooth there was a track that led through the stony tangle of the wilderness; so they took to the road with a good heart, and went all day, and saw no living thing, and not a blade of grass or a trickle of water: nought save the wan rocks under the sun; and though they trusted in their road that it led them aright, they saw no other glimpse of the Glittering Plain, because there rose a great ridge like a wall on the north side, and they went as it were down along a trench of the rocks, albeit it was whiles broken across by ghylls, and knolls, and reefs.

So at sunset they rested and ate their victual, for they were very weary; and thereafter they lay down, and slept as soundly as if they were in the best of the halls of men. On the morrow betimes they arose soberly and went their ways with few words, and, as they deemed, the path still led them onward. And now the great ridge on the north rose steeper and steeper, and their crossing it seemed not to be thought of; but their half-blind track failed them not. They rested at even, and ate and drank what little they had left, save a mouthful or two of wine, and then went on again by the light of the moon, which was so bright that they still saw their way. And it happened to Hallblithe as mostly it does with men very travel-worn, that he went on and on scarce remembering where he was, or who his fellows were, or that he had any fellows.

So at midnight they lay down in the wilderness again, hungry and weary. They rose at dawn and went forward with waning hope: for now the mountain ridge on the north was close to their path, rising up along a sheer wall of pale stone over which nothing might go save the fowl flying; so that at first on that morning they looked for nothing save to lay their bones in that grievous desert where no man should find them.

But, as beset with famine, they fared on heavily down the narrow track, there came a hoarse cry from Hallblithe's dry throat, and it was as if his cry had been answered by another like to his; and the seekers turned, and beheld him pointing to the cliff-side, and lo! half-way up the pale sun-litten crag stood two ravens in a cranny of the stone, flapping their wings and croaking, with thrusting forth and twisting of their heads; and presently they came floating on the thin pure air high up over the heads of the wayfarers, croaking for the pleasure of the meeting, as though they laughed thereat.

Then rose the heart of Hallblithe, and he smote his palms together, and fell to singing an old song of his people, amidst the rocks whereas few men had sung aforetime:

Whence are ye and whither, O fowl of our fathers?
What field have ye looked on, what acres unshorn?
What land have ye left where the battle-folk gathers,
And the war-helms are white o'er the paths of the corn?

What tale do ye bear of the people uncraven,
Where amidst the long hall-shadow sparkle the spears;
Where aloft on the hall-ridge now flappeth the raven,
And singeth the song of the nourishing years?

There gather the lads in the first of the morning,
While white lies the battle-day's dew on the grass,
And the kind steeds trot up to the horn's voice of warning,
And the winds wake and whine in the dusk of the pass.

O fowl of our fathers, why now are ye resting?
Come over the mountains and look on the foe.
Full fair after fight won shall yet be your nesting;
And your fledglings the sons of the kindred shall know.

Therewith he strode with his head upraised, and above him flew the ravens, croaking as if they answered his song in friendly fashion.

It was but a little after this that the path turned aside sharp toward the cliffs, and the seekers were abashed thereof, till Hallblithe running forward beheld a great cavern in the face of the cliff at the path's ending: so he turned and cried on his fellows, and they hastened up, and presently stood before that cavern's mouth with doubt and joy mingled in their minds; for now mayhappen they had reached the gate of the Glittering Plain, or mayhappen the gate of death.

The sad man hung his head and spake: "Doth not some new trap abide us? What do we here? is this aught save death?"

Spake the elder: "Was not death on either hand e'en now, even as treason besetteth the king upon his throne?"

And the second said: "Yea, we were as the host which hath no road save through the multitude of foemen."

But Hallblithe laughed and said: "Why do ye hang back, then? As for me, if death be here, soon is mine errand sped." Therewith he led the way into the dark of the cave, and the ravens hung about the crag over-head croaking, as the men left the light.

So was their way swallowed up in the cavern, and day and its time became naught to them; they went on and on, and became exceeding faint and weary, but rested not, for death was behind them.

Whiles they deemed that they heard waters running, and whiles the singing of fowl; and to Hallblithe it seemed that he heard his name called, so that he shouted back in answer; but all was still when the sound of his voice had died out.

At last, when they were pressing on again after a short while of resting, Hallblithe cried out that the cave was lightening: so they hastened onward, and the light grew till they could see each other, and dimly they beheld the cave that it was both wide and high. Yet a little further, and their faces showed white to one another, and they could see the crannies of the rocks, and the bats hanging garlanded from the roof.

So then they came to where the day streamed down bright on them from a break overhead, and lo! the sky and green leaves waving against it.

To those way-worn men it seemed hard to clamber out that way, and especially to the elders; so they went on a little further to see if there were aught better abiding them, but when they found the daylight failing them again, they turned back to the place of the break in the roof, lest they should waste their strength and perish in the bowels of the mountain. So with much ado they hove up Hallblithe till he got him first on to a ledge of the rocky wall, and so, what by strength, what by cunning, into the daylight through the rent in the roof. So when he was without he made a rope of his girdle and strips from his raiment, for he was ever a deft craftsman, and made a shift to heave up therewith the sad man, who was light and lithe of body; and then the two together dealt with the elders one after another, till they were all four on the face of the earth again.

The place whereto they had gotten was the side of a huge mountain, stony and steep, but set about with bushes, which seemed full fair to those wanderers amongst the rocks. This mountain-slope went down towards a fair green plain, which Hallblithe made no doubt was the outlying waste of the Glittering Plain: nay, he deemed that he could see afar off thereon the white walls of the Uttermost House. So much he told the seekers in few words; and then while they grovelled on the earth and wept for pure joy, whereas the sun was down and it was beginning to grow dusk, he went and looked around soberly to see if he might find water and any kind of victual; and presently a little down the hill-side he came upon a place where a spring came gushing up out of the earth and ran down toward the plain; and about it was green grass growing plentifully, and a little thicket of bramble and wilding fruit-trees. So he drank of the water, and plucked him a few wilding apples somewhat better than crabs, and then went up the hill again and fetched the seekers to that mountain hostelry; and while they drank of the stream he plucked them apples and bramble-berries. For indeed they were as men out of their wits, and were dazed by the extremity of their joy, and as men long shut up in prison, to whom the world of men-folk hath become strange. Simple as the victual was, they were somewhat strengthened by it and by the plentiful water, and as night was now upon them, it was of no avail for them to go further: so they slept beneath the boughs of the thorn-bushes.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HALLBLITHE DWELLETH IN THE WOOD ALONE.

But on the morrow they arose betimes, and broke their fast on that woodland victual, and then went speedily down the mountain-side; and Hallblithe saw by the clear morning light that it was indeed the Uttermost House which he had seen across the green waste. So he told the seekers; but they were silent and heeded nought, because of a fear that had come upon them, lest they should die before they came into that good land.

At the foot of the mountain they came upon a river, deep but not wide, with low grassy banks, and Hallblithe, who was an exceeding strong swimmer, helped the seekers over without much ado; and there they stood upon the grass of that goodly waste.

Hallblithe looked on them to note if any change should come over them, and he deemed that already they were become stronger and of more avail. But he spake nought thereof, and strode on toward the Uttermost House, even as that other day he had stridden away from it.

Such diligence they made that it was but little after noon when they came to the door thereof. Then Hallblithe took the horn and blew upon it, while his fellows stood by murmuring, "It is the Land! It is the Land!"

So came the Warden to the door clad in red scarlet, and the elder went up to him and said: "Is this the Land?"

"What Land?" said the Warden.

"Is it the Glittering Plain?" said the second of the seekers.

"Yea, forsooth," said the Warden.

Said the sad man: "Will ye lead us to the King?"

"Ye shall come to the King," said the Warden.

"When, oh when?" cried they out all three.

"The morrow of to-morrow, maybe," said the Warden.

"Oh, if to-morrow were but come!" they cried.

"It will come," said the red man; "enter ye the house, and eat and drink and rest you."

So they entered, and the Warden heeded Hallblithe nothing. They ate and drank and then went to their rest, and Hallblithe lay in a shut-bed off from the hall, but the Warden brought the seekers otherwhere, so that Hallblithe saw them not after he had gone to bed; but as for him he slept and forgot that aught was.

In the morning when he awoke he felt very strong and well-liking; and he beheld his limbs that they were clear of skin and sleek and fair; and he heard one hard by in the hall carolling and singing joyously. So he sprang from his bed with the wonder of sleep yet in him, and drew the curtains of the shut-bed and looked forth into the

hall; and lo! on the high seat a man of thirty winters by seeming, tall, fair of fashion, with golden hair and eyes as grey as glass, proud and noble of aspect; and anigh him sat another man of like age to look on—a man strong and burly, with short curling brown hair and a red beard, and ruddy countenance, and the mien of a warrior. Also, up and down the hall, paced a man younger of aspect than these two, tall and slender, black-haired and dark-eyed, amorous of countenance; he it was who was singing a snatch of song as he went lightly on the hall pavement: a snatch like to this:

Fair is the world, now autumn's wearing,
And the sluggard sun lies long abed;
Sweet are the days, now winter's nearing,
And all winds feign that the wind is dead.

Dumb is the hedge where the crabs hang yellow,
Bright as the blossoms of the spring;
Dumb is the close where the pears grow mellow,
And none but the dauntless redbreasts sing.

Fair was the spring, but amidst his greening
Grey were the days of the hidden sun;
Fair was the summer, but overweening,
So soon his o'er-sweet days were done.

Come then, love, for peace is upon us,
Far off is failing, and far is fear,
Here where the rest in the end hath won us,
In the garnering tide of the happy year.

Come from the grey old house by the water,
Where, far from the lips of the hungry sea,
Green groweth the grass o'er the field of the slaughter,
And all is a tale for thee and me.

So Hallblithe did on his raiment and went into the hall; and when those three saw him they smiled upon him kindly and greeted him; and the noble man at the board said: "Thanks have thou, O Warrior of the Raven, for thy help in our need: thy reward from us shall not be lacking."

Then the brown-haired man came up to him, and clapped him on the back and said to him: "Brisk man of the Raven, good is thy help at need; even so shall be mine to thee henceforward."

But the young man stepped up to him lightly, and cast his arms about him, and kissed him, and said: "O friend and fellow, who knoweth but I may one day help thee as thou hast holpen me; though thou art one who by seeming mayst well help thyself. And now mayst thou be as merry as I am to-day!"

Then they all three cried out joyously: "It is the Land! It is the Land!"

So Hallblithe knew that these men were the two elders and the sad man of yesterday, and that they had renewed their youth.

Joyously now did those men break their fast; nor did Hallblithe make any grim countenance, for he thought: "That which these dotards and drivellers have been mighty enough to find, shall I not be mighty enough to flee from."

Breakfast done, the seekers made little delay, so eager as they were to behold the King, and to have handsel of their new sweet life. So they got them ready to depart, and the once-captain said: "Art thou able to lead us to the King, O Raven-son, or must we seek another man to do so much for us?"

Said Hallblithe: "I am able to lead you so nigh unto Wood-end (where, as I deem, the King abideth) that ye shall not miss him."

Therewith they went to the door, and the Warden unlocked to them, and spake no word to them when they departed, though they thanked him kindly for the guesting.

When they were without the garth, the young man fell to running about the meadow plucking great handfuls of the rich flowers that grew about, singing and carolling the while. But he who had been king looked up and down and round about, and said at last: "Where be the horses and the men?"

But his fellow with the red beard said: "Raven-son, in this land when they journey, what do they as to riding or going afoot?"

Said Hallblithe: "Fair fellows, ye shall wot that in this land folk go afoot for

the most part, both men and women; whereas they weary but little, and are in no haste."

Then the once-captain clapped the once-king on the shoulder, and said: "Hearken, lord, and delay no longer, but gird up thy gown, since here is no mare's son to help thee: for fair is to-day that lies before us, with many a fair new day beyond it."

So Hallblithe led the way inward, thinking of many things, yet but little of his fellows. Albeit they, and the younger man especially, were of many words; for this black-haired man had many questions to ask, chiefly concerning the women, what they were like to look on, and of what mood they were. Hallblithe answered thereto as long as he might, but at last he laughed and said: "Friend, forbear thy questions now; for meseemeth in a few hours thou shalt be as wise hereon as the God of Love himself."

So they made diligence along the road, and all was tidingless till on the second day at even they came to the first house off the waste. They then had good welcome, and slept. But on the morrow when they arose, Hallblithe spake to the seekers, and said: "Now are things much changed betwixt us since the time when we first met: for then I had all my desire, as I thought, and ye had but one desire, and well nigh lacked hope of its fulfilment. Whereas now the lack hath left you and come to me. Wherefore even as time agone ye might abide but one night at the House of the Raven, so hard as your desire lay on you; even so it fareth with me to-day, that I am consumed with my desire, and I may not abide with you; lest that befall which befalleth betwixt the full man and the fasting. Wherefore now I bless you and depart."

They abounded in words of good-will to him, and the once-king said: "Abide with us, and we shall see to it that thou have all dignities that a man may think of."

And the once-captain said: "Lo, here is mine hand that hath been mighty; never shalt thou lack it for the accomplishment of thine uttermost desire. Abide with us."

Lastly said the young man: "Abide with us, Son of the Raven! Set thine heart on a fair woman, yea even were it the fairest; and I will get her for thee, yea, even were my desire set on her."

But he smiled on them, and shook his head, and said: "All hail to you! but mine errand is yet undone." And therewith he departed.

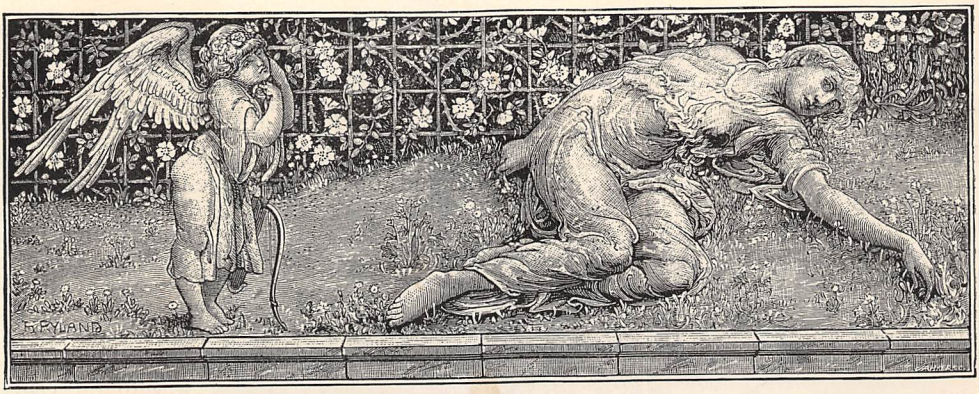
He skirted Wood-end and came not to it, but got him down to the side of the sea, not far from where he first came aland, but somewhat south of it. A fair oak-wood came down close to the beach of the sea; it was some four miles end-long and overthwart. Thither Hallblithe betook him, and in a day or two got him wood-wright's tools from a house of men a little outside the wood, three miles from the sea-shore. Then he set to work and built him a little frame-house on a lawn of the wood beside a clear stream; for he was a very deft wood-wright. Withal he made him a bow and arrows, and shot what he would of the fowl and the deer for his livelihood; and folk from that house and otherwhence came to see him, and brought him bread and wine and spicery and other matters which he needed. And the days wore, and men got used to him, and loved him as if he had been a rare image which had been brought to that land for its adornment; and now they no longer called him the Spearman, but the Wood-lover. And as for him, he took all in patience, abiding what the lapse of days should bring forth.

(*To be continued.*)

PORTRAIT OF A CARDINAL.

ENGRAVED BY H. GEDAN, FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY. ITALIAN, SIXTEENTH CENTURY. NO. 1048.

A BUST PORTRAIT OF THE SAME PERSONAGE BY SCIPIONE GAETANO IS IN THE CORSINI PALACE AT ROME.



PHILIPPINE WELSER.

By F. MARION CRAWFORD.

With Illustrations.

IT is not to be expected that the name of Philippine Welser should be as familiar in the ears of English-speaking people as it always has been, and is at the present day, to Austrians, Bohemians, and even Bavarians. Her story is at once simple and touching, and deserves to be reckoned among the love-tales of mankind. Rarely in the annals of knightly devotion and womanly virtue have two such spirits met by chance, loved at first sight, waited in patience and in faith, to be united at last in perfect and harmonious happiness. Let all men and women who have loved judge for themselves whether the story of Ferdinand of Hapsburg and Philippine his wife deserves or not to be read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested.

Philippine was born at Augsburg in the year 1527, and was the daughter of Franz Welser and of Anna Adler, often erroneously spoken of as Frau von Zinnendorf, or Zinnenberg, although that title was not conferred upon the Adler family until long after Philippine's marriage. We do not know whether this Anna Adler was beautiful, but her sister, Katherina von Loxan, was celebrated as the greatest beauty of her day. Franz Welser and his brothers, Anton and Bartholmä, were among the most prominent leaders of that mighty plutocracy which has left such splendid monuments of its magnificent existence throughout the length and breadth of Germany. It is enough to mention that Franz's two brothers manned ships of war at Seville in 1528, conquered Venezuela, colonized it, and governed it for a period of twenty-six years. Franz himself, however, appears to have taken little or no part in the gigantic enterprises of his brethren, though it is certain that he possessed a great fortune of his own which enabled him to entertain at his house in Augsburg both royal personages and dignitaries of the Empire in a princely fashion.

The Imperial Parliament met at Augsburg in the late summer of 1547. The Emperor Charles V. entered the city on the 23rd of July, the sittings began September 1st, and on October 20th, King Ferdinand of Austria, afterwards Emperor, and his son, the Archduke Ferdinand, arrived in their turn. The latter, a brilliant boy-knight, not yet twenty years of age, but already gifted with beauty, strength, and talent surpassing the men of his time, seems to have possessed a goodly share of that virtue without fear and without reproach, of which Bayard's brief, noble life had then lately furnished an imperishable example. The younger Ferdinand was almost as much beloved by Charles V. as by his own father. In 1556, nine years later, when Charles had determined to abdicate the Imperial throne, the Archduke Ferdinand was chosen as ambassador to deter him from executing his resolution.

Long before this the Emperor had thought of marrying Ferdinand to the daughter of Francis I., but this match had been prevented by the renewal of hostilities with France. Then again, King Ferdinand had wished to unite his son with Queen Mary

of England, known as the "Bloody," but this was opposed by Charles, who successfully wooed her for his own son Philip. It is even stated that in 1563 a marriage was talked of between the Archduke and Mary Queen of Scots, but this seems improbable.

There is no doubt whatever that Ferdinand first saw Philippine at Augsburg at the time when the Imperial Parliament was there assembled. A painting of the period still exists, representing the Archduke mounted upon a white charger, galloping across the old Heumarkt, or haymarket, and doffing his hat to the fair Philippine, who looks down upon him from the oriel window of the old house now in the possession of the Krämer family. Ferdinand seems to have been at some former time, while yet a mere boy, the guest of the young girl's father, and it was natural enough that he should now find both leisure and opportunity to visit her in her home. It is clear, not only from the single authentic portrait which is extant, but also from all contemporary evidence, that Philippine must have been wonderfully beautiful. She seems to have possessed extraordinary strength combined with the appearance of singular delicacy. It is recorded of her that she could not only handle her needle with supreme skill to embroider the *Dank* or prize for the victor in a tournament; she could also bend a tough steel cross-bow and send its bolt unerringly into the bull's eye of the target. She was far above the average height, but delicately and gracefully made. Her face was classic in outline, pale and full of nobility. The small and perfect mouth betrayed the loving, gentle disposition, in which Ferdinand found a ready response to his own heart-beatings; the high curved nostrils promised that unswerving courage of which the young girl gave such abundant proof during the nine long years of waiting which preceded her marriage, and finally, the clear-cut, well-balanced chin and jaw gave evidence of that keen wisdom and wise judgment for which she was afterwards remarkable in the management of her household affairs. This exquisite head was poised upon a throat so swan-like as to make men say and repeat even to our own times that when she drank red wine the

PHILIPPINE WELSER. FROM A PICTURE IN INNSBRUCK.

ruby colour of the juice could be seen through the snowy whiteness of the outer skin.

Poets, playwrights, and novelists have treated the tale of true love which began under such difficulties at Augsburg in 1547, to end at Ambras thirty-three years later, in their own fashion, assuming traditions as facts, confusing the personal attributes of Ferdinand with those of his sons, and introducing dramatic scenes for which there is neither foundation in history nor reasonable ground in the characters of the persons concerned. In a paper of this length it is impossible to enter into the discussion of documentary evidence; it may be enough to say here that the writer has carefully confronted the various versions of the story now extant, and has done his best to obtain the personal opinion of such living historians as have dealt with the subject.

FERDINAND, ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA. FROM A PICTURE IN INNSBRUCK.

Of what took place at Augsburg during the first few months of their acquaintance it is not possible to speak circumstantially, though the subsequent behaviour of Ferdinand and Philippine enables us to cast up from the depths of the past a picture which need lack neither beauty, reality, nor interest. Great nations, great civilizations, great orders and great cities have more than once borne their fairest fruit when nearing the fatal moment of their dissolution. In the middle of the sixteenth century the garden of chivalry was already cross-ploughed and disfigured by the destructive engines of the newer warfare; but its fertility was increased tenfold in certain favoured spots, and between the blackened furrows blossomed still such flowers of knighthood as Bayard and Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria. Although Ferdinand was not his father's eldest son, his union with a daughter of the mercantile class could not fail to meet with obstacles all but insurmountable. Such a marriage could not be brought about in our own day without great difficulty; Ferdinand's best friends looked upon it as impossible. And yet it is certain that within very few months of their first meeting the lovers plighted their honourable troth. It is pleasant to know surely that neither the Emperor's favourite knight nor the merchant's peerless daughter ever

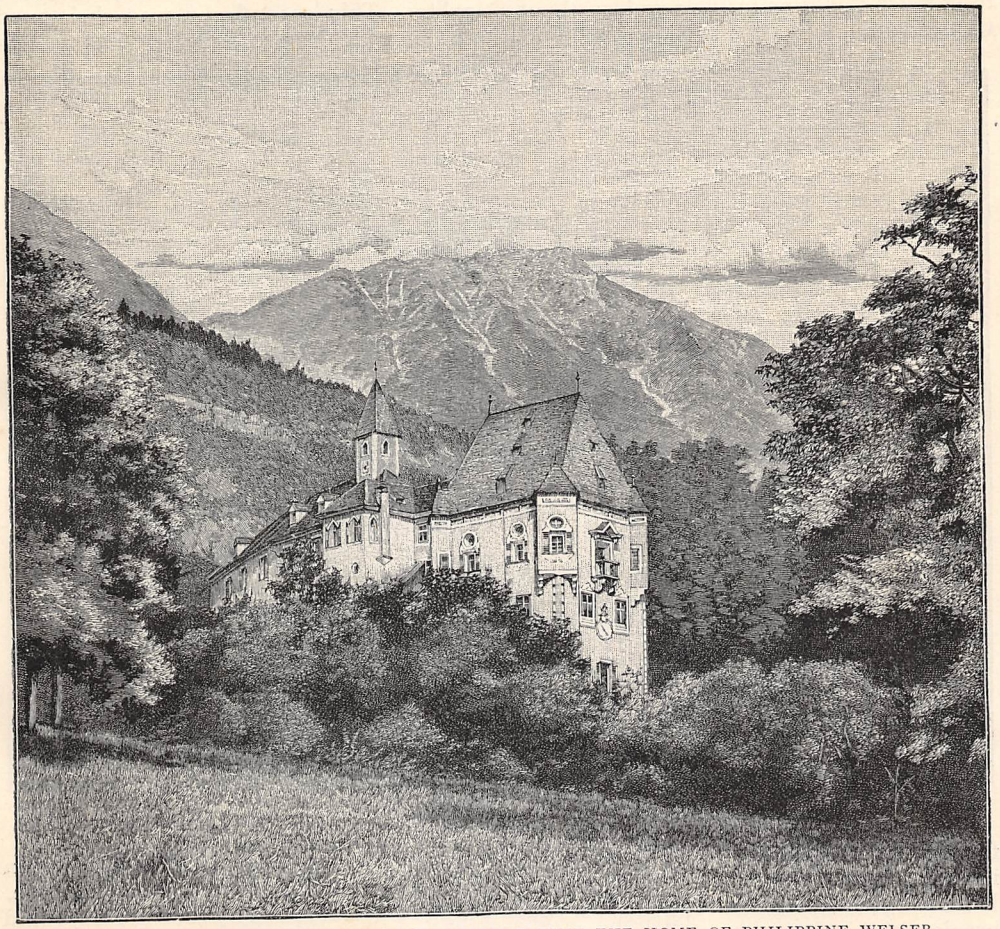
contemplated for a moment a union not blessed by their faith. The test was indeed a severe one. As far as is known the two were free to see each other without hindrance during the nine years which intervened between their betrothal at Augsburg and their marriage in Bohemia. Ferdinand was too exalted a personage to incur the criticism of any but the Emperor Charles, his own father Ferdinand, and his brothers. As for Philippine, her character was as far above suspicion as her grace and beauty surpassed the gifts of ordinary womankind. Her father and mother seem to have known her and trusted her as she deserved. They evidently looked upon her betrothal in a serious light, for they allowed her to leave them and to establish herself under the roof of her aunt, the beautiful Katherina von Loxan, at the Castle of Brzesnitz in Bohemia. Ferdinand, whose mother was the daughter of the last Bohemian monarch, was at that time Governor of the Bohemian Kingdom and Crown-land, and must have resided principally in Prague. The memory of his faithful devotion lingers like a ray of sunshine from other times in the grand and melancholy capital.

But Ferdinand's activity was not confined alone to the direction of a local government. He knew indeed that while Charles V. filled the imperial throne there could be no question of his own marriage, but this seems to have been the only point upon which the Emperor and the Archduke could not have agreed, even if the former had been aware of his young kinsman's wishes. Many and great deeds did Ferdinand in the service of the empire. In the eventful year 1556 he found himself at the head of the imperial forces in the campaign against the Turks in Hungary, as the direct consequence of the courage, talent and loyal devotion he had so constantly exhibited in arms. In the same year he undertook the mission already spoken of with the object of dissuading the Emperor from his intended abdication. There is no reason to believe that he was unsuccessful in this affair through any lack of zeal, but it would be hard to imagine a situation more trying than the one in which he found himself. He doubtless knew that so long as Charles remained upon the throne his marriage must continue to be impracticable ; in using his influence against the Emperor's withdrawal he was therefore postponing that happiness for which he had patiently waited during nine years. The Emperor however, was inflexible, and actually retired from the conduct of affairs in October, 1556. Three months later Ferdinand and Philippine were man and wife.

During the long period of her betrothal, in other words, from her twenty-first to her thirtieth year, the Augsburg beauty seems to have spent most of her time in the Castle of Brzesnitz, and those who know anything of life in the country in the sixteenth century and of life in Bohemia at the present day will understand that such an existence could hardly have been gay. There must have been more variety in the wild days a couple of hundred years earlier, when the knights and barons of the fourteenth century tore each other to pieces, burned each other's dwellings and carried off each other's wives and daughters. Under Ferdinand's regency Bohemia was little disturbed except by theological disputes, and the reign of peace was in all probability also a reign of dulness. During the long northern winters, when the rivers are ice-bound, and the wild, undulating forest country is buried in frozen snow, the inmates of great feudal halls are thrown upon their own resources, even in modern civilized Europe, where every art and science has been laid under contribution in the cause of amusement. But in those days a woman's occupation offered little variety. Great ladies found little to do beyond working and praying. Philippine had ample time for both, and so far as it is possible to judge by her after life was idle in neither. When her white hands were not clasped in prayer her nimble fingers must have been generally busy with the needle or occupied in the selection and preparation of those herbs and simples with the uses of which she was so well acquainted. It may be doubted whether a young girl of our own day could retire to the country at twenty-one years of age to wait for her husband until she should be thirty, and emerge then from her solitude in undimmed freshness, beauty and buoyancy of spirits, as is recorded of Philippine Welser. Whether the result was produced by the work, or by the prayers, or by both together, we cannot tell ; but there seems to have been some magic in the manners and customs of those and of earlier times by which the body was preserved in the freshness of youth and the spirit in its pristine elasticity, under circumstances which would nowadays whiten a woman's hair, and bend the strength of the most enduring man.

Although Ferdinand undoubtedly expected to obtain his father's approval in due

time, the marriage ceremony was performed in the strictest secrecy. In the chapel of Brzesnitz, in the month of January, 1557, Johannes de Cavalleriis united the faithful pair in wedlock. The priest was the Archduke's confessor; the only witness present was the widowed lady of Loxan, and this circumstance afterwards produced somewhat unexpected difficulties. It is true that, after the birth of the first son, other persons were admitted to the secret; but the Catholic Church required, and still requires, according to the ordinance of the Council of Trent, the presence of at least one male witness for the formal ratification of the marriage bond. It was still indispensable to obtain the approval of the Archduke's father, who had succeeded Charles V. as Emperor of Germany, and further, it was necessary that the Pope should acknowledge



THE WEIHERBURG, NEAR INNSBRUCK, FOR SOME TIME THE HOME OF PHILIPPINE WELSER.

the validity of the union. Until the first of these two steps had been taken, Ferdinand continued to reside either in Bürglitz or in Prague, while Philippine remained with her aunt at Brzesnitz. At the latter place, on the 15th of June, 1558, the first son was born; he was named Andreas, and was afterwards known as Cardinal Andreas of Austria. The birth of the infant was kept a profound secret during the first week of its existence. On the 21st of the month, Katherina von Loxan and her daughter laid the future ecclesiastic on the pavement between the castle gates. Here the babe was found, doubtless in the course of a few minutes, by the gate-keeper, was immediately taken back into the castle as a foundling, formally adopted by its own mother, and baptized on the same day.

It is certain that, so soon as Ferdinand became a father he took energetic steps to obtain an acknowledgment of his marriage from the Emperor and the rest of his family. It is doubtful whether the Emperor himself ever set eyes upon his beautiful daughter-

in-law, and he was assuredly much displeased at the first information he received of the marriage contracted by his son. He must have been moved to clemency, however, as much by the long and patient devotion of the pair as by the certainty that a man of his son's noble disposition would never bestow his affections unworthily. It is said that he signed some document in the nature of an approval on August 1st, 1559, but owing to some delay in obtaining the consent of the other Archdukes, the certificate of reconciliation, if we may so call it, was not delivered until September 13th, 1561. Nevertheless Ferdinand was evidently sure that his father would ultimately yield, for, although the same secret proceedings attended the birth of Philippine's second son which have been already detailed in connection with the birth of the first, the event took place this time in the royal castle at Bürglitz. This second son was christened Charles, and his father probably meant to name him for the great Emperor as well as

CASTLE OF AMBRAS.

for his wife's brother. He also grew to manhood and attained considerable distinction in the empire, as well as the reputation of being the strongest man alive in his time. He was able to stop with his hands a coach dragged at full speed by four horses, could break with his fingers two silver thalers laid together, and could hurl a twenty-eight-foot lance at a target with unswerving aim. Two other children, twins, were born to Philippine in 1562, but they both died in infancy.

The agreement by which the Emperor Ferdinand and his other sons acknowledged the validity of the marriage covered every difficulty which could arise in the future. The children were to bear neither royal nor princely title, and were to be known simply as Andreas and Charles "of Austria." A jointure of 3,000 florins was stipulated for Philippine, and a fixed income was granted to the sons, together with freedom from all taxes and duties for them and their issue. Furthermore, in case the royal line should fail, they and their descendants were to inherit all the principalities and fiefs held by the House of Austria from the Holy Roman Empire, excepting Bohemia and Hungary. A more generous and noble act on the part of the Emperor could not be imagined, but the first clause of the document contained a provision which must have marred the satisfaction of the faithful pair. They were constrained to promise that their marriage should remain an official secret during their lifetime, unless they could

obtain the papal absolution for the irregularity of having had no male witness to the wedding ceremony. It may be as well to say here that fifteen years elapsed before this absolution was obtained by Cavalleriis from Pope Gregory XIII. That Pope maintained that a new ceremony was necessary, but it is characteristic of the Archduke that he flatly refused this condition, declaring in a letter to the Cardinal Bishop of Sebeste that "he would never suffer that what had been once validly done should only be declared valid by means of a new action ; for that such a course would cast a slur upon the honour of his wife and children." It having been shown that the ordinances of the Council of Trent had not been really in force at the time of the marriage, the absolution was granted, and at the same time the Cardinal's hat was presented to the eldest son, though he was at that time neither of age nor in orders.

A story is told of Philippine in the first years of her marriage which proves at once the kindness of her heart and the influence she exerted over her husband. The schismatic movement which had begun with the preaching of John Huss, and which was to end in the battle of the White Mountain during the Thirty Years' War, was active in Bohemia under the vice-regency of Ferdinand. Philippine had not been long in the royal castle of Bürglitz before she discovered that Johann Augusta, a Unitarian bishop, had been confined for fourteen years in a windowless subterranean cell of that stronghold. Though she felt no sympathy for the movement, her compassion was roused by the old man's sufferings. On Good Friday she besought her husband to allow her to visit the imprisoned prelate. Ferdinand granted her request, and she entered the dungeon with an interpreter—a fact which proves that during a residence of thirteen years in Bohemia she had not learned the language. The prisoner told her that during the last eight years of his confinement he and his fellow-sufferer, Jacob Bilek, had neither seen light nor breathed fresh air ; he implored his visitor to obtain for him permission to spend Easter Day in daylight. This was allowed to him and to his companion through Philippine's intercession, and in a short time she prevailed upon Ferdinand to set them both at liberty.

In 1563 Ferdinand was appointed Regent of the Tyrol, but as his father, the Emperor, died in 1564, he continued to govern Bohemia till the end of 1566, though absent a part of the time in another campaign against the Turks. In January, 1567, he made his official entry into Innsbruck, and took up his residence in the romantic castle of Ambras, which he had bestowed upon his wife three years earlier by deed of gift. In this beautiful spot Philippine spent the remaining thirteen years of her life in close converse with the man of her choice, here she saw her boys grow up to strength and dignity, here she sat down by the waters of happiness which had found their way to the peaceful mere after their tortuous course through the rough and broken ground of other years. Hence, at last, the messenger was sent to Rome ; hither, after many diplomatic and ecclesiastic delays, the aged confessor returned in triumph ; here, after nineteen years of unacknowledged wifehood, Philippine was proclaimed as "Her Highness the High-born Princess and Lady Philippine of Austria."

The life and good deeds of Philippine at Ambras have never been forgotten by the Tyrolese people. There seems to have been no limit to her kindness, forethought, and power of entering into details. Living in the simplest manner with her husband, her children, and her faithful friend and aunt Katherina von Loxan, she devoted herself to the happiness of those she loved and to the doing of good works among the poor. If the spring and the early summer of her life had been darkened by clouds of doubt, anxiety, and the misjudgment of the world, yet were the harvest-time and autumn made bright by the sun of an unbroken happiness. There are records both amusing and pathetic of her charitable doings. At one time Ambras must have been more like a hospital for paupers than a princely residence. Gorin Guaranta gives a list of the patients present in the castle together on one occasion. There were several Turkish prisoners, one Russian, one Turkish girl, a blacksmith, a carpenter, and a tax-gatherer from Aldrans, besides a number of idiots and epileptics. In order to minister to the needs of these numerous patients Philippine found it necessary to prepare medicines on a large scale. She had a complete apothecary's establishment in which she worked with the physician Guaranta. Her book of recipes contains among other things rose syrup, rose honey, the juice of quinces, wild cherries, and figs ; many sorts of lotions, gargles and tooth-washes ; remedies for cramp in the stomach, epileptic fits, swollen tonsils, coughs, vertigo and consumption, and finally, antidotes against poisons.

She seems to have employed numerous assistants, amongst others an old woman known as the Heidenreichin. It is recorded that she used oil of absinthe with success in the case of a dropsical labourer; that she cured a bad case of fever with a decoction of *Cnicus benedictus*, and that she wrote to one suffering from ear-ache advising him to stuff his ears with lamb's wool. Her remedy for cramp of the stomach was drastic, and not intended for persons of fastidious taste. It is as follows: Slaughter a sheep close by the patient, flay it right speedly, lay the warm skin upon the bare body and administer two spoonfuls of the water (recipe lost); the attack will soon pass.

She provided countless wedding garments for girls about to be married, many children of her servants and retainers were named for her, and there is no end to the petitions from poor people, still extant. The widow of Peter Schmälz implored her to buy a prayer-book which her deceased husband had begun to illuminate for Philippine, in the hope of saving his family from starvation. A singing boy from the Court Church, "who could not find enough heart in himself" to address the Archduke, begged "his Gracious Lady in Ambras" to obtain for him a small stipend, which she granted, contrary to the advice of her secretary. Many nobles did not scruple to invoke the aid of the "burgher's daughter," the "lover of all sad souls."

Ferdinand's family life in the Tyrol seems to have been little hampered by aristocratic prejudice or formality, and shows his love of unconstrained, simple, and cheerful intercourse, as well with the nobles of the country as with his own household. One of the few forms of ceremony constantly maintained was the custom of dining apart. The Archduke, Philippine, and Frau von Loxan took their meals in their own company in a room of the castle known as the Kirnstube. It is especially remembered that Philippine, like many good German housewives, had a passion for sauerkraut; and it is noteworthy that when her health began to fail she was advised to eat it with pork, rather than with "fat capon," as being more digestible.

The bond of devoted friendship which had united Philippine to her aunt, Frau von Loxan, throughout her whole life, was hardly severed by death itself. On April 13th, 1580, the elder lady died after a brief illness, and on the very next day her beautiful niece fell ill. She died eleven days later, on the 24th of the month, between four and five in the morning. Her death is minutely described. Father Gampasser assisted her at the last, and many persons besides her husband were present. When she felt that her end was at hand, she turned first to her husband, begging "that he would forgive her if she had not always acted according to his wishes, and earnestly recommending the women of her household to his fatherly care." She called her sons next and bid them so live as to be a joy to their father, and blessed them. Then she looked up smiling, and tightly clasping the cross sent her by the Pope with the absolution of her marriage, once more she spoke a few words with her husband, looked lovingly upon him and gave him her right hand. The Duke of Bavaria, believing that her last moments had come, lighted the taper and held it near the dying woman. She was fully conscious, and seeing that the end did not come, she turned her eyes to the Duke, saying with characteristic thoughtfulness for the trouble of others, "Your Grace must be weary." A few moments later she kissed the little cross, and promised to pray for all if she found mercy in heaven. Then the bystanders heard her last words, "I will soon be with Thee," and she softly sank to rest for ever.

Philippine's death was notified to all the Courts with which Ferdinand maintained diplomatic relations. The curiously worded document by which Ferdinand proclaimed the mourning for his well-beloved wife has been preserved, but a translation of it would give no idea of its quaint pathos. Philippine's body lay in state a short time, and she was finally buried with great magnificence on the 29th of April, in a chapel of the Franciscan Church, which Ferdinand had prepared as a resting-place for himself and his wife. Upon the tomb lies a full-length portrait statue of the good and beautiful woman, and beneath is graven the following short inscription:

Ferdinandus, Dei gratia, Archidux Austriae, Dux Burgundiae, Comes Tirolis, Philippinæ, conjugi carissimae fieri curavit. Obiit XXIIII. mensis Aprilis, anno salutis MDLXXX.

Fifteen years later Ferdinand himself was interred in the same chapel, and there he has lain now more than three hundred years, the armour he wore hanging above him, the woman he loved so faithfully lying at his feet.

SERVANTS.

By the Hon. MAUDE STANLEY.

IT is very strongly my conviction, that servants are now as good, as trustworthy, and as capable as in former days. But are the mistresses, I would ask, as good now, as they were fifty years ago? Are they as good house-wives? Do they know as much about cooking, preserving, furniture-cleaning or laundry-work? Possibly they may have learned the scientific properties of food, have heard of steam laundries, and of the chemical properties of furniture polish; but have they ever boiled a potato? Have they made preserves, or do they know the meaning of elbow-grease, for making their furniture bright and clean? Can they do what their grandmothers did, or are they only pleasure seekers, idle dreamers, female politicians, or busy philanthropists, too full of engagements to give one thought to household cares and household duties?

In large establishments the lady will have her housekeeper, who saves her the trouble of looking after the minutiæ of the servants' work; but even the great lady will not have good servants if she knows nothing of them herself. Some ladies visit the East End, look after the poor in their own neighbourhood, or go long distances to amuse girls from factories and workshops, but do not even know the names of their own housemaids and kitchenmaids. They may show much sympathetic interest in the lives of the tailoress, or the milliner; but are often ignorant of the troubles and cares of those in their own household. The old proverb that "charity begins at home" may mean, that care and thought for the working classes should begin with the care and the thought for Mary, Jane, or Susan, who are dependent on their mistresses for their happiness, well-being, and in their earlier days of service, for their good or bad training.

What is the reason that the mistress who has but one or two servants so often complains? May it be that she has not considered that an hour a day would be well spent in looking after her home, and in teaching and training her young and inexperienced servants. Has she shown the young nurse how to bathe the baby, and have everything to hand, no hurry, no sudden remembrance when baby is on her knees, after its pleasant bath, that the powder is in the next room, or that the clothes are not quite ready for use? Has she seen that the housework has been done well, the floors well scrubbed, the corners swept out, and the brass work bright?

A few minutes spent daily in each room will satisfy her that all is in order, and a more careful visit once a week when she gives out the clean linen, will show her that the beds are well made, and that clothes and rubbish are not stuffed away under the servants' mattresses. Then she should visit the kitchen, and on the table should be spread before her all that is left of yesterday's provisions, to enable her to see what more is wanted for the day's consumption, nor should she neglect to see to the spotless cleanliness of the kitchen cupboards and drawers, and that no caps or hats are left on the dresser. Servants do not object to this overlooking on the part of their mistress, but get an enthusiasm for their work, as they find that it is dignified by approbation.

Let me speak too of the general servant so much sought after, and to whom wages are paid of £18 to £24 a year: these are the higher class of "generals." They are found in families who live in well-furnished, substantial houses, where all is comfortable and often refined. The best are difficult to obtain, for it requires a most orderly head, a capable mind, and dexterous hands to combine the many duties required of the general servant. She must be parlour-maid, housemaid, and cook; thoroughly understand all the branches of domestic work; and, above all, take a pride and pleasure

in seeing that her work is well done. For several reasons she may prefer such a place to those she might have in larger families with many servants. She will not have many mistresses to please and consider, as is the case of those who are under-servants in great establishments. She knows that all the work must be done by herself, and so she can plan and arrange best how to do it. She will enjoy being the one trusted and valued servant of the house, with no opportunity for jealousy, the bane of many servants. If there is any little pleasure to be had, any dainty bit to get, she has it all. She has no troublesome tempers to put up with but her own, should she have one, and we know that tempers improve where there is no friction. So for all these reasons a well-trained high-class "general" has a very good place in domestic life.

And how, it may be asked, are servants and mistresses to get well suited? It seems to me that the characters of each should be gone into; inquiries should be made on both sides. Is it not a contract? and are there not two parties to a contract? Is it not as important to the one as to the other that the representations made on each side should be correct? The engagement may be made through advertising or through registry offices. The latter are in many cases a snare. When the servant has paid her registering fee she is told of this or that place, often at very long distances; and she may at last find out that the office-keeper has merely copied out advertisements from the newspapers, without any knowledge of the place or mistress of whom she pretended to have such intimate acquaintance. There are of course many reliable and excellent registry offices. The misfortune is that the servant cannot distinguish for herself between the respectable ones and those that are not so. Advertising for places is often a successful way of finding good service: the mistress and maid are thus brought together without an intermediary, who may or may not represent the facts, and it will often be the cheapest and most expeditious way of finding a place.

Young servants may never rise to the highest sphere of domestic work, for they may not have in them the capacity for higher work, or they may marry young, in which case there will be this advantage, that they will bring into the home of the working man many comforts of life—the result of domestic training. Visitors to the homes of the poor, whether in town or country, at once perceive if the wife has ever been in service, for in their homes there is an appearance of tidiness and comfort that is often missed in others of the same class.

Servants are trained for service in many different ways; some will not leave home till they are seventeen, after learning from careful mothers a great deal of household work. In many counties of England by that age girls will not only know how to bake, wash, and iron, but will understand something of cooking and house-cleaning. This training can alone come from the country homes; and that is no doubt the reason why people so often end their advertisements by saying, "country servants preferred." From London homes girls generally go out much earlier; they are as a rule quite untrained in household work, and at first get small and often very hard and miserable places.

It is often said that girls will not in the present day go into service, that they will only work at trades or in factories. This is partly true; but the dislike arises from the miserable life that the lowest class of general servants too often lead, and to such service the untrained girl can alone aspire. She is expected to know all about domestic work, and has probably never seen most of the articles of every-day use.

The only training which a girl gets at present at the elementary schools which would directly help her in domestic work is needlework and cooking. Before long I hope to see added to this instruction in the London Board schools that of laundry-work and housework.[1]

Another way in which girls are prepared for service is by being brought up in large industrial schools, some established for orphans and destitute children, others under the Poor Law or Industrial Acts. In such schools everything is well considered by committees of management, and the children are well looked after. The best and newest appliances are used, but the very perfection of the washing and laundry departments often turn the girls into mere machines: they never have that valuable education of home life, where "necessity is the mother of invention," and where straitened means have caused the mistress to make the best of everything she had by her.

To visit a large home of hundreds of children is in some respects a sad sight, when we consider the loneliness of heart of the little creatures, who appear before us

[1] At many schools in Liverpool such instruction is given.

in such perfect discipline. There can be no home feeling in large dormitories, in splendid kitchens, in immense dining halls. True, they are spotlessly clean and have every sanitary arrangement; but at best they are a poor substitute for home life. I often find that the children who have been brought up in these institutions have knowledge but not education so far as it means drawing out and exercising the individual faculties.

Small industrial homes are admirable ways of training young servants; but better still is the training of girls in large or small houses where there are good upper servants, or an excellent mistress who will take an interest in such work, and in this way the best of all results can be obtained. In no way have I ever heard of such training being more successfully carried out than by Lady de Vesci in Ireland. For thirty years four girls, Roman Catholics and Protestants alike, have had a three years' training in the laundry, and at the present time besides the laundry girls there are two in the housemaids' department, and one in the still-room.

Servants are so well off compared to all other wage-earning women, that they should save and be able to provide for marriage, for a rainy day, or for old age. We know it can be done, and happily in many instances provision is made. It will mean some self-denial, and some carefulness. Many of our modern luxuries have unfortunately descended very low in the social scale. What would our grandmothers have said to the young servant girl who spent nine shillings on photographs of herself in three months. Dress is also a cause of great waste of money. A mistress can do much when the servant is young, by showing the value of saving, the way that money should be laid out, the extravagance of buying cheap and inferior materials for dress, and many other thrifty habits. To many a mistress does the maid owe a debt of gratitude for having given her a bank book, and persistently encouraged her to put by whenever her wages were paid. Like many other virtues, thrift is quite easy when the habit is acquired, and the young servant will often get into the habit of saving through the good and kind influence of her mistress.

We might learn some good lessons from American mistresses. We find that the American lady, whatever wealth she may possess, will yet look into all household arrangements with care. With us luxuries belong to all classes, from the smallest wage-earning girl to the lady who has her hundreds a year to spend on herself; and so, when we try to inculcate thrift in servants, we are struggling against an evil which has entered into the heart of our nation.

I cannot finish these few words about servants without saying something of their pleasures. Are these sufficiently thought of? Are they enough considered?

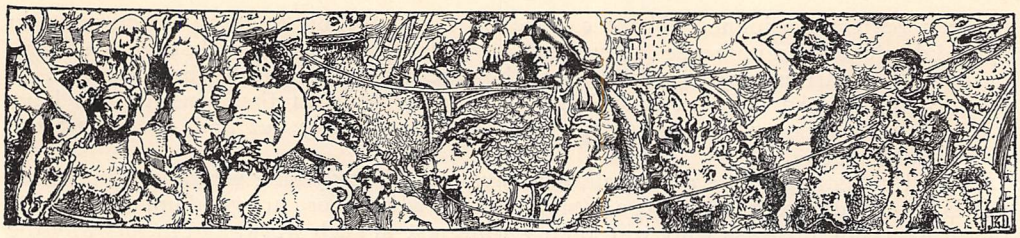
On their part, how self-forgetting they are, often having more thought for the ailments of their mistress than for their own sufferings. What sleepless nights will the nurse have with a fretful baby; how often will unexpected work oblige a servant to give up her evening out with her friends; and how little does she see of the outside world in her two Sunday afternoons in the month, often the only time she is allowed to be out by daylight.

Think of the poor little maid-of-all-work who sits alone night after night in her lonely kitchen, and who for companions has but black beetles or cockroaches. Can we wonder that she spends many pennies every week on those sensational serials that take her for a short time out of these dismal surroundings? Her mistress may never have offered to lend her any books, or taken into consideration how the evenings of the little drudge were spent.

Alas! mistresses have much to answer for. What work has been left undone! What opportunities lost! And what unkind words, and thoughtless neglect of those who have lived under their own roofs.

No rule can be laid down as to what pleasures should be given to servants: they must depend on the circumstances of the family in every respect; but does not this golden rule cover all the ground—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them"?

I don't say that there are not many bad and indifferent servants; but the careful mistress will try and make a good choice when engaging a servant, and if she finds out she has been mistaken, she will not keep one who will not fall into the ways of her orderly and well governed house. Who that has known the value of a good servant, the old and trusted friend of the family, the devoted friend of the children as they grow up, will not feel that a good servant is a treasure beyond all price.



POTTERS IN RHINELAND.

By WILLIAM WOODALL, M.P.

Illustrated by HARRY FURNISS.

CONNOISSEURS love—and many who have no pretension to that title are familiar with—the quaint drinking mugs and other vessels which are known as *Grés de Flandres*. Scoffers have said that the peculiar stoneware in question has been so named because it was never made in Flemish-land; but, as will presently be seen, the scoffers are wrong. The province of Limburg however, now divided between Germany and Belgium, which was so long one of the principal seats of this manufacture, has always been a frontier state, and had always been up to 1814 subject to the counts and other rulers of Flanders. The ware is in truth essentially German in its history, and in the characteristics of its diversified forms, and artistic embellishments. The precise date and place of its origin remain unknown. A well-authenticated fragment of the brown ware bears the date of 1539; but examples of a rude, unglazed, white ware, and of a coarse, earthen body of dark grey, smeared with a lead glaze, have been found in excavations, and may be supposed to have been the productions of a very remote period. But evidently, by the middle of the sixteenth century the art had attained to something like perfection. For two centuries Germany retained the monopoly, and kept Europe supplied with drinking vessels adapted very much to the tastes, to the measures, and to the usages of different lands. It was towards the end of the eighteenth century when a successful attempt was made by one Dwight of Fulham to produce the like articles in England. This was however a period of remarkable activity among English potters. The picturesque, though rude, puzzle-jugs and tygs had been the product of much ingenuity; but they were disappearing before the beautiful salt-glaze ware, much of which has never been excelled in perfection of form and sharpness of ornament, and which had attained to the highest degree of artistic quality before the advent of Josiah Wedgwood. The story of this rude, though eminently native craft, and of its development, has been charmingly told in his *Art of the Old English Potter*, by M. Louis Solon, to whose antiquarian and artistic researches the writer of this paper offers his very grateful acknowledgments.

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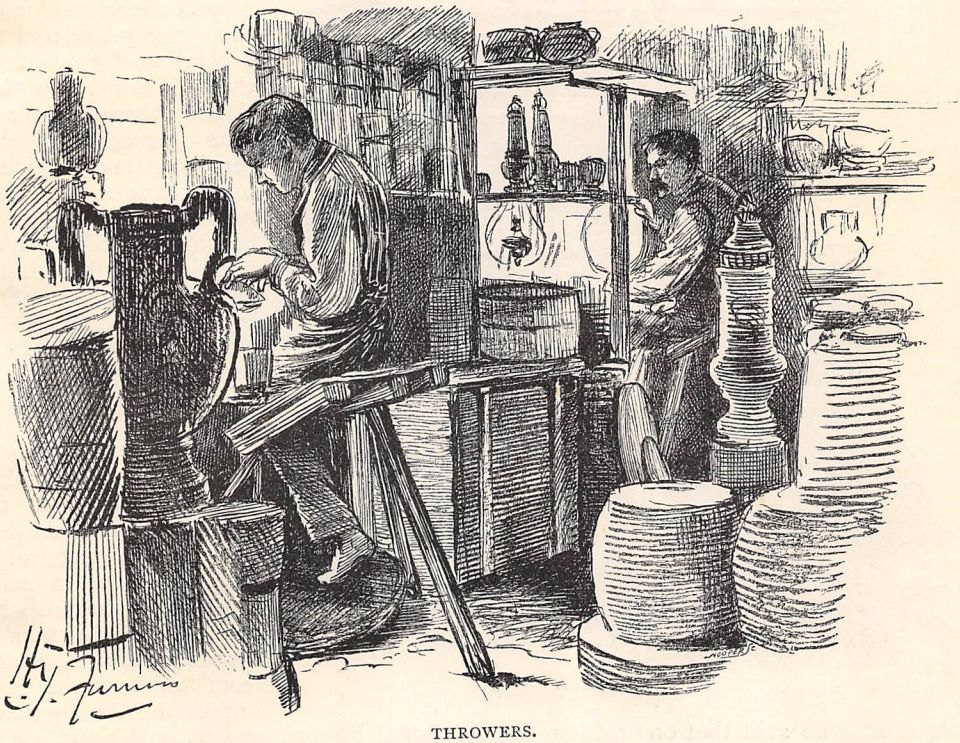
The stoneware however, properly so called, was probably produced in numberless localities all over Germany and the Low Countries, where suitable clay and natural aptitude existed. But there are a few districts to which peculiar interest attaches: these were seats of characteristic and often remarkable original styles. Among the most notable places was Siegburg, situated not far from Bonn, on a tributary of the Rhine. There were produced the tall cylindrical cannettes in what was long known as Cologne ware, and

other articles of a like kind in a white body, often unglazed, but richly embossed with elaborate and finely-chased figures and ornaments in relief. Siegburg suffered severely during the wars of the seventeenth century; and the potters, despairing of being able to carry on their industry in peaceful security, finally emigrated to other lands. All attempts to induce them to return to their ruined abodes and desolated town were unsuccessful; but about fifty years ago an enterprising and ingenious potter undertook to revive on the spot the old manufacture. With the aid of ancient moulds, discovered in the neighbourhood, he reproduced the ware of the old types, following closely the old traditions. These revivals found a ready market, by the agency of unscrupulous dealers, as veritable examples, and long held unchallenged their places in public museums and the cabinets of collectors as genuine examples of the much-prized ware of Siegburg.



THROWERS.

Only second in historic importance, and quite distinct in character, were the productions of Raeren, a town near Aix-la-Chapelle. These latter were generally of a rich bronze-brown, covered with a brilliant salt glaze. Besides the familiar beer pots, ewers and jugs of great artistic pretensions were there produced. The decorative art of Raeren found employment in the production of religious and mythological drinking and dancing scenes, some adapted from the engravings of the time, others undoubtedly the creation of local modellers and displaying great original talent.

Similar in style and colour to the ware of Raeren were the productions of Frechen, among which may be included a well-known jug, the neck of which is adorned with a grotesque long-bearded face, called in England "Grey Beard," or sometimes known as "Bellarmine."

On all these peaceful centres of ingenious and profitable industry grim-visaged war wrought ruthless devastation. In their despair the potters of the Low Countries abandoned the places in which their art was, like themselves, native and to the manner of the country born. Many sought refuge on the other side of the Rhine, and among other places which were to rejoice in the accession of the emigrants was the district lying a little to the east, opposite the confluence of the Moselle with the Rhine. Now forming part of the province of Nassau, this territory was, up to 1803,

under divided jurisdiction: it was part of the electorate of Treves and of the county of Wied. The district had been from time immemorial identified with the production of pottery to such an extent that it had become known as the "Kannenbäcberland," or the country of the potters—much as the like region in North Staffordshire is known to all men as The Potteries.

In the year 1614, it appears that the Earl of Isenbourg, with commendable sagacity, made grants of land, and gave exemptions from taxation, with other tempting privileges, to one Bertram Knödtgen, a potter of Siegburg, by way of inducing him and his fellow-workers to transfer their art from its old home and to settle in this locality. The men of Siegburg and of Raeren thus encouraged flocked into the new country, and found there the peace and the protection for which in their old homes they had sighed in vain. Their art thus transplanted has survived many vicissitudes, at times has been well-nigh extinguished, but has happily revived, and it flourishes to-day in greater volume than ever, the name of Knödtgen being still borne by many of those who are associated with its fortunes.

BURNISHERS.

In the earlier days of which we have spoken the stoneware of the Kannenbäcberland had no special character of its own, sufficient to make it easily distinguishable from the productions of the Limbourg centre from which it had been imported. As a general rule it may be said that one seldom finds original figure subjects, or delicate friezes of ornamentation, such as those which are the glories of the treasured examples of old Siegburg and Raeren. When subjects of this kind are found they are generally borrowed from the older types. The relief ornamentation was generally impressed by small metal seals, and these rosettes were then connected by stems and branches incised in the clay. Often enough a medallion portrait or heraldic panel occupies the centre of the piece, but such always has the appearance of being a mere accessory rather than an essential detail in the general and harmonious design. The effect thus obtained was heightened by the employment of bright coloured enamels, in deference to the rather gaudy taste of the age; harmonious blendings of purples and blues are the principal characteristic of the ware.

It is time however that we made the closer acquaintance of the Kannenbäcberland. Crossing the bridge of boats at Coblenz, we pass where a pretty road makes its way by easy gradients for some six miles or so to the country of the potters. Descending towards the river is a constant succession of carts, some heavily laden with clay, others carrying grey bottles, blue vases, and the familiar products of the local ceramists: the industrial occupation of the district we are approaching is thus sufficiently indicated.

The Kannenbäcberland of to-day comprises nine busy villages, of which the two most populous, Höhr and Grenzhausen, give a common title to the whole district.

Höhr has the air of a small but flourishing town of between 2,000 and 3,000 population. On approaching it by the road from Coblenz, the evidences of its craft obtrude themselves on every hand. The processes of manufacture are often carried on under the public gaze, and in passing along it is easy to see how the productions are diversified: here a factory of sanitary ware presenting itself, there one of terra-cotta for architectural purposes, stone bottles for ink or beer abounding on every hand, while the blue revival of the *Grés de Flandres* is everywhere *en evidence*. There are about fifty ovens in which the ware is fixed, and these belong to almost as many master employers. The factories are therefore small in size, employing often less than a dozen workpeople, but presenting many features which increase the interest of the visitor as he becomes more closely acquainted with their usages.

Grenzhausen, about one-fourth less in population than Höhr, is like unto it in general characteristics. Chemical utensils and drain pipes are among the special goods manufactured; but Grenzhausen is pre-eminently the home of the Kannenbächer, the maker of the jugs and mugs which are the joy of the South-German beer-drinker. In appearance however it presents no striking difference to the general features observable at Höhr. The same may be said of Brounbach, of Ronsbach, and of Hilgert, Magendorf, Wirges, Hillscheid and Arzbach, save that in all these last-named the population is chiefly employed in the production of bottles for mineral waters. The demand for these is enormous, the annual sale being counted in millions.

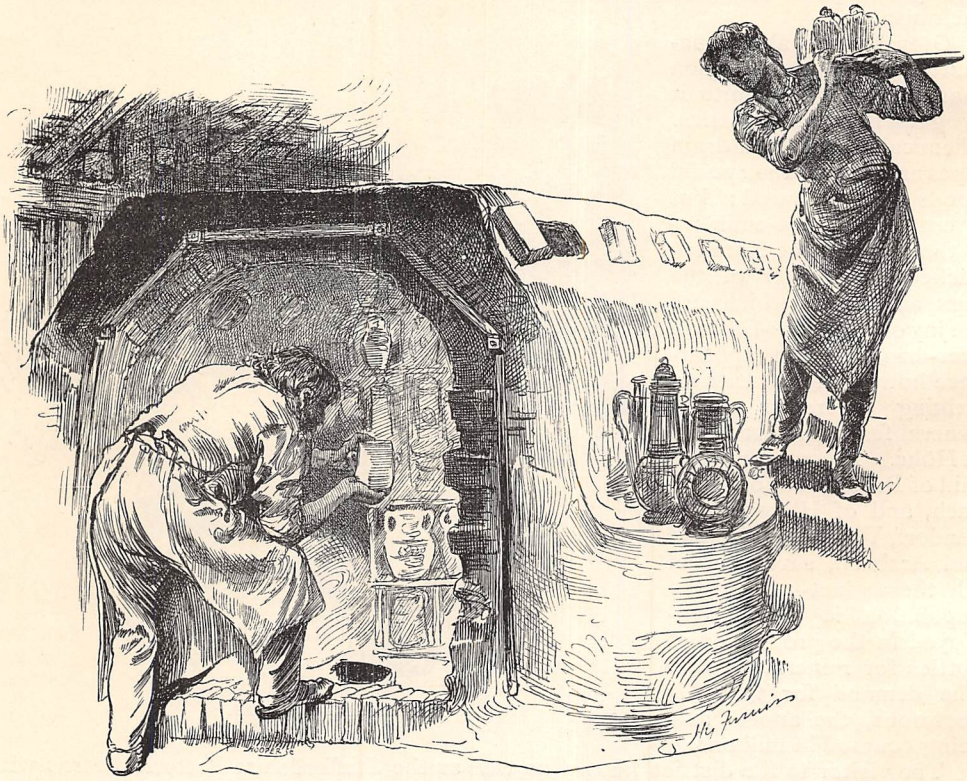
FINISHING TOUCHES.

The visitor to the district known so well as the Staffordshire Potteries learns with invariable surprise that although a primitive art was once active there, dependent simply upon the clay and marls locally found, the development which has been going on during the last century, and which Josiah Wedgwood did so much to advance, has led to the creation of a great industry employing a vast population, the whole or nearly the whole of the material for which is brought from a distance. In an ordinary china teacup, or earthenware dinner-service of Staffordshire manufacture, there is not a particle of local clay. The kaolin, the flint, the Cornish stone, all are sea-borne from the southern coasts; while from the cattle upon South American hills come the bones that after calcining go to give certain special qualities to our English porcelain. Some interesting and successful potteries have been established in proximity to the kaolin fields of Dorset and Devonshire, but they are small and unimportant in comparison with the great enterprises which have behind them the abundant coalfields of North Staffordshire and the skilled industry of the hereditary craftsmen who have so well maintained there the local traditions, while they have been constantly intent upon making further advances in the development of the potter's art.

In the Höhr-Grenzhausen country, on the contrary, the raw material is contiguous and abundant. It is a plastic marl to which a little sand is added to facilitate manipulation and to prevent the cracking of the ware during the periods of drying and con-

traction consequent thereon. This clay besides satisfying the local requirements is exported in considerable quantities to the great potteries of Saarguemines, as well as to remote countries like Holland, Russia, and Sweden, where it is further blended in the preparation of the material from which the distinctive earthenwares of those countries are produced.

In general appearance the factories of Höhr-Grenzhausen suggest a comparison with the small potteries that might have been built in Staffordshire in the far-away pre-Wedgwood days. There is the same absence of architectural design, the same look of hap-hazardness, the familiar maze without the smallest suggestion of a plan. All the world over indeed there is a family likeness between the workshops, wherein the potter's simple craft was pursued until the very modern edifices of the great houses of to-day came to be constructed. It is not impossible that under the influences thus



PACKING THE OVEN.

foreshadowed the handicraft may disappear, and with it the imagery that is as true to-day as it was thousands of years ago, of clay in the potter's hands, and of the power which he possessed, of his simple volition, of the same lump, to make one vessel unto honour and another unto dishonour!

It is however noticeable that the ancient art of the "thrower"—the potter of antiquity—is largely practised here, though many of the objects are pressed from plaster moulds. Women are employed to attach the handles and spouts and to finish the ware after it has left the thrower. Upon the women too devolves the delicate work of scratching in the clay such patterns of flowers and arabesques as form a rough decoration on the surface. Models or patterns are rarely used. The women trace their design with great freedom of hand. These devices in "scratching" are subsequently relieved by broad touches of colour, the cobalt used being mixed with water and clay, with a further admixture of salt to make the pigment run fluidly under the brush.

The apprentices serve a term of from three to four years, and the workpeople are paid upon a system of piecework called "Tagenwerken," under which a given number of differing articles are adopted as the unit for calculating the work per day. For

example, a man is understood to make in one day 240 mineral-water bottles or 160 mugs of one litre size.

The process of firing differs materially from that commonly pursued in the ordinary manufacture of pottery. There the oven is vertical, enclosed within a bottle-shaped "hovel," which protects it and the fires from the external weather. At Höhr-Grenzhausen the oven is of a long horizontal form, with apertures at intervals along each side of the arched roof, covered by earthenware slabs which are removable at particular stages of the firing. This is for the purpose of throwing in the salt, the fusing of which at the proper heat gives to the ware its glazed surface.

THE TECHNICAL SCHOOL.

In taking our leave of Höhr-Grenzhausen it only remains to be added that among the numerous institutions which partly under Government patronage and in other cases wholly of voluntary initiative, but which appear to be doing good service in the advancement of their interests, is the Royal Trade School, established and largely sustained by the Prussian Government for the special improvement and development of the local industry. When visited by the writer as a member of the Royal Commission on Technical Instruction, the school was housed in an old building, but plans had been prepared for the erection of a new and commodious structure. The director, a native of the district, had studied at Frankfort and in the School of Industrial Art at Vienna. In the daytime instruction was given to the sons of manufacturers, who were encouraged, after completing their preliminary courses, to design, model, and complete original works, in the hope of their being of commercial value. It is claimed that some of the most successful patterns of recent times have thus had their origin in the Technical School.

OVERLAND FROM INDIA.

(*Concluded.*)

By SIR DONALD MACKENZIE WALLACE, K.C.I.E.

III.—A Thousand-mile Ride across Persia.—*Continued.*

Teheran.

TEHERAN has often been described before, and is not a particularly interesting city. It was quite an insignificant place until about a century ago, when the new dynasty of the Khajars made it their capital. We must not expect, therefore, to find in it either venerable remains of ancient history as at Persepolis, or great architectural works of the best period as at Ispahan. The Khajars are a Tartar race more gifted with rude energy than artistic taste, and long before they rose from obscurity the creative art of Persia had far passed its zenith. Artistic feeling, however, and to a certain extent artistic execution, may still be found among the Persians; and the tourist in search of the beautiful in art will even now be rewarded for a diligent search in the streets and bazaars of the modern Persian capital. But the general aspect of the city is not at all imposing. The older part is the ordinary labyrinth of narrow, crooked lanes which is commonly found in Oriental towns, with here and there an open space decorated with trees and a tank. The newer quarter, on the contrary, delights in broad, straight avenues with numerous walled gardens, which give it a semi-suburban look. This semi-suburban look naturally increases as we approach the outskirts, and in some parts we have to pass through cultivated fields before we reach the city walls. The whole place has thus an unfinished appearance as if it were still growing, and many people will tell you that in reality it is growing very fast both in numbers and prosperity, but I did not remain long enough to form any independent judgment on this point.

Teheran has, however, at all times one peculiarity which can atone for many defects—a magnificent view of the great Shirman range close at hand, with the splendid, snow-capped conical peak of Demavend towering up to a height of nearly 20,000 feet. And these high mountains are not merely picturesque adjuncts of the city, they protect it from the cold north winds in winter; they give it cool breezes in the hot weather; they supply it with an abundance of beautiful clear water, which an extremely dry climate makes peculiarly grateful; and they afford the richer inhabitants delightful summer retreats. All the members of the Corps Diplomatique, and many of the native dignitaries, have their summer quarters on the lower slopes, within an easy ride of the Legations and the public offices.

From Teheran the direct route to Western Europe lies through Kasvin to Resht and Enzeli, on the southern shore of the Caspian, where one gets a Russian steamer to Baku. From Baku there is a railway through Tiflis to Batoum, on the Black Sea, and there one finds steamers either to Constantinople or to Odessa, both of which are connected by raii with Paris. Having been already four years and a half absent from England I felt much inclined to take one of these direct routes by which I could reach home comfortably in a fortnight, but I had received permission from the Russian

Government to visit Merv and Bokhara by the new Trans-Caspian Railway, and I felt that such a good opportunity of getting a peep at Russian Central Asia ought not to be thrown away. I decided, therefore, to make for Uzun Ada, the railway-terminus on the Caspian, but I unexpectedly found great difficulty in obtaining the requisite information as to how I could get there. It seemed pretty certain that I must embark either at Meshed-i-Ser or at Bender-i-Gaz, but a truly Oriental vagueness pervaded the minds of the best authorities regarding the roads to these two ports, and the movements of the steamers touching at them. Meshed-i-Ser was evidently by far the nearer of the two, but on inquiry I discovered that the road to it was very bad and very poorly supplied with post-horses, and that the so-called "port" was an open roadstead capable of being used only in calm weather. Thus it was very uncertain how long I should take to reach the "port"; and supposing I arrived in time, it was doubtful whether the sea would be calm enough to admit of my getting on board. The idea of sitting idle for a week, or perhaps a fortnight, in a miserable little village built on a feverish swamp was not at all agreeable; and I felt it would be better to ride a hundred miles or so further to Bender-i-Gaz, where the steamers can touch in all weathers. Unfortunately on this route likewise there was an element of uncertainty. No one could say confidently how long the journey would take. By the advice of the best authorities I allowed myself eight days, and I did it in five days and a half.

The Meshed Road.

In the first place I had to ride some two hundred miles by the galloping post on what may be called the Great Eastern road which leads to Meshed. I had been warned that the post on this road was very badly organized, and at the end of the first stage I had a disagreeable proof that the warning was well-founded. The post-master was absent; the horses in the stable were lean, miserable, tired animals; and the post-boy would not undertake to start before midnight. Being impatient to get on I opened negotiations with some Jews in the village close by, and soon concluded an arrangement by which I should get horses from them at once. So far all was well; but when the horses were brought to the station to be loaded the post-boys raised objections, and a free fight ensued. For some time I tried to restore order and effect a compromise, but I had to give up the attempt in despair: both parties had evidently old scorces to pay off, and considered that a general day of reckoning had come. Only once did I interfere actively, at the risk of coming in for a share of the blows. An old Jew, so decrepit that he could hardly walk, tottered into the struggle and began laying about him with a heavy stick as long as himself. Very soon he was knocked over, and seemed in such imminent danger of being beaten to death or strangled that I abandoned for a moment my principles of non-intervention and made a rush with my servant to rescue him. The fight must have lasted more than an hour, with occasional interludes during which the combatants rested so far as their hands and feet were concerned, and like certain heroes of the *Iliad* gave free scope to their tongues. I must say, however, in justice to Homer, that the vituperation of even his most sharp-tongued heroes is mild and refined in comparison with the language used on the occasion I am describing. Though disgusted with the brutality of the scene, and maintaining a strictly neutral attitude, I inwardly hoped the Jews would win so that I might have good horses to continue my journey; and I congratulated myself when they finally remained masters of the field. But my satisfaction was short-lived. The commander of the Hebrews, having routed and silenced the enemy, delivered to his followers in an excited tone an oration, apparently eloquent but to me unintelligible, and then suddenly withdrew his forces. In vain I urged him to follow up and complete his victory by fulfilling his agreement with me, and I even offered to double the sum I had promised. Fired with martial ardour, he had now a soul above bargaining. Without condescending to give me any explanations, he strutted away majestically to his village and I saw him no more. The following stages were by no means so bad, but they were far from satisfactory, and it took me three days to reach Demgan, which cannot be much more than 200 miles from Teheran.

The Road to Bender-i-Gaz.

Here I had to leave the great Eastern post-road and strike northward across the hills to the Caspian. A muleteer with a good team undertook to bring me to Bender-

i-Gaz, the port of Astrabad, in three days, and I made a contract with him accordingly. From the great Meshed road to the Caspian is a journey of about two days and a half. The first day we wound our way slowly up to the top of a range of hills, and then descended into a fine, well-watered valley, where we passed the night in a village built on terraces on a steep hillside. The next day the road was still more beautiful. We began by climbing up to a considerable height, and then went down the bed of a stream through a long, deep, winding gorge, at the end of which I looked back and saw rising to a great height one of the most magnificent walls of rock I had ever beheld. I saw by the way many strange creatures whose character and habits I should have been glad to hear something about. The one that most frequently attracted my attention was a big black beetle, which acted as scavenger on the road, and whose energy and perseverance might fairly challenge comparison with those of the proverbial ant. He was generally to be seen transporting a ball of matter much bigger than himself—rolling it before him when on level ground or on an upward incline, and fixing himself tightly into it when he rolled it down a slope. Often when toiling upwards his precious burden would break away from him and roll down into the hollow, but he would always scamper after it and begin the labour afresh with the calm, dogged determination of a Sisyphus. And it is not merely the perseverance of this little animal that is deserving of admiration. His engineering talent is likewise worthy of respect. When he meets with an obstacle on his way he first tries to turn it, and if this does not succeed he makes a nice smooth road along which his big ball may be rolled.

In the well-wooded valley at the foot of the great wall of rock there were probably plenty of these industrious beetles, but the representative of the animal creation which there chiefly attracted my attention was a creature much more familiar to English eyes—the common magpie. During an hour or two I saw there as many magpies as I have ever seen in England in as many months, or perhaps as many years, and I could not detect in them anything distinguishing them from the European members of the species. When I had seen twenty or thirty of them I remembered the modern augurs who predict joy, grief, marriage, and death by the number of magpies which cross their path ; and I could not help thinking that in this pretty valley of the Elbruz these prophets would often find themselves sorely puzzled, and would have to add a good many verses to the doggerel which forms the text for their divinations.

The latter part of the day's journey lay through a valley which, so far as general appearance went, might have been in some remote part of the Scottish Highlands, and this impression was confirmed when I found, near the brink of the "brawling burn," a charming little bit of greensward be-sprinkled with real genuine forget-me-nots. My servant, who generally had reason to lament my inexplicable impatience to push on under all circumstances, could not understand why I should wish to linger in such a spot, where there was nothing to eat and nothing particular to do ; but as I could not imagine any Persian equivalents for such expressions as "home associations" and the like, I refrained from attempting to satisfy his curiosity, and I presume he fell back on the common explanation of such recondite phenomena—that British eccentricities are quite unfathomable.

Towards evening we ascended the hillside, and found in the forest a little village where we were to spend the night. At first the inhabitants did not show themselves at all inclined to give us accommodation, but when we told them that we should pay them for everything we might receive, they became much more hospitable, and gave us an empty house in which to spend the night. It looked uninviting, but had at least one advantage over more comfortable quarters—it helped me to comply with the request of the muleteers that next morning we should make a very early start. The reason for this request was that the time required for reaching Bender-i-Gaz was very uncertain. With fine weather and the road in tolerably good condition we might reach it in six or seven hours, but during heavy rains it might take twice as long, or be altogether impossible. Having had some experience of Persian exaggeration, I was a little sceptical about the difficulties so graphically described, but my scepticism was very soon cured. Though there had been no rain for a day, or two, the mules were soon plunging up to their knees in mud, and at some places it was difficult to advance at all.

Our path lay through the great forest that covers the northern slopes of the Elbruz range throughout the whole length of the provinces of Ghilan and Mazanderan. So far as I could observe, nothing is done by the Government or by private individuals

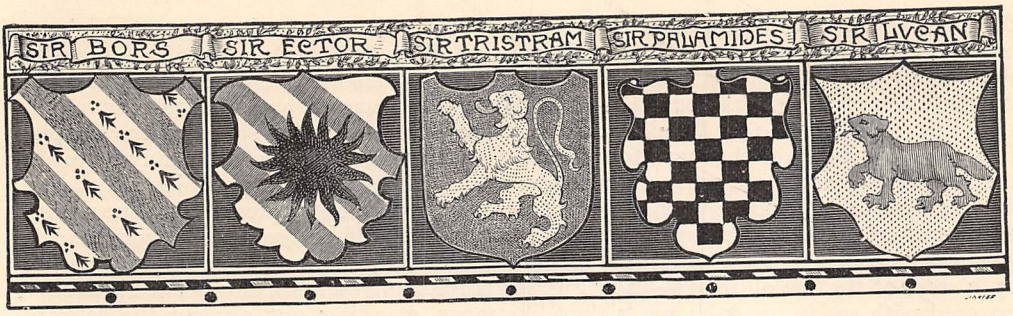
for the regular exploitation of this forest. The young trees have to struggle up without human assistance, and the old ones are allowed to rot, so that if the traveller goes a few yards off the path he probably sinks up to his knees in soft mould, formed by centuries of decomposition—a capital nursery for fevers as well as for new vegetation. A Russian who had built some wooden houses on the shore of the Caspian assured me that the timber was too soft for building purposes, and this may be one of the reasons why it is not more extensively used. This is a question which may be left for decision to the company which has recently been formed for developing the natural resources of Persia: for my own part I confine myself to remarking that from the picturesque point of view the forest is admirable. Nothing could be more beautiful than some of the fine old trees—their gnarled trunks and fantastically twisted branches, covered with ruddy, dark-brown, velvet-like moss, standing out against the delicate, light-green tints of spring foliage. At some of the most beautiful spots I instinctively looked about for a "fairies' ring," but truth compels me to admit that I could find no trace of the little elves who would have been here so thoroughly at home. Perhaps in Persia the fairies, like other respectable people, refrain from dancing, and this would account for no fairies' rings being discovered.

Bender-i-Gaz.

In spite of the bad state of the road we reached our destination early in the afternoon. Bender-i-Gaz turned out to be a mere village, built on a marsh close to the water's edge, and even the famous harbour did not make the expected impression, because the long spit of sand which protects it from the storms of the Caspian is so low as to be hardly visible from the shore. To the ordinary naked eye all that can be seen is a little low island near the eastern end of the spit. This is Ashurada, which was occupied by the Russians in the time of the Empress Catherine, and which has since been used by them as a naval station. It looks a miserable place, and so near the level of the water that the few wooden buildings which are the only signs of its being inhabited seem in danger of being swept away by the first heavy sea rolling in from the north. In reality, however, there is no danger of such a catastrophe, for the settlement has now existed for about a century, and nothing of the kind, so far as I could learn, has ever occurred.

The Terminus of the Transcaspian Railway.

From Bender-i-Gaz I proceeded on a very comfortable steamer, propelled by petroleum and fitted up with the electric light, to Uzun Ada, the terminus of the famous Transcaspian railway. Here I landed, and made a most interesting tour in Transcaspia and Turkestan, including a visit to Askhabad, Merv, Bokhara, Samarcand, and Tashkent; but as this was a digression, and cannot be regarded as a part of the overland route which I am describing, I refrain from asking the reader to accompany me to those places. On my return to Uzun Ada I took steamer to Astrakhan, and thence sailed up the Volga to Syzran, from whence I came home by rail through Moscow, St. Petersburg, and Berlin. The whole tour, including the Transcaspian digression, had lasted a little over three months. Without such digressions, a well-seasoned traveller, who requires no blank days for rest, and can ride a thousand miles in ten days, might do the journey easily enough in six weeks.



A GLIMPSE OF OSTERLEY PARK.

BELONGING TO THE EARL OF JERSEY.

By ELIZABETH BALCH.

THE original "Manor of Osterlee" belonged to one John de Osterlee in the time of Edward I., and after passing through several hands, being held as church lands by the Prior and Convent of Sheen, and again by the Abbess and Convent of Syon, after twice reverting to the crown, it eventually became the property of the merchant prince, Sir Thomas Gresham, in 1570. The mansion constructed by him, was, we are told, widely celebrated for its splendour, and its splendid hospitality. To it, amongst others, came that universal visitor Queen Elizabeth, in all the dignity of ruff and farthingale. In her honour there was feasting, and dancing, and various exhibitions held in high esteem at the time, and so loyal was the knight her host, that when her Majesty expressed the opinion that the court in front of the house was too large, and "would appear more handsome if divided with a wall in the middle," a wall was straightway erected, silently, during the night, while the maiden Queen slept. On her awakening she was astonished to find her suggestion solidly realized, the court was divided by a wall of stone. Whether her appreciation of this prompt deference to her ideas was shown in equally substantial fashion we are not told, but on the other hand we learn that Sir Thomas paid the penalty which mortals generally incur when they inconvenience themselves in order to please others. There were those not slow to find a cutting witticism wherewith to describe the knightly action, and courtiers laughed loudly when the wits remarked that "any house is more easily divided than united." Some well-known domestic differences existing in the Gresham family sharpened the saying into painful meaning, and added a piquant zest to the words, but this only heightened the enjoyment of the wits, and made their laughter more hearty.

After the death of Lady Gresham, Sir Edward Coke, the Earl of Desmond, Sir William Waller, and Dr. Nicholas Barbon, in turn resided at Osterley, which was by the last-named occupant mortgaged to Sir Francis Child, Lord Mayor of London, and the first banker who gave up the goldsmith's business, these two branches being in olden times almost invariably united under the same firm. For many years Messrs. Child and Co. were tenants of the chamber over Temple Bar.

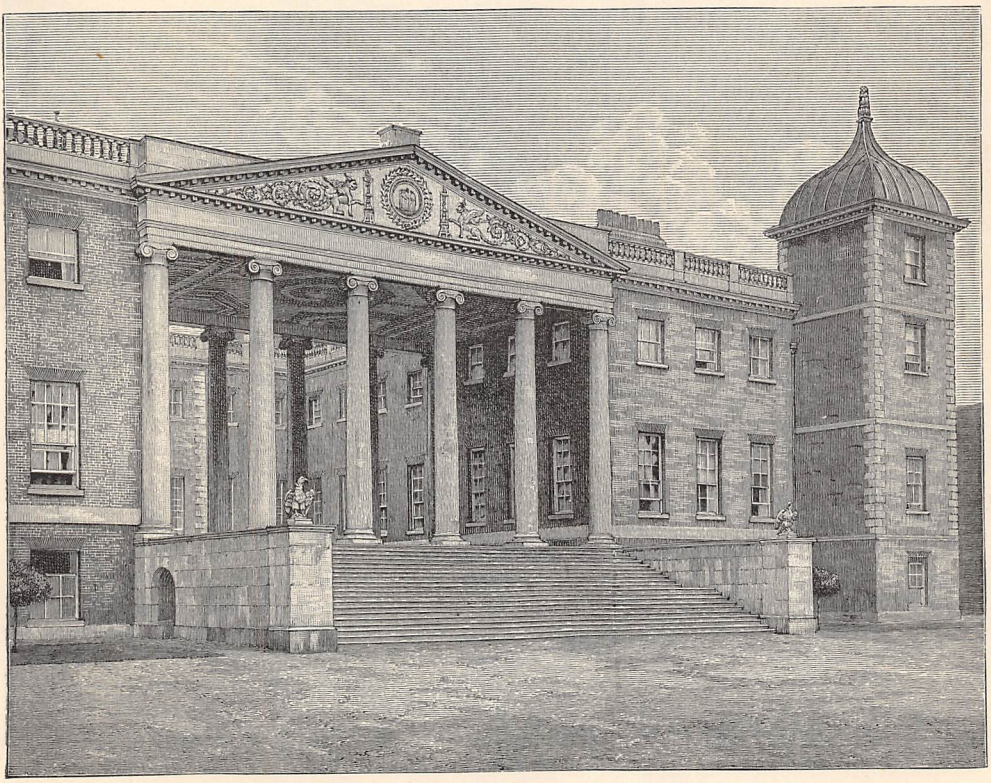
There is a good portrait of Sir Francis Child at Osterley, taken in his Lord Mayor's robes, and bearing the date 1699, but not until 1711 did Osterley itself pass into his hands. From him the place descended to Robert Child, Esq., who strongly objected to giving his beautiful daughter in marriage to the wild and impecunious young Earl of Westmoreland. One day this ardent lover proposed a question to the father of the girl he meant to win for his wife, if pluck and determination could secure her, and very dexterously did he avail himself of the answer.

"Child," said the younger man to the elder, "I wish for your opinion on the following case: Suppose that you were in love with a girl, and her father refused his consent to the union, what should you do?"

"Why! run away with her, to be sure," replied the banker promptly; and the young nobleman took him at his word. In true old-fashioned style he came to Berkeley

Square in a postchaise and four, and eloped with the lovely heiress who smiles at one to-day from the walls of the gallery at Osterley, in the charming portrait painted by Romney. The girl's indignant father followed the runaways so quickly, and so nearly overtook them that Lord Westmoreland stood up in his carriage and shot the leading horse of Mr. Child's chaise, which stopped the pursuit long enough for the lovers to get over the Border, and to be married at Gretna Green.

Very wrathful was the father at being outwitted by his determined son-in-law, and he vowed that no son and heir of Lord Westmoreland should inherit his fortune. The whole of it, with Osterley included, was left by will to his child's eldest daughter, that Lady Sarah Fane, who on May 23rd, 1804, married George Villiers, fifth Earl of Jersey. By his marriage, Lord Jersey became the head of the oldest bank in England, which still flourishes, although Temple Bar is gone and the Villiers family bear the additional surname of Child.



THE PORTICO.

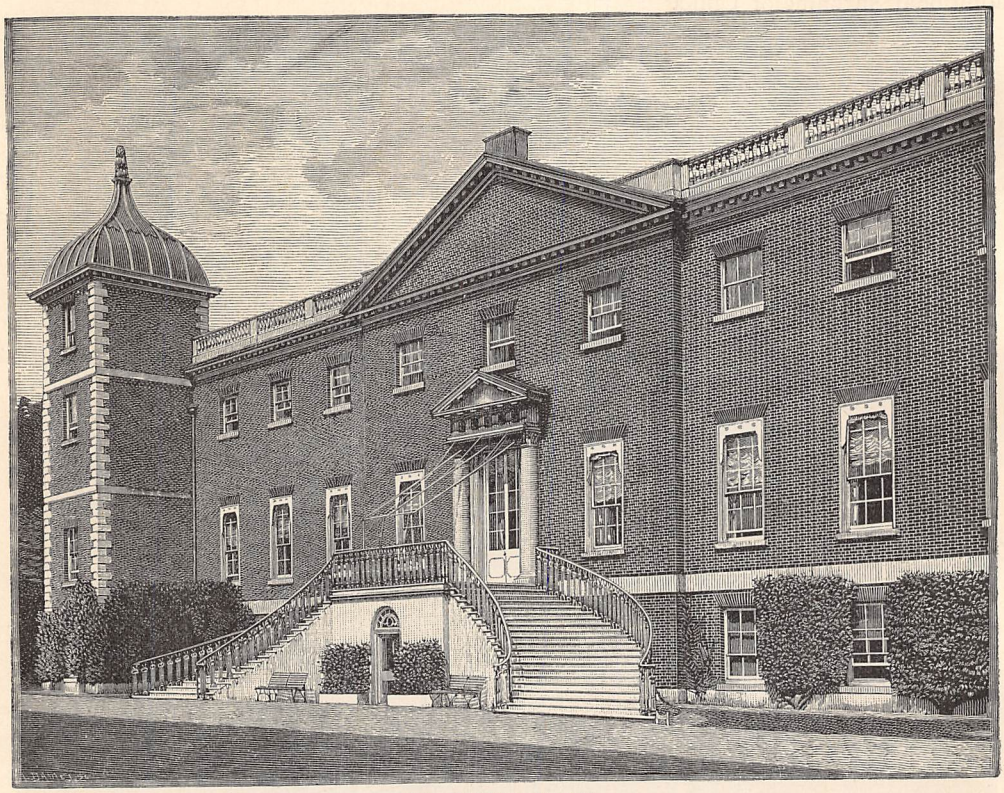
Long before Osterley came into the possession of the Earls of Jersey, when it was still the residence of Sir Thomas Gresham, the wealthy city knight, a poor little homeless scion of royalty, the Lady Mary Gray, was an unwilling prisoner, there entertained by a most unwilling host. This was in 1569. She was small almost to dwarfishness, this troublesome little Tudor princess, but the royal will of King Edward VI. had entailed the regal succession of England and Ireland upon her and her posterity, in the event of her elder sisters dying without heirs, therefore she was an important personage. We all know how these sisters died: the noble Lady Jane Gray, "Jane the Quene," upon the scaffold, a victim to the mad ambition of others; and the Lady Katherine Gray, wife of the Earl of Hertford, at Sir Owen Hopton's residence in Suffolk, after long years of imprisonment, a victim of Elizabeth's jealous state policy.

It is said that Sir Thomas Gresham added princely bribes to earnest entreaties that he might be relieved of his royal guest, but in spite of both the Lady Mary was left during several years in his charge, either at Gresham House or at Osterley. From this latter place, after the death of her husband, Thomas Keyes, the luckless prisoner

wrote to Lord Burghley "that as God had taken away the cause of her Majesty's displeasure, she begged to be restored to her favour, that great and long-desired jewel." But all the knight's entreaties, all his wife's impatience at this unwished-for addition to the household, all the letters of the Lady Mary herself, were unavailing, and Osterley was not always, whilst used as a prison house, quite the peaceful retreat that it now looks.

After seven long years of durance under the charge of first one and then another unwilling gaoler, poor little Lady Mary Gray was allowed a freedom she scarcely knew the use of, and at last she died, destitute and obscure, yet nevertheless heiress by the unrepealed Act of Parliament Settlement, to the royal crown of England.

Some of the old tapestry at Osterley, hanging in a side corridor, represents the three elements, air, earth, and water; fire, the fourth element, is missing. One entire

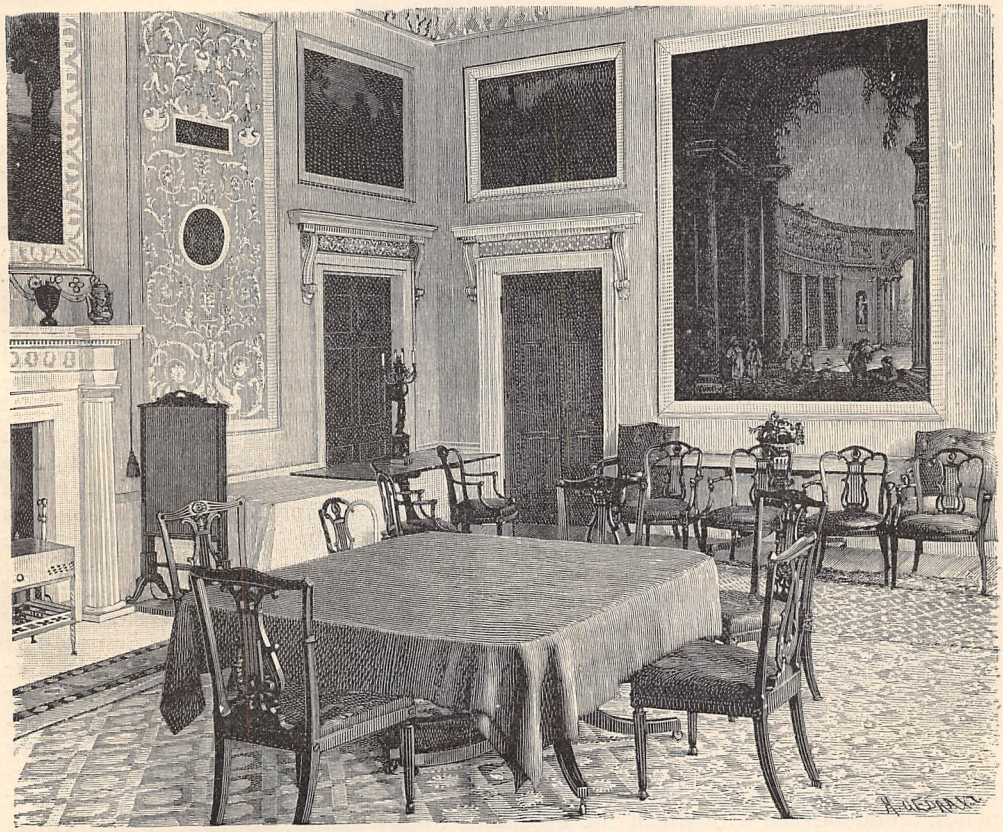


THE GARDEN FRONT.

room is decorated with rose Gobelin. The colouring of this Gobelin tapestry is as perfect to-day as when it was first brought from France, although that date was 1775. In design the carpet of the room corresponds with the decorations of the ceiling, an idea which Adam was particularly fond of carrying out. Delicate medallions are painted on the ceiling, the work of Angelica Kauffmann, and small painted medallions are introduced among the carvings of the white marble mantelpiece. In one corner of this room stands an ebony and silver table supporting a large silver-framed mirror, which are said to have been used by Queen Elizabeth, and were given to the Countess of Shrewsbury by George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham. A rare inlaid cabinet is near this, and on a large table a rose-coloured satin table cover with rich Indian embroidery harmonizes well with the rose tapestry of an earlier date.

While Angelica Kauffmann painted the medallions on the ceiling in this room, her husband, Zucchi, was busy with his brush in the large dining-room, where the peculiar style of the Adam decorations has full play. The walls of this apartment are in tints of the tenderest green and the very palest pink, these colours being panelled by delicate scroll-work and artistic designs in the white composition which was known only to the

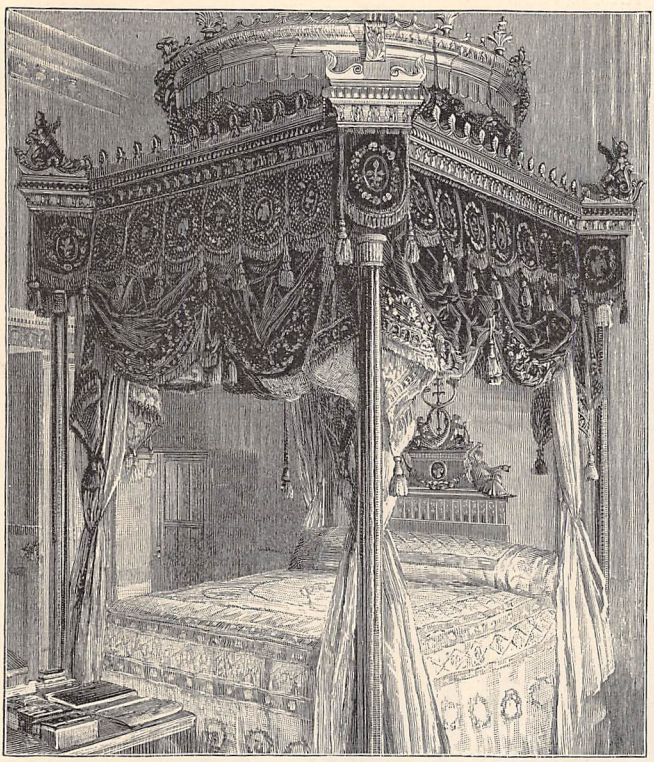
Adam brothers. Three large pictures, and several smaller ones, all being scenes and landscapes by Zucchi, are framed in this white scroll-work, while the same curving lines, with grapes and vine leaves, outline the pink and green panels of the ceiling, the design of which corresponds with the design of the neutral-tinted carpet. The tiny scroll pattern of the window mouldings are repeated in the ornamentation of the mahogany doors with their artistic brass locks, and are again found in the design of the buffets and side tables, where the ram's head is introduced, which recurs more than once in both furniture and ornaments. Even the tablecloths were made to correspond in their woven patterns, and some are still in use bearing the date 1779. This careful and minute arrangement of detail is found only in an "Adam house," the style of which is equivalent to the Louis XVI. style in France, although some years anterior to it. Osterley is supposed to be the purest specimen of this style extant in England, the house where the ideas of the Adam brothers found their fullest vent.



THE DINING ROOM.

The outside of the house is of dark-red brick, built in the form of a quadrangle, the centre of which is an open court. The large portico preceding this open court, is reached by a broad flight of stone steps, and is supported by twelve Ionic columns of grey stone. The roofing of the portico as well as the end walls, is richly decorated with scrolls and artistic designs executed in the same white composition of which Adam was almost inordinately fond. Upon leaving the portico, and crossing the open court, one reaches the great hall of entrance, where the white decorations upon a greyish-blue ground of the walls and ceiling, at once suggest those of the celebrated Wedgewood china. Statues here stand in niches, and marble busts on pedestals; quaint old couches covered with green leather, the white wood-work carved in classical patterns introducing the ram's head which is found frequently throughout the house, stand as uncompromising relics of earlier days when soft cushioned lounging divans were unknown. The floor of the hall is of tiled marble. Out of the hall runs the

long gallery 130 feet in length, at one end of which hangs a portrait of the first Duke of Buckingham, by Rubens, that celebrated George Villiers who was the favourite of Charles II., and whose elder half-brother was the ancestor of the Earls of Jersey. Opposite this picture at the other end of the gallery is a Vandyck portrait of Charles I. on a white horse, almost identical with the one at Highclere Castle. It is said that six of these particular portraits of the unfortunate King are in existence, one of them being the property of her Majesty Queen Victoria. The lovely Sarah, Countess of Westmoreland, already mentioned, painted by Romney, hangs opposite her husband, by the same artist, but the picture of the celebrated Countess of Jersey, daughter of Lady Westmoreland, is to be found in Lord Jersey's room. Lord Byron sang of her beauty, and Mr. Greville writes of her "vivacity, spirit, and good nature," as well as of "her funny good qualities." Lady Jersey was in her day a great social power, and was one of the famous committee who decided upon the rights of admission to Almack's, for which more qualifications were needed than most people possess for admission to heaven.



THE STATE BED.

Lord Malmesbury in his diary speaks of Lady Jersey as "a most remarkable woman, and almost a European personage, for no crowned head or representative of royalty ever landed in England without immediately calling upon her, and being found in her *salon* during his stay."

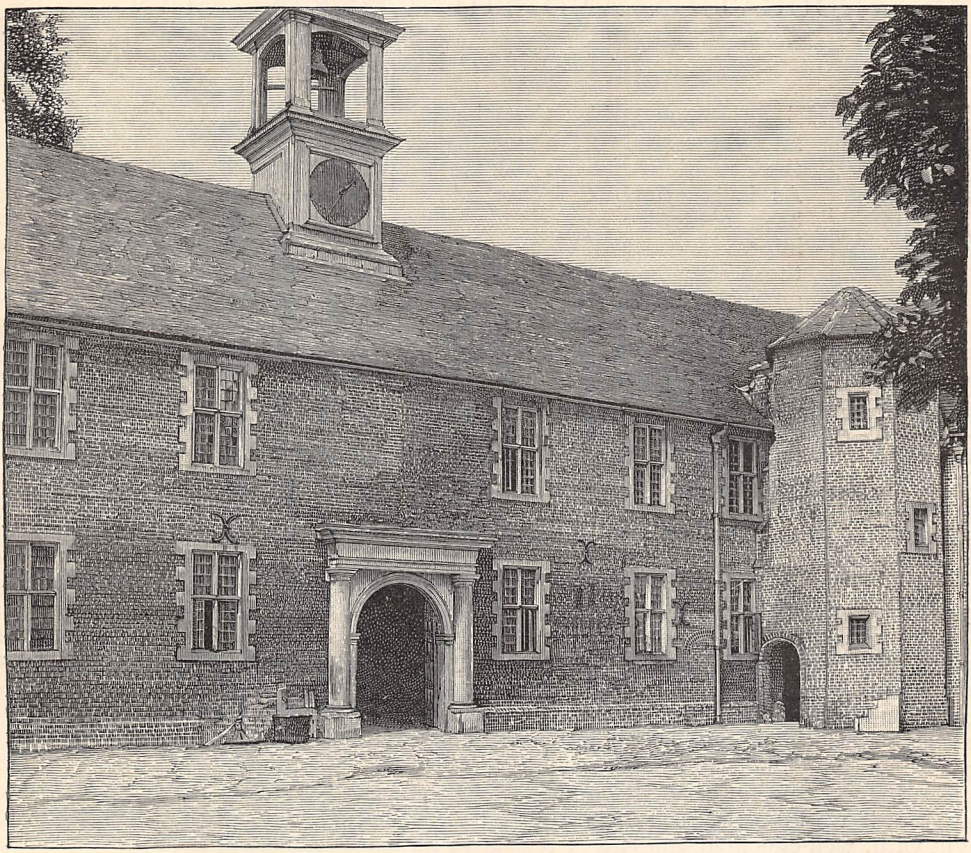
It is in the drawing-room at Osterley that we find the crimson and gold frieze which Horace Walpole wrote of as having been taken from the Palace of the Sun, but which, with parts of the design of the ceiling, was in reality copied from the Acropolis at Greece. There is more colour in this room than in any other apartment of the house, always excepting the tapestry room, but colour so wonderfully blended that no one tint offends the eye. Pale blues and pinks, and a lovely mellow golden-green with which the greens of to-day cannot be made to harmonize, and dark-red and gold all blend curiously one with another. More carved mahogany doors are here, more quaint artistic locks in brass, and a wide silver grate with silver fire-dogs, the chairs that "make harmony," and softly-coloured brocades and damasks. But no crude sketch in black and white can give any idea of this rainbow-hued colouring, formed of tints and tones and shades, with graceful curving lines, and tender touches of artistic skill displayed everywhere, in this spot "worthy of Eve before the Fall."

A portrait of Mr. Child, by Romney, is the principal picture in the drawing-room.

All pure and almost cold is the white and green of Lady Jersey's own room, with its large bed having a dome not unlike the Napoleon tomb at the Invalides, and slender, flower-painted posts, and delicate silken hangings. Over the carved white marble chimneypiece hangs one of the many beautiful mirrors to be found in all the rooms of the house, where cupids support the Child crest of an eagle. Of all these mirrors perhaps the best is the one in Mrs. Child's dressing-room, where the lovely face of Lady Westmoreland as a child, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is framed

with the glass in carved white wood. Picture and setting are perfect in their purity and grace.

Beside those already mentioned there is a Pompeiian room painted by Angelica Kauffmann, which is now used as a schoolroom; and Lord Jersey's room, hung in pale yellow, and having slender-legged Chippendale chairs and tables; and the staircase, above which is the ceiling painted by Rubens, with the apotheosis of William Prince of Orange, assassinated at Delft, in 1584. It was Robert Child who brought this painting from Holland. In the hall below the staircase hang three curious lamps, in the forms of rams' heads. And last but not least comes the cool, quiet library. Green is here again the prevailing colour, while all the woodwork and the bookcases, as well as the frames and decorations, are of carved white wood. More pictures by



THE STABLE COURT.

Zucchi, of pastoral subjects, and singularly soft in colouring, adorn both walls and ceiling.

Amongst the curious things at Osterley must be mentioned a great silver bath, or wine-cooler—for both uses have been suggested as possible for the massive round bowl-shaped dish weighing 1,680 ounces, having the royal arms of England in the centre, and the arms of the Childs on shields supported by lions. There are said to be eleven such baths of different designs in England.

There are no picturesque undulations in the park, but the very monotony of the stretching green where the cattle feed peacefully, produces a restful, almost dreamy sensation in its quiet seclusion, enclosed by a belt of further trees which stand like sentinels between the drowsy quiet of the place and the restless roar of the great city only nine miles away.

EDUCATION AND THE WORKING MAN.

By LEONARD NOBLE.

THE enormous strides that the question of education has taken of late years among the working classes, cannot fail to have attracted the attention of even the most casual student of men and things. As is invariably the case with any conspicuous progress that has been made, or any visible reformation that has taken place, this improved order of things has been accompanied by loud cries from those who have yet to be convinced that this progress is for the general good. Many men who have never doubted the enormous value of higher education when applied to their own individual cases and their own class, will yet question whether we are not running a risk that we are not justified in running, when we offer to the working classes the same advantages adapted to the peculiarities of their requirements. We often hear it stated that in our grandfathers' times better workmen could be found who could neither read nor write, than it is possible to find now among those who have the advantages of the three R's, and this degeneration is invariably attributed to that broad-backed scapegoat "education," nor is any attempt made to ascertain whether this falling off may or may not be traced to some entirely different source. Whether education is to the advantage, or the detriment of the working classes, is a question that the working man has taken entirely into his own hands by simply saying, "I will have education myself and will see that my children have it."

If those who are so ready to cry down education and who deplore the enormous strides it is making—a rapidly decreasing minority, I hope and believe—were to look nearer home and study the men they actually come in contact with, I think they would find more than enough to convince them that their fears are groundless, and that education tends to the ultimate good of the working man. Do we not almost invariably find among the working classes in London, that the best, and by that I mean the most useful, man we employ, is, in nine cases out of ten, the best all-round man too, if we take the trouble to find out? When "off duty" he is probably, to begin with, well educated, and he is trying to be better educated, then perhaps he is secretary to one or two slate-clubs or helping-hand societies, he is thrifty, his cottage or lodgings will be found neat and clean; if a young man he is sure to belong to some cricket or cycling club, and you may be quite sure that on Sunday afternoons he and his wife and "the kids" will turn out for their walk as smart and neat as any you will come across. We are too much in the habit of not sufficiently estimating all these good points. Because they are brought out and developed in his own time, and not in ours, we are inclined to think they are no concern of ours, and we give no further consideration to them. I believe the encouragement of these good qualities is as much the concern of his employer as it is to the man's own interest and advantage, and quite as much so as the way in which he does his work. When we see on the one hand that the most conscientious workman is also to be found among those who most thoroughly carry out all their home duties, we cannot shut our eyes to the link between the two higher qualities of the man's better nature, especially as we are equally sure to find, on the other hand, that the man who does his work in the most slovenly fashion is the man who has none of the home duties to perform, and, were circumstances to thrust them on him, would do them in the same

slovenly fashion as he does his work. Surely then it is to our own interests to encourage the man in his attempt to improve himself, even if we can find no higher motive to induce us to do so. It will be at best a difficult matter for him, notwithstanding the immense assistance and increased opportunities that are now being offered him. It is all very well for those whose time is their own to say there is nothing very creditable in a man's joining a class at some polytechnic school for one or two evenings during the week. It is sometimes urged that his only alternative to spending his evening in probably a small and crowded room, is to spend it in the public-house. A statement more wide of the mark has rarely been uttered, and only tends to show the speaker's complete ignorance of the real nature of the man he is dealing with. The man who is honestly trying to improve his condition and education is not so utterly destitute of resource in himself that the public-house is the only recreation open to him during his spare time. He has plenty of other occupations and engagements for his leisure, and he is giving up a great deal when he voluntarily sacrifices one or two of his short evenings during the week, to endeavour to improve himself. He knows however the value of the sacrifice, makes it coolly and deliberately, and, if he is really the man I am trying to describe, does not shrink from it or think of turning back, but cheerfully smothers any regrets that may rise for congenial occupations and pleasures which he has thought fit to relinquish, innocent though they may have been, while probably not improving. And some of us are trying to put obstacles in this man's endeavour, or if not going so far as that, perhaps are throwing cold water on it, by *not* doing anything to help him, which after all amounts to almost the same thing. Many advocates of technical education are to be found who will assist the cause they have at heart to the exclusion of almost all other branches of education. They cannot however really be separated, and he who wants the one must take the others, and the courses that are now being put forward by the working-men's colleges of the present day must be taken as stepping-stones towards technical education. A great point will have been gained if only a few of those who urge the importance of this can be won over to see the difficulty of separating the two forms.

From every point of view that the caviller can look at the question, if he looks at it honestly and straight in the face, I maintain he can only find one answer. Let him come and pay a visit to one of the large working-men's colleges, and see if, after what he sees there, he can find it in his heart to deprecate in the slightest degree the energy which the working man is using to educate himself, or the opportunities that are there being offered him by those who know, or at any rate, thoroughly believe in, the value of the movement. At most of these colleges I believe the lowest age at which a student is admitted is seventeen or eighteen, and I have known a case of a father piteously appealing for the enrolment of his son, who he admitted was under the age, but as he was "nearly seventeen," he hoped an exception might be made. The son's age, on inquiry, proved to be just over sixteen ; the father had not confined himself strictly to the truth, but surely this was a "good lie," as Tom Sawyer's aunt once described a very white one of his, told to save her some unnecessary anxiety on his account.

As a rule most of the men who avail themselves of the working-men's colleges do so as soon as they have reached the lowest age at which their admission is possible. This is but another proof, if any were required, of their eagerness to better their condition. At that age a youth of the working classes enjoys the greatest liberty he will probably ever know. He has outgrown the home of his childhood, and though he may be as fond of it as most youths in his class are, and though his parents strive their hardest to keep unbroken as long as possible the old family circle they have made and loved so well, still, neither they nor he can deny that it is not the same as it has been ; he is stepping on to the threshold of his life, home has not the same control, though the affection on both sides may be as strong as it ever has been, and, for good or ill, he must obey his natural instincts. He must take the inevitable plunge into the stream of life, to sink or swim.

When, therefore, a youth is himself so willing and anxious even to take advantage of such help as is offered him, it is a bold man who will come forward and say one word that may tend to lead him in the opposite direction. No one, I feel sure, would do this knowingly, but is it not almost as culpable to do the same indirectly, by withholding approval of the educational movement of the day ?

Looking at the question again from a rather higher point of view, and putting aside the fact that by elevating the condition of the working man by means of education, we are ensuring to ourselves a better workman, should we not be justified in our action by the benefit we confer on the man himself? Education is no charity, no trifling dole that gives the recipient some temporary enjoyment or a little luxury that he could very well do without. It means the opening to him of new worlds of thought, expediency, and resource. It teaches him to utilize to their fullest whatever capability or genius he may have, in whatsoever directions they may lie. It shows him how to extend to their fullest extent his opportunities, his money, and his home, and above all, how to bring up his children in such a way that they and generations unborn may reap the full benefit of his initiatory endeavours. It means the enlargement of all his higher faculties, the fuller appreciation of the beauties, dignity, and scope of life, and a larger, broader view of all the questions of the day, coupled with a greater toleration of deficiencies in others. That last quality alone should be sufficient to induce us to extend him this boon, for with that toleration may come, and probably will, the strengthening of all the bonds that we cling to, even to the exclusion of others ; I mean that with a gentler toleration of deficiencies and delinquencies in others will come love, charity, manliness, pity, tenderness, and all that tends to draw us to a higher life.

The bettering of the conditions under which the poor live is one of the leading questions of the day, and one that it is often thought will be fully answered when a thorough and wholesale improvement of their dwellings is brought about. The education of the working classes is in my opinion hardly inferior in importance, for with better education must come the improvement in housing that so much is now being done to bring about. As education increases we shall see the wretched courts and alleys that are now such a disgrace to our civilization disappearing to make room for larger and more sanitary dwellings, which will probably be also more ornamental. The enlargement of his mind will open a man's eyes to the squalor and wretchedness of the surroundings he has so often to put up with now, and which he has hitherto tolerated, and even been thought to be content with, for the simple reason that he has never known anything better.

At most of the working-men's colleges there are also to be found recreation rooms, and perhaps the majority of the classes that men and boys are now joining are the offshoots of working-men's clubs. Consequently from the fact that education and recreation are so often found together under the same roof many do not hesitate to say that the reason for the classes being so freely taken up is only owing to the fact that at these institutions they can spend a more pleasant evening than they otherwise could if they did not join the classes. A little inquiry will soon satisfy the most sceptical that this is not the case. It would be a very extreme case to find a man voluntarily giving up one evening a week, and putting upon himself an engagement that is irksome to him, for the sake of a few games of bagatelle and draughts, for it is not as if he would find many others in the same position as himself, making the class a secondary consideration to the amusement. Even supposing the opposite were the case, and the bribe of amusement were deliberately held out to a man in order to induce him to join the classes, would a great deal of harm be done? Would not the end justify the means? No one, I feel sure, will really grudge the man his few hours of innocent recreation, as an accompaniment of an honest endeavour, and a very hopeful one too, to put it within his power to do a good that it is impossible to estimate for himself, his children, and his employer.

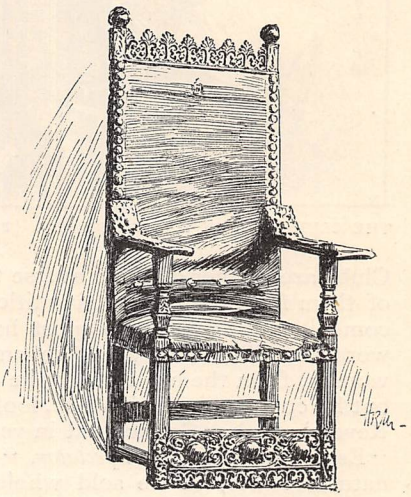
There are very many who are ready to cavil at and deplore the enormous strides that education is making among the working classes. Some even do not hesitate to say more harm is being done than good, and that working men of the present day ought to be quite content with the conditions and surroundings of life that their fathers before them found more than sufficient to supply them with all they needed. This condition of moral stagnation has never been offered to, much less accepted by, the upper classes, so it is difficult to see why it should be thought quite sufficient for the lower classes, or why the alternative, even in a proportionate form, and adapted to their needs, should be withheld from them. If even a cursory inspection were made by those who would hinder the present progress, into the way in which the work is being done and the success that has already attended it, I feel sure they would find more than enough to convince them that their anxiety is quite without foundation and their fears needless.

THE BEEFSTEAK ROOM AT THE LYCEUM.

[AN HISTORICAL REVIEW OF AN OLD LONDON CLUB.]

By FREDERICK HAWKINS.

IN the social history of this country we occasionally read of clubs purely convivial in their character, insignificant in point of numbers, and yet acquiring a renown not soon to be forgotten. Such a club was that which Samuel Johnson helped to form at the "Turk's Head" tavern in Soho, and in which, though associated there with Burke and Reynolds and Goldsmith, he was the most vivid and distinctive figure. "I believe Mr. Fox will allow me to say," wrote the then Bishop of St. Asaph, "that the honour of belonging to this body is not inferior to that of representing Westminster in Parliament." Garrick condescendingly "thought that he would be of them." "Think he'll be of us!" roared Johnson; "how does he know that we will permit him? The first duke in England has no right to hold such language." Except as regards eminence of *personnel*, however, a club of earlier origin and later decease, the Sublime Society of Beefsteaks, is of scarcely less interest. It consisted of but a few persons; eccentric customs spread its fame over and beyond London, and the privilege of being admitted to it was courted far and wide. In the present article, partly with the aid of a rare volume on the subject by the late Mr. Walter Arnold, I propose to give an account of this brotherhood, the most unique in its way yet formed.

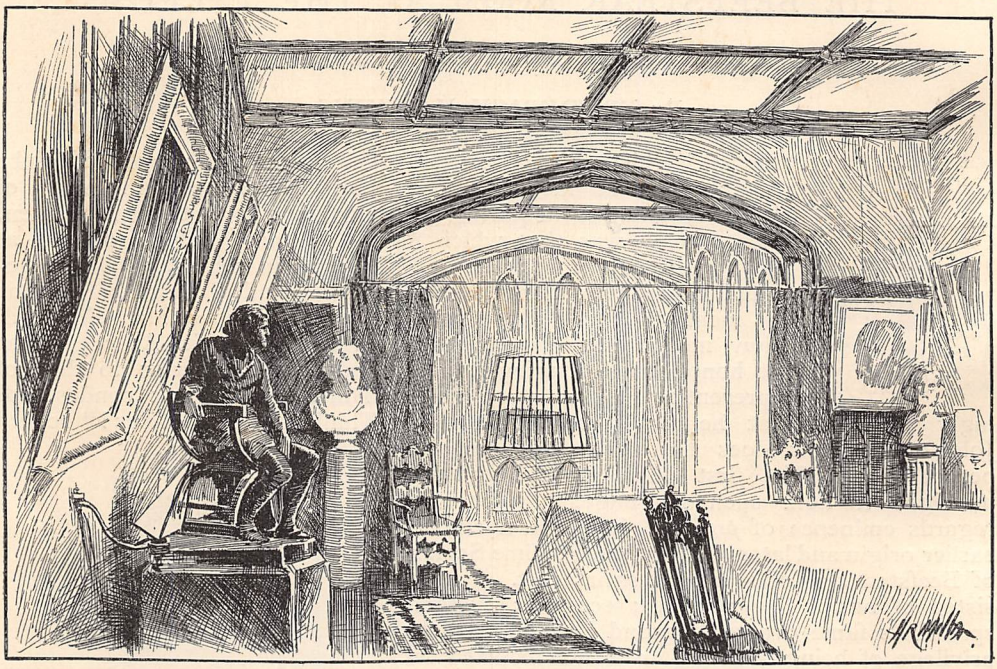


THE PRESIDENT'S CHAIR.

Not until the time of Queen Anne did the club become a recognized feature of London life, although it may be said to have existed in effect at the "Mermaid," the "Devil," and other haunts of the Elizabethan poets. Ned Ward, writing in 1709, shows that institutions of the kind had a marked tendency to multiply. "Man," the *Spectator* wrote in 1710, "is said to be a sociable animal, and as an instance of it we may observe that we take all occasions and pretences of forming ourselves into those little nocturnal assemblies which are commonly known by the name of clubs. When a set of men find themselves agree in any particular, though never so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of fraternity, and meet once or twice a week, upon the account of such a fantastic resemblance. I know a considerable market town in which there was a club of fat men that did not come together (as you may well suppose) to entertain one another with sprightliness and wit, but to keep one another in countenance. The room where the club met was something of the largest, and had two entrances, the one by a door of a moderate size, and the other by

a pair of folding doors. If a candidate for this corpulent club could make his entrance through the first he was looked upon as unqualified; but if he stuck in the passage, and could not force his way through it, the folding doors were immediately thrown open for his reception, and he was saluted as a brother. I have heard that this club, though it consisted of but fifteen persons, weighed above *three ton*."

One of these associations was a Beefsteak Club, which seems to have been formed early in the eighteenth century. Where it met is not known, but that it enjoyed more than a passing importance there can be little doubt. It is described as having been composed of the "chief wits and great men" of the nation. "Our modern celebrated clubs," says the *Spectator*, "are founded upon eating and drinking, which are points wherein most men agree, and in which the learned and the illiterate, the dull and the airy, the philosopher and the buffoon, can all of them bear a part. The Kit Cat itself is said to have taken its original from a mutton-pie. The Beefsteak and October

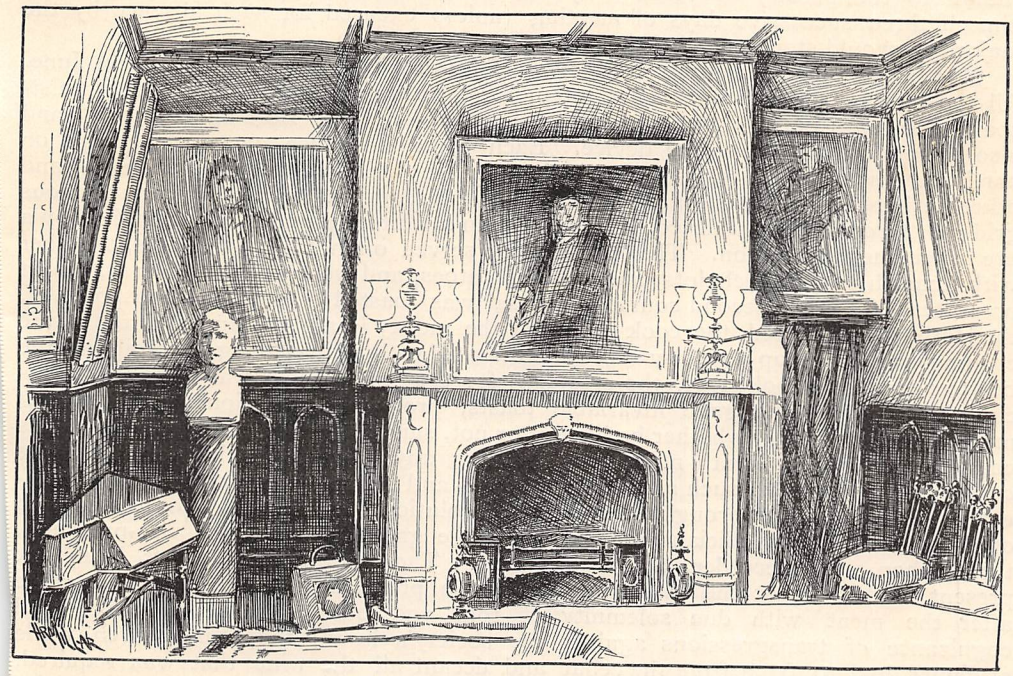


THE CLUB ROOM IN EXETER STREET. (THE KITCHEN IS SEEN BEYOND THE GRIDIRON-SHAPED GRATING)

Clubs are neither of them averse to eating and drinking, if we may form a judgment of them from their respective titles." The chief providore of the Beefsteaks was the comedian Estcourt, who must have been deemed an excellent companion. In the words of Cibber, he was "so amazing and extraordinary a mimic, that no man or woman, from the coquette to the privy councillor, ever moved or spoke before him, but he could carry their voice, look, mien, and motion instantly into another company." Reversing what Garrick did in years to come, he left the stage to turn wine merchant. "Estcourt," says the *Spectator*, "has laid in, at the 'Bumper,' Covent Garden, neat natural wines, to be sold wholesale, as well as retail, by his old servant, trusty Anthony," Aston the prompter. "As Estcourt is a person altogether unknowing in the wine trade, it cannot be doubted that he will deliver the wine in the same natural purity that he receives it from the merchants"—a characteristic piece of raillery. At the club, it appears, the erstwhile comedian, by virtue of his office there, wore a small gold gridiron, which was suspended from his neck by a green silk riband.

In 1735, twenty-three years after the death of Estcourt, another Beefsteak Club came into existence. John Rich, the most expressive of non-speaking harlequins, was then the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, with George Lambert as his principal scene-painter. "Being a person of great respectability in character and profession," says Edwards in his *Anecdotes of Painting*, "the latter was often visited, while at work in the theatre, by persons of the first consideration both in rank and talents. As it

frequently happened that he was too much hurried to leave his engagements for his regular dinner, he contented himself with a beefsteak broiled upon the fire in the painting room. In this hasty meal he was sometimes joined by his visitors, who were pleased to participate in the humble repast of the artist. The savour of the dish and the conviviality of the accidental meeting inspired the party with a resolution to establish a club, which was accordingly done, under the title of the Beefsteak Club; and the party assembled in the painting room. The members were afterwards accommodated with a room in the playhouse." Other accounts ascribe the honour of originating the idea to Rich himself, whose room in the theatre was a daily resort of men about town, and who, in company with his scene painter, would dine there at two o'clock off a hot steak and a bottle of old port "from the tavern hard by." Be this as it may, a Beefsteak Club was thenceforward housed in the theatre, to which it may be said to have lent an additional distinction.



THE CLUB ROOM LOOKING WEST.

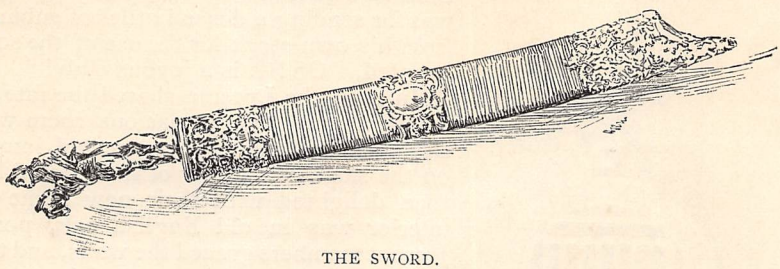
Some of the rules laid down for the governance of the Sublime Society of Beefsteaks—as the new fraternity, thinking the term "club" vulgar, elected to style itself—are not unworthy of notice. The number of members was not to exceed twenty-four. Whenever a seat became vacant every member present then or on the two succeeding days of meeting might propose a person (not present) to fill up such vacancy, and on the third day of meeting after such vacancy declared the members then present should proceed to the election of a person to supply the same (by balloting), and the one selected by the minority should be declared duly elected a member of the society, and on his admission should pay three guineas to the treasurer for the use of the society. Every member should succeed in rotation to the dignity of president, and on that day should bear the expense of the beef, and if then present, might introduce one person as a visitor without incurring any penalty for so doing; and if absent the last president then present should officiate (in his stead) as president of the society. Beefsteaks should be the only meat for dinner, the broiling beginning at 2 P.M. on each day of meeting, and the tablecloth removed at half-past three. No liquor after the first quantity should be introduced unless voted by the majority and ordered before six o'clock. Each member who had quitted the society (without being expelled) should be permitted to visit at any meeting on paying equally with the members then present. Every member who introduced a visitor at any day of meeting should incur a penalty of five shillings for each person so introduced, to be paid to the treasurer

for the use of the society. On the first day of meeting, on the first Saturday in December, on the first Saturday in February, and on the last day of meeting in each season, no visitors should be admitted. If any member proposed to lay a wager, and the person to whom it was proposed said "Done," it should be deemed a wager laid, whether the proposer did or did not reply to such acceptance of his proposal; and whatever was lost on any wager should be paid to the treasurer for the use of the society. The president for the time being should be invested with the insignia, and order and decency be duly observed while the House was sitting, and more especially whenever the president should call to order; and any order being made and seconded, and not withdrawn, the question moved for should (after free debate thereon) be put and determined before any other, except the previous question. Every member found guilty of any crime or misdemeanour in the society, and neglecting or refusing to submit to the penalty or censure by him incurred, and every member absenting himself three successive days of meeting (unless excused for such absence by the majority), should stand expelled the society.

Meetings of members were held every Saturday between November and June. All the members had to wear a sort of uniform, namely, a blue coat and buff waistcoat, with brass buttons bearing a gridiron and the words "Beef and Liberty," and also a ring having the same device. Each could introduce one guest except on particular days, when accounts were looked up, the merits of candidates discussed, and other business matters gone into. One side of the room was occupied by an enormous gridiron, through which one could see a cook in a white cap and blouse standing by a fire in readiness for action. The steaks were served on hot pewter plates, together with Spanish onions, eschalots, and baked potatoes, and were washed down with port or porter. The only second course permitted was toasted cheese. This disposed of, the cloth was removed, the cook collected the money in a plate, and the rest of the evening was given up to noisy revelry. Invested with a silver badge resembling the buttons and rings spoken of, the president for the time being was installed in his chair, from which he gave invariable toasts, proposed resolutions, called erring members to order, and, whether he liked it or not, sang the "Song of the Day." His eminence hedged him with no sort of divinity; any deviation on his part from the customs of the society, such as failing to put on and instantly take off a plumed beefeater's hat when he brought forward a resolution, exposed him to a storm of objurgations. Other officials by rotation at the gathering were the vice-president, the bishop, the recorder, and the boots. The first, as the oldest Beefsteak present, had to be at the beck and call of the president; the second said grace after the meat with due solemnity of tone and mien; the third took formal cognizance of transgressions against the society's laws; the fourth, even while at dinner, had to fetch from the cellar and decant all the wine that was required. Delinquents were marched out of the room, arrayed in a white sheet (the tablecloth), and roundly reprimanded by the recorder. Black balls were never used in the balloting; the qualifications of a candidate were tested before he could be put up. On being elected he was brought in with a bandage over his eyes, the bishop (mitred) standing on his right, a member bearing a sword of state on his left, and halberdiers in fanciful costumes bringing up the rear. The recorder recited to him a charge alternately solemn and sportive, to the effect that within those sacred walls good-fellowship was to be joined to good breeding, that badinage should never degenerate into personality, and that any infraction of the rule would be followed by the expulsion of the offender. The oath sworn to by the member was as follows:—"You shall attend duly, vote impartially, and conform to our laws and orders obediently; you shall support our dignity, promote our welfare, and at all times behave as a worthy member of this Sublime Society; so Beef and Liberty be your reward." Having undertaken to do all this, he was told to kiss the "book," which turned out to be a beef-bone in a napkin; and then, with the bandage removed, he sat down amidst a shower of congratulations It would not be easy to convey an idea of the charm which these gatherings obviously possessed. Everybody seems to have brought with him a good story; flashes of wit and humour were neither few nor far between; the very spirit of mirth may be said to have descended upon the whole company.

For several years did the Beefsteak Club remain in its original quarters. The meagre records we have of it are not without interest. Besides Rich and Lambert, the first group of members included Dennis Delane, the actor, and

William Hogarth, then at the outset of his brilliant career. Names more or less familiar to us meet the eye as we go through the list of subsequent Beefsteaks —the names, for instance, of Theophilus Cibber, John Wilkes, the Earl of Sandwich, George Colman the elder, and the singer John Beard, for whom, among other things, Handel invented the tenor parts in the *Messiah*, *Judas Maccabæus*, and *Israel in Egypt*. Many years before Colman's election, which took place in 1767, he glanced at the Sublime Society in the pages of the *Connoisseur*. "Our only hopes," he pleasantly wrote, "are in the clergy and the Beefsteak Club. The former still preserve, and probably will preserve, the rectitude of their appetites, and will do justice to beef wherever they find it. The latter, who are composed of the most ingenious artists in the kingdom, meet every Saturday in a noble room at the top of Covent Garden Theatre, and never suffer any dish except beefsteaks to appear. These, indeed, are most glorious examples; but what, alas! are the weak endeavours of a few to oppose the daily inroads of fricassees and soup-maigres?" "The Beefsteak Club," bursts out an occasional visitor to the room, Tom Davies, "is surely one of the most respectable examples of jovial and agreeable companies in the metropolis!" "Your friends at the Beefsteak," wrote Churchill to Wilkes in 1771, "inquired after you with the greatest zeal, and it gave me no small pleasure that I was the person of whom the inquiry was made." Essentially Whig in its political sympathies, though not outwardly identifying itself with any political party, the club could not fail to commend itself to the favour of the Prince of Wales, who joined it about the time of his secret marriage to Mrs. Fitzherbert. It has been said that the First Gentleman in Europe was allowed to make a twenty-fifth member; as a matter of fact, he had to wait for his election until a vacancy occurred. Among those who preceded or followed him to the "noble room" at the theatre were the Earl of Surrey, Sir Harry Inglefield, the Earl of Inchiquin, the Duke of Norfolk, George Colman the younger, the Earl of Guilford, Charles Morris ("The Bard"), Sir Michael Nugent, the Duke of York, and John Philip Kemble.

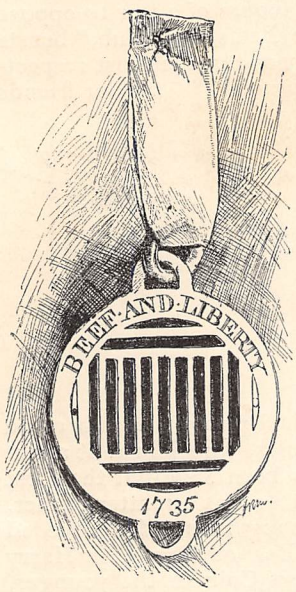


THE SWORD.

Early in the nineteenth century, having been forced by the burning of Covent Garden Theatre to find other quarters, the Beefsteaks betook themselves to the Bedford Coffee House, which they occupied until 1809, when accommodation was found for them in the recently built Lyceum Theatre. There, as it would seem, the Sublime Society passed the happiest and most blithesome hours of its existence. In addition to the best of the old surviving members, such as Charles Morris, it could boast of possessing the Duke of Sussex, William Linley, Samuel James Arnold, John Richards, Sir William Bolland (Baron of the Exchequer), James Lonsdale, Henry Frederick Stephenson, Lord Grantley, Henry Brougham, Admiral Dundas, the Duke of Leinster, Sir John Cam Hobhouse (afterwards Lord Broughton), Sir Francis Burdett, and Lord Saltoun. Morris had now become the "life and soul" of the society. Outside its walls he did not seem to have his being. He had uncommon lyrical gifts, and nothing gave him half so much pleasure as to exercise them for the benefit of his fellow Beefsteaks. Songs however were not the sole feature of the *post-prandial* entertainments. The old love of wild frolic continued without abatement. The Duke of Sussex, having been found guilty of an imaginary offence, was once condemned to stand in the white sheet. He accepted his destiny, but soon afterwards left in something like dudgeon. Next morning the mover of the resolution went to him at the palace. "I know what you've come about," he said heartily to his visitor; "I know what you've come about. I made a fool of myself last night, and shall come next Saturday to do penance again for my bad temper." One guest of the club, the Ettrick Shepherd, recounted his experience of it in the form of a dialogue, from which we may take a few sentences. "Ah, sir, they are

THE RING.

the queerest set of devils that were ever conjoined thegither. A' noblemen an' first-rate gentlemen, though, for a' their mischievous tricks. I never laughed as muckle in a night sin I was born. Oh! I wad like to be a member o' the Beefsteak Club!" "Do they actually dine on beefsteaks?" "Solely on beefsteaks. But what glorious beefsteaks! They do not come up all at once, as we get them in Scotland—no, nor half a dozen times; but up they come at long intervals, thick, tender, and as hot as fire. And during these intervals they sit drinking their port and breaking their wicked wit on each other, so that every time a service of new steaks came up we fell to them with much the same zest as at the beginning." "What! do they drink port during dinner?" "They do that, Billy. If ony member had ca'd for aught aboon port I wadna hae been i' his line for forty shillings, as the bogle said. The Hon. Lord Saltoun, who was unanimously voted into the chair, had committed a high and serious offence to the club that night; so he was adjudged to stand with a white sheet about him, while the recorder-general put on his cocked hat, and gave him a very sharp and cutting rebuke, but in a style of ludicrous solemnity quite indescribable. What do you think was Saltoun's offence? I'll defy ony living man to guess. It was for sending a dozen bottles of sublime Highland whisky from his own stock for the use of the society, without leave granted. Oh! it is a joyous club!"



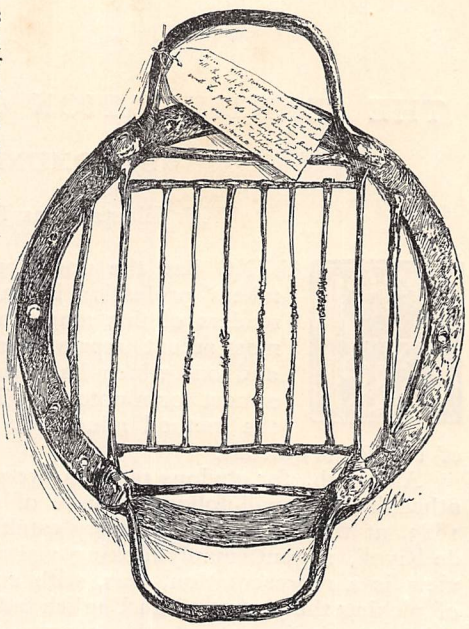
THE BADGE.

In 1830 the Lyceum shared the fate of so many temples of the drama, but a spacious room was provided for the Beefsteaks in the theatre erected immediately afterwards on the same site. Few of them could have been otherwise than delighted with their new home; the whole of the interior was in old English oak, portraits of past and present members graced the walls, and the original gridiron, rescued from the ruins caused by two fires, occupied the very centre of the ceiling.

It is worthy of note in passing that nearly everything in the place—wainscoting, picture-frames, chairs, silver, glass, cutlery, and the inevitable snuff-box—bore a gridiron and the motto of the society, and that the cook, as before, was to be seen through the bars of a huge gridiron at the eastern side of the room. Institutions have been said to resemble man in having their periods of youth, maturity, and decline. The Beefsteak Club was not to form an exception to this almost general rule. From the time of its resettlement in Exeter Street—for the entrance to it was in that unsavoury little thoroughfare—it showed more and more symptoms of decadence. The prestige conferred upon it by the presence of royalty was brought to an end by the resignation of the Duke of Sussex. Members who had done much to sustain its former reputation fell away as old age came upon them, and the vacancies thus created could never be adequately filled. Moreover, the whimsical customs so long observed by the brotherhood were gradually set aside by the younger men as too antiquated for latter-day civilization. The ring and the uniform were discarded. Boots would have the hardihood to come late, delegate his duties to the "sergeant" (cook), and even remain at table when another bottle was demanded. Penances ceased to be extorted, and the guests, instead of being compelled to speak together in acknowledgment of the toast of their healths, were allowed to be represented by one of their number only. It was also unfortunate for so limited a club that fashion should have shown an increasing tendency to have dinner parties and receptions on Saturdays, and that the extension of the railway system presented to some of the members a tempting means of returning to country homes. In the course of twenty years, to be brief, the Sublime Society lost much of its strength, its distinctive character, its special *raison d'être*. The consequence need hardly be stated. The once crowded room became less and less frequented. Indeed, there were instances of only one diner being seen there. "On such occasions," writes Mr. Arnold, "the place looked sepulchral; the table, always laid for ten or twelve, looked ghastly; the hot steaks came and went in too rapid succession, while the waiters dimly glided to and fro. At last, when the solitary one was shut in and left alone with his bottle of old port and his bowl of punch or whisky toddy (if he had the heart to make it)"—but the picture is too painful to contemplate

further. In vain were efforts made to arrest this decline by changing the day and hour of meeting; the club had the iron in its heart, and its decease was only a matter of time. At length, in the summer of 1867, it became numbered with things of the past, the furniture and portraits and appointments being sold at Christie's to defray the debts it had incurred.

For a few years the Beefsteak room was used for the storage of theatrical properties, but almost as soon as Mr. Irving undertook the management of the Lyceum he restored this venerable sanctuary to something like its former appearance, and very often now it is the scene of the informal and bright little supper parties which he delights to bring about him. Many pictures of interest and value are to be found upon the walls. Not the least conspicuous in the collection is one of David Garrick in 1774, two years before his retirement from the stage. Its fidelity is vouched for by John Fowler in an almost illegible inscription at the bottom. "This portrait of my dear and worthy friend David Garrick, Esquire, painted by Mr. N. Dance, of London, was," he says, "presented to me by himself. 'Tis in my own opinion, as well as every person's, allowed to be the most true and striking likeness of this great man that ever was executed." If Garrick read these words he could not have felt deeply flattered, since the expression of the countenance, despite the brilliancy of the half-averted eyes, is scarcely so intellectual as that ascribed to him by other artists. Next comes a panel painting of the chief scene in Hoare and Storace's musical farce of *No Song no Supper*, reintroducing us to Fawcett, John Emery, the Listons, and Kitty Stephens (afterwards Countess of Essex). Sir Martin Shee's portrait of the first-named player is also here. John Philip Kemble is represented by a half-length copy of Lawrence's familiar picture of him in the graveyard scene of *Hamlet*, Edmund Kean by one of Clint's preliminary sketches for his *Last Scene of A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, and William Charles Macready by a bust that deserves more than a passing glance. Mr. Irving's reverence for the past does not make him disregard the claims of the present; the only Portia of our time occupies the place of honour over the mantel-piece, while Mr. Toole, portrayed with the utmost care by the Hon. John Collier, looks forth from another prominent place with the sedate and thoughtful air which, if theatrical history may be trusted, usually marks the drollest comedians out of the theatre. In a recess, between *My First Pantomime*, *Sadler's Wells*, 1820, and *My Last Pantomime*, *Covent Garden*, 1880, hangs one of Phillips's two impressive portraits of Napoleon (the other is at Petworth) at a rather early stage of his career, but when his immense force of intellect and character had already made itself felt. If the nocturnal gatherings in the room were not of a private character we might say a good deal about them, especially as the guests frequently include men whose names are great in mouths of wisest censure. The last haunt of the Sublime Society was rich in agreeable associations before Mr. Irving first crossed its threshold, but they are really trivial in comparison with those which it has acquired in the few years of his epoch-making management.



THE GRIDIRON.

THE IDENTIFICATION OF CRIMINALS IN FRANCE.

By EDMUND R. SPEARMAN.

With Illustrations from Official Photographs.

HAVING had the good fortune to see the inner workings of the thief-takers' profession in Paris, as exercised to-day, it may interest the readers of this magazine if I give a graphic example of one of the most recent improvements in the methods of the French detectives, and one which has made their mastership over the criminal classes almost omnipotent. The most easy way in which to understand the method alluded to is to study a case as unfolded by the record of the Paris officials.

Although, for obvious reasons, we will make a few slight changes in names and other data, we will follow the case of a renowned London pickpocket. In August, 1883, at the well-known drapery establishment, the Magasin du Louvre, in the Rue de Rivoli, a gentlemanly-looking visitor, of whom the accompanying front and side view is a representation, was, with considerable difficulty, arrested upon a charge of picking the pocket of an English lady. The accused, calling himself an American, was very indignant at the charge, and made an appeal to the United States Minister for interference. The prisoner, who gave the name of John Hickson, admitted afterwards that he was an English subject, although he had lived many years in New York, but nothing being found upon him, and no trace of a confederate being discovered, he was ultimately released. Naturally the French police felt nettled at losing their capture, but knowing the unfaltering and fatal certainty of their own methods, and, being morally assured of the guilt of Mr. John Hickson, of London and New York, felt sure that he would once more fall into their clutches, and vindicate their accuracy. In 1883 the Paris police had just inaugurated a new method of identification, and before Mr. John Hick-

MR. JOHN HICKSON OF NEW YORK. FROM AN OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.

son was restored to "England, home, and beauty" his personal description was thus recorded :—

	M.	CM.	MM.
Height[1]	1	61	0
Stoop	0	1	0
Stretch of Arms	1	61	0
Bust	0	85	5

		CM.	MM.
Head	Length ...	18	8
	Width ...	15	6
Right Ear	Length ...	6	4
	Width ...	3	5

	CM.	MM.
Left foot	24	4
,, Middle Finger	11	2
,, Little Finger	8	8
,, Forearm ...	44	8

COLOUR OF EYES.
Class 2·4.
Aureola, Light Hazel.
Periphery, Yellowish Green.

Anchor 3 × 2 centimetres tattooed 3 centimetres above right wrist anterior.
Mole 5 centimetres below left shoulder external.
Rectilineal scar 1 centimetre oblique inwards, second phalange right middle finger posterior.
Mole 5 centimetres above right nipple, 8 centimetres from median line.

The next year the Bertillon system had become so generally established, that the Director of Prisons, M. Herbette, had given orders that all prison inmates should be measured and their descriptions forwarded to the Central Bureau in Paris. Among the many thousands so sent, was that of John Brown, of London, caught red-handed in pocket-picking at Nice during the Carnival and sent to prison for three months as a first offender. Here you have the portrait of him in his convict suit, and most readers will doubtless declare that he is no old acquaintance of theirs, certainly no possible connection with the Anglo-American whose arrest gave such a shock to the sense of propriety in 1883.

JOHN BROWN, *alias* JOHN HICKSON. FROM AN OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.

However M. Bertillon, the head of the French Identification Bureau has demonstrated that photography alone is a poor reed for the police to rely on in matters of personal recognition. In accordance with his system of anthropometric descriptions the full account of the Nice pickpocket was attached to the photograph, and from that record I now copy :—

	M.	CM.	MM.
Height	1	61	3
Stoop	0	1	0
Stretch of Arms ...	1	60	0
Bust	0	85	7

		CM.	MM.
Head	Length	18	7
	Width	15	6
Right Ear	Length...	6	4
	Width...	3	5

	CM.	MM.
Left Foot	24	5
,, Middle Finger... ...	11	3
,, Little Finger	8	8
,, Forearm	44	7

When this description was placed in its proper pigeon-hole at Paris, and a precisely similar description was found there with the name of John Hickson on it, the official doubtless gave a triumphant whistle to himself and exclaimed, "Hullo, my fine Anglo-American martyr! Here you are at last!" Sure enough, the pet of the newspapers and the subject of international excitement had fallen to vulgar incarceration for an offence committed at the very home of European fashion, where his guilt was no subject of doubt. As Mr. John Hickson of New York he had figured as "commission agent," while as John Brown of London he announced himself as a "merchant." He was always above all things a "gentleman." However, he had served his time, left his prison, and knew not of what a certain official in Paris had evolved in his secret thoughts.

Another year passed, and in February, 1885, the police of Paris were again confronted with a much injured and most indignant gentleman from New York—a scholarly person in blue spectacles being taken by two plain clothes men at the

[1] The measurements are in *mètres*, *centimètres*, and *millimètres*, or 39·37079 inches (a *mètre*), and hundredths and thousandths of that measure. The tenth (*decimètre*) is never used.

Pygmalion in the Rue de Rivoli, accused of attempting to pick the pocket of an innocent French provincial. Really this American citizen did seem most badly treated. To begin with, the innocent provincial had lost nothing, and knew of no attempt upon his goods and chattels. It was only the sharp eyes of the officers which could testify to anything wrong. Then the accused was such a respectable person—a tutor in Paris for a holiday. When taken to the depôt it was proposed to take his measurements, but he mildly but firmly remonstrated at such an indignity. He was altogether a mild sort of person, not at all like the hot-tempered commission agent whose fist had felled his accuser so readily. The officials put the case to him that, as a scholar and a man of reason, he must appreciate the fact that a refusal to be thus measured was in itself ground for grave suspicion. Mr. Henry White—for so the tutor called himself—had evidently some deep-seated distrust of the measurement business, for he still declined to allow himself to be measured. He was put back for the night, and in his hours of innocent slumber his hat, gloves, and boots were appropriated by the officers and carefully measured, and a sufficiently close record obtained to give them, without very great trouble, a perfect clue to the personage they had in their hands. In the morning, with the information in his hand, the chief of the Identification Bureau, had another interview with Mr. White, and something like the following dialogue occurred:—

MR. HENRY WHITE, *alias* JOHN BROWN, *alias* JOHN HICKSON. FROM AN OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.

OFFICIAL.—One of my officers thinks that a year or two ago he saw you here and measured you?

MR. WHITE.—That is impossible. I have never been in Paris before.

OFFICIAL.—Why are you not at Nice this year?

MR. W. (starting).—Why should you ask me such a question?

OFFICIAL.—Well, it was stupid, it is true; your visit last year was not very pleasant.

MR. W.—I have never been at Nice in my life. This is my first visit to France, and it will be my last.

OFFICIAL.—Indeed, you are very like a friend of ours who was in Paris in 1883 and at Nice last year.

MR. W.—Well, it was not I, that is all I know.

OFFICIAL.—You have never been measured here or at Nice?

MR. W.—Never. How could I, since this is my first visit to France?

OFFICIAL.—Well our friend has an anchor exactly three centimetres above his right wrist in front 3 × 2 centimetres.

MR. W.—Oh, nearly every American has an anchor on his arm. Here is mine.

OFFICIAL.—Ah! curiously enough yours is exactly of the same size, and in the same position. Our friend happens to have a mole just there (placing his finger exactly five centimetres above the right nipple, eight from the median line): would it not be strange if you happen to have just such a mole? Please to let us look. Ah! there it is! and the official continued thus with the other marks.

"Mr. Henry White of New York" winced under this omniscient scrutiny, and confessed the identity he had so stoutly denied. He was sentenced to the maximum penalty, and ordered never again to set foot in France.

In February, 1887, a young Corsican, giving his name as Victor Tomasini, and

his occupation as a humble scullion, was taken into custody for a daring burglary and murderous assault in the Boulevard Voltaire, an old concierge being so wounded by a stab as to imperil his life. Tomasini was eventually convicted and sentenced to New Caledonia, but while being transferred on the railway, escaped from the train. He must necessarily have received most terrible injuries, and the police were in doubt whether he could still be in the land of the living. However, before his escape, he left behind him the following data :—

	M.	CM.	MM.
Height	1	61	4
Stoop		——	
Stretch of Arms ...	1	63	0
Bust	0	88	5

		CM.	MM.
Head	Length...	18	5
	Width	14	6
Right Ear	Length	5	5
	Width...	3	7

	CM.	MM.
Left Foot...	26	3
,, Middle Finger... ...	11	0
,, Little Finger	8	9
,, Forearm	44	6

The colour of the eyes and biographical description were also attached to the record.

Nearly two years elapsed, and early in December, 1888, when the crowd were struggling to enter the popular Vaudeville Theatre in Paris, a young man, Pierre Martin, of Lyons, a cook, was taken into custody for pocket-picking. Here is his portrait as taken, not without some reluctance on the part of the subject, who affected an air of stupidity, mixed with timid apprehension as to what was intended. The portrait, at a cursory glance, gave no indication to the police of anything particularly interesting in the personality of the prisoner; when however his measurements were recorded by the anthropometrical system a sudden gleam of light dawned upon the mind of the officials :—

VICTOR TOMASINI. FROM AN OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.

	M.	CM.	MM.
Height	1	62	5
Stoop...		——	
Stretch of Arms ...	1	65	0
Bust	0	88	0

		CM.	MM.
Head	Length...	18	5
	Width	14	7
Right Ear	Length	5	5
	Width...	3	7

	CM.	MM.
Left Foot	26	3
,, Middle Finger ...	11	0
,, Little Finger	8	8
,, Forearm	44	5

All other particulars agreed with the personality of the escaped Corsican, and Pierre Martin was ultimately obliged to confess his identity, and was sent to serve the sentence he had previously eluded.

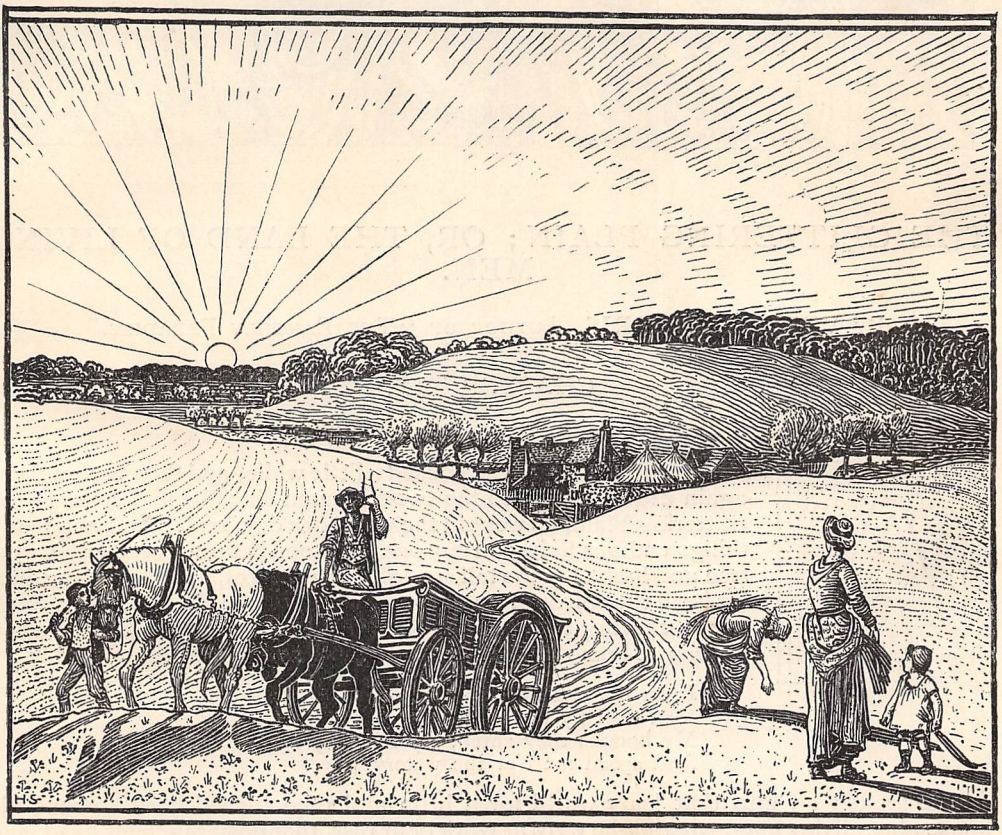
The anthropometrical system, which is carried out under the supervision of M. Alphonse Bertillon, the inventor, consists in accurately recording the measurements of certain parts of the human frame which do not alter after adult age has been reached, and the exact size and position of marks and scars. The French authorities with an experience in the measurement of nearly 150,000 subjects, have not yet found two cases in which all the measurements were alike, and exact duplicates of two or more marks have never been found on different individuals. If then you get an individual whose measurements and marks are identical with a record, you may be sure that the record refers to him. The French officials trust entirely to the figures, and never even look at a photograph until they have satisfied themselves of the absolute similarity of the anthropometrical description lest they should reject the right card through being misled by a deceitful resemblance. One, however, of the greatest advantages of the Bertillon system is the power it gives of *classifying* photographs. We will suppose that we have a collection of 60,000 photographs to classify. They will first be divided into three classes—the large, the medium, and the small, according to the length of the head—each containing 20,000 photographs. Each of these primary

divisions will again be divided into three classes—large, medium, and small—according to the width of the head, and these nine subdivisions would contain about 6,000 each. To be again subdivided into three groups of 2,000 each according to the length of the middle finger. The length of the foot will divide them into classes of 600 each. But now a division by the length of the forearm will give a quotient of 200 reduced by length of outstretched arms to sixty-three, further reduced by colour of eyes (seven categories) to nine in each final division, which can be rapidly but carefully examined. There has not been a single case of mistaken identity since the system was established. In 1888, in Paris alone, out of 31,845 prisoners measured 615 were recognized as having been previously measured under different names. Fourteen were not identified until after conviction, but of these ten had never been previously measured, so that the failures in identification were four in nearly 32,000, say one in 8,000.

PIERRE MARTIN, *alias* VICTOR TOMASINI. FROM AN OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.

The labours of THE·XII·MONTHS
set out in NEW PICTURES & OLD PROVERBS

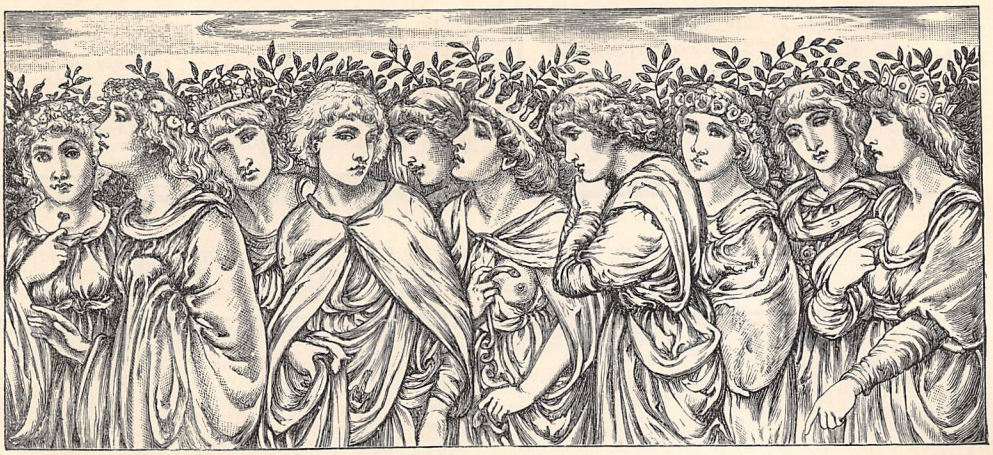
WISE SHEPHERDS say that the age of man is LXXII years and that we liken but to one hole yeare for evermore we take six yeares to every month as JANUARY or FEBRUARY and so forth, for as the yeare changeth by the twelve months, into twelve sundry manners so doth a man change himself, twelve times in his life by twelve ages, and every age lasteth six yeare if so be that he live to LXXII. For three times six maketh eighteen & six times six maketh XXXVI And then is man at the best and also at the highest and twelve times six maketh LXXII & that is the age of a man.



SEPTEMBER

Then commeth SEPTEMBER; that wines be made, and the fruits of trees be gathered. And then therewithall hee doth freshly begin to garnish his house, and make provision of needfull things for to live in winter, which draweth very neare, & then is a man in his most joyfull and courageous estate, prosperous in wisdom, purposing to gather, and keep as much as should be sufficient for him in his old age. When he may gather no move, and these six yeares maketh him IIIII yeares

— (of the cuckoo) If he stay until SEPTEMBER
'Tis as much as the oldest man can remember.



THE GLITTERING PLAIN; OR, THE LAND OF LIVING MEN.

By WILLIAM MORRIS, Author of "The Earthly Paradise."

CHAPTER XIX.

HALLBLITHE BUILDS HIM A SKIFF.

AFTER Hallblithe had been housed a little while, and the time was now again drawing nigh to the twelfth moon since he had come to the Glittering Plain, he went in the wood one day, and, pondering many things without fixing on any one, he stood before a very great oak-tree and looked at the tall straight bole thereof, and there came into his head the words of an old song which was written round a scroll of the carving over the shut-bed wherein he was wont to lie when he was at home in the House of the Raven: and thus it said:

I am the oak-tree, and forsooth
Men deal by me with little ruth;
My boughs they shred, my life they slay
And speed me o'er the watery way.

He looked up into that leafy world for a little and then turned back toward his house; but all day long, whether he were at work or at rest, that posy ran in his head, and he kept on saying it over, aloud or not aloud, till the day was done and he went to sleep.

Then in his sleep he dreamed that an exceeding fair woman stood by his bedside, and at first she seemed to him to be an image of the Hostage. But presently her face changed, and her body and her raiment; and, lo! it was the lovely woman, the King's daughter whom he had seen wasting her heart for the love of him. Then even in his dream shame thereof overtook him, and because of that shame he awoke, and lay awake a little, hearkening the wind going through the woodland boughs, and the singing of the owl who had her dwelling in the hollow oak nigh to his house. Slumber overcame him in a little while, and again the image of the King's daughter came to him in his dream, and again when he looked upon her, shame and pity rose so hotly in his heart that he awoke weeping, and lay a while hearkening to the noises of the night. The third time he slept and dreamed; and once more that image came to him. And now he looked, and saw that she had in her hand a book covered outside with gold and gems, even as he saw it in the orchard-close aforetime: and he beheld her face that it was no longer the face of one sick with sorrow; but glad and clear, and most beauteous.

Now she opened the book and held it before Hallblithe and turned the leaves so

that he might see them clearly; and therein were woods and castles painted, and burning mountains, and the wall of the world, and kings upon their thrones, and fair women and warriors, all most lovely to behold, even as he had seen it aforetime in the orchard when he lay lurking amidst the leaves of the bay-tree.

So at last she came to the place in the book wherein was painted Hallblithe's own image over against the image of the Hostage; and he looked thereon and longed. But she turned the leaf, and, lo! on one side the Hostage again, standing in a fair garden of the spring with the lilies all about her feet, and behind her the walls of a house, grey, ancient and lovely: and on the other leaf over against her was painted a sea rippled by a little wind and a boat thereon sailing swiftly, and one man alone in the boat sitting and steering with a cheerful countenance; and he, who but Hallblithe himself.

Hallblithe looked thereon for a while and then the King's daughter shut the book, and the dream flowed into other imaginings of no import.

In the grey dawn Hallblithe awoke, and called to mind his dream, and he leapt from his bed and washed the night from off him in the stream, and clad himself and went the shortest way through the wood to that House of folk aforesaid: and as he went his face was bright and he sang the second part of the carven posy; to wit:—

Along the grass I lie forlorn
That when a while of time is worn,
I may be filled with war and peace
And bridge the sundering of the seas.

He came out of the wood and hastened over the flowery meads of the Glittering Plain, and came to that same house when it was yet very early. At the door he came across a damsel bearing water from the well, and she spake to him and said: "Welcome, Wood-lover! Seldom art thou seen in our garth; and that is a pity of thee. And now I look on thy face I see that gladness hath come into thine heart, and that thou art most fair and lovely. Here then is a token for thee of the increase of gladness." Therewith she set her buckets on the earth, and stood before him, and took him by the ears, and drew down his face to hers and kissed him sweetly. He smiled on her and said; "I thank thee, sister, for the kiss and the greeting; but I come here having a lack."

"Tell us," she said, "that we may do thee a pleasure."

He said, "I would ask the folk to give me timber, both beams and battens and boards; for if I hew in the wood it will take long to season."

"All this is free for thee to take from our wood-store when thou hast broken thy fast with us," said the damsel. "Come thou in and rest thee."

She took him by the hand and they went in together, and she gave him to eat and drink, and went up and down the house saying to every one: "Here is come the Wood-lover, and he is glad again; come and see him."

So the folk gathered about him, and made much of him. And when they had made an end of breakfast, the head man of the House said to him: "The beasts are in the wain, and the timber abideth thy choosing; come and see."

So he brought Hallblithe to the timber-bower, where he chose for himself all that he needed of oak-timber of the best; and they loaded the wain therewith, and gave him what he would moreover of nails and tree-nails and other matters; and he thanked them; and they said to him: "Whither now shall we lead thy timber?"

"Down to the sea-side," quoth he, "nighest to my dwelling."

So did they, and more than a score, men and women, went with him, some in the wain, and some afoot. Thus they came down to the sea-shore, and laid the timber on the strand just above high-water mark; and straightway Hallblithe fell to work shaping him a boat, for well he knew the whole craft thereof; and the folk looked on wondering till the tide had ebbed the little it was wont to ebb, and left the moist sand firm and smooth; then the women left watching Hallblithe's work, and fell to paddling barefoot in the clear water, for there was scarce a ripple on the sea; and the carles came and played with them so that Hallblithe was left alone a while; for this kind of play was new to that folk, since they seldom came down to the sea-side.

Thereafter they needs must dance together, and would have had Hallblithe dance with them; and when he naysaid them because he was fain of his work, in all playfulness they fell to taking the adze from out his hand, whereat he became somewhat wroth, and they were afraid and went and had their dance out without him.

By this time the sun was grown very hot, and they came to him again, and lay

down about him and watched his work, for they were weary. And one of the women, still panting with the dance, spake as she looked on the loveliness of her limbs, which one of the swains was caressing: "Brother," said she, "great strokes thou smitest; when wilt thou have smitten the last of them, and come to our house again?"

"Not for many days, fair sister," said he, without looking up.

"Alas that thou shouldest talk so," said a carle, rising up from the warm sand; "what shall all thy toil win thee?"

Spake Hallblithe: "Maybe a merry heart, or maybe death."

At that word they all rose up together, and stood huddled together like sheep that have been driven to the croft-gate, and the shepherd hath left them for a little and they know not whither to go. Little by little they got them to the wain and harnessed their beasts thereto, and departed silently by the way that they had come; but in a little time Hallblithe heard their laughter and merry speech across the flowery meadows. He heeded their departure little, but went on working, and worked the sun down, and on till the stars began to twinkle. Then he went home to his house in the wood, and slept and dreamed not, and began again on the morrow with a good heart.

To be short, no day passed that he wrought not his full tale of work, and the days wore, and his shipwright's work throve. Often the folk of that house, and from otherwhere round about, came down to the strand to watch him working. Nowise did they wilfully hinder him, but whiles when they could get no talk from him, they would speak of him to each other gravely, wondering that he should so toil to sail upon the sea; for they loved the sea but little, and it soon became clear to them that he was looking to nought else: though it may not be said that they deemed he would leave the land for ever. On the other hand, if they hindered him not, neither did they help, saving when he prayed them for somewhat which he needed, which they would then give him blithely.

Of the Sea-eagle and his damsel, Hallblithe saw nought; whereat he was well-content, for he deemed it of no avail to make a second sundering of it.

So he worked and kept his heart up, and at last all was ready; he had made him a mast and a sail, and oars, and whatso-other gear there was need of. So then he thrust his skiff into the sea on an evening whenas there were but two carles standing by; for there would often be a score or two of folk. These two smiled on him and bespake him kindly, but would not help him when he bade them set shoulder to her bows and shove. Albeit he got the skiff into the water without much ado, and got into her, and brought her to where a stream running from out of his wood made a little haven for her up from the sea. There he tied her to a tree bole, and busied himself that even with getting the gear into her, and victual and water withal as much as he deemed he should need: and so, being weary, he went to his house to sleep, thinking that he should awake in the grey of the morning and thrust out into the deep sea. And he was the more content to abide, because on that eve, as oftenest betid, the wind blew landward from the sea, whereas in the morning it oftenest blew seaward from the land. In any case he thought to be astir so timely that he should come alone to his keel, and depart with no leave-takings. But, as it fell out, he overslept himself, so that when he came out into the wood clad in all his armour, with his sword girt to his side, and his spear over his shoulder, he heard the voices of folk, and presently found so many gathered about his boat that he had some ado to get aboard.

The folk had brought many gifts for him of such things as they deemed he might need for a short voyage, as fruit and wine, and woollen cloths to keep the cold night from him; he thanked them kindly as he stepped over the gunwale, and some of the women kissed him: and one said (she it was who had met him at the stead that morning when he went to fetch timber): "Thou wilt be back this even, wilt thou not, brother? It is yet but early, and thou shalt have time enough to take all thy pleasure on the sea, and then come back to us to eat thy meat in our house at nightfall."

She spake, knitting her brows in longing for his return; but he knew that all those deemed he would come back again soon; else had they deemed him a rebel of the King, and might, as he thought, have stayed him. So he changed not countenance in any wise, but said only: "Farewell, sister, for this day, and farewell to all you till I come back."

Therewith he unmoored his boat, and sat down and took the oars, and rowed till he was out of the little haven, and on the green sea, and the keel rose and fell on the waves. Then he stepped the mast and hoisted sail, and sheeted home, for the morning

wind was blowing gently from the mountains over the meadows of the Glittering Plain, so the sail filled, and the keel leapt forward and sped over the face of the cold sea. And it is to be said that whether he wotted or not, it was the very day twelve months since he had come to that shore along with the Sea-eagle. So that folk stood and watched the skiff growing less and less upon the deep till they could scarce see her. Then they turned about and went into the wood to disport them, for the sun was growing hot. Nevertheless, there were some of them (and that damsel was one), who came back to the sea-shore from time to time all day long; and even when the sun was down they looked seaward under the rising moon, expecting to see Hallblithe's bark come into the shining path which she drew across the waters round about the Glittering Land.

CHAPTER XX.

HALLBLITHE SAILETH AWAY FROM THE GLITTERING PLAIN.

But as to Hallblithe, he soon lost sight of the Glittering Plain and the mountains thereof, and there was nought but sea all round about him, and his heart swelled with joy as he sniffed the brine and watched the gleaming hills and valleys of the restless deep; and he said to himself that he was going home to his kindred and the roof of his fathers of old time.

He stood as near due north as he might; but as the day wore, the wind headed him, and he deemed it not well to beat, lest he should make his voyage overlong; so he ran on with the wind abeam, and his little craft lept merrily over the sea-hills under the freshening breeze. The sun set and the moon and stars shone out, and he still sailed on, and durst not sleep, save as a dog does, with one eye. At last came dawn, and as the light grew, it was a fair day with a falling wind, and a bright sky, but it clouded over before sunset and the wind freshened from the north by east, and, would he, would he not, Hallblithe must run before it night-long, till at sunrise it fell again, and all day was too light for him to make much way beating to northward; nor did it freshen till after the moon was risen some while after sunset. And now he was so weary that he must needs sleep; so he lashed the helm, and took a reef in the sail, and ran before the wind, he sleeping in the stern.

But past the middle of the night, towards the dawning, he awoke with the sound of a great shout in his ears. So he looked over the dark waters, and saw nought, for the night was cloudy again. Then he trimmed his craft, and went to sleep again, for he was overburdened with slumber.

When he awoke it was broad daylight; so he looked to the tiller and got the boat's head a little up to the wind, and then gazed about him with the sleep still in his eyes. And as his eyes took in the picture before him he could not refrain a cry; for lo! there arose up great and grim right ahead the black cliffs of the Isle of Ransom. Straightway he got to the sheet, and strove to wear the boat; but for all that he could do she drifted toward the land, for she was gotten into a strong current of the sea that set shoreward. So he struck sail, and took the oars and rowed mightily so that he might bear her off shore; but it availed nothing, and still he drifted landward. So he stood up from the oars, and turned about and looked and saw that he was but some three furlongs from the shore, and that he was come to the very haven-mouth whence he had set sail with the Sea-eagle a twelvemonth ago: and he knew that into that haven he needs must get him, or be dashed to pieces against the high cliffs of the land: and he saw how the waves ran on to the cliffs, and whiles one higher than the others smote the rock-wall and ran up it, as if it could climb over on to the grassy lip beyond, and then fell back again leaving a river of brine running down the steep. Then he said that he would take what might befall him inside the haven. So he hoisted sail again, and took the tiller, and steered right for the midmost of the gate between the rocks, wondering what should await him there. Then it was but a few minutes ere his bark shot into the smoothness of the haven, and presently began to lose way; for all the wind was dead within that land-locked water.

Hallblithe looked steadily round about seeking his foe; but the haven was empty of ship or boat; so he ran his eye along the shore to see where he should best lay his keel; and as aforesaid there was no beach there, and the water was deep right up to the grassy lip of the land; though the tides ran somewhat high, and at low water would a little steep undercliff go up from the face of the sea. But now it was near

the top of the tide, and there was scarce two feet betwixt the grass and the dark-green sea. Now Hallblithe steered toward an ingle of the haven; and beyond it, a little way off, rose a reef of rocks out of the green grass, and thereby was a flock of sheep feeding, and a big man lying down amongst them, who seemed to be unarmed, as Hallblithe could not see any glint of steel about him. Hallblithe drew nigh the shore, and the big man stirred not; nor did he any the more when the keel ran along the shore, and Hallblithe leapt out and moored his craft to his spear stuck deep in the earth. And now Hallblithe deems that the man must be either dead or asleep: so he drew his sword and had it in his right hand, and in his left a sharp knife, and went straight up to the man betwixt the sheep, and found him so lying on his side that he could not see his face; so he stirred him with his foot, and cried out: "Awake, O shepherd! for dawn is long past and day is come, and therewithal a guest for thee!"

The man turned over and slowly sat up, and, lo! who should it be but the Puny Fox? Hallblithe started back at the sight of him, and cried out at him and said: "Have I found thee, O mine enemy?"

The Puny Fox sat up a little straighter, and rubbed his eyes and said: "Yea, thou hast found me sure enough. But as to my being thine enemy, a word or two may be said about that presently."

"What!" said Hallblithe, "dost thou deem that aught save my sword will speak to thee?"

"I wot not," said the Puny Fox, slowly rising to his feet, "but I suppose thou wilt not slay me unarmed, and thou seest that I have no weapons."

"Get thee weapons then," quoth Hallblithe, "and delay not; for the sight of thee alive sickens me."

"Ill is that," said the Puny Fox, "but come thou with me at once, where I shall find both the weapons and a good fighting-stead. Hasten! time presseth, now thou art come at last."

"And my boat?" said Hallblithe.

"Wilt thou carry her in thy pouch?" said the Puny Fox; "thou wilt not need her again, whether thou slay me, or I thee."

Hallblithe knit his brows on him in his wrath; for he deemed that Fox's meaning was to threaten him with the vengeance of the kindred. Howbeit, he said nought; for he deemed it ill to wrangle in words with one whom he was presently to meet in battle: so he followed as the Puny Fox led. Fox brought him past the reef of rock aforesaid, and up a narrow cleft of the cliffs overlooking the sea, whereby they came into a little grass-grown meadow well nigh round in shape, as smooth and level as a hall-floor, and fenced about by a wall of rock: a place which had once been the mouth of an earth-fire, and a caldron of molten stone.

When they stood on the smooth grass Fox said: "Hold there a little, while I go to my weapon-chest, and then shall we see what is to be done."

Therewith he turned aside to a cranny of the rock, and going down on his hands and knees, fell to creeping like a worm up a hole therein, which belike led to a cavern; for after his voice had come forth from the earth, grunting and groaning and cursing this thing, and that, out he comes again feet first, and casts down an old rusty sword without a sheath; a helm no less rusty and battered withal, and a round target, curled up and outworn as if it would fall to pieces of itself. Then he stands up and stretches himself, and smiles pleasantly on Hallblithe and says: "Now, mine enemy, when I have donned helm and shield and got my sword in hand, we may begin the play: as to a hauberk I must needs go lack; for I could not come by it; I think the old man must have chaffered it away: he was ever too money-fain."

But Hallblithe looked on him angrily and said: "Hast thou brought me hither to mock me? Hast thou no better weapons wherewith to meet a warrior of the Raven than these rusty shards, which look as if thou hadst robbed a grave of the dead? I will not fight thee so armed."

"Well," said the Puny Fox, "and from out of a grave come they verily: for in that little hole lieth my father's grandsire, the Great Sea-mew of the Ravagers, the father of that Sea-eagle whom thou knowest. But since thou thinkest scorn of these weapons of a dead warrior, in go the old carle's treasures again! It is as well maybe; since he might be wrath beyond his wont if he were to wake and miss them; and already this cold cup of the once-boiling rock is not wholly safe because of him."

So he crept into the hole once more, and out of it presently, and stood smiting his

palms one against the other to dust them, like a man who has been handling parchments long laid by; and Hallblithe stood looking at him, still wrathful, but silent. Then said the Puny Fox: "This at least was a wise word of thine, that thou wouldst not fight me. For the end of fighting is slaying; and it is stark folly to fight without slaying; and now I see that thou desirest not to slay me: for if thou didst, why didst thou refuse to fall on me armed with the ghosts of weapons that I borrowed from a ghost? Nay, why didst thou not slay me as I crept out of yonder hole? Thou wouldst have had a cheap bargain of me either way. It would be rank folly to fight me."

Said Hallblithe hoarsely: "Why didst thou bewray me, and lie to me, and lure me away from the quest of my beloved, and waste a whole year of my life?"

"It is a long story," said the Puny Fox, "which I may tell thee some day. Meantime I may tell thee this, that I was compelled thereto by one far mightier than I, to wit the Undying King."

At that word the smouldering wrath blazed up in Hallblithe, and he drew his sword hastily and hewed at the Puny Fox: but he lept aside nimbly and ran in on Hallblithe, and caught his sword-arm by the wrist, and tore the weapon out of his hand, and overbore him by sheer weight and stature, and drave him to the earth. Then he rose up, and let Hallblithe rise also, and took his sword and gave it into his hand again and said: "Crag-nester, thou art wrathful, but little. Now thou hast thy sword again and mayst slay me if thou wilt. Yet not until I have spoken a word to thee: so hearken! or else by the treasure of the sea I will slay thee with my bare hands. For I am strong indeed in this place with my old kinsman beside me. Wilt thou hearken?"

"Speak," said Hallblithe, "I hearken."

Said the Puny Fox: "True it is that I lured thee away from thy quest, and wore away a year of thy life. Yet true it is also that I repent me thereof, and ask thy pardon. What sayest thou?"

Hallblithe spake not; but the heat died out of his face and he was become somewhat pale. Said the Puny Fox: "Dost thou not remember, O Raven, how thou badest me battle last year on the sea-shore by the side of the Rollers of the Raven? and how this was to be the prize of battle, that the vanquished should serve the vanquisher year-long, and do all his will? And now this prize and more thou hast won without battle; for I swear by the treasure of the sea, and by the bones of the great Sea-mew yonder that I will serve thee not year-long but life-long, and that I will help thee in thy quest for thy beloved. What sayest thou?"

Hallblithe stood speechless a moment, looking past the Puny Fox, rather than at him. Then the sword tumbled out of his hand on to the grass, and great tears rolled down his cheeks and fell on to his raiment, and he reached out his hand to the Puny Fox and said: "O friend, wilt thou not bring me to her? for the days wear, and the trees are growing old round about the Acres of the Raven."

Then the Puny Fox took his hand, and laughed merrily in his face, and said: "Great is thine heart, O Carrion-biter! But now that thou art my friend I will tell thee that I have a deeming of the whereabouts of thy beloved Or where deemest thou was the garden wherein thou sawest her standing on the page of the book in that dream of the night? So it is, O Raven-son, that it is not for nothing that my grandsire's father lieth in yonder hole of the rocks; for of late he hath made me wise in mighty lore. Thanks have thou, O kinsman!" And he turned him toward the rock wherein was the grave.

But Hallblithe said: "What is to do now? Am I not in a land of foemen?"

"Yea, forsooth," said the Puny Fox, "and even if thou knewest where thy love is, thou shouldst hardly escape from this isle unslain, save for me."

Said Hallblithe: "Is there not my bark, that I might depart at once? for I deem not that the Hostage is on the Isle of Ransom."

The Puny Fox laughed boisterously and said: "Nay, she is not. But as to thy boat, there is so strong a set of the flood-tide toward this end of the isle, that with the wind blowing as now, from the north-north-east, thou mayst not get off the shore for four hours at least; and I misdoubt me that within that time we shall have tidings of a ship of ours coming into the haven. Thy bark they shall take, and thee also if thou art therein; and then soon were the story told, for they know thee for a rebel of the Undying King. Hearken! Dost thou not hear the horn's voice? Come up hither and we shall see what is towards."

So saying he led hastily up a kind of stair in the rock-wall, until they reached a cranny whence through a hole in the cliff they could see all over the haven. And lo! as they looked, in the very gate and entry of it came a great ship heaving up her bows on the last swell of the outer sea (where the wind had risen somewhat), and rolling into the smooth, land-locked water. Black was her sail, and the image of the Sea-eagle enwrought thereon spread wide over it; and the banner of the Flaming Sword streamed out from the stern. Many men all weaponed were on the decks, and the minstrels high up on the poop were blowing a merry song of return on their battle-horns.

"Lo, you," said the Puny Fox, "thy luck or mine hath served thee this time, in that the Flaming Sword did not overhaul thee ere thou madest the haven. We are well here at least."

Said Hallblithe: "But may not some of them come up hither perchance?"

"Nay, nay," said the Puny Fox; "they fear the old man in the cleft yonder; for he is not over guest-fain. This mead is mine own, as for other living men; it is my unroofed house, and I have here a house with a roof also, which I will show thee presently. For now since the Flaming Sword hath come, there is no need for haste; nay, we cannot depart till they have gone up-country. So I will show thee presently what we shall do to-night."

So there they sat and watched those men bring their ship to the shore and moor her hard by Hallblithe's boat. They cried out when they saw her, and when they were aland they gathered about her to note her build, and the fashion of the spear whereto she was tied. Then in a while the more part of them, some four-score in number, departed up the valley toward the great house and left none but a half dozen ship warders behind.

"Seest thou, friend of the Ravens," said the Fox, "hadst thou been there, they might have done with thee what they would. Did I not well to bring thee into my unroofed house?"

"Yea verily," said Hallblithe; "but will not some of the ship-wards, or some of the others returning, come up hither and find us? I shall yet lay my bones in this evil island."

The Puny Fox laughed, and said: "It is not so bad as thy sour looks would have it; anyhow it is good enough for a grave, and at this present I may call it a casket of precious things."

"What meanest thou?" said Hallblithe eagerly.

"Nay, nay," said the other, "nought but what thou knowest. Art thou not therein—and I myself? without reckoning the old carle in the hole yonder. But I promise thee thou shalt not die here this time, unless thou wilt. And as to folk coming up hither, I tell thee again they durst not; because they fear my great-grandsire over much. Not that they are far wrong therein; for now he is dead, the worst of him seemeth to come out of him, and he is not easily dealt with, save by one who hath some share of his wisdom. Thou thyself couldst see by my kinsman, the Sea-eagle, how much of ill and churlish malice there may be in our kindred when they wax old, and loneliness and dreariness taketh hold of them. For I must tell thee that I have oft heard my father say that his father the Sea-eagle was in his youth and his prime blithe and buxom, a great lover of women, and a very friendly fellow. But ever, as I say, as the men of our kind wax in years, they worsen; and thereby mayst thou deem how bad the old man in yonder must be, since he hath lain so long in the grave. But now we will go to that house of mine on the other side of the mead, over against my kinsman's."

Therewith he led Hallblithe down from the rock, while Hallblithe said to him: "What! art thou also dead that thou hast a grave here?"

"Nay, nay," said Fox, smiling, "am I so evil-conditioned then? I am no older than thou art."

"But tell me," said Hallblithe, "wilt thou also wax evil as thou growest old?"

"Maybe not," said Fox, looking hard at him, "for in my mind it is that I may be taken into another house, and another kindred, and amongst them I shall be healed of much that might turn to ill."

Therewith were they come across the little meadow to a place where was a cave in the rock closed with a door, and a wicket window therein. Fox led Hallblithe into it, and within, it was no ill dwelling; for it was dry and clean, and there were stools

therein and a table, and shelves and lockers in the wall. When they had sat them down Fox said:

"Here mightst thou dwell safely as long as thou wouldst, if thou wouldst risk the dealings with the old carle. But, as I wot well that thou art in haste to be gone and get home to thy kindred, I must bring thee at dusk to-day close up to our feast-hall, so that thou mayst be at hand to do what hath to be done to-night, so that we may get us gone to-morrow. Also thou must do off thy Raven gear lest we meet any in the twilight as we go up to the house; and here have I to hand home-spun raiment such as our war-taken thralls wear, which shall serve thy turn well enough; but this thou needest not do on till the time is at hand for our departure; and then I will bring thee away, and bestow thee in a bower hard by the hall; and when thou art within, I may so look to it that none shall go in there, or if they do, they shall see nought in thee save a carle known to them by name. My kinsman hath learned me to do harder things than this. But now it is time to eat and drink."

Therewith he drew victual from out a locker and they fell to. But when they had eaten, Fox taught Hallblithe what he should do in the hall that night, as shall be told hereafter. And then, with much talk about many things, they wore away the day in that ancient cup of the seething rock, and a little before dusk set out for the hall, bearing with them Hallblithe's gear bundled up together, as though it had been wares from over sea. So they came to the house before the tables were set, and the Puny Fox bestowed Hallblithe in a bower which gave into the buttery, so that it was easy to go straight into the midmost of the hall. There was Hallblithe clad and armed in his Raven gear; but Fox gave him a vizard to go over his face, so that none might know him when he entered therein.

CHAPTER XXI.

OF THE CHAMPIONS IN THE HALL OF THE RAVAGERS.

Now it is to be told that the chieftains came into the hall that night and sat down at the board on the daïs, even as Hallblithe had seen them do aforetime. And the chieftain of all, who was called the Erne of the Sea-eagles, rose up according to custom and said: "Hearken, folk! this is a night of the champions, whereon we may not eat till the pale blades have clashed together, and one hath vanquished and another been overcome. Now let them stand forth and give out the prize of victory which the vanquished shall pay to the vanquisher. And let it be known, that, whosoever may be the champion that winneth the battle, whether he be a kinsman, or an alien, or a foeman declared; yea, though he have left the head of my brother at the hall-door, he shall pass this night with us safe from sword, safe from axe, safe from hand: he shall eat as we eat, drink as we drink, sleep as we sleep, and depart safe from any hand or weapon, and shall sail the sea at his pleasure in his own keel or in ours, as to him and us may be meet. Blow up horns for the champions!"

So the horns blew a cheerful strain, and when they were done, there came into the hall a tall man clad in black, and with black armour and weapons saving the white blade of his sword. He had a vizard over his face, but his hair came down from under his helm like the tail of a red horse.

So he stood amidst the floor and cried out: "I am the champion of the Ravagers. But I swear by the treasure of the sea that I will cross no blade to-night save with an alien, a foeman of the kindred. Hearest thou, O chieftain, O Erne of the Sea-eagles?"

"Hear it I do," said the chieftain, "and I deem that thy meaning is that we should go supperless to bed; and this cometh of thy perversity: for we know thee despite thy vizard. Belike thou deemest that thou shalt not be met this even, and that there is no free alien in the island to draw sword against thee. But beware! For when we came aland this morning we found a skiff of the aliens tied to a great spear stuck in the bank of the haven; so that there will be one foeman at least abroad in the island. But we said that if we should come on the man, we would set his head on the gable of the hall with the mouth open toward the North for a token of reproach to the dwellers in the land over sea. But now give out the prize of victory, and I swear by the treasure of the sea that we will abide by thy word."

Said the champion: "These are the terms and conditions of the battle; that which-so of us is vanquished, he shall either die, or serve the vanquisher for twelve moons, to fare with him at his will, to go his errands, and do according to his commandment in all wise. Hearest thou, chieftain?"

"Yea," said he, "and by the Undying King, both thou and we shall abide by this bargain. So look to it that thou smite great strokes, lest our hall lack a gable-knop. Horns, blow up for the alien champion!"

So again the horns were winded; and ere their voice had died, in from the buttery screens came a glittering image of war, and there stood the alien champion over against the warrior of the sea; and he too had a vizard over his face.

Now when the folk saw him, and how slim and light and small he looked beside their champion, and they beheld the Raven painted on his white shield, they hooted and laughed for scorn of him and his littleness.

But he tossed his sword up lightly and caught it by the hilts as it fell, and drew nigher to the champion of the sea and stood facing him within reach of his sword. Then the chieftain on the high-seat put his two hands to his mouth and roared out: "Fall on, ye champions, fall on!"

But the folk in the hall were so eager that they stood on the benches and the boards, and craned over each other's shoulders, so that they might lose no whit of the hand-play. Now flashed the blades in the candle-lit hall, and the red-haired champion hove up his sword and smote two great strokes to right and to left; but the alien gave way before him, and the folk cried out at him in scorn and in joy of their champion, who fell to raining down great strokes like the hail amidst the lightning. But so deft was the alien, that he stood amidst it unhurt, and laid many strokes on his foeman, and did all so lightly and easily, that it seemed as if he were dancing rather than fighting; and the folk held their peace and began to doubt if their huge champion would prevail.

Now the red-haired fetched a mighty stroke at the alien, who lept aside lightly and gat his sword in his left hand and dealt a great stroke on the other's head, and the red-haired staggered, for he had over-reached himself; and again the alien smote him a left-handed stroke so that he fell full length on the floor with a mighty clatter, and the sword flew out of his hand: and the folk were dumb-foundered.

Then the alien threw himself on the sea-champion, and knelt upon him, and shortened his sword as if to slay him with a thrust. But thereon the man overthrown cried out: "Hold thine hand, for I am vanquished! Now give me peace according to the bargain struck between us, that I shall serve thee year-long, and follow thee wheresoever thou goest."

Therewith the alien champion arose and stood off from him, and the man of the sea gat to his feet, and did off his helm, so that all men could see that he was the Puny Fox.

Then the victorious champion unhelmed himself, and lo, it was Hallblithe! And a shout arose in the hall, part of wonder, part of wrath.

Then cried out the Puny Fox: "I call on all men here to bear witness that by reason of this battle Hallblithe of the Ravens is free to come and go as he will in the Isle of Ransom, and to take help of any man that will help him, and to depart from the isle when he will and how he will, taking me with him if so he will."

Said the chieftain: "Yea, this is right and due, and so shall it be. But now, since no freeman, who is not a foe of the passing hour, may abide in our hall without eating of our meat, come up here, Hallblithe, and sit by me, and eat and drink of the best we have, since the Norns would not give us thine head for a gable-knop. But what wilt thou do with thy thrall the Puny Fox; and whereto in the hall wilt thou have him shown? Or wilt thou that he sit fasting in the darkness to-night, laid in gyves and fetters. Or shall he have the cheer of whipping and stripes, as befitteth a thrall to whom the master oweth a grudge? What is thy will with him?"

Said Hallblithe: "My will is that thou give him a seat next to me, whether that be high or low, or the bench of thy prison-house. That he eat of my dish, and drink of my cup, whatsoever the meat and drink may be. For to-morrow I mean that we twain shall go under the earth-collar together, and that our blood shall run together and that we shall be brothers in arms henceforward." Then Hallblithe did on his helm again and drew his sword, and looked aside to the Puny Fox to bid him do the like, and he did so, and Hallblithe said: "Chieftain, thou hast bidden me to table, and I thank thee; but I will not set my teeth in meat,

out of our own house and land, which hath not been truly given to me by one who wotteth of me, unless I have conquered it as a prey of battle; neither will I cast a lie into the loving-cup which shall pass from thy lips to mine: therefore I will tell thee, that though I laid a stroke or two on the Puny Fox, and those no light ones, yet was this battle nought true and real, but a mere beguiling, even as that which I saw foughten in this hall aforetime, when meseemeth the slain men rose up again in time to drink the good-night cup. Therefore, O men of the Ravagers, and thou, O Puny Fox, there is nought to bind your hands and refrain your hearts, and ye may slay me if ye will without murder or dishonour, and may make of the head of Hallblithe a knop for your feast-hall. Yet shall one or two fall to earth before I fall."

Therewith he shook his sword aloft, and a great roar arose, and weapons came down from the wall, and the candles shone on naked steel. But the Puny Fox came and stood by Hallblithe, and spake in his ear amidst the uproar: "Well now, brother-in-arms, I have been trying to learn thee the lore of lies, and surely thou art the worst scholar who was ever smitten by master. And the outcome of it is that I, who have lied so long and well, must now pay for all and die for a barren truth."

Said Hallblithe: "Let all be as it will! I love thee, lies and all; but as for me I cannot handle them. Lo you! great and grim shall be the slaying, and we shall not fall unavenged."

Said the Puny Fox: "Hearken! for still they hang back. Belike it is I that have drawn this death on thee and me. My last lie was a fool's lie and we die for it: for what wouldst thou have done hadst thou wotted that thy beloved, the Hostage of the Rose—" He broke off perforce; for Hallblithe was looking to right and left and handling his sword, and heard not that last word of his; and from both sides of the hall the throng was drawing round about those twain, weapon in hand. Then Hallblithe set his eyes on a big man in front who was heaving up a heavy short-sword and thought that he would at least slay this one. But or ever he might smite, the great horn blared out over the tumult, and men forbore a while and fell somewhat silent.

Then came down to them the voice of the chieftain, a loud voice, but clear and with mirth mingled with anger in it, and he said: "What do these fools of the Ravagers cumbering the floor of the feast-hall, and shaking weapons when there is no foeman anigh? Are they dreaming-drunk before the wine is poured? Why do they not sit down in their places, and abide the bringing in of the meat? And ye women, where are ye, why do ye delay our meat, when ye may well wot that our hearts are drooping for hunger; and all hath been duly done, the battle of the champions fought and won, and the prize of war given forth and taken? How long, O folk, shall your chieftains sit fasting?"

Then arose great laughter in the hall, and men withdrew them from those twain and went and sat them down in their places.

Then the chieftain said: "Come up hither, I say, O Hallblithe, and bring thy war-thrall with thee if thou wilt. But delay not, unless it be so that thou art neither hungry nor thirsty; and good sooth thou shouldst be both; for men say that the ravens are hard to satisfy. Come then and make good cheer with us!"

So Hallblithe thrust his sword into the sheath, and the Puny Fox did the like, and they went both together up the hall to the high-seat. And Hallblithe sat down on the chieftain's right hand, and the Puny Fox next to him; and the chieftain, the Erne, said: "O Hallblithe, dost thou need thine armour at table; or dost thou find it handy to take thy meat clad in thy byrny and girt with a sword?"

Then laughed Hallblithe and said: "Nay, meseemeth to-night I shall need war-gear no more." And he stood up and did off all his armour and gave it, sword and all, into the hands of a woman, who bore it off, he knew not whither. And the Erne looked on him and said: "Well is that! and now I see that thou art a fair young man, and it is no marvel though maidens desire thee."

As he spake came in the damsels with the victual, and the cheer was exceeding good, and Hallblithe grew light-hearted.

But when the healths had been drunk as aforetime, and men had drunk a cup or two thereafter, there rose a warrior from one of the endlong benches, a big young man, black-haired and black-bearded, ruddy of visage, and he said in a voice that was rough and fat: "O Erne, and ye other chieftains, we have been talking here at our table concerning this guest of thine who hath beguiled us, and we are not wholly at one

with thee as to thy dealings with him. True it is, now that the man hath our meat in his belly, that he must depart from amongst us with a whole skin, unless of his own will he stand up to fight some man of us here. Yet some of us think that he is not so much our friend that we should help him to a keel whereon to fare home to those that hate us: and we say that it would not be unlawful to let the man abide in the isle, and proclaim him a wolf's-head within a half-moon of to-day. Or what sayest thou?

Said the Erne: "Wait for my word a while, and hearken to another! Is the Grey-goose of the Ravagers in the hall? Let him give out his word on this matter."

Then arose a white-headed carle from a table nigh to the daïs, whose black raiment was well adorned with gold. Despite his years his face was fair and little wrinkled; a man with a straight nose and a well-fashioned mouth, and with eyes still bright and grey. He spake: "O folk, I find that the Erne hath done well in cherishing this guest. For first, if he hath beguiled us, he did it not save by the furtherance and sleight of our own kinsman; therefore if any one is to die for beguiling us, let it be the Puny Fox.

"Secondly, we may well wot that heavy need hath driven the man to this beguilement; and I say that it was no unmanly deed for him to enter our hall and beguile us with his sleight; and that he hath played out the play right well and cunningly with the wisdom of a warrior.

"Thirdly, the manliness of him is well proven, in that having overcome us in sleight, he hath spoken out the sooth concerning our beguilement; and hath made himself our foeman and captive when he might have sat down by us as our guest freely and in all honour. And this he did, not as contemning the Puny Fox and his lies and crafty wiles (for he hath told us that he loveth him); but so that he might show himself a man in that which trieth manhood.

"Moreover, ye shall not forget that he is the rebel of the Undying King, who is our lord and master; therefore in cherishing him we show ourselves great-hearted, in that we fear not the wrath of our master. Therefore I naysay the word of the War-brand that we should make this man a wolf's-head; for in so doing we shall show ourselves lesser-hearted than he is, and of no account beside of him; and his head on our hall-gable should be to us a nithing-stake, and a tree of reproach. So I bid thee, O Erne, to make much of this man; and thou shalt do well to give him worthy gifts, such as warriors may take, so that he may show them at home in the House of the Raven, that it may be the beginning of peace betwixt us and his noble kindred. This is my say, and later on I shall wax no wiser."

Therewith he sat down, and there arose a murmur and stir in the hall; but the more part said that the Grey-goose had spoken well, and that it was good to be at peace with such manly fellows as the new guest was.

But the Erne said: "One word will I lay hereto, to wit, that he who desireth mine enmity let him do scathe to Hallblithe of the Ravens and hinder him." Then he bade fill round the cups, and called a health to Hallblithe, and all men drank to him, and there was much joyance and merriment.

But when the night was well worn the Erne turned to Hallblithe and said: "That was a good word of the Grey-goose which he spake concerning the giving of gifts: Raven-son, wilt thou take a gift of me and be my friend?"

"Thy friend will I be," said Hallblithe, "but no gift will I take of thee or any other till I have the gift of gifts, and that is my troth-plight maiden. I will not be glad till I can be glad with her."

Then laughed the Erne, and the Puny Fox grinned all across his wide face, and Hallblithe looked from one to the other of them and wondered at their mirth, and when they saw his wondering eyes, they did but laugh the more; and the Erne said: "Neverthless, thou shalt see the gift which I would give thee; and then mayst thou take it or leave it as thou wilt. Ho ye! bring in the throne of the Eastland with them that minister to it!"

Certain men left the hall as he spake, and came back bearing with them a throne fashioned most goodly of ivory, parcel-gilt, and begemmed and adorned with marvellous craftsmanship: and they set it down amidst of the hall-floor and went aback to their places, while the Erne sat and smiled kindly on the folk and on Hallblithe. Then arose the sound of fiddles and the lesser harp, and the doors of the screen were opened, and there flowed into the hall a company of fair damsels not less than a score, each one

with a rose on her bosom, and they came and stood in order behind the throne of the Eastlands, and they strewed roses on the ground before them: and when they were duly ranged they fell to singing:

Now waneth spring,
While all birds sing,
And the south wind blows
The earliest rose
To and fro
By the doors we know,
And the scented gale
Fills every dale.

Slow now are brooks running because of the weed,
And the thrush hath no cunning to hide her at need,
So swift as she flieth from hedgerow to tree,
As one that toil trieth, and deedful must be.

And O! that at last,
All sorrows past,
This night I lay
'Neath the oak-beams grey!
O, to wake from sleep,
To see dawn creep
Through the fruitful grove
Of the house that I love!

O! my feet to be treading the threshold once more,
O'er which once went the leading of swords to the war!
O! my feet in the garden's edge under the sun,
Where the seeding grass hardens for haysel begun!

Lo, lo! the wind blows
To the heart of the Rose,
And the ship lies tied
To the haven side!
But O for the keel
The sails to feel!
And the rocky ness
Growing less and less!

As down the wind driveth and thrusts through the sea
The sail-burg that striveth to turn and go free,
But the lads at the tiller they hold her in hand,
And the wind our well-willer drifts fierce to the land.

We shall wend it yet,
The highway wet;
For what is this
That our bosoms kiss?
What lieth sweet
Before our feet?
What token hath come
To lead us home?

'Tis the Rose of the garden walled round from the croft
Where the grey roof its warden steep riseth aloft,
'Tis the Rose 'neath the oaken-beamed hall, where they bide
The pledges unbroken, the hand of the bride.

Hallblithe heard the song, and half thought it promised him somewhat; but then he had been so misled and mocked at, that he scarce knew how to rejoice at it.

Now the Erne spake: "Wilt thou not take the chair and these dainty song-birds that stand about it? Much wealth might come into thine hall if thou wert to carry them over sea to rich men who have no kindred, nor affinity wherein to wed, but who love women as well as other men."

Said Hallblithe: "I have wealth enow were I once home again. As to these maidens, I know by the fashion of them that they are no women of the Rose, as by their song they should be. Yet will I take any of these maidens that have will to go with me and be made sisters of my sisters, and wed with the warriors of the Rose; or if they are of a kindred, and long to sit each in the house of her folk, then will we send them home over the sea with warriors to guard them from all trouble; for this gift I thank thee. As to thy throne, I bid thee keep it till a keel cometh thy way from our land, bringing fair gifts for thee and thine. For we are not so unwealthy."

Those that sat nearby heard his words and praised them; but the Erne said: "All this is free to thee, and thou mayst do what thou wilt with the gifts given to thee. Yet shalt thou have the throne; and I have thought of a way to make thee take it. Or what sayst thou, Puny Fox?"

Said the Puny Fox: "Yea if thou wilt, thou mayst, but I thought it not of thee that thou wouldst. Now is all well."

Again Hallblithe looked from one to the other and wondered what they meant. But the Erne cried out: "Bring in now the sitter, who shall fill the empty throne!"

Then again the screen-doors opened, and there came in two weaponed men, leading

between them a woman clad in gold and garlanded with roses. So fair was the fashion of her face and all her body, that her coming seemed to make a change in the hall, as though the sun had shone into it suddenly. She trod the hall-floor with firm feet, and sat down on the ivory chair. But even before she was seated therein Hallblithe knew that the Hostage was under that roof and coming toward him. And the heart arose in his breast and fluttered therein, so sore he yearned toward the Daughter of the Rose, and his very speech-friend. Then he heard the Erne saying, "How now, Raven-son, wilt thou have the throne and the sitter therein, or wilt thou gainsay me once more?"

Thereafter he himself spake, and the sound of his voice was strange to him and as if he knew it not: "Chieftain, I will not gainsay thee, but will take thy gift, and thy friendship therewith, whatsoever hath betided. Yet would I say a word or two unto the woman that sitteth yonder. For I have been straying amongst wiles and images, and mayhappen I shall yet find this to be but a dream of the night, or a beguilement of the day." Therewith he arose from the table, and walked slowly down the hall; but it was a near thing that he did not fall a weeping before all those aliens, so full his heart was.

He came and stood before the Hostage, and their eyes were upon each other, and for a little while they had no words. Then Hallblithe began wondering at his voice as he spake: "Art thou a woman and my speech-friend? For many images have mocked me, and I have been encompassed with lies, and led astray by behests that have not been fulfilled. And the world hath become strange to me, and empty of friends."

Then she said: "Art thou verily Hallblithe? For I also have been encompassed by lies, and beset by images of things unhelpful."

"Yea," said he, "I am Hallblithe of Ravens, wearied with desire for my troth-plight maiden."

Then came the rosy colour into the fairness of her face, as the rising sun lighteth the garden of flowers in the June morning; and she said: "If thou art Hallblithe, tell me what befell to the finger-gold-ring that my mother gave me when we were both but little."

Then his face grew happy, and he smiled, and he said: "I put it for thee one autumntide in the snake's hole in the bank above the river, amidst the roots of the old thorn-tree, that the snake might brood it and make the gold grow greater; but when winter was over, and we came to look for it, lo! there was neither ring nor snake, nor thorn-tree: for the flood had washed it all away."

Thereat she smiled most sweetly, and whereas she had been looking on him hitherto with strained and anxious eyes, she now beheld him simply and friendly; and she said: "O Hallblithe, I am a woman indeed, and thy speech-friend. This is the flesh that desireth thee, and the life that is thine, and the heart which thou rejoicest. But now tell me, who are these huge images around us, amongst whom I have sat thus, once in every moon this year past, and afterwards I was taken back to the women's bower? Are they men or mountain-giants? Will they slay us, or shut us up from the light and air? Or hast thou made peace with them? Wilt thou then dwell with me here, or shall we go back again to Cleveland by the Sea? And when, oh, when shall we depart?"

He smiled and said: "Quick come thy questions, beloved. These are the folks of the Ravagers and the Sea-eagles: they be men, though fierce and wild they be. Our foes they have been, and have sundered us; but now are they our friends, and have brought us together. And to-morrow, O friend, shall we depart across the waters to Cleveland by the Sea."

She leaned forward, and was about to speak softly to him, but suddenly started back, and said: "There is a big, red-haired man, as big as any here, behind thy shoulder. Is he also a friend? What would he with us?"

So Hallblithe turned about, and beheld the Puny Fox beside him, who took up the word and spoke, smiling as a man in great glee: "O maiden of the Rose, I am Hallblithe's thrall, and his scholar, to unlearn the craft of lying, whereby I have done amiss towards both him and thee. Whereof I will tell thee all the tale soon. But now I will say that it is true that we depart to-morrow for Cleveland by the Sea, thou and he, and I in company. Now I would ask thee, Hallblithe, if thou wouldst have me bestow this gift of thine in safe-keeping to-night, since there is an end of her sitting

in the hall like a graven image; and to-morrow the way will be long and wearisome. What sayest thou?"

Said the Hostage: "Shall I trust this man and go with him?"

"Yea, thou shalt trust him," said Hallblithe, "for he is trusty. And even were he not, it is meet for us of the Raven and the Rose to do as our worth biddeth us, and not to fear this folk. And it behoveth us to do after their customs since we are in their house."

"That is sooth," she said; "big man, lead me out of the hall to my place. Farewell, Hallblithe, for a little while, and then shall there be no more sundering for us."

Therewith she departed with the Puny Fox, and Hallblithe went back to the high-seat and sat down by the Erne, who laughed on him, and said: "Thou hast taken my gift, and that is well: yet shall I tell thee that I would not have given it to thee if I could have kept it for myself in such plight as thou wilt have it. But all I could do, and the Puny Fox to help withal, availed me nought. So good luck go with thine hands. Now will we to bed, and to-morrow I will lead thee out on thy way; for to say sooth, there be some here who are not well pleased with either thee or me; and thou knowest that words are wasted on wilful men, but that deeds may avail somewhat."

Therewith he cried out for the cup of good-night, and when it was drunken, Hallblithe was shown to a fair shut-bed; even that wherein he had lain aforetime; and there he went to sleep in joy, and in good liking with all men.

CHAPTER XXII.

THEY LEAVE THE ISLE OF RANSOM AND COME TO CLEVELAND BY THE SEA.

In the morning early Hallblithe arose from his bed, and when he came into the mid-hall there was the Puny Fox and the Hostage with him; and Hallblithe kissed her and embraced her, and she him; yet not like lovers long sundered, but as a man and maid betrothed are wont to do, for there were folk coming and going about the hall.

Then spake the Puny Fox: "The Erne is abiding us out in the meadow yonder; for now nought will serve him but he must needs go under the earth-collar with us. How sayest thou, is he enough thy friend?"

Said Hallblithe, smiling on the Hostage: "What hast thou to say to it, beloved?"

"Nought at all," she said, "if thou art friend to any of these men. I may deem that I have somewhat against the chieftain, whereof belike this big man may tell thee hereafter; but even so much meseemeth I have against this man himself, who is now become thy friend and scholar; for he also strove for my beguilement, and that not for himself, but for another."

"True it is," said the Fox, "that I did it for another; even as yesterday I took thy mate Hallblithe out of the trap whereinto he had strayed, and compassed his deliverance by means of the unfaithful battle; and even as I would have stolen thee for him, O Rose-maiden, if need had been; yea, even if I must have smitten into ruin the roof-tree of the Ravagers. And how could I tell that the Erne would give thee up unstolen? Yea, thou sayest sooth, O noble and spotless maiden; all my deeds, both good and ill, have I done for others; and so I deem it shall be while my life lasteth."

Then Hallblithe laughed and said: "Art thou nettled, fellow-in-arms, at the word of a woman who knoweth thee not? She shall yet be thy friend, O Fox. But tell me, beloved, I deemed that thou hadst not seen Fox before; how then can he have helped the Erne against thee?

"Yet she sayeth sooth," said Fox, "this was of my sleight: for when I had to come before her, I changed my skin, as I well know how; there are others in this land who can do so much as that. But what sayest thou concerning the brotherhood with the Erne?"

"Let it be so," said Hallblithe, "he is manly and true, though masterful, and is meet for this land of his. I shall not fall out with him; for seldom meseemeth shall I see the Isle of Ransom."

"And I never again," said the Puny Fox.

"Dost thou loathe it, then," said the Hostage, "because of the evil thou hast done therein?"

"Nay," said he, "what is the evil, when henceforth I shall do but good? Nay, I love the land. Belike thou deemest it but dreary, with its black rocks and black sand, and treeless wind-swept dales; but I know it in summer and winter, and sun and shade, in storm and calm. And I know where the fathers dwelt and the sons of their sons' sons have long lain in the earth. I have sailed its windiest firths, and climbed its steepest crags; and ye may well wot that it hath a friendly face to me; and the land-wights of the mountains will be sorry for my departure."

So he spake, and Hallblithe would have answered him, but by now were they come to a grassy hollow amidst the dale, where the Erne had already made the earth-yoke ready. To wit, he had loosened a strip of turf all save the two ends, and had propped it up with two ancient dwarf-wrought spears, so that amidmost there was a lintel to go under.

So when he saw those others coming, he gave them the sele of the day, and said to Hallblithe: "What is it to be? shall I be less than thy brother-in-arms henceforward?"

Said Hallblithe: "Not a whit less. It is good to have brothers in other lands than one."

So they made no delay, but clad in all their war-gear, they went under the earth-yoke one after the other; thereafter they stood together, and each let blood in his arm, so that the blood of all three mingled together fell down on the grass of the ancient earth; and they swore friendship and brotherhood each to each.

But when all was done the Erne spake: "Brother Hallblithe, as I lay awake in bed this morning I deemed that I would take ship with thee to Cleveland by the Sea, that I might dwell there a while. But when I came out of the hall, and saw the dale lying green betwixt hill-side and hill-side, and the glittering river running down amidmost, and the sheep, and kine, and horses feeding up and down on either side the water: and I looked up at the fells and saw how deep blue they stood up against the snowy peaks, and I thought of all our deeds on the deep sea, and the merry nights in yonder abode of men. Then I thought that I would not leave the kindred, were it but for a while unless war and lifting called me. So now I will ride with thee to the ship, and then farewell to thee."

"It is good," said Hallblithe, "though not as good as it might be. Glad had we been with thee in the Hall of the Ravens."

As he spoke drew anigh the carles leading the horses, and with them came six of those damsels whom the Erne had given to Hallblithe the night before; two of whom asked to be brought to their kindred over sea; but the other four were fain to go with Hallblithe and the Hostage, and become their sisters at Cleveland by the Sea.

So then they got to horse and rode down the dale toward the haven, and the carles rode with them, so that of weaponed men they were a score in company. But when they were half-way to the haven they saw where hard by three knolls on the way-side were men standing with their weapons and war-gear glittering in the sun. So the Erne laughed and said: "Shall we have a word with War-brand then?"

But they rode steadily on their way, and when they came up to the knolls they saw that it was War-brand indeed with a score of men at his back; but they stirred not when they saw Erne's company that it was great. Then Erne laughed aloud and cried out in a big voice, "What, lads! Ye ride early this morning; are there foemen abroad in the isle?"

They shrank aback before him, but a carle of those who was hindermost cried out: "Art thou coming back to us, Erne, or have thy new friends bought thee to lead them in battle?"

"Fear it nought," quoth Erne, "I shall be back before the shepherd's noon."

So they went their ways and came to the haven, and there lay the Flaming Sword, and beside her a trim bark, not right great, all ready for sea: and Hallblithe's skiff was made fast to her for an after-boat.

Then the Hostage and Hallblithe and the six damsels went aboard her, and when the Erne had bidden them farewell, they cast off the hawsers and thrust her out through the haven-mouth; but ere they had got midmost of the haven, they saw the Erne that he had turned about, and was riding up the dale with his house-carles, and each man's weapon was shining in his hand: and they wondered if he were riding to battle with War-brand; and Fox said: "Meseemeth our brother-in-arms hath in his mind to give those waylayers an evil minute, and verily he is the man to do the same."

So they gat them out of the haven, and the ebb-tide drave out seaward strongly, and the wind was fair for Cleveland by the Sea; and they ran speedily past the black cliffs of the Isle of Ransom, and soon were they hull down behind them. But on the afternoon of the next day they hove up the land of the kindreds, and by sunset they beached their ship on the sand by the Rollers of the Raven, and went ashore without more ado. And the strand was empty of all men even as on the day when Hallblithe first met the Puny Fox. So then in the cool of the evening they went up toward the House of the Raven.

Those damsels went together hand in hand two by two, and Hallblithe held the Hostage by the hand; but the Puny Fox went alone beside them, gleeful and of many words; telling them tales of his wiles and his craft, and his skin-changing.

"But now," quoth he, "I have left all that behind me in the Isle of Ransom, and have but one shape, and I would for your behoof that it were a goodlier one: and but one wisdom have I, even that which dwelleth in mine own head-bone. Yet it may be that this may avail you one time or other. But lo, you! though I am thy thrall, have I not the look of a thrall-huckster from over sea leading up my wares to the cheaping-stead?"

They laughed at his words and were merry, and much love there was amongst them as they went up to the House of the Raven.

But when they came thither they went into the garth, and there was no man therein, for it was now dusk, and the windows of the long hall were yellow with candle-light. Then said Fox: "Abide ye here a little; for I would go into the hall alone and see the conditions of thy people, O Hallblithe."

"Go thou, then," said Hallblithe, "but be not rash, I counsel thee; for our folk are not over-patient when they deem they have a foe before them."

The Puny Fox laughed, and said: "So it is then the world over, that happy men are wilful and masterful."

Then he drew his sword and smote on the door with the pommel, and the door opened to him and in he went: and he found that fair hall full of folk and bright with candles; and he stood amidst the floor; all men looked on him, and many knew him at once to be a man of the Ravagers, and silence fell upon the hall, but no man stirred hand against him.

Then he said: "Will ye hearken to the word of an evil man, a robber of the folks?"

Spake a chieftain from the daïs: "Words will not hurt us, sea-warrior; and thou art but one amongst many; wherefore thy might this eve is but as the might of a new-born baby. Speak, and afterwards eat and drink, and depart safe from amongst us!"

Spake the Puny Fox: "What is gone with Hallblithe a fair young man of your kindred, and with the Hostage of the Rose, his trothplight maiden?"

Then was the hush yet greater in the hall, so that you might have heard a pin drop; and the chieftain said: "It is a grief of ours that they are gone, and that none hath brought us back their dead bodies that we might lay them in the Acre of the Fathers."

Then leapt up a man from the endlong table nigh to Fox, and cried out: "Yea, folk! they are gone, and we deem that runagates of thy kindred have stolen them from us; wherefore they shall one day pay us."

Then laughed the Puny Fox and said: "Some would say that stealing Hallblithe was like stealing a lion, and that he might take care of himself; though he was not as big as I am."

Said the last speaker: "Did thy kin—— didst thou steal him, O evil man?"

"Yea, I stole him," quoth Fox, "but by sleight and not by might."

Then uprose great uproar in the hall, but the chieftain on the high-seat cried out, "Peace, peace!" and the noise abated, and the chieftain said: "Dost thou mean that thou comest hither to give us thine head for making away with Hallblithe and the Hostage?"

"I mean to ask rather," said the Fox, "what thou wilt give me for the bodies of these twain?"

Said the chieftain: "A boat-load of gold were not too much if thou shouldst live a little longer."

Quoth the Puny Fox: "Well, in anywise I will go and bring in the bodies aforesaid, and leave my reward to the goodwill of the Ravens."

Therewith he turned about to go, but lo! there already in the door stood Hallblithe holding the Hostage by the hand; and many in the hall saw them, for the door was wide. Then they came in and stood by the side of the Puny Fox, and all men in the hall arose and shouted for joy.

But when the tumult was a little abated, the Puny Fox cried out: "O chieftain, and all ye folk! if a boat-load of gold were not too much reward for the bringing back the dead bodies of your friends, what reward shall he have who hath brought back their bodies and the souls therein?"

Said the chieftain: "The man shall choose his own reward." And the men in the hall shouted their yeasay.

Then said the Puny Fox: "Well, then, this I choose, that ye make me one of your kindred before the fathers of old time."

They all cried out that he had chosen wisely and manfully; but Hallblithe said: "I bid you do for him no less than this; and ye shall wot that he is already my sworn brother-in-arms."

Now the chieftain cried out: "O wanderers from over the sea, come up hither and sit with us and be merry at last!"

So they went up to the daïs, Hallblithe and the Hostage, and the Puny Fox, and the six maidens withal. And since the night was yet young, the supper of the men of the Ravens was turned into the wedding-feast of Hallblithe and the Hostage, and that very night she became a wife of the Ravens, that she might bear to the house the best of men and the fairest of women.

But on the morrow they brought the Puny Fox to the mote-stead of the kindreds that he might stand before the fathers and be made a son of the kindred; and this they did because of the word of Hallblithe, and because they believed in the tale which he told them of the Glittering Land and the Acre of the Undying. The four maidens also were made sisters of the house; and the other twain were sent home to their kindred in all honour.

Of the Puny Fox it is said that he soon lost and forgot all the lore which he had learned of the ancient men, living and dead; and became as other men and was no wizard. Yet was he exceeding valiant and doughty; and he ceased not to go with Hallblithe wheresover he went; and many deeds they did together, whereof the memory of men hath failed: but neither they nor any man of the Ravens came any more to the Glittering Land, or heard any tidings of the folk that dwell there.

HEREWITH ENDETH THE TALE.